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A BIBLICAL GLIMPSE OF DREAM-LAND.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D.



ROM time immemorial importance has been attached to the phenomena of dreams. Wise men of both ancient and modern times have propounded conflicting theories to explain them. Among the Egyptians and Babylonians, there existed a class

of men whose distinct profession was that of interpreters. Very early, in the oldest records we possess, we find the interpreters sent for by Pharaoh, who related to them his dream, and demanded an interpretation. Dreams were then of just as common occurrence as now; but every dream was supposed to have a particular meaning. Few dreams that were at all extraordinary were not related, and the magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers called in to explain.

The Greeks and Romans believed that the gods imparted instruction to their votaries by dreams. Zeno maintained that if his pupils would know themselves, they should study their dreams. Plato traced all dreams to a Divine source. Posidonius, the Stoic of Rhodes, thought that they were channels of communication, by which mortals received warnings from their gods. Plutarch modelled his thoughts and actions in accordance with the teaching he received when sleep brooded over his troubled mind, Porphyry ascribes dreams to supernatural agency, either good or Thomas Aguinas recommends serious thought and effort to unfold their meaning, believing that they are the foreshadowings of coming events.

On the other hand, our great poet Milton ascribes dreams to the agency of Satan. He sings in his "Paradise Lost:"—

Him they found Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, Assaying by his devilish art to reach The organs of her fancy, and with them forge Illusions as he list, phantoms and dreams.

The truth upon this matter lies between the two extremes. To ascribe *all* dreams to God is

simply to charge the infinitely Wise One with egregious folly. To say that some of the stupid, exaggerated, and monstrous things which pass through our brains in slumber are no less than Divine instruction and interposition is the extreme of folly and presumption. On the other hand, to say that all our dreams are the product of Satanic agency, is to transform the Evil One into an occasional benefactor to man, and endow him with attributes of prevision, wisdom, love, and goodness, which, by reason of his nature, he cannot possess.

There is little doubt but that the majority of our dreams spring from purely natural causes, are the results of the condition of the physical system, or the impressions produced on the mind during the day. At the same time there can be no question that supernatural influence is occasionally brought to bear upon the mind of the

Luther wrote:—"Let not any think that the devil is now dead, nor yet asleep. As He that keepeth Israel, so he that hateth Israel never slumbereth or sleepeth. And while he hates, he is readiest to hurt, and may occasion many harms by evil dreams. Yea, we are day and night beset with millions of devils; when we walk abroad, lie in our bed, legions of devils are round about ready to fling whole hell into our hearts."

We learn from the grandest and best of books that God has often employed dreams as the media of revealing His will and disclosing somewhat of His stupendous character to His erring subjects. Of old he said, "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make Myself known unto Him in a vision, and will speak to Him in a Job says, "For God speaketh once, dream." yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon his bed, then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." And there is a beautiful passage in verse 2,

Psalm cxxvii., which is rendered in our version, "He giveth His beloved sleep," which loses much of its point, power, and preciousness by not being accurately translated. It should read, "He giveth His beloved in their sleep," intimating thus that in the hours of unconsciousness to this world God makes many bequests to glide into man's bosom.

To Jacob God granted spiritual communications in a dream; to Joseph He pre-intimated honourable promotion; to Pharaoh's butler and baker, He disclosed their coming careers; to Pharaoh, he revealed approaching reverses; to the Midianite, He gave warning of coming doom; to Solomon, He uttered words of divine approval; to Nebuchadnezzar, He divulged future transitions; to Daniel, He sketched national events; to Joseph, the husband of Mary, He announced a coming Saviour; and to Pilate's wife, He gave premonitory directions. Thus, for reasons best known to the Inscrutable One, He has drawn near to sleeping men, and taught lessons of signal value, and revealed wonders, which in their waking moments would have paralysed them with extreme fear and dread.

On a brief consideration of one of the dreams thus recorded I ask you, reader, to accompany me.

Yonder is a lonely pilgrim. He has just been guilty of a great sin. He has practised a falsehood upon his aged and dying father, and robbed his brother of the blessing the father intended for him. The consequences of his crime must follow. His father's house is no longer a home for him. His brother's anger is kindled, and his terrible threats are audible. Conscience, too, with its long fingers, points at him as the man who murdered the truth. More forlorn than Adam when expelled from Paradise, or Abraham when exiled from his father's house, Jacob sets out with only a staff to perform a journey of 450 miles, through a lonesome desert country.

Many painful thoughts work upon his mind. He remembers that he is leaving the scenes of his youthful, innocent, happy days, that he is exposed to hostile tribes, inhabiting the district through which he passes, that he is making for an unknown place, that he is without any companion or possessions, and that all these painful and perilous circumstances are the fruit of his

own misdeeds.

Thoughts like these are enough to depress a most buoyant spirit in the day-time; but when night nears, when the sunshine departs, when the dark folds of night's deep curtain are drawn around the earth, such thoughts gather in intensity and oppressiveness. He is now forty-eight miles from Decribe and it is dusk. Hungry, fatigued, in growing darkness, and apprehensive of dangers, he cannot reach the metropolis of Judea this night, and should he succeed he will find the gates of the city closed. So

he turns aside from the path, selects a large stone, places it in such a position that his head can easily rest thereon, and lies down to slumber.

Legions of thoughts troop through his brain, till, forgetful of all his surroundings, he falls asleep. But watch his countenance. Even in his slumbers there are indications that strange, unexpected, but delightful emotions are at work within his soul.

The ability of the spirit to realise most vividly the things which are unseen—to peer into the realm of the hidden and mysterious, and to catch the very voice of God—is now distinctly seen. The soul's independency of the body—its power of incorporeal action is manifest. It can think, reason, remember, hear, see, feel, though all the

bodily organs lie still and death-like.

Jacob sees—he sees a ladder, the foot of which rests upon earth, the top reaches unto heaven. He sees bright angelic beings descending from the skies and ascending again. Coming forth from heaven to minister to man, and returning again when their errand of mercy is discharged. He sees the Shekinah, the visible token of the Divine Presence, upon the top of the ladder, indicating the interest of heaven in all that transpires on the earth.

Whilst he looks lingeringly, ecstatically, and expectantly, his spiritual hearing is opened, and he catches the sound of a supernatural voice, saying, "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac." These words are followed by a bequest of the land whereon he lies, and by promises of Divine guidance and blessing.

We pity Jacob when he lies down to sleep; but we envy him as he dreams, and when he wakes. Willingly would we have a stony pillow and a hard bed, uncurtained and uncovered, for a dream so memorable, so marvellous, and so enchanting; a dream that tinges the mundane life with the hues of heaven, and banishes present sorrows by

the prospect of future glories.

Now, the proximate design of that night's dream was to teach Jacob that there is a Divine Providence guarding and guiding the steps of men. The Almighty knew the anxiety which preyed upon the mind of the pilgrim, and so in infinite mercy taught him that although he was now an exile from his native land, travelling alone through an unknown and uninhabited country, yet he was not alone, that his steps were watched by the Lord, that he was encompassed by vigilant angels, and all his doings a matter of interest in heaven.

And this thought deserves to be borne in mind by all of us. It will banish many a gloomy feeling and fear. It will stimulate to many an earnest, holy, heavenward action. To realise that there is a Divinity ever at work to make our lives happy, and our good deeds lasting—to realise that Providence is night and day active on our behalf,

that there are ministering angels by our side directed to bear us in their hands, cannot but administer hope and heart. As certainly as angelic beings waited upon Jacob, so certainly they wait on us.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave To come to succour us, that succour want? How oft do they with golden pinions cleave The flitting skies, like flying pursuivants, Against foul flends to aid us militant! They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward, And their bright squadrons round about us plant, And all for love, and nothing for reward.

In this respect the dream of Jacob was similar to that of Doddridge, who dreamt that he died, and was borne by angelic intelligences to the better land. As he ascended through the fields of air, he saw his weeping relatives gathered by his corpse, but looking upwards he discerned the effulgent battlements of the eternal city, into which he was speedily introduced. He dreamed that he was conducted to the palace of the King of kings, and welcomed by Jesus—that the Saviour gave him the new wine in His Father's Kingdom, and then commissioned him to study the pictures on the wall of the apartment where the sacrament had thus been observed.

He soon found that the room was covered with a minute and consecutive representation of his whole history from infancy till death—and there were portrayed the angelie guardians attending him through the slippery paths of youth, amid the difficulties and dangers of manhood, on till the end of his career. He saw himself again and again well nigh killed, but saved by angelic intervention.

Doddridge awoke, as doubtless Jacob did, profoundly impressed with the conviction, that visitants from the spirit-land are employed by the all-loving Father, to protect, cheer, and guide His own children.

But there was an ulterior and deeper meaning in Jacob's dream-a meaning which probably the patriarch did not discern, and which it was reserved for the Lord Jesus, the Great Teacher, fully to unfold and apply. Early in His ministry Christ pointed back the thoughts of His auditors to the dream of Jacob, and told them that the time was approaching when what was symbolised by the vision should be realised in Him. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." That was the first promise which Christ gave to His disciples, a promise which assured them that fellowship with the unseen world was opened up once more in Him.

Delightful thought! Jesus, the Son of God and Son of Mary—like a ladder—unites the celestial to the terrestrial. His divinity touches heaven, His humanity touching earth. He is a new and living way from sin, sorrow, disgrace, degradation, and eternal death. By Him angelic ministrations and spiritual favours reach us, by Him regenerated spirits enter the skies!

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.
IN A LONDON FOG.



YOUNG lady stood one January afternoon on the pavement in Regent Street, striving to discern by use of eye or ear the familiar Lowerbury omnibus. It struck her with some indignation that senses specially adapted to the occasion were

required, and that Nature should have taken into consideration the fact that her lungs were to be

called upon to breathe, her eyes to penetrate, and her ears to hear through a London fog. She laughed, and the sound striking on her ears eerily, she realised with unpleasant force the peculiar loneliness of her position. It was an uncanny sensation, that of being able to laugh aloud in Regent Street, without a breach of the conventionalities. By these walls of fog that were shut down upon her, she was as isolated from any one who might be near as though she were on the top of Snowdon. Now and then some passer-by knocked against her, and the contact, though rough, was reassuring, accompanied as it usually was with the tones of a human voice uttering apology. The sounds that reached her were mainly like those of an Inferno, into which she had been thrust down from the upper world. Her active brain suggested that Dante in far blue Italy would have had a new idea had he experienced a situation like this. Hoarse cries, shouts and objurgations, and the slow rumbling of invisible wheels, vibrated through the thick air. The lamppost under which she stood bore aloft a futile yellow dot. But the street urchins, rejoicing like tadpoles in a pond, darted here and there with shrill shrieks, each flaming torch and small dusky person the centre

of a travelling disc of light.

Grace Norris had been standing here for a considerable length of time. It is hardly a favourable opportunity for describing this young lady. She was small and pale, and was somewhat shabbily though carefully dressed. Upon one arm hung a leather bag, whose protruding sides indicated a plethora of contents, and a weight out of proportion to so slender an arm. She had deposited a draper's parcel of no mean proportions against the lamp-post at her feet. Clearly, one would say, an object for pity, since she was thus undoubtedly shabby, frail, heavily weighted, and, worse than all, under such circumstances, unprotected. Let us at once disclaim any such demand on her behalf. Physically, there was remarkably little of her; but he that weighed Grace Norris by flesh, blood, and bones, and reckoned with her accordingly, would find himself in the wrong. But though we may not pity her, it is allowable to question how she is to get home to Lowerbury, seeing that she has at last ascertained that the omnibuses have ceased to run. She is very tired, having, before this plague of darkness fell on the City, been engaged in what is to the feminine mind the pleasing toil of shopping.

She hailed the driver of a hansom cab, who, standing behind his splash-board, was slowly guiding his horse by the line of the curb-stone.

"What would you charge to drive me to Lowerbury?"

The man turned, and descried a little feminine figure dimly.

"Well, miss, I'd say a sovering to oblige a lady."

"Thank you; then you may drive on," the lady replied calmly, and then her courage, which had been secure so far, began to leak a little; and to find herself frightened, frightened her still more. However, the happy thought struck her that she would engage a link-boy, and she became quite gay on the instant. Erelong, succeeding in arresting one of these fog-meteors, she put to him the inquiry—

"Do you know the way to Lowerbury?"

"Yes, lady."

"Then come with me, and light me, and you shall have a shilling."

"Yes, lady," touching his ragged cap. "Carry the parcel, lady?"

Grace surveyed doubtfully the wild-eyed tattered urchin, and asked—

"Are you a good boy?"

"Ain't I?" replied the youth, with a reassuring wink.

"I don't think you look it. No; I'll carry the parcel myself."

Far from resenting this criticism on his appearance, the urchin, with a chuckle and a caper, remarked, admiringly—

"You are a sharp 'un!"

Proceeding up Regent Street, towards the North, Grace, with her bag on one arm and her parcel under the other, followed swiftly in the wake of the flaming torch. Her spirits kept at a fine level. At this rate, she would soon be home, and would have an adventure to relate. As they turned into Great Portland Street, she awoke to the fact that the torch was all but burnt out, and that no method of replenishment seemed at hand. She called out to her guide—

"Boy! how long do you think the light will last?"
"It'll be out in a jiffy now, lady," cheerfully.

"And what shall you do then?"

"Cut."

"But, you naughty boy!" exclaimed Grace, in dismay, "I asked if you knew the way to Lowerbury."

"And I didn't tell yer no lie."

"Why, of course, I meant you to take me there."

"But yer didn't say so; you weren't quite so sharp, arter all," with a diabolical grin, succeeded by a solemn contortion of his face, as he continued—

"I don't live no ways that way, lady; and my mother don't know I 'm out,"

In another moment Grace had parted with her shilling, and with the impish countenance of her guide, and found herself alone. Before the light went out, she remembered to have seen that she was in the neighbourhood of iron railings. For these she groped, and, having found them, walked on for some hundred yards, keeping herself straight by their The fog then lightening somewhat, and withdrawing its thick curtain some feet further from her face, she found herself able to proceed with some probability of keeping herself in the right direction. And now, had there been any one to watch her, he might have observed, with some wonder, that Grace did not drag her tired feet, nor droop under her heavy load. On the contrary, she walked with remarkable elasticity, and her muscles sustained their burden firmly. He hands were cut with the parcelcord; her arms ached with the weight; she was footsore; the fog choked her; her eyes smarted, and her head ached; yet something breathed in her air which forbade such facts to be guessed from it. It was that intangible all-victorious thing which we call spirit. The parcel was clearly too big for her-it was impossible she could carry it on for miles. Nevertheless, spirit does the impossible, deriding the brute force that would imprison her; and Grace walked on and on, the while unconsciously fighting bravely the interminable battle of will against the material universe.

She was now in the Euston Road, and still briskly stepping on, when there chanced a sudden accession of fog, and something like horror seized her. Every moment blacker and more hopeless, the fog walls pressed in upon her. She struggled on for a few minutes and then stopped in utter dismay. How many miles still lay between her and home, how many miles of horrible steps, of creeping inch by

inch through this stifling blind nightmare world? have spent them thus if she had. The cab was gone, A cab rumbled by close to her-she hailed-

"How much to Lowerbury?" She was heard; she discovered that, in turning round to hail it, she

and with it her last chance of succour. And now



"'I don't intend to take the slightest notice of it." -p. 7.

her voice, animated and clear, though not loud, carried well.

" Fifteen shillings," was the reply.

The wheels rumbled on again, for the man heard no more of the clear voice through the fog. She had not fifteen shillings in her purse, nor would she had lost her bearings, and knew not where she was, nor which way to turn.

"Well, now I am in despair!" she exclaimed aloud. The tragic power of her tones suggested a comic side to her troubles, and she laughed-perhaps, according to a feminine fashion, in order to avoid crying; for a vision of the home parlour had in a dangerous manner begun to float before her eyes, At this moment the light of a lantern began to struggle towards her through the gloom, followed by a figure looming big in a great-coat, "A policeman!" she cried, ready to give any member of that gallant force a heartfelt welcome.

"Well, I'm not exactly a policeman," said a loud and hearty voice. "But who in the world are you

that can laugh in this dreadful weather?"

The new-comer here flashed the lantern's light full on Grace, and the two looked at each other. The one saw a small creature, evidently a lady, weighted with parcels, and lifting up such great brown flashing eyes that nothing else of her face could be seen; the other a big brown-bearded fellow, evidently a gentleman, and looking down at her with eyes so kindly concerned that she at once regained her sense of human brotherliness, for which there had seemed no place in this unfamiliar and most unpleasant world.

"Hulloa! why-I say-how did you get here?"

asked the new-comer, gazing wonderingly.

"Perhaps it is more important to know how I am to get away again," replied Grace, merrily, and not at all as she was in the habit of addressing strangers. But weather will any day reduce men and women to their merely elemental tie of brotherhood, and holds their usual and proper conventionalities very cheap.

"Ah, yes, indeed, that is the question, as you say," he continued, quietly taking Grace's parcel and bag, and tucking them under his arm in very easy fashion. "Couldn't you come across a cab any-

where ?"

"Cabs are impossible to-day," said Grace, accepting the services in as matter-of-fact a way as they were offered.

"Oh, they're quite safe; we'll find one some-There's a cab-stand within a couple of where. hundred yards of us, if I'm not mistaken."

Grace began to wish she had not met with her deliverer. In her sudden relief at finding herself in a friendly presence, she had not considered what was to follow. Her sensations of comfort diminished as she reflected that it was out of the question to allow this unknown gentleman to walk all the way home with her, and equally so to allow him to find her a cab. In the meantime they were steering along well, thanks to the lantern, and the hearty voice, pretty frequently instrumental in avoiding collision.

"What is to be done with you if we can't meet

with a cab?" he exclaimed, at length. "What, indeed!" said Grace: "you had really

better leave me where you found me."

"No, that is the last thing I should do; but, seriously, I am really at a loss, and that's not very usual for me."

"Just before you came up I was getting along well, and should have been near home by this time had not the fog unfortunately thickened. But it is, no doubt, local, and if you will light me for a little way I shall manage the rest."

"Ah, well, we shall see, And what have you got in these bundles? I can't imagine how you carried them; why didn't you drop them on the way?"

"Drop them! why, they contain dresses and pre-

"I suppose you could have got more."

As Grace was silent, he became thoughtful, and then remarked-

"I come from the Cape, and we don't think much of dress there, I expect, but I think you were very wrong not to take a cab. Walking from Regent Street in this weather! You are too small a thing to rough it in this way."

"That has nothing to do with it, allow me to say. Strength is not in size, as anybody will tell you."

"Ah, that explains the parcels. Hillon, you cab there, stop!"

"No, don't stop it, please," interposed Grace, emphatically. "I cannot afford it."

"Why, where are you bound for?"

"Lowerbury-please do not."

"But that's just where I'm going myself. Halloa! the fellow did not hear me, but we'll soon find another."

Grace was silent. Her companion looked at her. "Why don't you speak?" he asked. "Don't you

feel all right?' "No, indeed-I feel all wrong. You are intending

to take this cab on my account, I am sure." "There you are entirely mistaken. I am taking it for my own pleasure, and if you feel it any question of money, why, look here," and, with

some difficulty, owing to his encumbrances, he pulled

out a handful of loose gold from his pocket. "I

could throw that into the mud and be none the worse

off. If you haven't got as much, why not take some

from me? It's only Christian, eh? "We are not Christians of that sort, nowadays, and I expect it is only rich people who would like to be. But I do not want to make any silly fuss about

it, if it is the best thing to do." "No, that's right. It is not only the best thing, but the only thing to be done. It is out of the question that you should walk home. It was lucky that I met with you. I don't know what you would have done. It was a very unpleasant position for a lady."

As they now walked on for some moments in silence, Grace stole some more minutely observing glances at her companion, and found him a man rather under thirty, perhaps, of a strong build, with complexion tanned to a red-brown, grey eyes, with long lashes, and a bushy beard.

Grace thought it a good face; and it was no small comfort to find that her sense of security was increasing under the influence of the stranger's words and looks, for no lady could have been in her circumstances entirely without misgiving, in spite of her first instinctive impression that he was a man to be trusted. Her condition had indeed been desperate, and she had accepted help impulsively; but scarcely had she done so before the alarmed question arose

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whether it would not have been wiser to have gone through any straits rather than accept help from an entire stranger. But, whether wisely or foolishly done—and Grace now felt it was the latter—it seemed now too late to draw back, and she had begun to be sure also that her rashness had met a better fate than it deserved.

What an extraordinary adventure this was for her, Grace Norris, who never made a new acquaintance from year's end to year's end! It was certainly comic, and not altogether disagreeable, since it could not now be helped. She would remember this kindly face for some time to come. But at home there should be much fun made of it. So reflecting, she broke involuntarily into a low ripple of laughter. Her companion turned sharply, and, seeing her face, laughed himself.

"That's the second time I 've heard you laugh. I don't know what amuses you, yet I can't help laughing myself. I haven't laughed much lately—one can't laugh by oneself."

"It's a trick of mine; I am quite ashamed; no matter where I am, something will amuse me."

"Tell me what amuses you now, won't you? perhaps it will account for my laughing, too."

"Well, I suppose it is because I am hungry and tired, and want to get home, and shall soon do so in such a very odd way."

"Ah! those seem remarkable things even for a woman to laugh over—except, perhaps, the last, Lucky it would be for men if such were laughing matters in general."

"Oh! I know nothing about men," said Grace, with a touch of scorn.

"Indeed! have you no father or brother to enlighten

"No; we are only three girls living with our mother."

" Poor things!"

"Poor! not at all."

But at this moment her companion succeeded in arresting the attention of the driver of an empty cab, who accordingly drew up close to the pavement.

"What is your address?" asked the stranger, when Grace was seated within.

"Please put me down wherever you want to go, and I will walk from there."

"Yes, but what is the address?"

"No. 47, Barbara Street, Lowerbury."

He shut the door, raised his hat, and then mounted the box beside the driver, leaving Grace with a mind divided between regret that he should thus face the weather on her account and appreciation of the delieacy of the action, which seemed to be confirmation of her impression that he was thoroughly a gentleman.

It was not long before Grace recognised the familiar streets of Lowerbury, the fog being much less thick in those regions. She hoped to find the cab stopping at some unknown destination, and felt some curiosity as to where and what it would be, but she found herself by-and-by turning into Barbara Street. The cab stopped. The stranger jumped down, took out the parcel and bag, and helped Grace to alight. There was a pause.

"I suppose we must say good-bye," he said, rue-fully.

"Yes, of course," said Grace, lifting her eyebrows a little; "it would indeed be rude if I did not, when you have been so kind. Thank you very, very much indeed."

She ran up the steps, the door opened immediately, and she disappeared.

The stranger turned to the cabman, and said sharply

"To the Langham Hotel, and be quick, will you?"

CHAPTER II.

NO. 47, BARBARA STREET.

On the other side of the door Grace was received by Kitty, her youngest sister, a shock-headed maiden of fourteen years, who ushered her with much excitement into the sitting-room, opening to the right out of the narrow front passage. It was a double parlour of the ordinary London street folding-door kind, and was crowded with furniture, which had once been handsome, but was now shabby and old-fashioned. There were two occupants of the room-a tall girl was coming forward to welcome the new-comer. while in an easy-chair by the fire reclined a dignifiedlooking woman of middle age. Grace was greeted with a burst of exclamations and questions, but without replying to any of them, she walked up to her mother's chair, and kneeling before it, said, with a deliberate air-

"Now, mother, I know what you'll say, and I don't intend to take the slightest notice of it."

Here she took her mother's soft white hands in hers, and beat them gently upon her lap to give emphasis to her words.

"I intend to go into town every day by myself, get caught in a fog whenever I like, and come home in a cab with a strange gentleman on the box as often as I choose,"

Kitty, her round eyes opening wide, cried-

"Mercy, Grace, what do you mean? has all that happened to you? What fun!"

While Grace examined her mother's face, where she discovered the expected commingling of consternation and indulgent affection.

"Saucy child! tell me all about it at once," said Mrs. Norris, in a voice as mellow and subdued as her daughter's was firm and piquante.

But Grace rose from her knees and threw off her hat, saying, with a sigh-

"Oh, you cruel people, how can you ask me a single question when I have such a headache, and have had no tea? Kitty, how dare you make eyes at my parcels? I will show you everything by-and-by. Ah, my children, you little know what it has cost me to gratify your foolish desires! Never ask me to bring you roses again."

"Oh, Grace," said Kitty, "I am sure I never

asked you to bring me a rose, and I don't think Hester did--did you, Hester?"

The elder sister laughed.

"Grace's roses are metaphorical," said Hester.

"Then why does she say metaphorical things?" asked Kitty, aggrieved.

Grace now ran to take off her jacket and boots, and presently returned looking as trim and neat as though she had just performed her morning toilet, a little heavy-eyed perhaps, but otherwise as fresh as a lark. This simile suggests itself, because Grace Norris had so many bird-like qualities. Light and strong and small, she seemed an embodied will, and though you loved her you would no more have sought to touch her than you would that little bird which might, if it chose, thrill you with joy by alighting on you hand, but would, according to all precedent, prefer to hop away lightly, and glance at you with bright defiance from a distance. Thus, though her family had been in real anxiety concerning her for the last two or three hours, and were delighted to see her return safe and sound, they did not hang round her with affectionate caresses or ministrations, and Kitty, who, it was plainly to be seen, was her willing slave, did not think of offering to unbutton her jacket or take off her boots.

Now, were Grace's portrait to be here drawn according to the usual fashion, as "item, two lips, indifferent red; two grey [or rather, brown] eyes, with lids to them, and so forth," an inadequate and probably an altogether erroneous idea would be gathered from it as to her appearance. Nor if it were added that her complexion was neither noticeably good or bad, being brownish, pale and clear; that her mouth, not small, was of a selfsufficing order, but redeemed from any suspicion of hardness by an upward curve suggesting kindly humour: that her eyes, according to circumstances, looked like quiet green-brown pools, or sent the light flashing back at every point, or glowed deeply dark; that her dress was always refined, but for the most part unnoticeable, which is perhaps the highest merit attainable where dress has to be regulated according to principles of the severest economy; and that the general compactness of her appearance was enhanced by the mouse-smoothness of her well-shaped head, upon which the black hair was plaited close; these details would scarcely help the imagination. Grace's physical self was neither plain nor beautiful—it was insignificant. But in its very insignificance lay its charm, for this physical self was a mere envelopean almost transparent envelope, through which her inner mental self expressed itself. We look at most people and find it difficult to realise that buried down within the clay is a bright immaterial essence, and we watch at the chinks and outlets of the prisonhouse for traces of that hidden soul; but in Grace Norris it appeared almost startlingly evident that a spirit had taken to itself a body, and one that should as little as possible disguise or fetter it.

But while we have been attempting to describe

the indescribable, Sarah, the maid-of-all-work, has come up from the kitchen regions with the tea-tray. She is a large melancholy-looking woman, with a curious looseness about her personal appearance, as of a lack of proper cohesion in her joints, which has communicated itself to her attire.

"Now, Sarah," said Grace, "do let me have the bread trencher with plenty of finger marks upon it; you know I cannot get my tea comfortably without them."

Sarah's dingy melancholy face brightened into smiles. She retired precipitately, holding her hand before her mouth, and exploded behind the door.

"That was an unfortunate remark, Grace," said Hester, smiling; "Sarah will keep you waiting half an hour while she scrubs the trencher."

"Never mind; I would a great deal rather wait a hundred years than eat my bread from such a trencher as she brought up last night."

"I have spoken about it several times," said Mrs. Norris, with a gentle sigh.

And Hester said-

"And so have I, very strongly, mamma; but of course it remains for Grace to succeed where the rest of us fail. I should not be surprised to see it snowywhite in future."

Grace glanced at her sister a little gravely.

"It is simply because I have a trick of making her laugh, and she likes that—the poor soul is so low-spirited. Mother, I shall have a poached egg with my tea. Kitty, get me my cooking apron—there's a duck. No, Hester, don't offer, because you might spoil it, and then I should be cross."

When at length Grace was comfortably seated,

"Now, while I drink my tea, do tell me all that has happened while I've been away. You can't think how long it seems since I left home!"

"I'm sure it seems a very long time to me," said Kitty, with a rather glum air. "The house is wretched when you're out of it."

"Kitty, Kitty! that is complimentary to us," said

Grace looked at Hester rather anxiously.

"Oh! it's the German grammar that renders Kitty's life a burden to her. Wait till you're out of Hester's educational hands, little miss, and come into mine. When I am in course of instructing you how to make beds and puddings, you'll not be quite so fond of my society."

"Oh! won't it be fun! Sha'n't I like it!"

"No, that you won't, I can assure you. Good Monsieur Cobweb, has Monsieur Mustardseed worried you very much to-day over the lessons?"

"Monsieur Peasblossom, that question I will leave my pupil to answer."

"Hester, I won't be called Peasblossom! it is not at all appropriate, and the other names are."

"It is very appropriate. I will appeal to mother. Mother, don't you think Grace is just like Peasblossom?" "Not at all," interrupted Grace. "I am not a sweet fragrant girl—a girl like a posy. Our neighbour at No. 45, now, might be called Peasblossom."

"It is not your appearance, but your character which justifies the name."

"Oh, if it is character, why there's more vinegar than honey in me."

"Oh, girls, girls, you seem to me to quarrel a great deal," said Mrs. Norris, "Why should you give your sister a nickname, Hester?"

The girls laughed.

"Why, mother," said Hester, "Grace dubs us afresh every day, only her names stick, and mine don't, and success is never reprehensible."

"My dear queen-mother," said Grace, "your children never quarrel; they dispute. But I have not heard what has happened to my family in my absènce."

"You know nothing ever happens to us," replied Hester.

"What, does not Sarah break crockery, or the little boy at the back throw stones at our windows, or Pussy steal the neighbours' pigeons, or, Pan, you naughty naughty dog, don't you ever steal bones from the butcher's shop, or run away from your mistresses, and get lost?"

Pan, a small tawny rough terrier, so surnamed by Grace by reason of his goaty hind-legs, who was begging for bread, looked embarrassed under this rebuke, and finally dropped on his four paws, and came a little nearer for comfort. When, however, a supplicating mew was heard through the door, Pan pricked up his ears uneasily. Kitty ran to open it, and a handsome stately tabby cat, accompanied by a little white kitten, were admitted. The cat, with a mew of pleasure, jumped into Grace's lap, and she stooped and picked up the kitten, and placed it on her shoulder, where it seemed quite at home. Pan retired with his tail down, but with an air as of proud disgust, and lay down under a chair, sighing.

When the tea-tray was removed, Grace, according to promise, told the history of her adventures very lightly and briefly, and without more than glancing at her mother's face. For she dreaded to see upon it an expression she very well knew, which showed that its habitual impassiveness was merely a mask, and had not its source in established content. When Mrs. Norris at last spoke, it was in tones so different from her ordinary languidly smooth ones that, had not her listeners been used to the change, it would have startled them.

"This is dreadful!" she said, abruptly.

"Dreadful, mother! I enjoyed the fun of it extremely"

"It is dreadful that my daughter should be subjected to indignities like these, and to favours like these, for I hardly know which is worse."

Mrs. Norris sank back in her chair and was silent, employing her fingers in knitting rapidly. Her face, still a handsome one, wore ordinarily a coldness, such as will often result from the habitual repression of immoderate feeling; at such times her dark eyes would appear gentle and expressionless, but when, as now, an emotion mastered her, her soft voice would be harshly broken, her face work distressedly, and her eyes show a wild pain gleaming through them. Her children were used to these sudden emotional storms, and knew that as a rule they died away as suddenly as they had sprung up.

"And was he handsome?" asked Kitty, who, seated on the hearthrug at Grace's feet with Pan curled up on her lap, was kept in a high state of

gratification throughout the recital.

"Handsome indeed! Perhaps you have heard that handsome is as handsome does."

"I don't see why you should never answer me plainly," said Kitty, plaintively.

"Why, I answered you handsomely, Kitty, and that is surely better."

"Shocking," cried Hester, shaking her head reprovingly.

"I wonder if you will ever see him again," continued Kitty.

"Let us trust not, Kitty; it would be very dangerous, for he is the man I would marry without a moment's hesitation."

"Grace!" came from Mrs. Norris, in a deeply remonstrant voice.

"Yes, I would, mother, that very minute. Why not? A man who could behave so nicely, and had so much money to throw away!"

"Oh, Grace, you that always say you never would marry anybody, and that think men so horrid!"

"They are horrid, Kitty, so they are, that is a most appropriate word. I was only joking. You may thank goodness that we have nothing to do with them."

Hester happening to leave the room just then, Grace said in a low tone to her little sister, "Run, Kitty, run to the window, and see if the distress signal is hoisted over the way."

Kitty, nothing loth, ran and peeped behind the blind.

"Yes," she announced, in a loud whisper, "the curtain is pulled only half across,"

"Ah, so I thought. Then we may expect Mistress Hetty to desert us very speedily, I suppose; but I shall try to get her to stay to-night. Now, Kitty, for the parcels," she continued, as Hester re-entered the room, and with much eagerness Kitty brought them, and assisted at untyings and unwrappings, and manifested due wonder here and delight there. It was not often that such excitements occurred in that household.

"But show us the dress, Grace," said Hester; "that is the most important purchase, and I know you have bought it, by the shape of that big parcel."

"Of course I have bought it," said Grace, who reddened visibly from some cause not apparent to the surprised sisters; "but just look first at Kitty's gloves; did you ever in your lives see such a bargain?

And, mother, I thought this would suit you," and she tied a silk neckerchief of a rich hue round her mother's neck.

"My dear, you have been very extravagant," said Mrs. Norris; but her face brightened, and she seized her daughter's hand, with an impulsive movement, and kissed it.

"That is nothing. You big people never remember that it costs nothing to dress my little body. Try as I may, I cannot spend half my dress-money in decking it out."

"Now, I will look at your dress, you tantalising little creature," said Hester, unfolding, as she spoke, the wrappings from the largest parcel of all, and disclosing a roll of a dark soft substance, a warm brown in colour.

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Kitty, hanging over the table in breathless interest.

"Yes; it is just the thing," said Hester, more calmly; though dresses were not to be regarded lightly as vanities by these girls, but rather as among the more serious problems of life. "But, Grace, surely you have got more stuff here than you need," she continued, anxiously; "I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"Surely, surely not!" cried Grace, clasping her hands, with a little scream of horror; but there was a sparkle in her eyes which betrayed her. "But do you think it is possible that we might make a dress for you out of the surplus? I should not mind so much in that case."

"Grace!" exclaimed Hester, reddening vividly, in her turn, while all eyes were fixed in amazement on the small elder sister, whose gift seemed to them all more like that of a fairy godmother than of an ordinary mortal.

There were, indeed, tears gathering in Hester's eyes, not so much of pleasure in the gift—though that was not small to a graceful girl of eighteen, whose best and only respectable dress was a merino of four winters' careful wear, daily more visibly whitening at the seams—but tears which came at thought of the thousand and one small sacrifices, and some greater ones, which must have slowly accumulated round this unpretending deed.

"I feel like David did about the water at the well, Grace—how can I ever wear this?" she said at last, with half a sob.

"Oh, dear!" said Grace, tartly; "do let me run away with it, Kitty; she'll burn it, or throw it out of window, or something."

And, catching up the dress, she hurried out of the room, thereby cunningly eluding any further embarrassing remarks. After she had disappeared, however, she looked in again, and said, rather shyly—

"Hester, does the divinity demand incense tonight?"

Hester's face lost on the instant its suffusion of grateful feeling.

"Miss Denston is expecting me," she answered, with some formality.

"Don't go to-night. Stay and play to me to cure my headache."

"I cannot, Grace. I would gladly do so, but I cannot to-night."

Grace turned away without further audible remark, but on the other side the door she expressed her feelings by a slight shrug of her shoulders.

CHAPTER III.

NO. 42, BARBARA STREET.

HESTER soon after went up-stairs to her own room, It was at the top of the house, and was but a poor place. But that mattered little to Hester in comparison with the privilege of solitude which she there enjoyed. The house contained more rooms than the necessities of the family required, but, as it was one of several bequeathed to Mrs. Norris by her father, from which her income was mainly derived, it was economical to occupy it. So Hester had no occasion to share her bedroom with either of her sisters, Grace, indeed, had always slept in her mother's room since the time when Hester's earliest recollections began, and that was fourteen years ago, when she was four years old and Grace was ten. She remembered mistily being told one day in a big nursery that the doctor had brought a new baby-sister, and, in consequence, wishing to beat the doctor, and she also had a picture in her mind belonging to that time of a bearded face associated with the name "papa," and with occasional delightful tossings in strong arms, Little more had been retained by her childish memory previous to the uneventful years which, ever since that time, had slipped by over her head in this Barbara Street house. Of her father's death, and of the consequent break-up of the luxurious home in which they had lived up till that event, she remembered nothing.

Kitty was a baby of a few months old when they had come to Barbara Street, and now she was an angular girl of fourteen, and Hester's pupil, as Hester had once been Grace's. For neither of the girls had been to school; there had been no money to spend on education, and what of culture they possessed was due to their mother or to their native quickness and perseverance. To the former might be attributed Hester's fine touch on the old Broadwood, and Grace's ready patter of the French tongue, for Mrs. Norris had been a pupil of Moscheles in her girlish days, and had been "finished" in Paris. It had been owing perhaps, in part, to the demand upon her to keep, for the sake of her daughters, those acquirements from slipping away before they could be of use, which had in early days debarred their mother from yielding to that fatal inertia of mind which ultimately destroys the faculties like a creeping

But if the girls owed much to their mother, they owed perhaps still more to a natural brightness of intelligence, and a disdain of empty-mindedness, which stood them in place of that standard which social criticism sets up in the minds of girls ordinarily situated.

Hester had gone to her room to put on a hat and shawl, but having arrived there she sat down and looked before her absently, with her hands in her lap. She was somewhat like her mother in appearance, but a marked difference existed between the two personalities. The main expression of Hester's tall, graceful figure and regular features was like her mother's, one of repose and dignity bordering on coldness, but it was a coldness altogether lacking signs of the latent fire which appeared to smoulder under her mother's calm exterior.

The first impression Hester gave would probably be that she was not beautiful, the second that it would be difficult to prove she was not. Beauty of form could not be denied to her; perhaps it was an absence of light and colour about her face which made it ordinarily unattractive. Her brown hair, though abundant, had no lights in it; her eyes were a clear unsparkling hazel, and her mouth, though well moulded, and enclosing perfect teeth, had no play of expression when she spoke which an observer could find interest in watching. Yet why Hester's face should be thus expressionless it would be hard to say, for she had feelings to the full as keen as those of Grace, and an inward drama of personal hopes and fears much more vivid than her sister's, whose face showed as varied a play of light and shade as a mountain lake.

But then Hester's feelings were frequently not such as she wished to express, except to one individual, and her lips and eyes had been often with intention restrained from using their natural language. And as our faces, of whatever kind we may have been blessed with, are only Nature's capital with which she starts us in life, they will be in the end pretty much of our own making, and show a result which we have been unconsciously adjusting all our lives in the manipulation of our wills and characters.

Hester had been going through an experience of self-repression only this evening. It had been while still smarting under the sting of Kitty's manifested preference of Grace over herself, and while still struggling to control the sore and jealous feelings which this had stirred up in her, that Grace's generosity declared itself. At the moment a generous appreciation of the deed had sprung forth to meet it, and had swallowed up other sensations, but speedily they returned upon her with added bitterness. The gift had a hundred pricks which stung her whichever way she turned. To receive such a benefit from Grace just then was more than her conscience would bear. She sat alone in her room trying to get such a mastery over her feelings that the expression of them might not be drawn from her by the almost resistless influence of the friend whom she was about to see. Hester's acquaintance with this friend had been brought about in an accidental way. She had one day in the previous summer been

walking alone in the Chester Road, the main thoroughfare which runs through the suburb of Lowerbury, and into which one end of Barbara Street debouches. She became aware of a figure before her making such faltering and feeble steps that Hester feared she would fall. The lady presently walked to a shop window, and while apparently examining its contents leaned very heavily against it. Hester also walked up to the window, and saw with alarm that the stranger's face was of a ghastly pallor, and her lips had a bluish tinge.

"Pardon me; I am afraid you are not well," she

began.

"I thank you," said the lady, in a low and singularly penetrating voice; "but it is nothing more than an attack of a kind I am quite accustomed to. I have foolishly over-tired myself."

"May I get you a cab?"

"No—oh, no !—my home is close by, in Barbara Street."

"Then pray allow me to walk with you," said Hester, offering her arm.

When they reached the lady's door, which proved to be just opposite Hester's own, she said—

"Will you not come in and see me sometimes? I have seen you and your sisters frequently from the window of my room, where I am usually a prisoner. My name is Denston—Miss Denston."

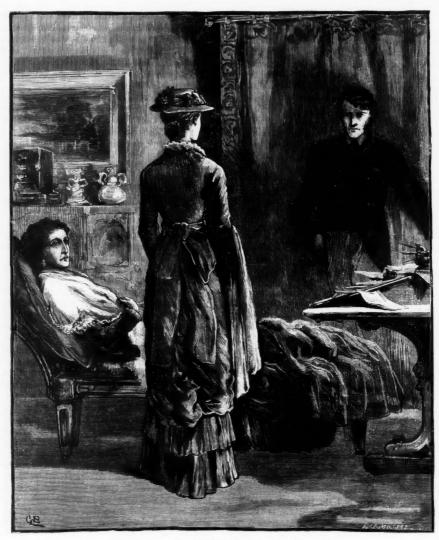
Hester promised. It seemed to her, even then, that she could with difficulty have refused any request made to her by this new acquaintance. The first visit led to a renewal of the invitation, and an intimacy sprang up, which was confined to these two. None of the other members of the Norris family had visited Miss Denston, nor was Hester on any but the most distant terms with that lady's brother, with whom she shared the drawing-room apartments of No. 42. It had now become a custom for Hester to sit with her for an hour or two when this brother was absent.

Hester, with a sigh, at last roused herself, and, putting on a hat and throwing a shawl round her shoulders, went out into the dark night. The light from Miss Denston's drawing-room streamed into the street from the uncurtained half of the window. This was the signal Miss Denston arranged to give when she needed her friend. When Hester reached the door of the room, she opened it very quietly, for noise must not be suffered to pass that threshold. A heavy thick curtain fell over the door on the inside, and the air which met the incomer was heavy and rich with perfume, partly artificial, and partly to be attributed to a superb pink hyacinth standing on a small table near the couch on which Miss Denston was lying. A fine bronze lamp diffused a clear subdued light through the room, and illumined especially a writing table littered with manuscripts. The various elegancies observable here and there were noticeably incongruous with the ordinary lodging-house furniture and appointments. But Miss Denston, dressed in a loose gown of black satin, was herself the most noticeable

object upon which the eye fell. Her figure was slightly deformed, but an Indian crépe shawl thrown over her shoulders left the fact barely perceptible. In age she appeared to be about thirty-five, Her

"You are late, dearest," she said, in the tones whose winning power Hester had found irresistible from the first time she had heard them.

"Yes, Georgie," Hester answered, kneeling beside



"The door opened, and Philip Denston entered."-p. 14.

sallow worn face was crowned with a mass of jetblack hair, and was lighted by singular eyes, with very distinct frises, in colour of that transparent pale blue which seems to possess a magnetic quality. She fixed them upon Hester, entering from behind the curtain, with a half-tender half-reproachful gaze. the couch, and receiving a kiss on each cheek; "but Grace came in late from town, and I could not get away sooner."

"Ah! the little sister queening it, as usual. I can imagine the scene."

"But can you imagine the little sister's generosity,

Georgie? She has bought me a dress like her own, out of the savings of her own pin-money."

"That is very good of her; I suppose her allowance is the same as yours?"

"No, it is rather larger."

Miss Denston was silent, but smiled. The smile was apparently significant, as Hester replied to it.

"But she really spends less than I do on herself."

"It is so pleasant to have a surplus one can be generous with," said Miss Denston, with a slight sigh; "but while you have been so pleasantly engaged, dearest, I have been in some pain and in much lone-liness without my Hester."

"Have you? I am sorry," said Hester, gazing at her friend with a devotion which for the moment made her face beautiful. "What can I do now I am here?" "Will you stand behind the sofa and stroke my

head for a while?"

Hester obeyed with alacrity. She stood in silence, passing her fingers backwards and forwards over Miss Denston's worn forehead and thick black hair, in which a streak of grey was mingled here and there. Miss Denston grew very still under the soothing touch, and at last fell asleep, yet still Hester continued her occupation. The ticking of the timepiece and the occasional sound of falling cinders grew startlingly distinct as minute after minute passed, till nearly half an hour had gone by—half an hour which seemed but as five minutes to Hester, spent in such honourable service. At last Miss Denston awoke.

"Thank you, thank you," she said; "your cool firm touch has drawn all the fire out of my brain. I have been working more than I ought to-day. My thoughts flowed with such extraordinary rapidity, that I was tempted to write on and on. Even now I feel myself compelled to set down—lest it should escape me—the train of thought which has passed through my mind while we were silent."

"You have been to sleep," said Hester, "the latter part of the time."

"Then, the activity of my brain is all the more remarkable," replied Miss Denston, with a touch of sharpness in her voice. "I suppose you know that the brain does not sleep? But, if you will kindly sit down to my writing-table, and take paper and pen, I will dictate to you, and you shall judge for yourself whether that is the case."

Hester sat down, as directed, feeling rather miserable—an effect Miss Denston had it in her power at any moment to produce by a slight change of manner. But, as she was preparing the writing materials, Miss Denston spoke again in her former tone, and Hester was comforted.

"Poor Philip is out again, you see, and I do not wonder. It is so dull at home, with no one but his prosy old sister to bear him company."

Miss Denston gave a rather melancholy smile.

"Your companionship would be delightful, Georgie, to any one who deserved to have it; but I do not feel properly indignant with your brother, for, you see, his loss is my gain." "Thank you, dear. It is not a trouble to you to do these services for me?"

Hester looked at her, and smiled radiantly.

"Ah! you don't expect me to answer that question," she said; "you know it is the kind of labour that physics pain."

"You rebuke me, dear, for speaking as though I were alone in suffering. But, believe me, I do not really forget that in the midst of friends you, too, know the grief of loneliness, and that my poor Hester has many crosses. How have things gone with you to-day?"

"There is nothing fresh to tell you. I don't want to tall of myself to-night. Shall I not write what you wished?"

"If you please; for the little matter I have on hand has to be with the publishers on Friday. It is a subject on which you and I have had many happy talks, dear."

Miss Denston was silent for a few minutes, during which Hester observed upon the desk a manuscript written out in Miss Denston's own hand, and tied at the corner with ribbon, and docketed. Her eye also fell on a slip of paper containing the words, "Memo.-Three-quarters of an hour for Rev. T. W., Willerton, on Arian Errors." As to what this could mean Hester wondered, but could arrive at no conclusion, save that the matter must belong to the literary arcana from which her inexperience shut her out. She did not seek any explanation from Miss Denston, for that lady was never disposed to be communicative on the subject of her literary labours, and now also she began to dictate very fluently, and Hester proceeded to write, with feelings of high veneration for her friend, and keen satisfaction that she chose thus to use her as an instrument in her work.

"The human mind," began Miss Denston, in clear tones, "is essentially lonely. In its passage from the cradle to the grave it is ever alone, and this eternal fact has been recognised by all true seers and poets since the world began. Three thousand years ago the secret of human nature was thus expressed by the inspired writer, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy,' and in other words the poet of to-day sings the same song—

"'Not e'en the dearest heart, and next our own.

Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh."

"What is it, again, but this truth which finds expression in that exquisite lyric entitled 'The Buried Life?' But if such words are true of every human soul which has been ushered into this world of pain, they are true in a special sense of the few. These are the souls born into unfit earthly conditions. I do not include in this fated class the morbid self-inflated souls who, like some stagnating pond, would breathe forth a miasma of misery around them into whatever lot they might be cast, but those who, nobler or greater, or more sensitive than their fellows, are cast as it were into

a pit with the common herd. Unhappy indeed is his lot who has wings to soar, and would do so, e'en to the empyrean, had he the blue ether of sympathetic appreciation as a medium, in place of the clogging heavy atmosphere of commonplace incredulity. There is many a Hamlet unknown and unsung, many a soul cabined, cribbed, confined, who has fainted and failed in its lowly place for want of that rapport with its surroundings which is essential to freedom and joy."

Much more followed which Hester tirclessly transcribed. The thoughts appeared to her profound, and couched in beautiful language. Perhaps had she read the composition as a paragraph in the publication for which it was destined, Hester's judgment would have inclined her to ask the meaning and value of all these high-sounding phrases; but this girl could no more criticise her friend than could a young priestess of Diana her virgin goddess. And perhaps had you or I heard these phrases delivered unhesitatingly in Miss Denston's impressive tones, some illusion might have been cast over them for us as well as for poor Hester, who was only eighteen, and very much in love with this, as it seemed to her, talented and noble friend. But she was an intelligent girl, and had not her young hero-worship blinded her, she would have been inclined to suspect the grand sound of these phrases, and see that it dressed up very poor kind of sense and commonplace thought to look like something clever.

Had Miss Denston's writing been docked of its fine words and phrases, and put into plain commonsense English, it would have had no distinction whatever; it was, in fact, sound without sense. The only real thoughts in it were, that we are always to some extent alone, even when with friends, or in a crowd, which is a truism as old as the hills; and that some people are more lonely than others because placed in unsuitable surroundings, which is also a very patent fact, though not one which it is advisable to dwell upon, for too many of us are already inclined to fancy ourselves superior to our destiny.

By-and-by, as the timepiece was on the strike of ten, the street door was heard to open and shut, and steps ascended the stairs.

"Here is Philip," said Miss Denston, "and my brain is almost dazed with this improvisation."

Hester rose, and reached her hat and shawl from the chair on which she had laid them. While she was putting them on, the door opened, and Philip Denston entered. He was younger than his sister. Her peculiar blue eyes and thick black hair were repeated in him, so also was a certain expression of obstinacy about the mouth and chin, but the fascination of her smile and glance was wanting. He gave his sister a silent nod, and to Hester an equally silent bow, to which she made a chilling acknowledgment, which consisted, one might have said, in a movement of the eye-lids. A kiss and a few murmured words passed between the friends. Mr. Den-

ston, after opening the door for Hester, followed her; and as he passed, took his hat down from the pcg where it hung.

"Pray, do not trouble," said Hester, coldly.

"Excuse me, I cannot let you cross the street alone."

Now this ceremony had been gone through several times before, and Hester greatly objected to it. She wished to receive no courtesy from a man who could behave to such a sister as this man did. But as there was no escape, Hester contented herself with adopting as frigid a demeanour as it was possible to assume. In silence they crossed the road, in silence waited for the door to open, then, raising his hat, Mr. Denston departed with a "Thank you" on Hester's part, and a "Good-night" on his. Hester's behaviour was apparently of no moment to him; and if he made any reflection concerning it, it was probably that the girl appeared to have no manners.

Hester, on her way up-stairs, looked in at the sitting-room door intending to say good-night, and then go up to bed. Grace was there alone.

"Is that you, Hester?" she cried; "don't you want any supper? Do come in and have a chat. I have sent mother to bed'; she looked so tired."

Hester came forward reluctantly. Grace was curled up in the rocking-chair, of which she was so fond that it was considered her special property. But she got up and drew a low chair to the fire for Hester.

"I don't want any supper. I was going to bed," said Hester, seating herself, however. They sat for a time silently. Grace rocked her chair to and fro and looked into the fire.

"Did you want to say anything?" asked Hester.

"Oh, no, I don't think so; only I have not seen much of you to-day. What have you been doing over there?"

"I have been writing at Miss Denston's dictation."

"Oh, do you like that? Do you still like her as much as you did?"

"Certainly."

Hester looked pale, and cold, and unresponsive. She was quite aware that Grace was regarding her keenly, and in consequence drew the folds of reserve more close.

"It is very odd, isn't it," said Grace, "that I should not know a person with whom you are so intimute?"

"Why is it odd?" asked Hester, with increased coldness of tone. "Do you think that a younger sister has no right to make friends for herself?"

Grace gave a quick look at her sister.

"There should be no question of rights between us, Hester," she said, and then the girls looked away from each other. If Grace was hurt by Hester's speech, she did not show it, unless by silence. Hester perhaps repented her bitterness of tone, for after a few moments she said, with a great effort to call up feelings of gratification—

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"Have you added to my obligations to you. Grace, by devising some way of making up your lovely present? I shall be so afraid of not doing the best with it that I know I shall not dare to put the seissors in."

Grace recognised the spirit of atonement in which Hester had spoken, and responded cordially, and they were soon deep in a dress-making discussion. But when they kissed each other, before separating for the night, there was some constraint on either side; each went to bed with a feeling of discomfort and self-reproach. Grace's feeling was due to her failure in winning her sister's confidence. It was impossible that, with her alertness of mind, she should have missed seeing the signs of bitterness which Hester's looks and tones had of late occasionally betrayed, in spite of her most determined efforts at self-repression, though, indeed, Grace had not the least idea of the extent to which that bitterness had eaten into her sister's mind.

Hester's feeling that night was an uneasy consciousness of disloyalty, born, not of that evening's interview with her friend, but of many another prior to it. She lay awake for some hours, restless and feverish, trying in vain to regain peace of mind by recalling the doctrines and sentiments which she and Miss Denston held in common, and which, as a rule, appeared so all-enlightening.

When Grace went to her room, she had not at first the opportunity for reflection over what had occurred, and, by the time the opportunity came, she was too tired to avail herself of it, but dropped asleep instead. She crept into the room in the dark, very quietly, expecting to find her mother asleep; but Mrs. Norris spoke to her.

"Is that you, Grace?" she asked, starting up in bed.

"Yes, mother; I thought you were asleep."

"Turn up the gas, Grace; I am terrified."

Obeying at once, Grace saw her mother looking very pale, and staring at her, with wide-open eyes. She went to her, and, taking her hand, said—

"Lie down again, mother; you have been dreaming, haven't you?"

"I believe so: about your father."

Grace sat down by her, and began to talk, choosing as practical a topic as possible.

By-and-by Mrs. Norris said-

"Come, dear, you had better get to bed; you must be tired."

"Shall I sleep with you, mother?"

"I should be very glad if you would."

Mrs. Norris, holding her daughter's hand, soon fell asleep again. She was subject to such fits of alarm at night, and Grace was quite used to soothing her under them.

Grace very speedily followed her mother's example. The excitement consequent upon that day's adventure had passed away from her mind, and had been superseded by quite different mental sensations. The remaining result was only a bodily fatigue, which made her very sleepy; and had it been suggested that the affair was likely in any degree to affect her future, she would have greeted the prophecy with derison. But it is no uncommon thing for the future to mock our anticipations.

(To be continued.)

A HIGH DAY IN EDINBURGH.



HEN I first made acquaintance with Edinburgh my sister was with me. It was late one May evening, and we were tired and weary; we had had a long journey; there was no one to meet us; altogether it was not in the very best spirits that we gathered our belongings at the Waverley Station, and tried to make an intensely Scotch porter understand where we wanted to go. But once fairly on our way through the dimly lighted hilly streets, our spirits rose, the pleasant burr

of the Scotch voices, the glimpses of the Highland uniform, of the tall old houses looking in the dusky evening like so many wonderful old castles—everything was new and delightful to us.

Our future abode was on the third flat of a

house almost facing the Castle Rock; here again, quite unaccustomed to flats, our hearts sank a little, at first sight of the high stone staircase, but our rooms were bright and pleasant; a fire was blazing, tea ready, and our old Scotch servant beaming kindly welcome upon us.

May I say here, that before a week was over we were quite accustomed to life in a flat, and began to think it pleasanter, certainly cosier and more convenient for two people, than a whole house.

We did not sleep much that first night; the noise in the streets under our bed-room window kept up until almost morning. It was Saturday night, and we learnt afterwards flitting time: when an extra amount of drinking always goes on; once a year this flitting from house to house, from stair to stair goes on. Edinburgh poor people seem to have a mania for change.

We had a grand view from our window in the misty lovely morning; we stood so high that we looked right over the roofs and smoky chimneys

of the tall old houses; the Grass Market was immediately under us; for centuries this street was the place of public execution. Here many of the Covenanters suffered, and Captain John Porteous was murdered by the angry mob; on one side of it runs the Westport, on the other the quaint dirty old Cowgate, once a fashionable part of town, now the lowest worst quarter; Heriot's Hospital just behind, with its tall centre tower, its turrets and carved windows, and its pleasant square of green. This beautiful hospital was opened in 1659. According to George Heriot's will, "It is for the maintenance, relief, bringing upp and education of poore fatherlesse boyes, free mens sounes of the towne of Edinburgh," who are educated, provided on leaving with clothes and books, apprenticed to trades, or, if showing desire that way, sent to the University with an allowance for four sessions of £30 a year.

There are nearly two hundred boys there now, and the annual revenue of the hospital is said to amount to as much as the executors of George Heriot originally handed over—£23,000; close to that is the Greyfriars Church, and old churchyard. Here the greater number of the Covenanters who were executed in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. are buried. "Bluidy" or Bloody Mackenzie lies here too; the Regent Morton, Dr. Hugh Blair, Allan Ramsay the poet, and many others whose names are well known to us; behind this again is the new Royal Infirmary; and in the distance, bounding everything, Arthur's Mound, with its head almost lost in mist, and the long range of

the Pentland Hills,

The windows of our sitting-room looked out on the steep side of the Castle Rock, and the few old houses between it and the General Assembly Hall, the tall spire of which, designed by Pugin, is a land-mark all round the town.

We won our old servant's heart by the fervency

of our admiration.

"Ye're right, ye're right," she said; "there's no many towns like Edinburgh; ye have a deal to see, and ye're come in good time; wait until next week, when the Commissioner comes in—ye'll have a sight then. He comes here to the hall, and ye'll have a grand view of him. A royal salute they give him from the castle; he gets all the honours the Queen gets, a fine procession, a guard of honour and all. Eh! but it's a grand sight."

And for the next few days there was nothing

talked of but "the Commissioner."

Did we suggest our washing or anything else, ought to be seen after, old Jessie made answer—

"We'll see about it all by-and-by. The Commissioner will keep every one busy this week."

At last the eventful day came, and it was a very doleful voice we heard announcing at our room door, that—

"It was seven o'clock, and a wet morning;"

however, the rain stopped, and the mist cleared away soon, and as twelve o'clock drew near, we could not resist going out to see what was to be seen.

Through the whole of Edinburgh this day is kept as a public holiday; every school lets loose its boys, every shop is closed all down the Lawn Market, the High Street, the whole way down the Canongate to Holyrood, was lined thickly with an eager crowd. Every window in the wonderful old houses eight and ten storeys high was full, groups of boys sitting out on the window ledges, climbing the lamp-posts, astride on the fountains, anywhere where they could get a peep.

The approach to Holyrood was densely crowded. The Commissioner, after holding a levée there, was to drive in procession to St. Giles' Church for service, and from that to the Assembly Hall, where the new Moderator was to be nominated.

Fifty men of the 42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) were stationed at intervals down the street; they were fine-looking fellows, in their huge caps and green kilts, and, to our Lowland eyes—especially the officers with their broad tartan sashes and great brooches—well worth coming out to see.

It was a pretty sight to look down the quaint old streets—the picturesque dress of the soldiers, (close to Holyrood were the officers and men of the 3rd Dragoon Guards), the waving plumes, gleaming swords, and the banners flying. There is no place so full of old associations as this long street, which, under various names, reaches down from the castle to Holyrood; every step of the way is full of interest, the wonderful tall old houses, with their dark winding stairs, and peaks and gables, have all got their story.

Out of these same crazy windows, the highborn beauties of long ago looked out on bonny Prince Charlie, on gallant Montrose dragged to his death, on lovely hapless Queen Mary, on staunch John Knox. Down some of these narrow "wynds," or alleys, reeking now with every kind of evil odour, you may find traces of green grass and stunted bushes, the remains of ancient gardens. Here in these gloomy courts, rising storey after storey, slatternly women screaming to each other out of the windows, dirty children at play in the gutters, or on the filthy stairs, lived the

lords and ladies of long ago.

Some of these closes keep their ancient names in the midst of the dirt and squalor, bringing back a whiff of long ago. There is "Lady Stair's Close," where the Countess of Stair lived for many years when at the head of the fashionable society in Edinburgh. James Court, where Boswell lived, and where Johnson used to roll in to have a cup of tea with him. In Baxter's Close, Burns had a room; David Hume wrote great part of his history in the Canongate. What stories these ancient houses could tell us of love



A HIGH DAY IN EDINBURGH.

and murder, of plots and treason, of the wit and beauty of long ago. But these eventful times have gone by, and we must come back to the present day, and the very modern crowd now gathered in the streets—clerks, shop-hands, fishwives, groups of black-coated ministers, with their wives and daughters, parading up and down the centre of High Street, where the police had to work hard to keep the people back behind the soldiers.

Soon after twelve the cry arose, "The Commissioner is coming!" and we, half afraid of the surging crowd, half ashamed of standing about the street, judged it best policy to go back to our house; from the front window of which we had a splendid view of the Assembly Hall. Jessie, with some chosen friends, posted herself out on the window-ledge, under her own room, coming in every now and then to acquaint our ignorance with what was going on.

"He's in the Cathedral now; he'll no be

long."

"See here, mem, I forgot your pudding, but may be you'll no mind a pancake the day; I'll toss it up in no time. Eh! but ye'll be wearied for your meat, but no one could eat until the Commissioner would come," etc. etc.

And I must say we were a great deal too interested in the gay crowds in the streets, to think of dinner. Soon after one o'clock a detachment of the 3rd Dragoon Guards was posted at the gates of the Assembly. It was with some

difficulty they kept the entrance free. At halfpast one, the first great gun of the royal salute was fired from the eastle, and the bells began to ring, and now came the procession in real earnest.

It was a pretty sight. First came the Yeomanry Cavalry, six City Police in full dress, the Moderator, the Solicitor-General, the Provosts, Magistrates, Sheriffs, High Constables, and municipal officers of Edinburgh, Leith, Musselburgh, and Portobello, six City Police again, detachment of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, with their band; carriage and four, with mace-bearer and pages; six trumpeters in state dresses; then the state carriage and four, containing the Lord High Commissioner and the Countess of Aberdeen, with outriders and powdered footmen, in quaint pretty uniforms of blue and silver, with wonderful cocked hats. Then the general commanding and staff, the countess' carriage, another detachment of the 3rd Dragoons, and a long string of private carriages, full of gaily dressed ladies.

The guard of honour saluted, as the Earl of Aberdeen, the countess, and all the grand folk went into the hall; the groups of ministers who had been dawdling about hurried after, and the grand sight of the day was over, and we are free to have our dinner, with—must I confess it?—a thrill of something like envy, as we looked at our good Jessie's beaming face, and saw her honest pride and triumph in the pomp and splendour of the

pageant we had witnessed.

GOOD WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, AUTHOR OF "WITNESSES FOR CHRIST," "ANSWERS TO PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WORK," ETC.



ORD WILLIAM and Lady Rachel Russell are conspicuous figures on the page of English history. Patriotism has wept over their troubles, while posterity rejoices in the blessed fruits of those struggles in which they bore so conspicuous a part.

Theirs was the cause of Protestant truth, of political righteousness, and of popular

Lord William was three or four years younger than his wife; and to her salutary Christian influence and prayers, under God, he owed that strong Christian character which made him so true a patriot, and so earnest an advocate of religious truth and liberty.

Lord William Russell represented the County of Bedford in four Parliaments, and was appointed by Charles II. one of his Privy Councillors. But he was too much of a patriot, and too firm a supporter of Protestant principles, to please the pleasure-loving king. The reaction in the direction of gross impiety which followed the Restoration, and the corrupt influence of the court, had begun to yield their bitter fruit, which no amount of diplomacy could prevent, and no high-handed measures avert. The country was losing power and influence among the nations, trade was declining, prosperity had ceased, and the liberties of the people, civil and religious, were imperilled by the Popish tendencies of Charles and his brother James.

Lord Russell was full of grave anxieties as to the future of the kingdom, the cause of religion, and the liberty which the people loved too well to surrender without a struggle. Among his compatriots he held a foremost place, which the native energy of his character, his strong principles, and his family associations, well entitled him to fill. Lady Russell was one with him in religious and political sentiments as well as in heart, but she had more caution than her husband, and was more actuated by considerations of prudence. In the letters which frequently passed between them, the matters agitating the public mind were discussed, and she ventured sometimes, though with the greatest deference, to suggest more moderate counsels, or at least "a more convenient season."

His famous motion made and carried in the House of Commons, March 14th, 1877-8, was the first shot in what proved a long war, a war between principles which have proved in many instances respectively the curse and the blessing of humanity. It was a bold step, aimed at the exclusion of the Duke of York from succession to

the throne, as may be seen :-

"I move that we go into a Committee of the whole House to consider the sad and deplorable condition we are in, and the apprehension we are under of Popery and a standing army, and that we may consider of some way to save ourselves from ruin."

It would seem Lord Russell had not communicated to his wife the particulars of this movement, but she obtained a knowledge of the step, and used her best efforts to prevent what she believed, in her womanly foresight, would commit him to a dangerous course. While the House was sitting on that memorable night, a messenger handed him a letter couched in the most affectionate terms, and full of earnest pleadings:—

"This alarms me. I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have done, or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-

day."

The Government, King, and Court, took offence at this measure, and Lady Russell's husband was a marked man.

The part which he took in connection with the Exclusion Bill in two Parliaments, and in carrying it up to the Lords, is well known. Its rejection by the Upper House did not prevent strenuous endeavours to avert the dreaded calamity of a Popish king. These movements were popular, but not at once successful.

Lady Rachel's letters to her beloved spouse at this time brim over with the old affection, none the less true and strong if more tried and sobered. Her piety, too, kept pace with her wifely love, and if she had fewer fears of what the future might bring, she was better prepared for it.

"It is my greatest care," she says in a letter to her husband, "so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or may be in some

measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other."

Notwithstanding, hope anticipated many years of that domestic felicity with which their union had been distinguished. But the storm was gathering over the head of Lord Russell, soon to burst upon them both with desolating fury.

Some meetings were held at which he was present, the object of which was to devise measures to prevent the accession of the Duke of York, and to preserve the Protestant religion and the liberties of the people. Some unprincipled men belonged to the patriotic party, and a band of them, it seems, devised a plan of their own for the murder of the king and the Duke of York.

Lord Russell took no part in this wicked scheme; he had no sympathy with any such measures. The late Earl Russell, in his preface to "Letters of Lady Russell," says, "It would not be difficult to show that while Lord Shaftesbury and some of his friends were urging on resistance, Lord Russell was opposed to any attempt of the kind." His presence at some of these meetings was a sufficient pretext, however, for his enemies to seek his ruin. One of the more advanced of the party turned informer, and Lord Russell was arrested on the charge of having conspired the murder of the king and his brother the Duke of York. He was sent to the tower, and eighteen days after brought to trial.

It was now that the varied excellence of Lady Rachel's character shone forth with increased lustre. The strength of her affection, the ardour of her devotion, the manifold resources of her heroic love, were brought out to a degree which redounds to her everlasting honour. The clouds and storm have all long since passed away, but the name of Lady Rachel Russell shines with an

undimmed glory.

She asked her husband to be allowed to be present at his trial. "Your friends," she urged, "believe I can do you some service at your trial. I am extremely willing to try; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours."

He pleaded "Not guilty" to the indictment, raised some points of law, which were overruled, and then asked if he might be allowed the use of

his papers, and of pen and ink.

"By all means," was the answer of the Court.

"May I have somebody to write to help my memory?"

"Yes, a servant," said Sir Robert Sawyer, the Attorney-General.

"Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you," said the Lord Chief Justice Pemberton, with even greater courtesy.

"My wife is here, my lord, to do it," rejoined Lord Russell, in a tone expressive of his high appreciation of her fortitude and devotion.

Lady Rachel then took her place at his side. The eyes of every one in the crowded court were turned towards her, and a thrill of admiration and sympathy passed through the whole assembly. This ever-memorable scene has often engaged the pen of the historian and the pencil of the artist.

But such devotion was all in vain. A packed jury, a subservient judge, perjured witnesses, and the coarse pleadings of the brutal Jeffreys, did the bidding of the profligate king. On Saturday, 14th July, 1683, he was brought to the bar, and received the sentence of death. The following

Saturday he was to die.

Greatly distressed, but not in despair, Lady Rachel employed all available means, and engaged all possible influence, to obtain a pardon, or at least a reprieve. The Duke of Monmouth interceded with his father, the king; the Earl of Bedford offered Charles £100,000 for his royal clemency, but without success. The father of Lord Dartmouth warned the king of what would be the consequence of his execution with the large and powerful family of Bedford, and reminded him of his obligations to the Lady Russell's father, the Earl of Southampton.

"That is all very true," said the king; "but it is also true that if I do not take his life he will

take mine."

A few years later, when Charles was in his grave, and James had brought his cause to ruin, the latter applied to the Earl of Bedford to help him. "My lord," said the king, "you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service."

"Ah, sire," said the earl with a deep sigh, "I am an old man, and feeble; I can do you little service. I once had a son that could have assisted

you, but he is no more."

The reply pierced James's conscience, and he

was speechless for some minutes.

With unremitting diligence Lady Rachel laboured to save her husband. She prevailed with him to petition the king, and even the Duke of York, but though the prayer of the petitions was urged by some high in office and in favour, they were fruitless. Alike unavailing was the intervention of Louis XIV. of France. One more effort remained to be made. She threw herself at the feet of the king; but though her father had been one of Charles's best friends, the ungrateful monarch refused the prayers of the daughter. The last hope was then extinguished. But she who in prosperity had been the ever affectionate consort, and in adversity the sympathising friend and helper, who had shown how she could do and dare in her husband's behalf, was now equally ready to suffer with him, and to cheer his last hours with the ministry of her faithful love.

The piety of Lord Russell sustained his mind even to cheerfulness during these dark days. Dean Tillotson and Dr. Gilbert Burnet were unremitting in their attentions, and on the day before the execution the latter preached two sermons before Lord and Lady Russell, choosing for his texts Ps. xxiii. 4, and Rev. xiv. 13. In the evening Lady Rachel took her three children to bid a last farewell to their father. He warmly embraced them, pronounced his dying benediction, and with much tenderness, though without agitation, dismissed them. Their mother remained. "Stay and sup with me," said the condemned patriot; "let us eat our last earthly food together." After supper Dr. Burnet returned, and they sat conversing on examples of calmness and fortitude in meeting death, and also about the education of the daughters so soon to be fatherless.

With ten o'clock came the final parting. Lord Russell kissed his wife four or five times, and the scene was over. So much were their minds sustained by the consolations of God, that they were able to restrain their feelings in considera-

tion of each other.

"Now the bitterness of death is passed," said his lordship to Dr. Burnet; adding, "There was a signal providence of God in giving me such a wife, where there were birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to me. . . It is a great comfort to me that I am to leave my children in such a mother's hands."

The execution took place the next morning, the calmness, the fortitude, and magnanimity of the sufferer casting a lustre over a deed which, a few years later was declared by leading statesmen, and a vote in the House of Commons, to be "a judicial murder." "Posterity," says the late Earl Russell, "has ratified that declaration."

In her devotion to her husband, Lady Rachel had made such arrangements that the paper he had written to be published after his death was sold in the streets within an hour after the execution.

Amidst the desolation of her heart and home, she had many sympathising friends, but her chief resource was "the Throne of Grace," and the allcompassionate High Priest, who is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." She gave herself to the education of her children, saw them all well and honourably married, and their children rise up to call her blessed. She saw the principles for which her husband died paramount, his attainder annulled, and his name everywhere honoured as a martyr to Protestant truth and liberty. Her "Letters" breathe a spirit of true religion, humility, and heavenly-mindedness, and the same love of liberty, the same compassion for sufferers in the cause of righteousness, which marked her earlier career. Peacefully she departed to be with Jesus, after forty years of widowhood, her spirit to join that of her husband in the world of light, and love, and joy, her remains to slumber with his in the family burying place at Chenies, Bucks. "Thanks be unto God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."



"Lady Rachel took her three children to bid a last farewell to their father."

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THE PARABLES IN THE LIGHT OF OUR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE UNFAITHFUL STEWARD.

BY THE VERY REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A., DEAN OF DENVER, COLORADO.



HE story is taken from the country life of every civilised community in the world. A rich man possesses a vast estate. Perhaps if he had by his own toil amassed his fortune, the same careful insight, the same capability of dealing with detail, the same foresight, and the same orderly mind, would have enabled him to manage with ease the estate his perseverance and business energy had acquired. But the rich man sketched in

the parable was one of the landed gentry of the country. He had been born into the inheritance. Long ages ago the broad acres had been acquired by some valorous ancestor, who, "with his sword and with his bow," had taken the district from those Amorites who encumbered whilst they polluted the ground, and ever since the descendants of this prince in Israel had inherited the lordly estates.

There was a shaded place on yonder knoll, where thick-blossomed the pomegranates, to which the lord of the castle was wont to drive his guests, just as the sun was shedding his last rays, and tinting the landscape with deep hues of richest colour. There was a table in the arbour naïvely constructed, round which divans of richest damascene were piled. Black slaves from Nubian markets filled golden goblets of classic beauty with wines from sea-girt Samos, cooled with ice from snowy Lebanon; and here the rich man and his friends rejoiced in the beauty of the landscape and the exceeding peace of the dying day.

He would say—not in boast, but as a natural thing which was his by fortune, not by desert—"Yes! all you see is mine. The estate stretches from the village at the bottom of the hill to yonder hamlet on the farthest brow, whose white synagogue is so ruddy in the setting sun." Truly, a splendid estate. But to look at the lord of it all, and then at the widespread scene, were enough to know that to manage such an estate were a business in itself, and such a business that will admit of little leisure, but would tax the energies and lay embargo on all the time of any single man.

"And who manages the estate for your Excellency?" asks one of the guests. "My steward, who lives in the manor-house of the village below us, that house with the cedar-tree overspreading the lawn, in the centre of the village. My ancestors once lived there."

And now the eye is fixed on the two men, the lord in the arbour upon the hill, surveying his vast estate, and the man who lives amongst the villagers, looks after the revenues, collects the rents, and, with a practical and scrutinising eye, has a care that his lord receives no damage, that there is no waste—the rich man and his steward.

The one has everything, the other nothing. As far as eye can reach belongs to the one, and within certain limits it belongs to the other. The steward, although he has nothing that he can actually call his own, still uses all as if it were his own; he does as he likes upon the estate. His word is law; he buys, he sells, he pulls down, he builds up; he lives as well as his lord in the castle. The house he lives in was sufficient for many of his lord's ancestors. Nay, did not the son and heir once live there as the steward? The fruits upon his table, the venison on his sideboard, the horses in his stable, were all but the same as his master enjoyed.

It is true he had considerable responsibility; but the rich man did not expect impossibilities, but he did expect that his steward should do his very utmost, should look with his eyes, and think for him, and do the best he could for him; and if he had done this his duty, he might have enjoyed the confidence of his lord, the universal respect of the tenants, a sufficiency of the dainties and luxuries of life, and above it all the testimony of a good conscience.

Then wherein differed the steward from his master?

The difference between them was this:—
That whilst the estate belonged to the rich man, and nothing but a national convulsion of the most momentous nature could deprive him of that which the law of the land preserved to him, yet the steward only kept his position at the Will of the rich man. One word from his master, and the steward was a homeless beggar. All he enjoyed was his only so long as he did his duty.

This, then, was his real title to his position—doing his duty; cease to do that, and he was a ruined man.

You brought nothing into this world, and though you use everything as though yours

* St. Luke xvi. 1.

by right, yet nothing is more certain than, when the Lord wills, you will quit the stewardship, and leave everything behind you. And if you do not do your duty—that is, if you do not use the things of God's estate for the purposes He intended—if you "abuse" the world rather than use it; if you live for yourself and your own ends rather than with an honest eye to the business of your Master in heaven—then you will prove an unfaithful steward, and, discharged by Death the messenger, you will go out yonder, a ruined man, an eternal pauper!

As they reclined at ease, and watched the changing colours tint the varied landscapes, the friends of the rich man talked of the beauty of the estate. In what excellent keeping it seemed to be! how trim the vineyards looked, how well banked up were the olive trees upon the side of the hill! "What a capital steward!" said

one.

But there was there, by gracious invitation, one of the lord's chief tenants. To him the rich man turned: "Do you think he is as good as he appears?" and plainly asked, he plainly answered: That the steward was wasting his lord's goods: and ample proof was given, so ample that it was conclusive. Next morning the unfaithful steward is told that he must furnish his accounts, wind up his books, "For thou mayest be no longer steward."

You observe, he makes no attempt to justify himself; not a word; he is speechless; he knows his lord holds the proofs. He leaves the audience, "not steward"—"a beggar." Now follow him; and what I want you to note is the fact that what he did was but part and parcel

of the rest of his life.

That which he had dealt with was property; the Lord Jesus calls it "unrighteous mammon." Mammon that made for unrighteousness. He never used it; there is no record that Jesus ever possessed a single piece of money, and although He had the wealth of grateful thousands, whom His word had healed, at His full command, He never drew upon their open purses to help the needy. He feared to pauperise, to demoralise, with money; for that is just what money does. It demoralises men, it puffs them up, it makes them selfish, it cheats them into fancied independence, it saps their trust in God, it kills their faith, and then their soul is lost. "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the Kingdom of heaven."

And yet, it is much easier to be righteous and honest in money matters than it is to be in dealing with principles and elements of character, which is property of the most valuable kind. A man would scorn to steal a sovereign from his friend, but he has no compunction in handing on a defamatory story which is sure, more or less, to

be untrue.

You would deal with scrupulous honesty' with

a commission with which you were charged. You would not tamper with it, buying less than you ought, and charging for the full; or purchasing an inferior quality, and lying about the price. These things never would even suggest themselves to you; but you are far less scrupulous about your private motives. You will deal with yourself with a rascality and chicanery at which, if I could only describe yourself to yourself, you would be appalled.

The steward did not begin to be a bad man when driven to extremities; he was already a bad man. You hear it behind his very words, "I cannot dig." If he had not been a lazy fellow, he never could have said that. "To beg I am ashamed." He had too long lived for appearances now to appear what he was—a beggar. So he, to curry favour with the farmers, and be permitted to hang about the neighbourhood, tampered with the rent roll, and lowered the rents. One man he let off fifty per cent.; another, twenty per cent.

It was only what he had been doing for years. "My master's income," said he to himself, "is quite enough—far more than he can spend, and why should I slave, morning, noon, and night, to make more money for him?" So he had "let things go," as he termed it; and now he only followed the same course in another way.

You, my reader, are doing the same thing? You say, God does not exact such a large rental from you; you need not weary yourself with watchings and prayers: He does not want everybody to be Sunday-school teachers, and trouble themselves to lead lambs to His fold. And what nonsense! that poor man or woman may give one-tenth, but if I gave one-tenth, why, it would be far, far more than anybody else gives for God's service. "How much owest thou unto my lord?" "One-tenth." "Take thy bill, sit down quickly," say all these unfaithful stewards, "and write one-hundredth."

I suppose he succeeded for a time, and so will you, until a more honest steward filled his place; and then it came to his lord's ears, and "he commended the unjust steward because he had done cleverly." He did not praise him for his deed, but he said what you and I have said many a time, "What a clever trick!" The Lord Jesus added, "For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

And why? Because they act up to their principles and make the most of what they have; this world, their generation, marks the limits of their dealings; they work for the near present. You see it all round about you. There is a man who "rises early, and late takes rest," always at his business, his eye always open to the main chance, and that is with him making money. I do not think that he actually loves money, though

many do; but, having no real belief in the next world, and the God Who there reigns, he has a sort of fear of being left destitute. He has no trust in God; but he longs to have enough to be out of harm's way, so he works hard and anxiously. God intended that in, and through, and by the discipline of work a man might gain true riches; he might give his soul a character which will be the only thing he will take with him out of the world, but he never thinks of this.

God set Sunday, at the end of every six working days, for him to reckon what his soul had gained or lost, to count his "true riches;" but Sunday comes, and probably he reads his newspaper, and if his body is not at his place of business, his mind is! and when he meets his friends, his talk is still business. How he meditates on it, how he schemes, how he sacrifices health, comfort, leisure, everything for his business!

Wise, very wise in his generation, wise in this world; and if this were the only world, you might write on his tombstone, "Here lies the body and soul of a wise man; he left a million;" to which possibly the reader might have added, "which his son is spending to his own swift ruin and the damnation of his companions."

Oh! that you would but give one-tenth of the same energy, and cleverness, and thought, and work, and effort to your soul, fitting it for the presence of God, cleansing it, and teaching it holy and righteous habits, pluming its wings for its upward flight, and training it to look for the coming Jesus. Oh! that you would only do this, with the zest which you give to reading Shakespeare, or gathering up bits of secular knowledge, or planning for pleasure, or doing your housekeeping. Then you would not be an "unfaithful steward."

For you are a steward—this is God's estate. He has given you time, sense, opportunity, health, His own word, and the vast gift of His own Holy Spirit. What are you doing with these, your Lord's goods? Now the unfaithful steward did not ruthlessly defraud his lord, he did not steal to enrich himself, for when the end came he had nothing. What he did was, he wasted, he did not utilise. He did not make the most for his master. He was unfaithful in that which is least.

You do no harm, you say, you keep the letter of the Commandments. You are not dishonest, or untruthful, or impure. No more was the unfaithful steward. But do you use what God has given you for the purpose for which He intended it ?--your mind for understanding His work; your eyes for watching for His coming; your ears for listening for His voice; your knees for prayer; your feet for running the way of His Commandments; your tongue for telling His truth; your body the battle-field for overcoming His enemies; your sympathies for His people and your energies for His Church; your money for helping His poor, His church, His House; your soul for loving Him; your spirit, a tabernacle for His sacred presence; your whole body, soul, and spirit, yourself, a servant and slave of Jesus Christ; doing your work in life because He has given it to be done, with both hands, earnestly; doing it under His eye, and for His approval-this is being a "faithful steward."

And if this be your life, then you are making "to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," and when you close your eyes to this world, you will find those of God's people whom you have helped, and been the honoured instrument of leading to the other shore, waiting for you on the further side. They will take you to the Master, witnesses of your faithful stewardship; He will say to you, "Well done, good servant, well done, enter in."

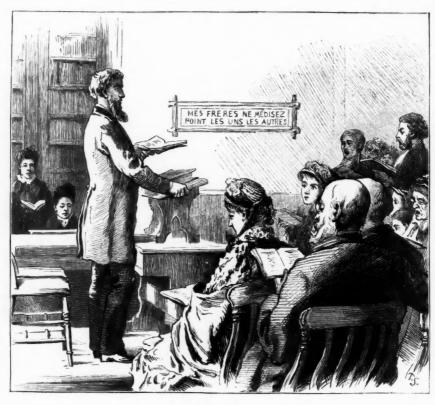
So shall "they receive you into everlasting habitations,"

"THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATES."

T was a pretty as well as interesting scene. The large room was brightly lighted, the tables were decked with lovely flowers; while the many-coloured fruits and salads and confectionery, which in addition to the coffee and solid viands, made up the feast, were certainly more picturesque than the tea and cake, and bread and butter, which an English assembly of the class before us would have enjoyed. For the guests we had been invited to join at supper on this occasion at Craven Hall, were 250 poor foreigners, mostly

French, but including some Belgians and Italians, all residing in or near the district of Soho. There was a French neatness and tastefulness noticeable in the women's dress, even among the poorest of the company, and some were very poor. That the entertainment was a feeding of the hungry was evidenced by the serious and engrossed faces and demeanour of the guests, which made us feel quite scrupulous about engaging them in conversation during their repast. They were not, however, too much absorbed to notice the flowers.

"One might imagine that this beautiful plant



IN THE LECTURE HALL.

was placed here for my special benefit," said a very poorly dressed woman, whose well-covered plate was almost overshadowed by a splendid hothouse scarlet geranium. She told me she was a widow, living with a married sister, and they earned their bread by lining fancy baskets with silk and satin. She spoke with childlike gratification of the feast now provided, and of the summer treat annually given to the poor foreigners of London, at the country place of some wealthy friend of the London City Mission, which carries on a special work among this class by means of a French-speaking missionary, who for twenty years past has laboured earnestly, and with great blessing, among them.

From the crowded supper-room we all adjourned to a lecture-hall below, which was gaily decorated with flowers and flags. Here addresses in French, or in English translated into French by Mr. B——, the foreigners' missionary, were given, all, in one way and another, setting forth the Gospel of the grace of God. These addresses were interspersed with instrumental music, and a few

sweet songs. The first of these was "The Better Land," and a French-speaking English clergyman took up very touchingly, in his address, the thought expressed in the song, reminding the stranger-guests how for them there was a better land in view than that in which they now were exiled from their native country; and a better land than that beloved native land to which their hearts must often turn with longing. And then he put before them Jesus Christ the Saviour, the only way for all to that heavenly home. Next to us was sitting a young Belgian woman, who told me she was a laundress, and had come to England to try and earn more money for the support of an invalid husband and five children.

"My three eldest children attend Mr. B——'s school," she said. "He takes them free, because I am so poor. They learn already to speak English, and to read and sing very nicely."

I found there were over forty children at this school, connected with the "Maison des Étrangers," 6, Frith Street, Soho. The children's parents pay sixpence or threepence a week for their little ones, if

their means allow. At this Maison des Étrangers there is an afternoon meeting on Sunday, attended by seventy or eighty foreigners, where often foreign pastors visiting London conduct the service. From far distances some of the congregation come. On one occasion lately there were present a French governess from Clapham, an old man from Hackney, and two old people who had walked from Kentish Town. There is a women's meeting on Monday afternoon, on Thursday evening a general meeting, both mainly for Scripture teaching and prayer. Those who avail themselves of these, and of other benefits connected with the Mission-house—the library, the Bible depôt, the help in obtaining employment-are of most varied description: from the needy "professeur de langues" to the humblest mechanic. One old woman of eighty, who attends the services, is in the habit of walking to Battersea, and even Greenwich, in quest of dandelions for

The warmest gratitude is often expressed for the mission services, by those who have

returned to their native land.

"What I most miss here," said a Frenchwoman, whom Mr. B—— lately met in Brussels, "is the Monday meeting. About half-past two, I think, 'Now they are singing the hymn; now the ladies speak.' My husband says he will take me to London next summer for a week, and I say it must be a week with two Mondays, for no sight in London will be so pleasant to me as to see those ladies, and no pleasure so great as to be at the meetings." Another writes: "Every Monday I join the meetings in spirit; I read the Bible, and one or two hymns, and try to think I am in Frith Street."

The Mission Library is a most important branch of the work, and any gifts of wholesome French literature, pamphlets, periodicals, books, are eagerly welcomed. French reading of the worst description, including three obscene parodies of the Gospel, are hawked in the district of Soho; but thousands of copies of the New Testament have been distributed there, and in many cases an entire Bible has been applied for in consequence.

As far as possible, those who become known to Mr. B—— and his helpers at the Maison des Étrangers are visited at their homes in illness and distress. Among many touching cases of this

kind, was that of a poor French cook in failing health, who became a frequenter of the Frith Street services, and was brought to know his

Saviour through an address on the parable of the Prodigal Son. He tried earnestly to recommend the Gospel to his infidel fellow-workers. His disease making rapid progress, the small shop in which some of the friends of the mission had established him was given up, and he was taken to the hospital. He suffered long and intensely, and at length by his earnest wish was removed from the hospital to die at home. He was unspeakably happy, asking sometimes to hear one of the Frith Street hymns. His last earthly wish, that Mr. B- might be beside him at his dying hour, was gratified. Kneeling at his bedside, his friend and teacher repeated the precious promises of Scripture, as he fell asleep.

As we looked around us that evening at Craven Hall on the happy, grateful, though often want and sorrow-worn faces of our foreign guests, the words came to our remembrance, "I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: hungry, and ye gave Me meat; sick, and ye visited Me;" and it seemed



IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

to us that on the work of the Maison des Étrangers in all its branches must rest the special favour of Him Who "loveth the stranger." A. J. T.

OUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER I.

OHN, the old house opposite is taken at last!"

"Is it?" was John's indifferent response, as he hung up his hat, and walked into the dining-room. "Is the tea ready?"
"Quite ready. How astonished the land-

lord must feel about it; that comes of advertising; it must have been done as a

forlorn hope."

"Couldn't say. Who is the tenant?"

"I don't know his name; a tall, thin, bustling kind of man, and his wife is an invalid, wrapped up in shawls, but she has a lovely face. I saw them get out of the cab; she had to be lifted out. The furniture came three days ago, just after you went away. I fancy they are not 'rolling in wealth,' for it was rather shabby-looking furniture."

John's face darkened; he had a decided objection to what he termed "gossip," so I discreetly retired behind the tea-tray, and sketched the purely domestic events of his four days' absence instead.

In the next morning's paper appeared another advertisement, in connection with the house opposite, to the effect that "Mr. Andrew Keith, F.R.S.S.A., was prepared to give lessons, either in class or privately, at the above address. Languages, living or dead, Mathematics, Algebra, and Shorthand. Terms on application."

I walked to the window, paper in hand. There was a shining brass plate on the door already, setting forth Mr. Andrew Keith's qualifications; the long array of letters after his name gave quite a classical air to the entire street. There was a faint outline of a pair of big globes visible through the lower window, and at the upper one Mrs. Keith herself (presumably) looking out. A bright sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investional in the sunny face it was for an investigation of the sunny face it wa

After a week's consideration, I went across to call. The old woman servant opened the door, and showed me into the room with the globes; they were standing conspicuously on a table in the middle. The walls were shrouded in charts and money tables, and presented a rather depressingly scientific aspect. Mr. Keith was writing busily at a big desk, Mrs. Keith lying on a couch by the window. She held out her hand cheerfully.

"It is very kind of you to come so soon. I have seen you go down the street many times."

"And I have seen you at the window, and I thought I should like to come and say how glad we are that the old house is let at last, and to wish Mr. Keith success."

That gentleman had turned his chair towards us, but he still held his pen in his fingers.

"Thank you, Mrs. Lane; I think there is little doubt of it. I have a tolerably extensive connection to begin with. You know I have held classes in Grove Road for six years past."

I did not know, and somehow, notwithstanding Mr. Keith's air of confidence, I gathered an undefined impression that he was not exactly one of Fortune's favourites. He went on to describe the marvellous achievements of his pupils, fidgeting about the room as he talked with an air of repressed energy that made me feel rather breathless. In the midst of it, he suddenly recollected an important appointment, and quitted the room.

"A business man's time is not quite his own, you see, Mrs. Lane," he remarked, in half apology, putting his head in again a minute later, on his way to the street door.

His wife looked upon him admiringly as he hurried across the strip of rank grass that divided the old house from the pavement, "garden" it had been termed in the advertisement. It was not difficult to see how implicitly she believed in him,

"My proper place is up-stairs," she remarked, turning back to me; "but when the schoolroom is empty, I come down for company."

"You are not able to go out much?"

"Oh, no, once or twice in as many months. I used to fret a little about it, for my husband's sake; but I am quite content now. You see, he is always sure of finding me at home when he comes in, and he needs some one more than most men. Perhaps, if I were well, I should be away enjoying myself, and neglecting him," she said, laughing.

"No, that I am sure you would never do."

"I don't know," she answered, thoughtfully. "I am a countrywoman, and it would have been a strong temptation, if I could, to have tried to get beyond the sight of bricks and mortar, and these interminable streets. The very sight of them seems to stifle me at times. No, I think it is better for both of us that I am obliged to be at my post."

And looking down upon her brave bright face as I rose up to go, I made no attempt to change her views.

She was always the same. I went across whenever I could find a spare half-hour; but spare half-hours were few and far between in my household, and often for many weeks together I saw nothing of her. Mr. Keith we encountered sometimes, racing along the pavement as if a fire-brigade were behind him. The classes were flourishing, he said, and his pupils making rapid progress; indeed, all his young men passed astonishing examinations with the utmost ease.

"They must all be midnight scholars," I remarked to John, after one of these eulogiums, "for I don't remember ever seeing more than two young men at the old house yet." "My dear, he regulates his hours, not we," was all John's comment. It was one of the minor trials of my life that he would never be induced to take the smallest part in my speculations on people in general. Theories on abstract themes he was rife in, but unfortunately, my decided tendency was for individualising the conversation.

It was May when the old house was taken. The summer slipped past without any distinctive feature. The winter set in early that year, and in the middle of one stormy October night, we were roused with a violent ringing at the door-bell. By the flickering light of the street lamp we made out Mr. Keith's figure on the step. "One of the midnight pupils, I expect," I remarked, groping about for a dressing-gown.

"Would you be good enough to come over for a few minutes, Mrs. Lane?" he called up, when John had opened the window. "Mrs. Keith is ill, and I don't know any one here to ask."

I was down beside him almost directly. We picked our way across the wet street, and went straight up into Mrs. Keith's room.

She was lying, pinched and white, on the little couch, in some kind of fainting fit. There was a vinaigrette on a table behind, and a glass of water.

"Where is the sal-volatile, Mr. Keith? She must have some at once!"

There was a hesitating pause.

"I—I am afraid we have none in the house; we never use any."

"We must use it now," I announced, decisively. "Will you slip back to my house for some?"

He went, without a word.

Presently Mrs. Keith came back to consciousness.

"I am so sorry," she gasped, as she looked at her husband's anxious face; "but it is nothing serious. I am better now."

And in confirmation thereof, her head went down again.

"Has she been worse than usual lately?" I asked.

"No; she has complained of nothing but a little weakness."

" Has she any appetite?"

Mr. Keith's face flushed a dull red.

"I have not—not much time to notice," he stammered; "I cannot neglect my teaching."

I turned back to his wife. I did not understand; he had never seemed heartless or unfeeling; and yet, to calmly talk of neglecting her, rather than that teaching!

"John," I said, solemnly, the next morning, "I see through Mr. Keith at last; he is a proud, ambitious man, bent upon making money at all costs, and everything has to give way to it, even his wife. I shall take her some strong beef-tea directly after breakfast. She needs a great deal more attention than she is likely to get from him." The "him" with a scornful sniff.

"Gently, my dear," came from the depths of the newspaper; "send her as much beef-tea as you please,

but it's not at all necessary to conclude that the man must be a monster. She does not complain."

"Complain, no! It is, 'Mr. Keith says this,' and 'Mr. Keith thinks that,' as if he were an oracle of infallibility. Still, I remember her saying one day," I went on, meditatively, half to myself, "that a breath of her own air would do more for her than medicine, and I asked why Mr. Keith did not give his pupils a week's holiday, and take her; she looked quite appalled at the idea. Why, John, I would ask you in a minute for three months if I wanted it—and get it, too."

There was a dubious cough behind the paper, and I beat a dignified retreat to the kitchen and the beef-

CHAPTER II.

For two or three weeks things went on after this fashion, Mrs. Keith in much the same state, and most resolutely declining to see any doctor. Mr. Keith busier, and more restless than ever; he was beginning to look worn and haggard with the tension of it. I vindictively sketched out in my own mind a melancholy premature old age for him, in which, learned, famous, and rich, without the capability of enjoying his wealth—minus even the neglected wife, who would have gone away into a very far country long before that epoch—he would have unwillingly to learn that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth.

Coming home from church one wintry Sunday afternoon, John suddenly volunteered to call in with me at the old house. It was his first visit, and I was a little annoyed to see how silently and respectfully he listened to the brilliant feats of Mr. Keith's pupils, who were, as usual, distinguishing themselves in all quarters of the habitable globe. His wife lay as silently listening; indeed, it occurred to me, as we went up our own steps, that it had been left entirely to Mr. Keith and me to sustain the burden of the conversation.

I lost no time in intimating this to John. He did not answer for a minute or two, till we were in the dining-room and the door closed behind us, and then his face was very grave.

"You have made a mistake," he said, briefly; "they are just starving."

"John!"

"It's true; the first glance at the man's pinched face told me that; it must have been a close fight for them from the first."

I sat down in shocked dismay.

"It seems too dreadful to be true. Mr. Keith always talks as if he had work in abundance."

"Talks, yes, but that won't keep the mill grinding; though I must say I respect him more than if he had whined over his misfortunes to the public. I should be very sorry for them to think we had guessed anything about them."

" But___"

"But you can't send them loaves of bread and



"'It is very kind of you to come so soon." - p. 26.

joints of beef for charity; he must be helped to get some himself. I'll think it over to-night."

The outward and visible sign of the thinking over was that John went over to Mr. Keith the next evening to ask if he could find time to take three fresh pupils—sons of an old friend—in hand at once; they were completely running to seed at present.

Mr. Keith, John told me after, was stooping over an astronomical chart, searching for some particular planet; his head bent lower still, almost touching it, for a full minute, before he looked up or spoke; then he formally consulted his pocket-book, and a long reference table, and announced that he thought he would be able to squeeze the new pupils in, and the very next morning, if convenient for them, and he proceeded to draw up an appalling list of ologies to be forthwith instilled into their youthful minds.

That was the first instalment; others followed in due succession, and for present necessities he received a five-pound note, which John sent under the guise of "a slight acknowledgment from a sometime scholar." Whose scholar was not specified, but Mr. Keith laid the flattering unction to his soul, and came across in an ecstasy of joyful amazement to show it to us. It was evident that the majority of his "sometime" scholars had not deluged him with such mementos.

The next few weeks brought a much less ethereal aspect to Mrs. Keith's fair face. She had never spoken to me of their difficulties; so the improved state of affairs was only indirectly referred to. She quietly accepted it as the just reward of merit.

"Mr. Keith was very clever," she said, contentedly; and every day, more people were finding it out."

"And there is no doubt that he has an uncommon faculty for teaching," was John's comment, when I quoted the remark to him. "It's not so much what a man knows as the being able to make others know it that constitutes a teacher. He is fairly started now, and I don't think he will need helping over any more stiles."

John was right. The classes grew into a very visible fact before that winter was over, but Mr. Keith talked much less about them.

Some people need the sunshine to bring out their best qualities; others flourish in the shade. Mr. Keith belonged to the first order. Once the necessity for suspicious self-assertion, and watchfulness, lest the near neighbourhood of the traditional wolf should be discovered, was past, he blossomed out into a bright energetic man.

"And, in another month, I hope to be able to take Mrs. Keith to her 'ain countree' for a few days," he said one evening, when we had looked in upon them. "I have tried hard to find a chance for two years past, but—but—"

"You couldn't neglect your teaching," I suggested involuntarily, and repented the same instant.

"Yes," he answered gravely; "but it was hard."
"You'll enjoy it all the more for waiting for it,"
said John, heartily. "We shall expect to see
Mrs. Keith back quite a different woman."

Mrs. Keith laughed merrily up at her husband, and plunged into an eager discussion upon the merits of their respective counties; and watching them, the dreary future I had mapped out for Mr. Keith came back to my mind, and with it a word from a very old lesson on charity, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

SARAH PITT.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

(THE ADVENTURE OF A LONDON CLERGYMAN.)



T was over a rubbish room, belonging to a cheap fishmonger, in a depraved part of Southwark, many years ago, and almost alone in a long yard, which, however, led to a network of narrow and dirty courts, quite a maze to a stranger, where I met with an old woman of singular character and manners. No minister, hitherto, had ever looked into these places. It would have been considered unwise to do so had it even been contemplated; nor was it easy to induce one person to accompany another there, who had respect for their char-

acter and due care for their purse, not to say limbs. It was a place for society's outcasts and thieves. After some thought and prayer about going into this "den," I started one day to make its acquaintance, come what might.

Reaching the cheap fishmonger's rubbish room

named above, and looking up, I saw a curtain hanging up at a window, which window, however, appeared so thickly coated with dust and smoke, that any one in doors, standing against it, could not, except most indistinctly, have seen anything outside, and the old curtain was in no healthier condition. This old window presented, from where I stood, a wretched spectacle. Some of the broken panes were covered with paper of different colours, while others were stuffed with rags.

When I opened the door of the ground-floor, what smells greeted me from that rubbish-room, partly filled with old fish-baskets, and from other corners, needing, so badly, the "inspector of nuisances!" The odours were literally poisonous to any one not actually reared in and so inured to them. I tried hard, however, to endure them all. A narrow steep ladder led to the room above, where the curtain hung. I did not quite like to ascend this ladder uninvited, for there was a silence and

solitary air about the place not assuring. I knocked again and again, each time louder than before. At last I heard a bolt move slowly, and then a door chafing the floor, opened, as though one of its hinges were off. A woman's head was soon partly seen, and then wholly projected. I looked up at this head, and addressed it, saying-

"Good-day to you. I have called to see you. With

your permission I will come up."

"Who? who? who? what? who? what? No one here-oh, no; what do you want? No-no one here for you-oh no! no one here."

Then the head was withdrawn, and the door chafed again on the floor, the bolt shot again into its place, and all was silent once more, except for an indistinct muttering of the old woman in her room, which

I could make nothing of.

All this, however, only increased my desire to know more of her. But then, if I ventured again, how should I proceed? This query, of course, could only be solved by going to see. Some little time after my first visit, therefore, I ventured again to the door of the cheap fishmonger's rubbish room, I began to ascend the ladder with a firm step, making, probably, in doing so, a little more noise than was actually necessary, but which I meant as a kind of notice to the old woman that some one was coming to see her. Reaching the landing all safe, I knocked at her door. At first, no kind of response was made. I knew, however, she was at home, for I heard her moving about the room. I knocked again. Then a thin sharp voice came through the keyhole-

"Who are you? What's your business? What do

you want? Who are you?"

Looking through the keyhole, I saw some cats in the room, and a new thought struck me. would try and make them the medium of access to her. It was not a very exalted means, I felt, but it was lawful nevertheless, and so I would use it. Through the keyhole, then, I softly but distinctly

"Can you sell me a cat?" I asked, with firm voice. "Sell, eh?-sell, sell! You buy?" was her sharp

reply.

"That depends upon what you have, and what you want for one. Open the door, and let me see them; I can't buy here. It must be a quiet one—a tabby, and a good mouser," I added.

"Where you come from ?-who sent you here?"

she again demanded.

"If you will open the door, I will answer all your inquiries; but you must be quick, or I shall go, cat

"Ah, well-yes-buy, eh-and are you alone ?by yourself-no one with you?"

"I am quite alone; you need not hesitate to see me. I can't lose time. Yes or no about the cat; come, quick, please."

"Yes, yes, sure."

And then the key was pushed into the old lock, the bolt shot back, the door opened a little way, and then I had a near view of the singular face which so much impressed me when I first stood at the bottom of the ladder. It was, indeed, a queer-looking face, needing water so badly, but bearing marks of intelligence once keen and discriminating, characteristics, I soon found, she had not yet altogether lost. There were four cats in the room. All looked alarmed, and sought fresh quarters as I entered, but she soon had the tabby one in her arms, saying, as she stroked its head, and put it, for inspection, too close to my face for me to feel comfortable, for its eyes enlarged the nearer it got to me till they were as big and bright as glass balls-

"This is Sammy; quite a lamb he is; dear old

Sammy!"

I did not credit this, for "Sammy's" aspect denied the compliment she paid him.

"What must I give you for Sammy?" I asked,

"Five shillings, five shillings-that's hardly a shilling a year, though—sure he'll suit, sure on 't—poor Sammy!"

"Very well, we will strike the bargain; but on condition, mind, that you keep Sammy for me, at least for a little time, till I can do with him; and

here is a shilling for keep till I call again."

"That I will, and glad of his company. Part after five years, Sammy! Poor boy!" she said, with evident feeling, which told me that, notwithstanding her peculiarity, dirt, and misery, there was that left in her moral nature yet which the Divine Spirit could raise and direct Christward. I put Sammy's price into her hand; as I did so he leaped from her arms and ran down the ladder, I confess somewhat to my composure. It was not difficult for me to find the tender place in her feelings when I got into talk with her. A reference to her early days, parents and home, school-days and companions, readily got for me her ear and sympathy. These and similar references unlocked in her heart springs of pleasure long since closed, and perhaps never since opened by kindly inquiries. Themes many she started and dwelt on, though with a peculiarity quite unique. She would have me sit down, never dreaming for a moment that the atmosphere of her room was other than balmy and refreshing. I could not stay so long as she desired. One object of my visit was effected; I had gained access to her room, got a hearing, and her good opinion.

I have now done with "Sammy." I had now become acquainted with this old woman, though in a singular way. That was what I sought, for how could I, as an instrument, do her the spiritual good I wished, unless I could converse with her? I was careful, of course, to keep my engagement fortnightly, to settle "Sammy's" bill of fare. I may just say here that this poor woman's father was once a silversmith in the city of London; but how he became reduced I never learnt. She would sometimes refer to them and their domestic habits, but rather meagrely. On one occasion she said to me-

"My parents received a deal of company when I

was a girl; they were wealthy. The table was furnished, after dinner, with expensive fruits and wines, but," she added with even solemn emphasis, looking keenly into my eyes, "they never talked about soul —no, never—and I don't like to talk about soul—but I like stories and tragedy. Are you a minister that reads with people? If you want to read to me, you must read stories-I like them, but not the other-my father didn't when anybody came to see him. Now, if you like, sit down here (taking a sleepy cat from a chair), and read to me about Joseph and his brothers, you know, where they put him in a pitpoor lad! wonder he wasn't drowned alive-they sold him to Egypt, you know, and then made their father believe an animal had killed and ate him. Cruel! -poor old man! he must have been as hard as a stone, or it would have been the death of him; it would me. Now, read me that-I shall like it, it touches the feelings-I like tragedy; I did when a girl You remember poor 'Maria Martin,' eh ?-poor thing! I often think about her. Well, now, go onstories I like."

"But will you lend me a Bible to read from, as the day is dark, and my Bible of small type?"

"Haven't one—parted with it one winter—years since, many, and never got it back again—'t is often so at the three balls. It was my parents'—didn't often read it—couldn't find it in my heart—it put me in mind of them so, you see—best to let the past be hid, eh?"

"And how did you learn what you know of Holy Scripture?"

"Mother (dear soul!) read to me when a little girl, and then I would learn long pieces of it, to please mother, and get little presents. She was a dear mother—so good, you know—too good to live."

"And were you young when she died, or not?"

"Yes, young, quite young. A girl never has two mothers, I say. I didn't like the second father brought. I was proud and indulged a bit, I suppose, eh? I didn't stay home when I could get away, got married too soon, as young women will, you know, if mother's gone. "T is bad thing—was with me—ruin, nothing else! But come, now read to me of Joseph—poor lad!"

I complied with her request to read of Joseph, and directed her attention to such points of the history as best suited her state of mind. As I became more acquainted, and therefore more friendly with this aged woman, I became more sensible than ever of the importance of seeking out the hidden ones of this great City, to bring them under Christian influence and truth. For this poor woman, as I continued my visits to her, gradually lost most of her unfriendly suspicious behaviour, and much of her eccentricity. From some cause or other, I never learned what, she had shut herself up from all society, and had come to think of everybody as dishonest self-seekers. That old locked door of hers, with its rusty bolt and broken hinge, was a type of her own heart, shut both to God and man; a heart whose spiritual sympathies were dead; whose human sympathies had ebbed away long since; and, alas! no one had sought the resurrection of the one, or to restore the other. Such was, and such is, to a great extent, London to-day; and such would it become again but for the terribly depressing, anxious, and venturous work of those seekers-out of the wretched and lost in the courts and alleys of this vast City.

This old woman always showed a keen appreciation of character and conduct, but when her mind was happily brought into sympathy with the truth this was specially observable. Her indignation at the treatment Jesus received, in His last hours on the Cross, was expressed in severe terms.

"That darkness! How dreadful! Enough, I'm sure, to frighten the life out of them wicked, cruel, nodding rascals. Why, they were worse, I consider, than the roughs at Newgate when a hanging's going on! But they'd no feeling. Hadn't Jesus been kind to them? Didn't He bless their little children, and give the hungry fish and bread, and heal the sick? I can't think where their hearts were-but there, they 'd got none! You remember the dogs that licked poor Lazarus? Real feeling in them-kindness, I call it. But them Jews were real mad dogs to the Lord. I do feel enraged when I think of it! I couldn't 'a' been quiet if I'd 'a' been there; I know I should 'a' got myself in trouble. And that grinning thief, above all others, to join in the wickedness against the Lord! But it's all over now. I'm glad of it-bless Him!"

We pass over four years of friendly intercourse with this old woman—four years, as regards myself, of real religious interest.

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The two old women yonder, who are coming this way, with arms locked in each other's, are returning from church. The one on the right, with the drab bonnet and red and black plaid shawl, and Bible and hymn-book, is my old friend, who lived over the rubbish room. Her frilled cap is now as white as snow nearly; her face pale, but very clean; her eye friendly, and bright for her age. The old companion with her is not much her junior. Their steps are slow and feeble. They pass by the old yard that leads to the rubbish room. The old friend of mine turns her head for a moment and looks up at it. What thoughts she must have! What feelings the sight of "the den" must awaken in her! Ah! with her how true the Apostle's words, "Sometimes ye were darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord."

These two old people are soon home. They live together in a first-floor front room. It is clean and comfortable. The large Bible and hymn-book on the table, under the window there, are their comfort and aids to faith and spiritual refreshment. I left the parish some two years after they had "returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls." They are now gone "up higher" to the "household of God." Let not Christian workers be "weary in well-doing, for in due season they shall reap, if they faint not."

"OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."



NAME of all-embracing love—
The best, the tenderest, the most dear
That human lips can utter here,
Or angels breathe in heaven above!

When first the infant's tongue essays
To shape its thoughts in stammering speech,
Two little words the heart will teach
The voice in love and joy to raise,

Twin tiny syllables in each:

The one, to meet the mother's smile;
The other, when it strives the while
The father's outstretched arms to reach.

The earlier utterance love supplies,
By lisping baby-lips exprest,
As, lying on the mother's breast,
The child looks, smiling, in her eyes.

The later utterance—trust and love
For one as tender and more strong,
Whose brave arms bear the babe along,
And lift him high in air above.

I fain would think—though it be even A fond conceit—that when to earth The child-souls come in mortal birth, Fresh from the Father's hands in heaven,

They bear from Him Whose name is Love
Its essence in their natal hour,
(As winds catch fragrance from each flower
O'er which in early morn they move):

And give it out in odorous breath On those that tend their infant days, Whose love draws out their love, as rays Of light draw dews from earth beneath,

And that their angels, who alway Behold the Father's face above, From that exhaustless fount of love Bring fresh supplies from day to day.

So, when at last, at morn and even The larger word they learn to say, Their angels bear, when children pray, The prayer, "Our Father," into heaven.

"Our Father!" All that's great and good, Power, protection, wisdom, love, In one on earth, and One above, Fills the child's soul as Fatherhood.

I see the child upon his knees, Clasped hand, raised head, and upturned eye, And feel the Father Who's on high Looks lovingly on such as these;

And that the Christ, the Father's Son, That took unto His loving breast The little children whom He blest, Will lay that prayer before His throne;

And that the Spirit from above— As erst on that sole sinless Child, The "holy, harmless, undefiled," From heaven descended like a DoveWith sheltering wings will hover near The little one, and sanctify The trusting, timid, loving cry, And breathe it in the Father's ear.

"The child is father of the man,"
And still the man is but a child,
His heart grown hard, his soul defiled,
Child, though he reach threescore and ten,

Children; yes, children still are we, The babe, the youth, the full-grown man, Children, though short or long the span Of this our earthly life may be.

Children, yes, children ever still, In weakness, wilfulness, and pride, Needing a Father's hand to guide, His wisdom to control our will.

We walk not through the world alone.

Even from the cradle to the grave

Some hand, some head, some heart we crave,

To help, to guide, to lean upon.

But man to aid his fellow man
Is frail, and fallible, and weak,
And souls in trouble still must seek
For help from ONE who will and can.

Who will, because His name is Love,
Who can, because He hath the power.
O God! we turn in trial's hour,
"Our Father," unto Thee above.

Thou seemest, Father, far away,
And yet to us Thou art so near,
That we may find Thee ever here,
And feel Thee present when we pray.

"T is we are far—but Thou art near. Our spirit's sight is dim and weak, We cannot see Thee Whom we seek Till Christ, Thy Son, shall show Thee clear.

Show Thee, the Father, ours and His, That waiteth to be gracious still; Ready to pardon if we will; No child rejecting on his knees.

The prodigal that far away

Hath wandered from his Father's home,
Repentant doth arise to come

Unto that Father, and to say—

"Father, I 've sinned 'gainst heaven and Thee, Unworthy to be called Thy son"— O Father-love, that doth outrun The son's repentance, graciously.

So may we turn; and, Father, then, Meet us with Thy great pardoning love, That angels may rejoice above O'er the lost son that's found again.

The son, returned from riot wild, Embraced the Father's arms within Forgiven every crime and sin, Is once again become a child.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

"MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I .- FAR AS THE ANTIPODES APART.



HE picture, in the fading sunlight at the close of a day in early summer, was a very pretty one - as pretty as youth, grace, and a total absence of all unpleasant surroundings could make it. Three young girls sat or reclined in easy attitudes in a

luxuriously furnished drawing-room, which, in its quiet arrangements, and want of what is usually deemed "effect," was evidently "a lady's chamber." Of its occupants, one was decidedly beautiful; each might have been so considered. We say "might," for without regularity of feature or perfect colouring, there were certain expressions and indications of character in each face which would have won upon many on a closer acquaintance than a mere passage in the street. Let us begin our limning aright. Half-buried in cushions, on a low couch, reclined Ethel Ruthin, the youngest and fairest of the group. She had scarcely numbered eighteen years, but the pretty pink colour came and went too fitfully through the clear skin, while her dark eyes had the dreamy light which is indicative of indolence or ill-health-perhaps of both. Her features were regular, and in perfect repose-indeed, judging from the character of the face, smiles were rare, and a tender melancholy its habitual expression.

Seated at the piano, having just warbled forth a touching melody, but with her back now turned to the instrument, and anything but a woe-begone expression in her bright blue eyes, was Louie Ruthin, Ethel's senior by two years. The sisters were alike, yet strangely unlike. There was nothing suggestive of repose about the elder, but, rather, an habitual restlessness and mirthfulness, which was highly entertaining, and even contagious. The mouth betokened weakness, and even in the singularly sweet smile which played in its dimples was a certain indecision, from which an acute observer might have augured ill for the girl's future.

On a low Elizabethan chair, in a window recess, sat another girl, not a sister, but the constant friend and companion of the Ruthins-Winifred Lorne. She might have seen as many years as Louie Ruthin; she certainly had seen more in those years than Louie Ruthin had known. Her eyes were not blue, nor brown, nor black, but of a soft grey, which partook of each. In truth, they seemed to vary in shade, as they softened with sympathy and affection, beamed with intelligence, or strengthened others with a strength of purpose which spoke as plainly in their steady light as the plainest expressions on the lips could have done. It is said, "Every face is either a history or a prophecy." On Winifred Lorne's a great deal might be written, and from it a great deal expected. At present its chief interest was, that the mind so easily shone through it, and every pure emotion seemed to leave a reflex there as an added charm. Her figure was in perfect repose, yet did not convey an impression of indolence. There was an ease and suppleness that told it might at any moment start into activity, and flit up and down the plain prosaic paths of life, the busiest of the busy throng. People who knew her said Winifred was a clever girl. Little of the secrets of heart or mind were shown to them, but she certainly seemed to apprehend in what true cleverness consists, which few women understand-even in making the most of circumstances. In spite of a pale face and slight figure, with their suggestions of an absence of physical strength, her friends relied upon her, as the weak ever do upon the strong. Into "the trivial round, the common task" of every-day life she brought, too, a buoyancy of spirit which is the result of good health, and the natural outcome of a young and vigorous constitution. This, if it did not ennoble, enlivened, and increased her popularity. Her widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters relied upon her; Ethel Ruthin relied on her, and so did Ethel Ruthin's brother also, to a greater extent than he would have cared to admit. Could she rely upon

We must look somewhat lower, in more senses than one. In the window-recess, on the cushioned ground, lounged a young man of two-and-twenty. His well-shaped head and forehead betokened intelligence, his eyes, like his younger sister's, were dark and dreamy, but about the mouth were some disagreeable lines. The same weakness as was apparent in his elder sister's was there, mingled with an irony which too often caused the lip to curl. That mouth, with its contradictions, was a true index, and descriptive of

the man. It might have been leniently read by the fair critics with whom he now was, and from whom much of his true character was hidden, but it would have needed no acute observer, if unprejudiced, to lay bare the secret of a low nature striving with no ordinary gifts and powers. Half-poet, half-painter, wholly nothing, Frank Ruthin was letting his life go by as a vain dream. Fitfully he wrought as the artist's fancy was attracted, then ceased to study or to labour, and idly nursed an ideal; or, worse still, sought in self-indulgence such joys as could only yield bitter fruit. He might have been called the sole protector of his sisters, for his father, immersed in politics and elated by sudden popularity-too often lost sight of family interests, and had neither time nor inclination to devote attention to his children. He went in and out amongst them with a mind preoccupied by public grievances, or schemes for some local benefit-not evil in themselves, but too engrossing. As they had early been left motherless, Ethel's health began to fail almost without notice. When it became too apparent, Mr. Ruthin, to give him his due, manifested some disquietude, and talked of sending her to Mentone. Then, after a long silence, during which so unimportant a matter had escaped his memory altogether, he decreed there was no necessity for such a change, and the whole family-their friend, Miss Lorne, included -should go off some dozen miles or so to a wild seacoast, where he rented a comfortable lodge. To this they somewhat reluctantly consented, but afterwards came to dwell upon the proposal with more satisfaction, and even a prospect of pleasure.

As Louie Ruthin's song was concluded, she turned round, as we have said, a merry expression in her

eyes, a light laugh upon her lips.

"How can you laugh so, Louie?" exclaimed Ethel, in a dreamy tone, as she settled herself more comfortably on her cushions; "you have nearly broken my heart."

"You have enough left to desire and enjoy comfort," returned her brother, in a satirical tone, as he turned on his elbow, with a look half proud, half contemptuous, to behold one whom he often styled his "lovely lazy sister."

"I laughed, my dear," replied Louie, coolly, not noticing her brother's interruption, "because I did not feel a bit of what I sang, I cannot say I do not

understand Italian, but hate sentiment."

"Then how can you throw such expression into words which are to you without meaning?" pursued Ethel. "Your voice has a soft plaintive ring at all times, which seems as if it would never cease sounding in my heart. It contradicts your assertion, and declares that you have some feeling, though it is the only thing about you suggestive of melancholy."

"I hope, unlike the brook, it will not go on sounding for ever," laughed Louie. "I only sing as I have

been taught, my dear."

"According to a new theory, it may go on sound-

ing," began Frank; but was interrupted by his volatile sister.

"Pshaw! I hate theories; I only mean its doleful effect on Ethel's spirits."

"How strange that some should have the power to touch other hearts while their own is unmoved," said Winifred, softly, as if speaking to herself. "I always thought there is what is called a sympathetic chord, a sort of mysterious influence, and so carnestness struck a note in one which must vibrate in another. How is it that mere tones can stir our beings? I have felt what Ethel has expressed, a sob of the wind, a minor chord, a moan of pain has overturned all my pleasures, and set my nerves quivering for days."

"In answer to your question, you must study the theory of sound," returned Frank Ruthin, gazing up at her, as men do, at what is beyond their comprehension, yet quite within the reach of their admiration. "With regard to your experience, it is simply the result of too lively an imagination, and a too sympa-

thetic nature."

"What grave discourse!" broke in Louie again,
"One might think, to hear us talk of tones and theories, minor chords and mysterious influences,
(that is, of course, if our youthful charms were
hidden from view), we were old maids, and you a
staid bachelor, Frank. Now I shall give you something to divert your attention, both grave and gay,
apropos of the rocky fortresses of the natives to
which we are going. Frank, was the sea-coast
under the dominion of the Celt or Saxon? I know
the royal Canute placed his seat there."

And without waiting for an answer to a purposely silly question, she turned again to the piano, and played with exquisite taste a selection of Irish melodies, ending in spirited style with "The Young May

Moon," and "Garryowen."

"Would you not like to have lived in the good old times?" she exclaimed, as she again faced her au-

"Why do you say the good old times?" inquired Frank. "Were they when men slaughtered their enemies to gain an appetite for dinner, and every comfort was wanting, so that Ethel might have reclined on rush-mats instead of downy cushions?"

"No, but when gold bracelets were hung up and no one was wicked enough to touch them."

" A short time, if ever !" put in Frank.

"And ladies might walk about in safety without the attendance of rude man," continued Louie, as usual, regardless of his comments.

"An advantage which Miss Ruthin, of all young ladies, would have prized!" was the satirical re-

joinder.

"So we are to be banished to our wild Irish coast," she began, again flitting off to another subject, and, as usual, avoiding an argument, "leaving room in our vacant home for the nation to come in." (This she intended as a slap at her father's political interests.) "We shall be buried alive in the little hamlet of Guyleen. Well, the roar of the water on the rocks at Inchnagorra is grand, and the distant view of the Cove of Cork grander still. Shan't I charm the fishers with 'The Cruiskeen Lawn,' and old Erin's buried greatness, of which I know nothing and care less, until they think they see it under the green water like a fairy isle. If only the fresh breezes bring back some colour to Ethel's cheeks we shan't complain. Eh, Ethel?"

But Ethel was asleep, and Winifred was—not dreaming, for she had no clear vision—but something strangely dark and undefined seemed to connect itself with Louie Ruthin's words, or rather, steal out of them. She could not give it shape or seeming; still less, analyse her feelings. It was one of those unaccountable presentiments which come to us all in life—not like spectres of the past, but a warning or promise of the future.

"Far as the antipodes apart!" muttered Frank Ruthin, as he sought his own chamber that night.
"Afar each from the other, yet strangely drawn together. One of the girls immeasurably below a fellow; the other—well, scarcely above! One with no thought but of frolic and foolery; the other with intellect and energy of no common order. Ethel may be a mixture of both, but her nature seems frozen over. My father keeps aloof from us all with divided interests; while I——"

Was the picture of an idle life and unused talents an inviting one? Apparently not. Frank Ruthin extinguished his lamp, but could not put out the power of reflection.

That night Frank Ruthin had to face himself—to lie awake and review his life as it rose before him, whether he willed it or not. It is said—

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

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Frank Ruthin's badness was rather of a negative nature. Measuring himself by other worldly young men of the same 'age and means, he certainly did not seem desperately wicked, but in the light of one well-spent life, how far short his would have come! How different his aimless existence was from that of the young girl to whom alone he could look up. Neither understood the other; neither fully sympathised with the other; and no matter how closely united they might have been, Frank Ruthin's comment would have remained true, "Far as the antipodes apart."

CHAPTER II,-WINIFRED'S HOME.

MRS. LORNE, better known to the Ruthins as "Winifred's mother," rather than from any importance of her own, sat at her early breakfast-table surrounded by her numerous family. As the family was numerous, Mrs. Lorne was necessarily an early riser, and began by getting the first meal of the day speedily and satisfactorily out of the way. Breakfast

was not what is usually called "a social meal," in the Lorne family; the head of it meant business, and every one who sat at that table was supposed to mean business too. It began in a decidedly straightforward manner; when Mrs. Lorne's cup was emptied for the second time a smart knock of her knuckles on the table announced the fact, and was the signal for the elder boy to place a large Bible and Book of Prayer on the table. With the aid of these she proceeded in the most solemn and reverent manner to conduct family worship, frequently commenting on the chapter she had read by way of enforcing it. She did not understand the style of the day in glossing things over, or dressing them up in soft terms. If there was a loiterer at the table, if one had descended late and eaten sparingly, no allowance was made; rules were rules, and no infringement of them could be suffered, if order and decorum were to be Mrs. Lorne was conscientious-most conscientious; no pressure of business, no undue haste, was permitted to interfere with or intrude into her religious services. Perhaps it was to guard against this danger that they were postponed until breakfast was over. She had been heard to say that no doubt fasting was good for holy people; it had been taught both by precept and example; but for her own part she found she could never pray without distraction when she was hungry. A well-regulated system and proper amount of food induced an easy state of mind; a state favourable to devotion, in short. At all events she found the sight of bodily food of which she had not partaken interfered with, if not impaired, her relish for spiritual food of which she was about to partake. No one could have discovered that through this method and precision there was pressing on the poor lady's mind a secret care, a burden which could never be shuffled off.

The most amiable member of Mrs. Lorne's household was judged by herself of least importance. It is true we are very much what we make ourselves, in more senses than one, and this estimate of herself was endorsed by every other member of the family. Miss Freeman, Mrs. Lorne's sister, or "Aunt Isabella," as she was called by the children, which in time was corrupted into "Billie" through the lisping of some juvenile member to whom the full name presented a difficulty, was not in the least self-asserting, so her claims to attention were continually set aside. Always setting the comfort of others above her own, there was not one with whom she came in contact, from the kitchen to the drawing-room, from the drawing-room to the nursery, who was not more or less under her influence for good. A calming presence, and at the same time an energetic helper, each found in her a protector and friend. Winifred was her favourite, and much of the young girl's strength of character and well-timed usefulness were due to her aunt's judicious training and influence. It was strange that one who possessed so little firmness herself, apparently, should have encouraged this principle in another; but Miss Freeman was

quite conscious of her own shortcomings, and earnestly sought to correct the effects of her weakness, and prevent the reproduction of her faults in the younger members of her sister's family. She had prayed earnestly and waited patiently for some evidence of a change of heart in Winifred, and longed for the time when "all her powers with all their might" should be engaged in the highest service, while before her was but one object—the glory of the Eternal.

"And so the Ruthins want you to go with them to Cliffcoole," Mrs. Lorne said, addressing her eldest daughter on this particular morning. "I am sure,

Winifred, you would like it."

Mrs. Lorne had no suspicion of Frank Ruthin's feelings for her daughter, or this invitation might not have been so readily entertained. Immersed in household cares, and forgetful that the girl had grown to womanhood, the thought of a lover for Winifred had not occurred to her.

Winifred hesitated; she did not feel she ought to express the pleasure an acceptance of the proposal

would give her.

"I don't see how it could be managed, mamma," she replied, seriously revolving in her mind her mother's increased responsibility during her absence.

"I don't see why it cannot. Leave the management to me. I think you will admit I am a manager," replied Mrs. Lorne, triumphantly. "What do you say, Isabella?"

"I think a little change, and all that, you know, would do Winifred good," said Miss Freeman, somewhat dubiously, as if she would fain say more, while

she regarded her niece affectionately.

"Dear Billie," murmured Winifred, meeting her aunt's look with one as affectionate, "you always say the right and kind thing for us all."

"What seems kind is not always right," answered

Miss Freeman, quietly.

"The worst of Winifred's going is, the clergyman at Cliffcoole is hardly up to my standard," said Mrs. Lorne, musingly.

"In social position or stature?" inquired Winifred,

maliciously.

"Winifred, how can you jest upon such a subject?" replied her mother, severely. "You know I mean as regards religious principle and church matters."

"Mr. Archer is a good and truly pious man, I hear, and all that you know," said Miss Freeman, hastily.

Womanlike, Miss Freeman took the weaker side, but in addition to this she had a habit of espousing the cause of the absent. Her own views were sound and clear, and she was independent, at least, in the belief that God would have her draw them for herself fresh from the Fountain of Truth. She brought all teaching to this test-stone.

From some unexpressed feeling, Winifred avoided meeting her aunt's eyes, in which she had just read a perturbed questioning. Miss Freeman, however, followed the girl to her room.

"You will go, Winnie?" she inquired.

" I suppose so, Billie," was the brief reply.

"My child, I fear for you."

There was no response to this.

"Frank Ruthin loves you; so do we all, for the matter of that; but you never can love him."

"Why so, Billie?" was the low inquiry.

"Because he is unworthy," returned Miss Freeman, quietly.

"What if your assertion is contradicted? or your warning comes too late?" said Winifred, colouring deeply.

"Then it will be but a brief dream, and a bitter awaking. But a dream, Winnie."

"You are a prophetess, Aunt Isabella."

"Old women generally are, my dear. Experience, and all that, you know, casts a light upon the future, and they can see what lies before the young. It is well we cannot tell too much. For myself, I am thankful that 'I know not what may befall me.' Winifred, if you know to Whom to commit yourself, and all that concerns you, you would seek to please Him in the present, and leave the future in His safe keeping. Until you can do this, I must feel anxious about you. One thing I am sure of, you will never be contented with mean things."

"Aunt Isabella!" exclaimed the girl, starting up in sudden displeasure, "how can you connect mean-

ness with Frank Ruthin?"

"Why should you think I alluded to him now, my dear? Winifred, beware! many a life has been clouded, and many young feet turned out of the paths of truth by the mistaken impulses of untried hearts. The young have a way of colouring things, and all that, you know, which is very pretty but very deceptive; and feeling, not reason, guides them. It is a great matter—a great rest and blessing when we can, like little children, put our hands into the hand of the Heavenly Father, and say, 'Lord, I cannot choose; lead Thou me on.'"

There was a long pause.

"My child," continued Miss Freeman, very earnestly, "will you breathe one short prayer to God, if only for my sake—'Lord, that my eyes may be opened?'"

Winifred was silent.

"That involves a great deal," she said, at last.

"A great deal," said her aunt: "a knowledge of yourself as a poor lost sinner, of Jesus as your allsufficient Saviour, of God as your Father, of heaven as your home, of the Lord's people as your relatives, of the great privilege of living for Christ."

"You frighten me, Billie."

"I need not, my darling. Not at once does God show us all this. Only enter His school, and He will impart as you are able to bear; for 'who teacheth like Him?'"

Winifred unconsciously entered that school, and scated herself as a learner at His feet, when that night she offered the petition, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened!"

And the answer came, but not immediately; and not in the way—no, not in the way the offerer desired.

CHAPTER III .- THE SILVER BAR.

A MIST was creeping up out of the sea, stealing

gradually, like an enemy, into a broad harbour on the south coast of Ireland, bounding the beholder's view. Before it, across the mouth of the harbour, lay a long line of silver light, strangely glimmering and smiling in view of the approaching darkness. In that line of silver light, a single sail was visible. Many ships lay at anchor withintwo or three men-of-war, a huge Cunard and an Inman steamer (miniature worlds in themselves), merchant vessels from all parts of the globe, of different size and lading, and several fishing-

smacks. The prospects of "dirty weather" had driven them to their moorings, and across the bright bar of which we have spoken the last of the fishing fleet was seen approaching. Her return to shore was eagerly watched by a young girl, who was standing on a low promontory jutting out beneath a huge grey cliff, shading her eyes with her hand. Her lithe and active figure was well shown off by short skirts and a tight-fitting jacket. Her dark hair, loosened by a freshening breeze, blew across a cheek whose clear olive was tinged with the ruddy hue of health. Her dark eyes gleamed with hope and pride as she watched the distant sail, and she sang to herself in a clear treble—

"There was a watcher down by the sea, There was a sailor-lad coming to me, And ever the wind whistled merrily, Bearing him on.

I care not for breezes in tree-tops high, For waving corn, or a summer sigh, But it fills the sails right merrily, Bearing him on."

Only a peasant girl was little Minnie Connor, yet with a gentle loving nature, and perceptions as deep

and pure as your own, dear reader. She had never learnt to analyse her feelingsinany way, or properly express them. When they must find vent, they generally came out in broken snatches of songs which she had learnt from the village girls, or spelt out for herself on old newspapers which fell into her hands, These, with wonderful facility, and the ready wit of her people, she adapted so, on various occasions, that they might almost have seemed improvised. and even amused her idle hours by teaching them to her brother, of



"Only a peasant girl was little Minnie Connor."

whom we shall hear more by-and-by. Though but a fisher-maiden, she could draw pretty similes about silver bars in her own young innocent fancy, as she sang.

"Heigho!" sighed pretty Minnie, as, yielding to the general influence and the unrest of the sea, her strains became more sorrowful; "sure an' that's a sad note, somehow, an' I waitin' for Will, an' noways sorrowful. Thank God! the trouble's not comin' next nor nigh us; the holy angels between us an' harm."

Minnie Connor, as we have said, was but a fisherman's daughter. Her father and elder brother slept beneath the wave beyond the silver bar; her mother

was a plain unlettered woman, yet one who in some mysterious way received an awful sense of the goodness and majesty of God, which always possessed her soul. It may have come to her in the voice of nature through the sounding of the sea, in its everrecurring calm and sunshine as well as through its storm-cloud and roar; it may have been in the "still, small" whispers of grace. However communicated, its end was accomplished in her. To that Majesty she bowed unquestioningly when trial came upon her. How could she do otherwise than reply, "Thy will be done" to Him whose lightnings rent the heavens, and thunders echoed like a mighty voice from cliff to cliff and crag to crag? " He doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth," might have been the language of her heart, and who could resist, or dared gainsay that will? Mary Connor knew intuitively what so many great and learned are slow to receive, that to fret at it would be only like some poor prisoned bird beating its life out against the walls of its cage. Her highest wisdom and safety was to bow submissively, and trust where she could not trace. So on the goodness also of the mighty God who ruled on high she depended when all things seemed against her, and of course was comforted and upheld; for who can doubt His faithfulness? Then in her lonely musings beside the solemn deep there was borne in upon her mind with the clearness of a vision, a view of the stupendous sacrifice of the Son of God upon the cross, and a sense of the love which led to it. On His finished work she depended for salvation; in that love her soul was stayed for time and eternity. The simple questioner after truth, like other questioners of every rank and state, and age and clime-

> An infant crying in the night, An infant crying for the light, And with no language but a cry—

without extraneous mortal aid was making progress towards the Divine source—the Fountain-head whence alone need can be met. Falsity and superstition were losing their hold on her, or rather her hold of them was loosened, and gradually there was "falling from her eyes as it had been scales," What she could not reconcile with her belief in Christ she quietly, perhaps unconsciously, ignored. One son remained to her -a simple, dutiful lad-of whom we shall have occasion to speak at greater length hereafter-and Minnie --pretty, bright, busy, innocent Minnie-was the pride of her heart and joy of her life. With the help of the girl she sold the fish at the nearest market which her son Danny caught. From her quiet, inoffensive manner, and her daughter's good looks and modest ways, they were favourites in the neighbourhood, and obtained employment of various kinds when bad weather prevented the lad's putting forth on the wild water. Indeed, Mrs. Connor (or "Granny," as she was called in the neighbourhood), was never idle, and found the longest summer's day too short for her. There were few families amongst the gentry and well-to-do farmers around where finely-knitted stockings and other samples of her industry were not to be found.

The line of light was narrowing, the silver bar becoming less and less. On the other side was the grave of Minnie Connor's father, but on this side for her was light and love and joy. A strong young fisherman, like herself the prop of a widowed mother, who declared "a good son would make a good husband," was nearing shore in the on-coming boat, and, as she watched it, Minnie's heart grew light, and she sang to herself as joyously as a bird. But yestereven she had known "for sure" that Will Joyce's true heart was hers, and they had plighted troth under the shadow of the huge grey cliffs which stretched away from the pretty village of Cliffcoole. It was wonderful to her to feel that the strong, brave man's happiness depended on a look, a word, a smile of hers; that he was under her pretty little womanly reign, and, as it were, wholly at her mercy. Oh, how well she would guard the sacred trust! Even as her little hands could clasp his arm, so her watchful tenderness should cling round him, and shield too, when it depended. The distant silver bar was like the near stream of light that had fallen across her path, and in which she seemed to be treading. It represented to her a good man's love, and his protecting care, for this was the brightest thing memory could recall or imagination conceive. And so she was now waiting and watching, yet meanwhile, with all "a child's delight in little things," while "of the grief unborn" she rested secure. Oh, had we but half the faith in God which we exercise towards others, how bright our paths in life would be !

"Waiting for Will!" As Minnie lingered on the shore, now sending an anxious glance over the darkening water, now looking intently into holes and and crevices of the rock, as if in quest of mussels, or mivawn*, there came into her mind some lines she had read in an old magazine, and she proceeded, with the habit or gift to which we have already alluded, to adapt them for the occasion by interposing the

word "Waiting."

Minnie did not set this to any decided air, rather a sort of wild recitative, but the monotone of the "waiting" so often recurring in the silence and solitude, was most effective. One heard it for whom life had grown suddenly dim, and who travelled hither and thither seeking to forget its burden in earth's strange sights and sounds. It came to him on the water, as he, too, was returning to shore to go on his way and leave that place for ever. "What wait I for?" he asked, and like an answer to the chime rang some words in his memory which he had once learned but long time forgotten—

"Truly my hope is even in Thee."

Foolish, playful, hypocritical Minnie! As the boat drew to shore, she strolled along the beach, prying

^{*} Or dilisk, an edible weed.

into holes and corners, as though thinking only of their hidden stores, and not waiting or watching for lover or brother at all. Presently she felt Will's strong hand on either shoulder, and then the pretty deception was at an end. There were no spectators, for the tall cliffs shut out the hard world beyond, and shut the simple lovers into their own bright world below. Danny having secured the boat, began in his own awkward fashion to ascend the rocks; and what the rocks heard, we need not say.

CHAPTER IV .- DANNY CONNOR.

As Danny Connor climbed the sides of the steep rock, he presented a singularly grotesque appearance. His figure was strangely misshapen, no two members of his body being in proportion one with the other, but, perhaps, nothing was more remarkable than the extreme length of his arms and size of his bony hands. His reddish-brown hair hung in a tangled mass of irreclaimable confusion round his uncovered head, which was unnaturally large; his shoulders were broad, yet stooping, while his legs were short and thin. The face he turned ever and anon to the brow of the cliff did not altogether lack intelligence; on the contrary, there was a strange mixture of shrewdness and innocent wonder in the light grey eyes which was far removed from cunning or stupidity. The best thing in the face was a set of very white and regular teeth, which he showed with the faintest smile that flitted across his usually quiet face. Altogether the most casual observer might have felt that the fisher lad, though falsely reported half-witted, was entirely to be trusted. Even in his rapid ascent, as was his wont, he sang in a low tone wild snatches of song, now in a single line, now a refrain without any regular tune, and interspersed pretty freely with pointless mutterings. It was this habit of singing and speaking to himself which had suggested a doubt of his sanity to the country people around, but many a traveller who had watched his strange motions and listened to the verses his sister taught him, and which they could scarcely have fancied impromptu, called him, in derision, "the poet of Cliffcoole." A poet he certainly was not; he knew as little of the real inspiration of genius as of the meaning of the term. He was never wrought up to making verse, and his mood seldom changed. That he could attract any one by his wild strains never occurred to him, and indeed, he would not have been ambitious of such honour. Still, he had the power of stringing together disjointed thoughts in irregular verse, oftener regardless of rhyme, like beads of different shape and size upon one string, or rays of light divided in their passage through a dark and narrow channel. His sister had a great advantage over him in having a quick ear, while all his idea of tune was a doleful monotonous croon.

"Which is the best, the sunshine or the dark, the

bright or the storm?" muttered the lad, according to his custom, thinking aloud. "T is a wise person can tell. Mother says nothing can hurt us unless God lets it, not even the big thunder. I have seen the hot sun scorch up an' ate the little bits of pinks an' flowers an' moss that grows so purtily in the holes of the rocks, an' was never loosened by the storm from their holdings. It is a grand thing to have one's trust in God for fair weather and foul, as mother has. He often sees me, I know, through the bright holes in the sky. I catch His eye looking down, but I never see more of Him than that, though I looks up pretty often. Danny's doing no harm; Danny's catching fish for his mother, an' thanks God for his good arms."

And, with the latter strange ascription of praise, the lad threw out the long members in which he gloried, like enormous feelers, until his large hands grasped the top of the cliff, and buried themselves in some strong roots growing there, by means of which he drew himself up. As the bony hands waved themselves in the air above the summit, a faint cry issued from it; and when Danny's shoulders appeared, a group of ladies and a gentlemen were visible to the climber, shrinking back from his approach, yet, perhaps, too curious to beat a precipitate retreat. Danny, with the quick instinct which is given to persons of weak intellect, understood his position amongst them, and their feelings, at a glance. One did not fear him at all. He met her gaze for a moment with intense satisfaction. Another was at once amused and frightened; a third only frightened. To her he addressed himself.

"Don't be afeared, lady; it's only me."

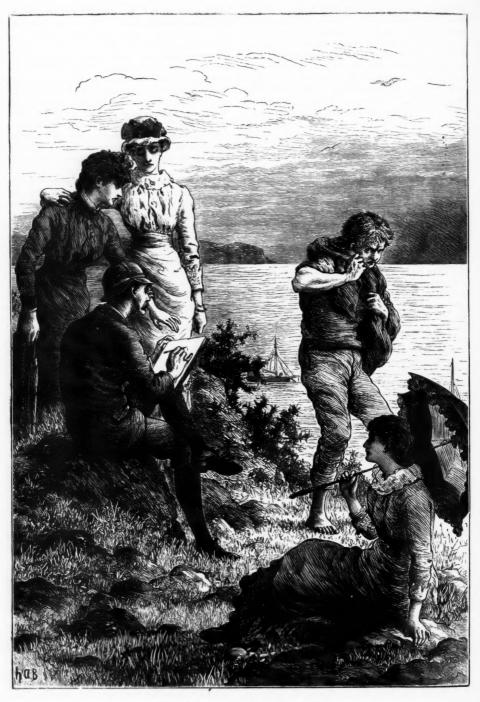
"Only you?" reiterated the gentleman. "I should not say 'only,' my man. I never saw anything like you before." Then, in an aside, "Such a specimen of humanity is uncommon enough to attract notice, and stand alone in its ugliness."

A mischievous gleam shot from Danny's eyes. Though he did not hear Mr. Ruthin's last words, and, perhaps, would not have received their full meaning if he had, he had the wit to perceive that he was only a butt for the shafts of the gentleman's ridicule. For a moment or two his anger was excited, and he felt inclined to resent this; but his wrath quickly died away, and he said, quietly, yet with a mixture of pride, which was extremely ridiculous—

"I suppose, indeed, you never seen the likes of me—leastways, the likes of these arms," extending them to their full length. "Well, I'm Danny Connor, that lives in the cabin over yon, above Guyleen, and I—a—a—follow the art of fishing."

"A noble art!" laughed the gentleman, who was no other than our acquaintance Frank Ruthin.

"Yes," returned the lad, softening his voice almost to a whisper, "I know it is. Mother told me of Him as walked right a-top of the waves on a wild night. Well, I've looked out for Him many, many times, but never He comed my way; but then I'm a



"'The lad must not be annoyed."-p. 41.

poor simple boy, an' maybe He'd be only seen by one who is to be made a great saint entirely. Mother says, too, that when it was blowing half a gale of wind, and the big water washing over the boat, He laid down and went to sleep as quiet as a baby in its cradle. That's Inchnagorra opposite, miss, and there's the rock where the big steamer went to pieces," he continued, again addressing Ethel, to whose beauty his eyes returned with a lingering, wondering gaze. "On that low reef the passengers an' crew got ashore, and we stood above 'em there, but the storm came up from the sea, driving us back when we tried to get on, and somebody held me, an' said I could do nothin'. When the light come, two or three of us got down with ropes, an' them as was alive was hauled up, but half that got ashore lay dead ablow. A little lad was held inside his father's coat, but that couldn't keep the life in him, an' he was quite cold an' stiff, an'--" Here Danny's voice sunk to a whisper-"that father was madder nor me."

Ethel Ruthin's eyes were fixed on the speaker with eager interest, and a tear glittered on their long lashes. Danny had all a man's objection to a woman's tears, so he shrunk away, muttering; but from that hour that levely face impressed itself upon his memory

like a dream.

"Stay," exclaimed Frank Ruthin, as he perceived the fisher-lad departing, "you must not get off so easily, my man; I want to perpetuate la figure grotesque-in other words, to take your likeness."

Now Danny did not fully comprehend this, but he understood what the gentleman meant by drawing forth a long thin book and pencil. He had seen such in requisition with many a tourist, and watched them transfer in some wonderful way the scenes around him to paper, even to the giant Coolum itself, the darkest and most rugged of all the cliff-line, towering in gloomy and terrible majesty above the rest, and frowning alike on the land it guarded, and the sea as a bold invader. Often an attempt had been made openly or furtively to transfer "the poet of Cliffcoole" also to paper, but Danny, always suspicious of this, had many devices for evading it. He was ordinarily a brave lad; he feared not to put forth on the dark waters when a storm was raging, and the lightning's flashes revealed a drifting barque. He would hang suspended in mid-air over a terrible abyss when the waters seethed and leaped in their mad wrath, as he dared the sea-birds' vengeance in his search for eggs; but he had an overpowering dread of having himself "taken," or "drawn out on paper," as he expressed it. He looked upon it as a sure harbinger of approaching death; and had he known that as he fled before the artist's attack, or partly from memory, his figure was sketched, he would have felt his doom was sealed. Danny's simple mind could not understand why people who were still in the flesh wanted one another's "pictures drawn out;" and even if the sea divided them, he thought it was a poor mind that could not recall the absent face with a smile upon it which the dim

glass or paper never wore. He could remember the father who slept beneath the rolling tide, but no daguerreotype could have represented that father to him. It was therefore almost with a shudder he averted his face from Frank Ruthin's smiling gaze, while an angry flush rose to his forehead. In spite of the manifest displeasure, however, the young gentleman had made a few rapid strokes of his pencil when Miss Lorne stepped forward, and laid her hand hastily upon the paper.

"The lad must not be annoyed," she said, quietly. There was something in the tone which caused a flush to rise to the gentleman's face such as it seldom wore. He was not accustomed to be dictated to, and never brooked interference. Nevertheless, he bit his lip when it began to curl, and by a strong effort controlled his temper. His vexation was swallowed with a sort of gulp. Danny looked gratefully at his unexpected champion, and then beat a hasty retreat. He, at least, appreciated the laying of that small firm hand upon the (to him) obnoxious page. "If she had only my arms she could do anythin'," he muttered to himself as he went his way, quite unconscious that his imaginary advantage would not have been desired by the young lady.

"Mother," he said, as he entered his cabin a little later; "there's only a basketful of fish ablow. An', mother, who are the gentlefolk I seed as I come

along?"

"They be lately come to Coolum Lodge up yon," returned Mrs. Connor. "Minnie must take them up some fish. One looks as if she was not long for this world, poor dear young lady, or else my old eyes don't serve me right. I can't say how it is that the fairest an' purtiest things we see the soonest pass out of sight. Ah, well! God is merciful, an' though our goodness won't get us into heaven, our badness needn't keep us out of it that I can see, if we only repent sincere, an' trust in the merits of His Son."

And even as she spoke the poor fisherwoman breathed a prayer for the fading flower of Cliffcoole.

Did this title occur to poor Danny, or was it mere chance that there rose to his clouded mind the verse of a song long time forgotten ?-

> Beneath the cliffs a flower grew. None so daring-none so daring As to pluck that flower blue, None so daring. But the wild wind whistled nigh, But the wild spray dashed on high, Came to see the flower die; Were they daring?

Danny descended a short but rugged hill, where clustered many fishing-cabins, in their irregular form and absence of design like clumps of weeds of various shades, from tawny to brown, cast on the rocks below. As the lad leisurely proceeded, he sang again a line or bar of the late sad ditty as it occurred to him, and the giant rocks at Inchnagorra, as they caught a louder note now and then, which was borne across the water, echoed "wild" and "die."

(To be continued.)

CRITICAL PERIODS IN PROPHETIC HISTORY.

IN TWO PAPERS.-FIRST PAPER.



Vall hands prophecy is admitted to be a prolific branch of Christian evidences, so that anything obscuring it, or putting any part of it in peril, even for an hour, would seriously damage the cause of truth, and prove a sad reflection upon the faithfulness, power, and love of God.

Now our present position is this—that during the long course which prophetic truth has run, there have been critical times and critical events, when the prophetic word seemed to

be in great peril, when, like a crisis in disease in the natural subject, vitality seemed threatened with destruction, while recovery was possible. Hairbreadth escapes from danger may serve to awaken gratitude towards the deliverer, and give more exalted conceptions of the means employed; so God has exalted His own name, defeated the enemy's malice, and advanced the vital interests of His Son's mission by permitting these crises to occur, and by overruling them for the more perfect exhibition of the truth relating to Christ and His work.

We do not call attention to all the cases which would seem to illustrate our topic, as we might not be able to show their bearing as clearly as would be desirable, but will select a few of the

most obvious as examples.

One general remark we must premise. We are not to expect that contemporary observers, or leading actors in each scene as it occurred, should discover to us, either in their words or actions, such a complete appreciation of their position, or its religious aspects, as we have now. One of the grandest proofs of the divinity of the process and the end of prophecy, is the fact that the actors were unwittingly working out a scheme which they could never have devised, and their part in working it out they did not know.

Let us first take our stand with Abraham and Isaac on Mount Moriah. There we have the "heir of the world" Abraham (Rom. iv. 13), with his "only begotten," of whom it was said, "in Isaac shall thy seed be called," by a distinct command from God, gravely and firmly preparing to "sacrifice Isaac as a burnt offering." We confine our thoughts exclusively for the present purpose to the promise and the command, both having come from God. The promise had been the guiding star of Abraham's whole life since he came out of Ur of the Chaldees. Without at-

tempting to divine his precise idea of that promise, we see that it had nourished his faith, it had fired his soul with wondrous expectations for future times and generations, even to the discernment of the day of Christ with gladness. Misapprehension of its meaning in part, and impatience as to its fulfilment, had led Sarai and him to favour the course of action which led to the birth of Ishmael.

Now, the promise and this command cannot possibly both take effect, and even the solution which faith descried (Heb. xi. 19), viz., that he might receive him again from the dead, could not have met the case, because had Isaac once passed the boundary line by death, he could not have been the ordinary progenitor of the literal seed. Just as far, therefore, as Isaac and Christ stood related in the promise or prophecy, that moment was critical, and from the human side of things absolute failure threatened to be the result. The very foundations of Abraham's faith would have been destroyed, if Isaac had been sacrificed.

The crisis was one of awful grandeur; but God interposed, and, though the result would be more mystery as to the scope and meaning of the prophecy, yet also there was more security for Abraham's faith, because of the special revelation from heaven; and clearer proofs are also furnished to us, that the spiritual and Messianic element in the Covenant with Abraham was the chief, the paramount feature of God's compact with the

patriarch and his seed.

Our next illustration is found in the condition of the promised seed in Egypt. Providentially brought there in the first instance, in order more perfectly to isolate them from all other peoples, as much as to save them from the ravages of famine, they, in course of time, are brought into a condition of deep affliction, so that their case is Divinely represented as a mere bramble burning, though not actually consumed.

Their case seemed perilous, and all but fatal to

their distinguished call and destiny.

The proscribed families of Esau and Ishmael were multiplying on all hands, and rising into a condition of wealth and power, the relies of which can be observed to-day; but the chosen seed were the abject serfs of an alien race, who deliberately sought their extermination. Their amalgamation with the other peoples had indeed been prevented, and so far one evil fatal to their mission in the world had been averted; but now wholesale destruction threatens them, which, if not prevented, will also in another direction cut off all their hopes, and tarnish the lustre of the Divine plan by which they were being guided, that the world through

them might be blessed. The line of procedure by which this crisis relating to Messianic prophecies was successfully met, was one which brought into prominent view the matchless providence of God, and revealed more fully than ever the magnitude and skill of the forces of evil marshalled by the serpent who should bruise the heel of the seed of the woman.

In this contest between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, one of the proudest of the old-world powers, a true "Seat of Satan," embodying almost every phase of evil, fell, and the holy seed were released from a cruel bondage by the "mighty hand," and the "outstretched arm"

of Jehovah.

And in addition to this, the chosen seed are brought into a separate condition of existence, such as to require a social, civil, and religious polity consonant with the Divine purpose in their separate existence. The proper time was indeed come for more clearly defined views of their great expectation, and of Jehovah's plan of mercy to a lost world, in the Messiah. Every law now enacted as a part of Mosaicism had indelibly written upon it the obligation of the chosen people to isolation and consecration, that they might more effectually guard and preserve the elaborate and minute types of the Coming Redeemer and His work, against all the attempts of men and devils to counterfeit or destroy the unique and wonderful character of the only Christ that could save the world.

The rupture between Rehoboam and the Ten Tribes was an event closely bearing upon our

main idea.

Moses significantly warned the Jews, in his dying counsels, of the evils which would arise if they, "like all the nations," should set up a king (Deut. xvii. 15—20). Samuel showed them that God's ideal and theirs were diametrically opposite. David alone was the man (for a king) after God's own heart. But in this divergence of opinion between God and wayward Israel lay concealed all the germs of the rupture in the time of Rehoboam.

The alienation of ten of the twelve Tribes from the Davidic dynasty seemed at first a severe blow to it. But it only served to bring into clearer view the fact that there was a seed within a seed, and that the Messianic element was the only one which rendered the unity of the tribes a necessity. So far as that necessity was concerned, it was secured by the voluntary concurrence of Judah and Benjamin in favour of David's house, while Ephraim and the rest of the tribes followed Jeroboam, the son of Nebat.

God still further indicated the importance of the Messianic promises—both in their tribal aspect, as in the case of Judah, and their regal, as in the case of David—by insisting that Jeroboam should not venture to alter or weaken the influence of anything which could preserve

"a light always before the Lord for His servant David, in Jerusalem" (1 Kings xi. 35-39). The Lord showed that the one thing for which Israel needed to be preserved separate, was that which first caused their severance from other peoples. And while man, had he been appealed to as to the most effective way of working out this scheme of mercy, would no doubt have urged the importance of unity, material development, and national grandeur, which might compare with the vast empires being formed on all hands, God said, No, Israel have sinned; I might justly abandon them all; but I have made certain promises to their fathers and to themselves, which affect their spiritual welfare and that of mankind at large. I must not, I will not, abandon that design, or revoke My word of blessing; but I can work out My design apart from numbers, worldly prestige, wealth, or power. I will take a mere fraction of the chosen people, a mere "remnant," and with that I will accomplish My purpose; for hath "Jehovah purposed, and shall He not do it? hath He spoken, and shall it not come to pass?"

Our next illustration is found amidst the corruption, profanity, and idolatry of the days of

Elijah and Elisha.

The scene on Mount Carmel was a grand evidence of the Divine power, and actual interest in Israel's welfare; it was also a wonderful illustration of the voice of popular conscience in times of calamity, or of special religious phenomena; but, like most popular cries, their exclamation, "Jehovah, He is the God," was a short-lived conviction, after which came a deeper spiritual slumber, and wilder forms of sin and irreligion.

In both Israel and Judah royal vices had laid the foundation for political confusion and disintegration of the national elements. Ahab had seventy sons, whose ambitions and jealousies must have been fatal to peace and prosperity. Jezebel was the potent source of every corrupting influence in religion. Jehoram, son of Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, was married to Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, who became the mother of Ahaziah, who succeeded to the throne of Judah, at the death of his father. It is graphically stated that the sins of Judah were so great in the eyes of the Lord, that destruction would have followed, had not God covenanted with David to give "a light to him, and to his sons for ever." (2 Chron. xxi. 7.)

In that fearful crisis, very severe measures were needed to arouse the conscience of the people, to cut off the superfluous princes of both houses, and thus simplify the question of succession and pedigree. These drastic measures cannot be harmonised with the revealed characterof God, on any principle less vital and far-reaching than the one involved in our main position—that of conserving all that was involved in the Messianic purpose, so full of

mercy to the Jews, and to mankind at large. The unscrupulous and rudely fanatic Jehu was used as an instrument in helping to accomplish this, for he caused the death of Ahab's seventy sons, and of Ahaziah and his brethren, or kinsmen, with their adherents. Athaliah, the king's mother, usurped the throne, and caused the death of all the survivors of David's line, as she believed, by which she thought to be revenged for the death of her father's family, of which she was then the sole survivor.

The hour must have seemed a very dark one indeed, to any spiritually-minded Jew, whose faith hung, in any sense, upon the old Abrahamic or Davidic promises. But Ahaziah had an infant son by Zibiah of Beersheba, whom Jehosheba, sister of the late king, and wife of Jehoiada, the high priest, hid for six years in the pillaged and

partly ruined temple, while Athaliah was maintaining the worship of Baal. In the seventh year of Athaliah's ursurpation, Jehoiada concerted with the commanders of the "royal guard" and their supporters, secretly assembled at Jerusalem, to restore the Davidic dynasty at any cost. This youthful king was produced and crowned in the Temple. Athaliah being apprised of the fact, madly rushed forward, uttering the cry of "Treason, treason!" But her power was broken; she was executed near to the temple; and thus David's throne was re-established. The temple worship was restored, and the Temple of Baal was destroyed, and his high priest Mattan was slain. Thus, by "terrible things in righteousness," did God show how evil punishes itself in many instances, and how He makes the "wrath of man to praise Him," and "the remainder thereof restrains."

WEST-END POVERTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

I.-THE LATYMER ROAD DISTRICT.



HAT the magnificent mansions of the West-End of the metropolis serve to remind us of our wealth, is an obvious truism, but whether we are equally mindful of the squalid dwellings too often to be found only a few yards from their doors, is

not, perhaps, quite so much a matter of course. We are, it is true, more or less conscious of the existence of "poor people," but of their manner of life, or the condition of their dwellings, we are not only profoundly ignorant, but are not too anxious to inquire.

Among the inhabitants of rich neighbourhoods too many are studiously indifferent to the woes and wants of their poorer neighbours, and if they think of them at all, it is too often with the complacent reflection that their annual subscription to the parish charities fully cancels any obligation that exists, requiring them to share their riches with those who have none of this world's wealth. They are, indeed, only too willing to forget that those unknown streets, spoken of colloquially as "slums," which are so great an object of aversion, and to avoid which long circuits are daily made, contain thousands of toilers, whose existence is one long struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

It is, however, true that the misery of the poor stands out in terrible distinctness, when viewed side by side with the luxury of the rich. The contrast is, indeed, too great to be anything but disheartening.

The existence of parishes in the West-End of

London, inhabited almost wholly by poor people is a singularly pregnant fact. Instances of this are, however, neither few nor far between. On the borders of the rich and fashionable neighbourhoods of Kensington and Notting Hill, for instance, to go no farther afield, lives a population whose moral and spiritual necessities are of the most urgent character, and many of whom often experience all the miseries of extreme want. neighbourhood of Latymer Road is one of the worst districts of the West-End. The houses are not in themselves badly planned, nor are they built so closely together as is the case elsewhere, but they have been suffered to fall into such bad repair that it is gravely doubtful whether many of them are fit for human habitation at all.

Dirt and degradation always go hand-in-hand, and only the most sordid interests can be served by suffering the homes of the poor to pass from bad to worse until the tardy compulsion of law compels their restoration. So bad, indeed, are many of the habitations here that the population is gradually leaving the neighbourhood, and only those whose occupation requires them to stay, put up with the available accommodation for which the full rent of West-End tenements is exacted.

There are few things more refreshing—when one is weary of seeing a succession of dirty dwelling-houses, the inhabitants of which are but too clearly regardless of cleanliness and decency—than to come upon one in which some bright flowers, surrounded by a mass of Virginia creeper growing in wanton luxuriance, are evident signs that here at least some traces of refinement exist Near Latymer Road are some such houses as these,

one of which is a perfect picture, showing to what perfection window gardening can be brought. The refining influences of flowers, indeed, are singularly distinct among such surroundings, and there is no doubt that movements to encourage tastes of this kind in members of the working classes cannot be too highly commended.

The inhabitants of the Latymer Road district are for the most part laundresses, who can easily earn a comfortable livelihood. If it were not for the

terrible prevalence of drunkenness, most of them would be in thriving circumstances. and the trade of many is sufficiently brisk to enable them to employ a number of helpers. These latter are paid at the rate of half-a-crown a day-working from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.; and they, too, are fairly well-todo when their husbands are in work, and keep out of the publichouse. Many of the men are engaged in the summer months in the brick-field, where they earn good wages; but among them,

too, the terrible vice of England finds willing followers. Much of the destitution that exists here is, indeed, due to this cause alone; and it is most encouraging to those who have the welfare of the people at heart to know that the cause of temperance is doing a great and good work here, winning many daily from that which too often destroys both body and soul. We were, indeed, told that of these women as many as 250 have became members of a temperance society during the last six months.

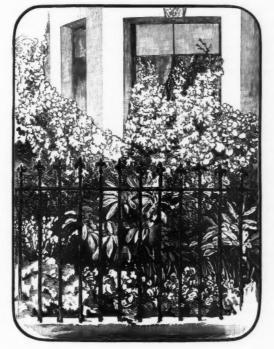
There are also a number of costermongers here, who inhabit the mews, and the most thriving of whom let out barrows on hire to the others. The remainder of the men are either labourers, or are

occupied in the piggeries, which are a most pestilential nuisance, and certainly seem to call for inspection.

A large portion of this district is actually without a parish church, being outside the limits of the district of St. Clement's, Notting Hill, which is also very populous and poor. Strenuous efforts are, however, being made to supply this want, and contemplated sub-divisions of the neighbourhood will doubtless have a good result. Meanwhile

the neighbouring clergy do what they can to minister to the people, while the London City Missionaries, the Bible-women, and the Committee of the Latymer Road Mission, are all indefatigable in their efforts to relieve the wide-spread spiritual and moral destitution.

The Latymer Road Mission has for twenty years occupied a large sphere of usefulness. It is not attached to any church, but it has accomplished a great amount of good among the poor. There is, however, no doubt



(See page 41.)

it is greatly crippled by want of resources, and that an extension of the accommodation would have a most beneficial effect. It is found that the people are rather unwilling to recognise that the principal mission - room is equally adapted for various purposes at different times. Thus in the evenings it forms a boys' shelter, where coffee is sold, and those who avail themselves of it are supplied with books and games. It is felt that, important as this means of keeping children from evil influences is, it is highly desirable that further accommodation should be provided for adults who are unwilling to use a room which is chiefly intended for the amusement and instruction of the young. The Workers'

Prayer-meeting and the Adult Service held here by the City Missionary on Sunday evenings are, however, well attended, as many as 120 having assembled for the latter, and the average attendance being from 75 to 100.

The Mothers' Meeting, presided over by a charitable lady, which is held in one of the mission-rooms on Monday afternoons, is greatly appreciated by the poor women, who find here a help and sympathy which they but too often sorely need.

One of the most important of the advantages offered by the Latymer Road Mission, however, is the Crèche, or infants' nursery, which is estab-Under the present conditions of lished here. life, and in the face of the pressing necessity which requires many a working woman to leave her children to the care of others, the institution of the Crèche seems, indeed, to be one of the most urgent necessities of the time. As Lord Shaftesbury pointed out at the annual meeting of the friends and subscribers of this mission, held at Westbourne Hall in April last, it is very important that an institution of this kind should not be regarded in the light of a charity; the mother should be required to pay something, so that the movement may not have a

pauperising influence. The Creche in Blechynden Street is a model of its kind. The arrangements for the comfort and cleanliness of the children are in every way admirable. Each child, when admitted, shortly before 8 a.m., is undressed and washed. It is then dressed in clothes provided for the infants while in the nurser, a very necessary provision to secure that perfect cleanliness which is so absolutely essential to the health of the establishment. The Crèche itself consists of a large well-lighted and ventilated room up-stairs, in which a number of cribs and cots are ranged along the walls, while swings of various sorts, toys, and other devices for the amusement of the children, are to be seen on all sides. The usual daily attendance is about twenty-five babies of various ages, while as many as thirty-five have been received. The charge is sixpence a day for each child, and this includes food, while the child is well cared for, from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. if necessary.

The mothers are fully conscious of, and thankful for, these advantages, and know that they could not get such treatment for their children elsewhere for twice the money charged at the Crèche. The foundations of good health and an improved life for children are truly worthy objects for charitable help; and since the expenses

of maintaining the establishment in a full state of efficiency exceed the payments received, it is certainly to be hoped that the funds necessary to do this will be ungrudgingly given.

The Sunday-school attached to the Mission is more than ever prosperous, and the Band of Hope finds much favour among the children, the chief difficulty being to provide a room large enough to accommodate those who would join the movement. The Farthing Bank is, too, an admirable means of encouraging thrift among the people. The total amount deposited during last year being

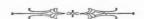
£283 3s. 9\d., by 732 subscribers.

Enough has been said to indicate briefly the immense influences for good exercised by this agency, and it seems, indeed, to be only necessary to point to their varied character, and to the great need for them, to insure that the necessary help should be forthcoming. The Committee were obliged to close their balance sheet for 1881—82 with a deficit, and they are harassed by pecuniary difficulties, since the monthly receipts are barely sufficient to cover the working expenses, and they have to rely upon donations to pay off the debt of more than £100, which was still outstanding in July last.

The opening of a children's Convalescent Seaside Home at Broadwater, near Worthing, has also been accomplished; but in order that its operations may be carried on at all, subscriptions are greatly needed. There is room in this home for thirty children, but accommodation only exists for six, and the Committee find great difficulty in keeping these beds occupied, although the actual cost per child per week is only seven shillings and sixpence, exclusive of regular working expenses.

It is incumbent upon us, in calling attention to the needs of this district, to speak in terms of warm commendation of the work of the mission aries of the London City Mission among these poor people. The system of house-to-house visitation, and the simple teaching of the Gospel carried on day by day by these earnest men, is productive of the greatest good, and reaches a class otherwise most difficult to influence. By even the roughest element their efforts are appreciated, and they are listened to with respect. A Bible-woman of the Female Domestic Mission also visits the women in their homes, with the best results.

The vice and wickedness which have for so long a time disgraced this neighbourhood, it is peculiarly sad to contemplate, but we are able to be of good hope in the face of the evident signs that even here God has not left Himself without witness.



A Song of Braise.





"Maurice drew from his pocket a slate,"-p. 50,

THE ODD SENTENCE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



SHALL go," he said, with a frown.
"It will pass an hour away."

"Very well," answered the young wife. "Good-bye, Maurice,"

And then she went patiently on with her sewing; and if she did give a very small sigh, Maurice did not hear it, for it was lost in the noise which he made with the door; and

Carrie did not know whether he had answered her good-bye or not.

And then she was alone.

She looked very neat and pretty—she generally did; but her face was rather sad now.

The room in which she sat, though small, was in the very nicest of order, the hearth clean-swept, and the fire burning brightly. But of what use was it all? Carrie felt inclined to ask herself. She had hoped, and tried, and waited; but Maurice was just as cold and unkind as ever.

She had married him—such a short, and yet such a long time ago, it seemed—because he had asked her, and because she had loved him; and it had never occurred to her until lately that possibly he night not have loved her, even though he had asked her to marry him.

"But now I know that he did not," she murmured, sorrowfully, to herself. "Just one word—and one look—told me."

And letting her work fall on her lap she sat in silence, thinking deeply.

But presently a little cry sounded—a tiny helpless wail, and Carrie started up, and a happy anxious colour flushed into her face in a moment.

She hurried up-stairs.

"My baby!" she uttered, softly. "At least I have my baby boy! And I will hope on for all beside."

Disregarding conscience-stings, Maurice went on his way.

He chose to think that he was poor; and he was inwardly, at every step he took, bewailing his hard lot, and his dull, and cramped, and narrow, and—as he considered it—ever narrowing existence.

And where was he going?

To spend the evening with some old friends, who were—or he would have said so—far better off than himself. He had not yet learned that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." And he lost the enjoyment he might well have taken in what he had, in the folly of for ever regretting all that he had not.

A few minutes later he had taken his accustomed place in a large and pleasant family sitting-room, and was talking and laughing with his friends, and their young sisters, as gaily as possible.

But while he talked, his glance wandered round the room, and rested again and again on the mantleshelf.

He knew the apartment well, and had often compared it with his own tiny parlour at home, much to the disparagement of the latter. He knew every article of furniture, and almost every ornament. At what, then, was he looking?

At a slate, with a very pretty ornamental frame, which hung in a conspicuous position over the mantle-shelf. On it was written in chalk, in a neat round hand, the words:—

Made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight.

Maurice read the sentence again and again. He could not keep his eyes from it.

Presently the youngest daughter of the house— Annie by name—a lively girl of thirteen or fourteen, ran into the room. She was a favourite with Maurice, and he with her.

"What is your opinion of our last new idea?" was almost her first question, as she gave a little nod in the direction of the slate. "We all think it lovely!"

And then, scarcely waiting for any reply, she chattered fluently on, giving a detailed account of "the odd sentence," as she called it, from beginning to end.

"And so," concluded she at length, "every day, directly the clock in the hall has done striking twelve, any one who pleases may write a fresh sentence on the slate. Something really sensible and useful, of course, or papa will not allow it to remain. I have chosen something for to-morrow, if I can only get the chance of writing it. I will show it to ven.'"

And she ran away, to return the next minute with a school-book of extracts, in which she found, and pointed out to Maurice, the following:—

If we examine the results of forbearance, and contrast them with the results of impatience, irritability, and intolerance, the balance will be found to be all on one side. Restraint in the expression of unpleasant feelings, or harsh thoughts, is the foundation stone on which many a happy home and many near and dear friendships are built.

Maurice read every word much more attentively and thoughtfully than Annie had expected him to

"I think you like our idea?" she said.

Maurice replied that he liked it particularly.

"Papa says," Miss Annie once more continued, that it will improve all our minds, and make us think; and that we can never tell who beside

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ourselves may read our 'odd sentence' for the day, nor where its influence may end."

"The influence will spread, and so will the example, which I shall follow, for one," said Maurice.

And Annie was delighted.

Much earlier than usual Maurice was on his way home, still endeavouring, as he went, to digest the odd sentence, "Made to tread those steps with sorrow, which he might have trod with delight." Oh, yes! it would be just so with him—he knew that very well—if he did not take care; for our lives, as he reminded himself, are a great deal more in our own hands than we are inclined to believe.

He had a pleasant, neat little home, a kind, loving, thrifty, industrious young wife, and a dear little son. He had youth and health and strength, and easy employment, with good prospect of advancement. And he had actually been thinking in his heart of giving up at least half of these blessings, and going to seek wealth and imaginary content in a foreign land.

Why, how foolish he had been! He saw it now. That "odd sentence" had been the means of pointing it out to him. Going on simply and patiently in the safe and right way before him, he would tread his path with delight. But if he gave way to the host of foolish, unmanly, impatient, murmuring thoughts that had so beset him of late, those same steps, fair and untrodden before him now, would very probably have presently to be taken in bitter repentance and sorrow.

"No," he said to himself, as he was nearing his own door, "Carrie belongs to me, and I to her; and I will not leave her, even for a time, to struggle on alone, when there is no real need. What good would money do me, if I came back by-and-by to find home and hearth desolate? Home joys need keeping alive—need cherishing, as well as winning. I wonder I never thought of that before. How can I be sure that my wife's love would ontlast my desertion? How can I tell whether, after carelessly leaving behind me the best and truest delights which this world can give, I might not have to wander over the world in loneliness and regret for the remainder of my days?"

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT was drawing on, but Carrie still sat with her baby in her arms. By-and-by the little clock on the mantle-shelf struck the half-hour after nine.

"So late!" she murmured, glancing up. "But" bending softly over her sleeping child, and kissing its little face, soft as velvet—"your mother has not been wasting the time, baby!"

No, for Carrie had also had her perplexities and vexations to think over and to unravel, and her decision to arrive at. Moreover, she had arrived at it.

And now the disturbed frown, which had been there all the evening, cleared away from her brow, and she appeared quite disposed to be cheerful.

And next she stole up-stairs with her baby-boy,

and quickly down again, to put away her work and to stir and mend the fire, and sweep the hearth, and make everything look neat, and bright, and pleasant again.

"It is of no use to take so much notice of trifles," said the little woman to herself, "as if this life were all. I must just go on and do the best I can. To find fault, and to fret, and to look dull and doleful whenever Maurice comes in, will certainly not make him care more for me; but—"

She paused—for she heard her husband's step. And with a glad light in her eyes, she sprang up from her kneeling position on the hearth, and met him with a bright smile; and he kissed her fondly, and (to her secret surprise) appeared as cheerful as herself.

And soon they were sitting down to their simple supper, and he was telling her all about "the odd sentence."

Supper being over, Maurice rose, and stood before the fire, while Carrie cleared away.

"One word, and one look," of her husband's, as she had said to her herself, had opened her eyes to the fact that he had not married her exactly for love. And she had wished, with strong feelings of anger and jealousy combined, to inquire further into particulars. But her decision had been to say nothing more about the matter.

"I am not clever," she had thought to herself; "I do not know how to win love easily, as some women do; and I cannot think, and think, so hard, and so long—my thoughts only get into confusion. I shall just try to be always cheerful, and never to descend to reproaches, for if 'reproaches break friendships,' as they are said to do, they must surely break love also."

So she had thought a few hours before, as she had sat there all alone with her baby in her arms; and so she was thinking still, as she stood now by her husband's side.

Their eyes met; he put his arm round her; and then, as though he had seen her thoughts, he told her all she had wished to know.

He had, in plain words, married Carrie in a fit of pique. He had loved, and for a short time had been engaged to, a girl who had unconcernedly given him up for a richer man.

But Carrie had been always true.

He said so with his eyes as well as with his lips, at the end of his story. He and she had been friends from childhood.

And, in conclusion, he begged her forgiveness, which, it is perhaps needless to say, she gave him freely.

And, after a short silence, Maurice drew from his pocket a slate, which he had purchased on his way home, and hanging it up over the little clock, he wrote upon it the following:—

I That is best which lieth nearest.

Happiness is often overlooked in searching for it.

And, ever after, that slate appeared to Carrie almost as the face of a friend. For Maurice, though

he was but human, and therefore stumbled, and fell, and felt inclined to despair sometimes, kept on the whole to his resolution, and persevered bravely in the better way towards which "the odd sentence" had been as a guiding finger.

And it was presently easy to foresee for him a prosperous future, for he did not now (in effect, if not in words), say, "I see a better path, and I know how good it is, but I follow ever the worse." He not only saw the good path, but he strove daily and hourly to pursue it.

And then, too, though he had been cold and un-

grateful for so long, he was one of those men whom, to quote a well-known author, "it makes strong and happy to be loved back again." He loved Carrie now, and he knew that she wholly and truly returned his affection; and the two worked heart and hand together, in building up their lives and the lives of their children; and this halved the labour, but doubled the joy.

Also, in their new and far happier way of life, be sure that they both owed not a little to "the odd sentence," which appeared unfailingly on the slate over the mantle-shelf day by day.

CHRISTIAN REDFORD.

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

L-THE KING.

BY THE REV. PHILIP T. BAINBRIGGE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. PHILIP'S, REGENT STREET.

"Another King, one Jesus."-Acts xvii. 7.



EBUCHADNEZZAR, king of Babylon—wide-ruling, magnificent, renowned for victorious warfare, ever famous in peaceful records because of the wonders of "great Babylon," which he built — "Nebuchadnezzar the king dreamed dreams wherewith his spirit was troubled, and

his sleep brake from him."

And when magicians, astrologers, sorcerers and Chaldeans had all failed to show the king his dream, and were sentenced to be slain, the secret was revealed to Daniel in a night vision.

"Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay.

"Thou, O king, art a king of kings; for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory. Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron; and whereas thou sawest the feet and toes part of iron and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong and partly broken.

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a Kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the Kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron,

the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter."

Here, then, we find the germ of the idea, the first suggestion of the familiar phrase, "Kingdom of Heaven," "Kingdom of God," which John the Baptist seized upon to herald the approach of Jesus Christ, and the beginning of his public work on earth, crying in the wilderness of Judæa, "Repent ye! for the Kingdom of Heaven is at least."

Now, passing by the vexed question of the exact date of the Book of Daniel, thus much is clear, that this great image, this commanding human figure, "its brightness excellent and the form thereof terrible," represented man in colossal majesty, man in all the fulness of his pomp and pride and power. Three world-monarchies were to be displaced one by one, the fourth by a Kingdom wholly unlike the rest, "not made with hands," a Kingdom that should stand for ever, and fill the whole earth. Thus it has been. The Babylonian, first in point of time and magnificence; this was the head of gold. After that another inferior kingdom; the pale silver representing the less splendid Persian Empire. Then the third kingdom, "the belly and thighs of brass," the activity of Greece combined with the sluggishness of Asia; such was the Macedonian Empire, and it was "to bear rule over all the earth." Even so is it reported that Alexander wept because there were no more worlds left for him to conquer. And the fourth kingdom, strong as iron, bruising and breaking in pieces all things; what fitter emblem of the stern rule of the Romans? Yet the various parts of that iron Roman Empire did not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay. Some of the peoples which composed it have had no cohesion nor lasting endurance, but have been moulded and remoulded, time after time, like miry clay; some of the fragments of the Roman Empire remain unto this day powerful nations, but no earthly kingdom has arisen since the Roman with world-wide sway; the Armada might have carried Philip of Spain a long way toward attaining universal dominion, but the sea swallowed it up; Napoleon aspired to achieve it, and the snows of Russia became the white winding sheet of his dead hopes.

But the God of heaven hath set up a Kingdom. Those who place the Book of Daniel at the very latest, must own that some two hundred years before the ministry of Jesus Christ began it was herein declared that the Kingdom of the God of heaven should be established and should fill the earth. And nearly nineteen centuries have proved the truth of this extraordinary prediction of the stability and of the constantly continued spread of that super-

human Kingdom.

In its silent and unnoticed beginning was that Kingdom like unto "the stone that was cut out of the mountain without hands." Who marked the commencement of a kingdom the founder of which was a village carpenter, and the first members a few poor fishermen of Galilee? No means of support and advancement such as are wont to be used in the establishment of an earthly empire. But on, and on, and on has it gone, conquering and to conquer in every quarter of the globe. Nothing has been able to destroy it, nothing can withstand it. Before the Kingdom of the God of heaven, the might of men is feebleness, and the whole fabric of human power is like "the chaff of the summer threshing floors, which the wind carrieth away, and there is no place found for it."

The Kingdom of Heaven has subjugated many nations; it has bowed to humble submission the hearts of mighty kings, it has won converts from every creed, it has found zealous supporters in every rank of life, in well-night every land. Spurned, scoffed at, persecuted, Christianity has triumphed, notwithstanding, and "the stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing, and it is

marvellous in our eyes!"

And who is the King of this Kingdom? A bloodstained Conqueror? Yes! in very truth a Conqueror, and stained with blood—His own blood, which was shed that He might give life to the world; for the thorn-crowned Monarch Whom we serve is no despotic tyrant flushed with victory, dreaded by foes in war, and scarce feared less by friends in time of peace. He is no potentate after the likeness of Nebuchadnezzar, or of Cyrus, or of imperial Cæsar, but "another King, one Jesus."

The Jews of Thessalonica spake against the

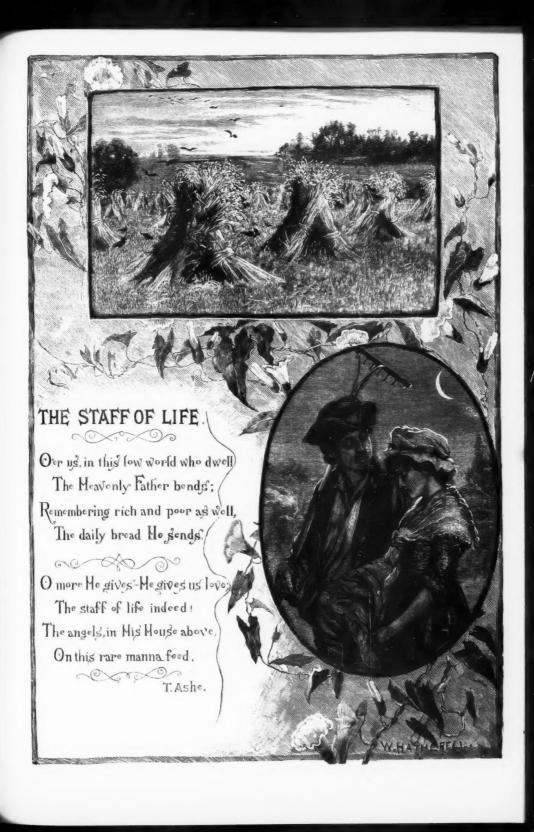
Christians, saving, "These men that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," and they little knew the deep truth their words contained. Christianity has "turned the world upside down;" its constant aim has been to press down evil, its vast success has lain in this—that it has brought the better part of human nature uppermost, that it has cherished, that it has encouraged, that it has strengthened and set up all that is best and noblest in man, all that was once crushed down and tyrannised over by things base and bad. It is said that "there are exceptions to every rule;" but there is no exception to this rule. The seeming exceptions are where the Christian rule is broken, though the Christian name remains!

And this "other King, one Jesus," has not established His rule by treachery or force of arms; He has not usurped His throne; He bears no stolen sceptre. He was sent forth by God, He came forth from God—being one in nature and essence with God—to set up on earth no rule of brute force, to win no subjects by sword and spear, with fierce clash of serried hosts, amid shouts of triumph drowning the groans of the dying. The Kingdom of Heaven is set up in the hearts of men, and the cross on Calvary is the throne of their King! Christ reigns from the cross, and the power which enslaves His subjects

is the resistless force of love.

To whatever nationality you may belong, whatever opinion you may hold as to the best form of human government, whether imperial, or kingly, or republican, will you not serve this "other King, one Jesus?" He asks you to give up all the territory of your hearts to God without reserve. He demands that in all the whole domain of your spirit, soul, and body, there shall be no rebellion anywhere against His sovereign will. And He asks you to help Him spread His Kingdom from shore to shore the wide world over. He asks you to assist to bring men out from the bondage of Satan into the glorious liberty of the children of God: to tell them of the laws, and of the splendour of the Kingdom of Heaven, and to induce them to undertake that service, which alone is perfect freedom. And He speaketh with authority, for God hath exalted this "other King, one Jesus," to be a Prince and Saviour, and "hath given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Wherefore, I beseech you—

In your hearts enthrone Him, there let Him subdue All that is not holy, all that is not true. Crown Him as your Captain, in temptation's hour—Let His will enfold you in its light and power. Brothers! this Lord Jesus shall return again In His Father's glory, with His angel train, For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow—Let your hearts confess him King of Glory now,



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

BY THE REV. J. W. GEDGE, M.A.

LESSONS FROM THE PARABLES.



MO THE TEACHER. It is intended to give a series of lessons on the parables of our Lord. It may be as well in this preliminary note to suggest how the parables may be taught. Let the children understand that a parable is a story intended to teach some lesson. Let the teacher first make the children master the facts of the story, then dwell on the lessons intended to be taught by these facts, remembering always that each single detail does not necessarily teach some lesson-e.g., in the parable of the "Leaven" no sensible teacher would dwell on the three measures, that being, probably, simply an ordinary quantity. Try to keep one leading thought throughout, and at the end sum up the teaching of the parable in as few words as possible.

No. 1. The Sower-Part I: Chapter to be read—St. Matthew xiii. 1—9.

Introduction. All children love stories; so do grown-up people. Wise men in old times, called philosophers, used to teach a great deal by stories. In Eastern countries, not so many books as we have—many fewer people who can read—common thing to tell stories in streets—but mostly silly stories—not make people any better or wiser. Jesus often told people stories—so got them to listen. His stories all sensible—would teach some lesson—make people think—also meant to teach about God.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES. (Read 1—3.) Jesus been healing a man blind and dumb at Capernaum (see xii. 22), and afterwards holding a long talk with the Pharisees; now leaves the house, and goes down to sea-shore. Most beautiful lake, about sixteen miles long and six across, hills coming down to water, sides covered with fruit-trees, oranges, dates, etc., and sweet-smelling shrubs; water sweet, cool, clear, and transparent. Picture Christ sitting on sandy shore, sun setting, crowds gathering to see Him—this wonderful Healer; His asking St. Peter to lend Him his boat; sitting down in stern; people standing in groups on the beach, quite still while He begins to speak.

II. THE STORY. (Read 3—9.) Picture out the scene. This probably a true story. A sower pro-

bably did just come into sight. Christ points him out—"See there, that sower." Let teacher point out that the seed was all the same.

The first took no root at all.

The second made a little root, but soon perished.

The third formed a plant, but then died.

The last took root, lived, and bore fruit, but in three degrees.

LESSON. To learn about God from all around us,

Teacher to point out how Christ always taught people to look "from Nature up to Nature's God." We must do the same. All God's works teach something about Him. Even heathen learn something about God. (Rom. i. 20.)

The more we know of God the more we shall love Him. Must leave lessons of this parable till next time.

No. 2. The Sower-Part II.

Scripture to be read-St. Mark iv. (part of).

Introduction. This parable told in three of the four Gospels. Evidently thought very important. A picture of Christ's work as a Teacher, and how His message was received.

I. MEANING. The Sower. (Read 3, 4, 14, 15.) Christ Himself, or those who do His work. Ministers who preach, teachers who instruct, books which teach, are all sowers. Can children be such? Yes; can teach younger brothers, etc., as good King Josiah caused God's Word to be read. (2 Kings xxii. 13.)

The seed. God's holy Word. Spoken by Himself to Israelites on Mount Sinai; by Christ in His sermons and teachings when on earth; comes to us through conscience telling us right from wrong—through books, sermons, tracts, conversations. Also God's Word as heard in Nature; thunder speaking of power; songs of birds teaching of joy. Whatever teaches about God is God's Word to us.

The ground. Men's hearts. Ground has to be prepared; dug, cleared of weeds, manured, watered, if seed is to sink in. So must heart be prepared to hear. Farmer prepares ground—God's Holy Spirit prepares heart. Can we do anything? Yes; can put away sin—nothing hinders the Word like that; can pray for "preparation of heart"—to be made willing eager hearers. (James i, 21.)

II. SEED BY WAYSIDE. Remind of sower in a field, scattering seeds, not drilling as in England. Some fall on hard path by side of fields. Describe birds following sower. At once swoop down, and pick up stray seed; or else passers-by tread it under foot. Seed never get lodging in ground at all.

MEANING. Describe the Word of God falling on

people's ears, but not reaching hearts. Why not? Because immediately caught away. Satan, on watch, caught it up before gained entrance at all. Represent people who hear, and do not heed—e.g., children being taught Scripture lesson, and thinking of something else all the time. People hearing sermons, and then as leave church begin talking about something else. All impression at once gone. Who can tell if may ever have another? How often been so with us! Therefore be on watch when hearing God's Word. Ask for Holy Spirit to carry it into heart, that may take root, and bring forth fruit.

LESSON. Take heed how ye hear.

No. 3. THE SOWER-PART III.

Scripture to be read—St. Mark iv. (part of).
SHALL notice in this lesson two more sowings which

bore no fruit, and one that bore good fruit.

I. STONY PLACES. (Read iv. 5, 6, 16, 17.) Called "stony ground" and a "rock" (St. Luke viii. 6, 13), i.e., ground where thin covering of earth covers top of rock spread below it. Seed would spring up quickly because not penetrated far; and as quickly fade because cannot get deep root, which would enable it to resist heat of sun.

MEANING. Hearts easily impressed — persons quickly moved by what is heard. Sounds so beautiful—God's promises so delightful—Word heard with joy—person quickly decides to give himself to God. What comes next? Persecution—he is laughed at—called a "saint"—he is "offended" (ver. 17), i.e., made to stumble. Feelings have been aroused—emotions stirred, but not whole self given to God, not whole heart, devotion, life.

Lesson. Beware of good impressions unless lead to results. Apostles gave up all to follow Christ, so must we, (Luke xiv. 33.)

II. THORNS. (Read 7, 18, 19.) Ground not been carefully prepared—weeds grew up with the seed—took the goodness of the soil from it, so that it was stunted, barren, bore no fruit.

MEANING. A progress here as compared to first two. Word of God has had lodging for some time, produced good deal of effect, but has been crowded out. By what? (a) Cares. All life full of cares. Child has some, perhaps many cares. Learning lessons, helping at home, nursing younger children, living with little food or comfort. All are "trials" to try faith. What effect do they have? Do they lead away from God? (b) Pleasures. Just an opposite thing. Will include love of friends, clothes, dress, pleasure, etc., anything likely in the least to draw away heart from God. Remind of rich man and Lazarus; Judas, drawn away by love of money; young man, who could not sell his goods; Solomon, whose wives drew away his heart.

LESSON. Love not the world.

III. GOOD GROUND. (Read 8—20.) This means ground carefully prepared to receive the seed.

MEANING. (See St. Luke viii, 15.) They who

receive in "an honest and good heart"—i.e., heart ready and anxious to hear and receive God's word. So Christ says, "He that is of God heareth God's words." God can make heart ready to receive His truth. He can make it sink in and bear fruit. What is the fruit? See Gal. v. 22: describes the fruits of the Spirit. Means good lives, conduct, character, etc. Here simple test whether have truly received word. What is our life? Result may be small; some only have thirtyfold. Still, is there fruit at all?

LESSON. By their fruits shall ye know them.

No. 4. THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

Scripture to be read—St. Matthew xiii. (part of).

INTRODUCTION. This the second of three parables about seed. In the Sower the seed meant Word of God, but here it means people. Both refer to God's Kingdom—one to word or laws of the Kingdom, the other to inhabitants of the Kingdom.

I. THE STORY. (Read 24—30.) Kingdom of heaven means Christ's Church on earth, i.e., all who profess to be or call themselves Christians. This is like a field in which seed is sown. While men slept, i.e., unperceived. Sowed tares which could not be seen till they were grown up. Root up the wheat with them, showing how the two were entwined.

II. THE MEANING. (Read 36-42.) The Sower is Son of man. Ministers may teach, only God can make saints. Remind how Christ planted His Church on earth, gathered a few disciples, taught them, blessed them, sent down His Holy Spirit (Acts ii. 3). The enemy. Satan always God's enemy since beguiled Eve: incited Cain to envy and murder, tempted Christ, beguiles men still. He works secretly, injects bad thoughts, suggests doubts, etc., plants bad seed in the visible Church. The mixture. How are the evil ones known? By their fruits. But are living side by side. Cannot pull up one without pulling up some of others. Remind of Gehazi, a prophet's servant, yet covetons and lying; of Judas, taught by Christ, yet a thief; of Ananias and Sapphira, struck dead for a lie. When can they be known apart? The harvest, i.e., the day of separation. Who will separate? The angels taught by God, who cannot make a mistake. What is the test? The fruit, i.e., the works, as in parable of Sower. The end of the wicked is destruction from God's presence; the end of the righteous is everlasting life.

LESONS. (1) We are set in Christ's Church—profess to be His children. Which are we now—wheat or tares? Known by our fruits. What are we bringing forth? Pride, envy, temper, disobedience, etc., or goodness, temperance, meekness, etc.? (2) A great separation is coming. When, we know not—all the rest we know—the Judge, Christ Himself (John v. 22—37), the punishment of wicked, the reward of righteous. Seek the Lord while He may be found. Ask for Holy Spirit to dwell in heart. So will bring forth good fruit unto eternal life.

SOME RECORDS OF A QUIET PARISH.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.



BOUT two miles off the direct line from London to Dover lies the little village of Eythorne. Hard by is the pleasant domain of Waldershare Park, over which the late Brownlow North was once expected to rule as Earl of Guildford. From the upper part of the village one may discern, on a clear day, the distant glitter of the waves in Pegwell Bay. The "decent church" rises near the summit of one

elevation, and looks across a narrow valley to its own village. It is an unpretentious building, capable of holding nearly two hundred worshippers, and lately restored in a sympathetic spirit. The clergy are traced back through a list of fourteen rectors, to one John Baker, who was inducted in the year 1487. In most cases, they died amongst their people, and the tenure of office has nearly always been long. One rector held the benefice for sixty-three years, others for periods of forty-nine, thirty-seven, thirty-four, twenty-eight, and twenty-five years.

Under careful guardianship the parish records have been preserved in excellent condition, and abound in quaint records of olden times. Amongst the books are treasured two bullets, which have a history of their own. The north chancel of the church for some time contained two paintings originally brought from Canterbury Cathedral. When the pictures were moved thence, these two bullets fell to the ground from behind them, and are now preserved as memorials of the Puritans, whose whitewash and hammers left so many marks of their presence in that building.

Investigating the contents of the parish chest, we first light upon two old volumes, dated respectively 1632 and 1637. These contain the annual lists of churchwardens and other parish officers; accounts of the various sesses or rates levied for the care and maintenance of the church, and the expenditure of the various churchwardens. A rate of twopence in the pound, a considerable sum in those days, appears to have been the usual custom. The disbursements are carefully noted, and contain some curious items.

Under date of 1689 we find the following amongst other entries:—

The succour of the poor and friendless appears to have engaged the attention of all the churchwardens. Hence such items as:—

To three Poore Cripples 1s, 6d, To a Poore Soldier that came out of Flanders . . . 6d.

But more interesting are the details found in a small book, presented to the parish by Thos. Walton, rector in 1671. Here we have a detailed account of the various collections made in the parish for charitable purposes. In some cases the alms were asked for a national undertaking. Hence we find, under date of February 10th, 1670, "A Register of ye names of all persons in the Parish of Eythorne who contributed their charity towards the redemption of the English then in Slavery under the Cruel Turks." Ten years later is a record of another collection "towards Redeeming ye poore Captives taken by ye Barbarous Turks." Thirteen years later there was a collection "for ye Redeeming of the English Captives in Algiers, and Tunis, and other parts of Barbary." These collections, it would appear, were made in pursuance of royal command, throughout the kingdom.

In the year 1680 were registered "The gifts of the Minister and Parishioners towards ye rebuilding of St. Paul's Church in London." For this purpose the total of 16s, 7d, was gathered, in sums varying from five shillings to one penny.

Two years later the sum of 18s. 4d. was collected "Towards the reliefs of the French Protestants fled into England from ye Persecution in France." In 1686 a second contribution is made for the same people, who were "under a second Persecution for not conforming to ye Popish Religion." This was done "according to his majesty King James ye Second's briefes sent unto all his Subjects in England and Wales." Two years later another large collection was made for the same purpose.

The Irish Protestants, who sought refuge in England to save their lives and practise their religion, were benefited by collections made in 1689 and 1690. They numbered, it seems, "twenty-five thousand, mostly poore women and children, and aged and infirme persons, who must necessarily perish without further charitable supply." Their case, however, seems to have evoked less sympathy than that of the French, for the second collection only amounted to 13s, 10d.

Nor was it only for such necessities as these that their alms were asked and obtained. Numberless are the records of collections made to repair the damage of fires and other misfortunes. Disasters at Newent in Gloucestershire, Blandford in Dorsetshire, Bermondsey in Surrey, in Thames Street, London, at Dover, Northampton, and many other widely separated places, were all sought to be mitigated by the contributions of this Kentish village. Even a flood in Cumberland is not forgotten, and they remitted "3s. for ye Hungarian Minister.'

The poor-rate of those days was appropriated to some curious purposes, as will appear from the following entry made by the Rector, in the year 1691.

"Mem. That in 1686 was the first time that the Poore Sesse was ever charged with paying Gaolmony or for Sparrowes Heads; and the year 1688 the first that paying for Foxes, and a new pair of Stocks; and the year 1690 began the Killing of Rookes to be charged upon the Poor Sesse."

The purchase of a new pair of stocks was clearly an event of importance. The sparrows and rooks seem to have come well through those troublous times, notwithstanding the price on their heads.

The registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths, contain many curious entries. But in any old church one may match such records as the baptism of "John, son of Winifred Jones, born in an outhouse," and the burial of "Thomas

Henry Senior, an Anabaptist."

One more point before leaving. In these old Registers the eye meets page after page all in the same handwriting. Then we are surprised by a change. A stranger comes to record the burial of the hand which wrote the previous line. "Change and decay" is the story of all these books. The mind turns from their contemplation to the thought of Him whom these departed worshipped, in Whose sight a thousand years "are but as yesterday."

THE ART OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN," ETC.



ATHER more than thirty years ago, speaking in round numbers, I took my seat for the first time before a Sunday-school class. Times have changed since then; and as far, at

least, as Sunday - schools are concerned, have changed for the better. Whether the two great London institutions, which now do so much to provide us with teaching material, were in existence at that time I cannot say—probably they were; but they certainly had not attained to their present dimensions of influence and effectiveness.

Teachers' classes I know had been established: but the multiform and multitudinous apparatus which we now possess, the meetings, the speeches, the training lessons, the sermons to teachers and children, the books of advice and direction and encouragement, the various commentaries, and notes provided for the purpose of instructing the instructors-all these things had not yet made their appearance on the stage of events. At the distant period of which I have just spoken they were looming in the future.

It may be inferred, I presume, from all this advance in organisation and material, that we have advanced in our ideas about Sunday-school teaching. Let us make it, then, our object in the present paper to consider in what respect this

improvement consists.

I. In the first place, then, we have probably got a firmer grip of the thought that Sundayschool teaching is a serious business, one that demands the putting forth of whatever energies

and powers we may happen to possess. We no longer suppose that any one will do for a teacher. Nor do we suppose that the work, when undertaken, can be accomplished with very little preparation and forethought. We have discovered that what so many used to trust to in their teaching, "the light of nature," is a very misleading and bewildering light after all, and that the less we trust to it the better. This is gain. An earnest view of the importance and responsibility of his vocation is the primary qualification of a successful Sunday-school teacher.

II. In the next place we have discovered that it is possible for average people to make themselves effective Sunday-school teachers, provided, of course, that they begin early enough, and take the right steps for accomplishing their purpose. It is with the teacher's chair, very much as it is with the preacher's pulpit. You may be very useful without being very striking. Every now and then, when there is a lack of topics, we have a growl raised in the papers about the inefficiency of the pulpit. Now we do not want to be told, for we know it already, that eloquence of a high order is a rare gift of God. Perhaps, in any generation, or indeed, in any half century, you may count on the fingers of one hand the men who are entitled to rank as pulpit-orators. But there will be at all times a fair sprinkling of second-rate preachers below these, and a larger number of men of inferior calibre still, who yet know how to make their ministry acceptable and useful to their hearers.

And as to the rank and file—who shall be able to compute the amount of good that is done week after week by the unassuming, and, if you like, unattractive ministry of the man who is known to his people, and who knows them, who has their best interests at heart, who shares in their joys and their sorrows, and who comes forth to them on the Sunday with neither learning nor eloquence, but with the result of the week's honest brain-labour, and of a prayer-ful endeavour to ascertain the mind of the Spirit

in some passage of the word of God?

"But what has all this," you may say, "to do with the Sunday-school teacher?" Much, I reply. In any given number of men and women, a certain proportion will probably have especial aptitude for teaching. There will be something about them, something about their manner, and their clear and pleasant way of "putting things" in a lesson, which wins and attracts children. But these persons, like great orators, will be few and far between. They are born teachers, and most of us feel at once that we cannot hope to compete with them in the line for which nature has so manifestly adapted and equipped them. But for all that, we may be useful, and very useful too, if we give our heart to the work, and bestow pains upon it. Take an ordinary man, an average man; catch him early-and most of our teachers are young and ductile-give him a fair amount of training, instruct him, in fact, in his trade, start him with a supply of scriptural knowledge, and then if the man has the grace of God in his heart, and a sincere desire to serve the Saviour in the service of the little ones whom that Saviour loved, you may depend upon it that, although he may have by nature no special teaching gifts, he will be an effective labourer in the field, and will be honoured by God in his work.

III. In the third place we have learnt perhaps more fully than before the importance of preparation. Most clergymen, for instance, have now their preparation-classes in the week, and most teachers—especially as I have noticed, the ablest among them-value the opportunity thus afforded them of becoming more thoroughly acquainted with the subject which they have to bring before their children. Then there are the various books and commentaries and notes, to which I have already alluded, so that there is no lack of means of preparation; indeed, it may almost be feared that the very abundance of such things has the effect of tempting teachers to dispense with personal effort, and to content themselves with merely reproducing the material provided for them by others.

If I were a Sunday-school teacher again, especially if I were a young one, I think my plan would be something of this kind. The lesson, of course, being fixed, I would begin as soon as possible to turn it over, and to form my own ideas about

it. Then I would consult my commentaries. To the information thus obtained I would add the information of the preparation-class; and, lastly, allowing the material a little time to settle in my mind, I would fashion my own lesson, adopting that arrangement of thoughts, and that method of presenting them, which I found most congenial to myself. Remember, however, that the collecting of the material is one thing, and that the imparting it is another. The business of the commentator and of the clergyman in his class is to help you in the former department of your work, You must have something to say, and something worth saying. They see to that. But your manner of saying it must be your own. this, after all, is more than half the battle. know how it is with preachers. A thoughtful and learned man may be dull, and you may gather little from him. A far more superficial man may interest and instruct you. So with teachers. It is the manner, the art of putting things, which tells. And this art you must, if you would be effective and useful in your work, be at the pains to acquire. In a certain Sundayschool that I remember, the most successful teachers were those whose vocation in the week was teaching. Whilst in one class there was preaching; and in another a dull reading round of texts; and in a third, the telling of little "goody" stories; and in a fourth, the reciting them out of a book-the children for the most part being listless and uninterested-these young men, by means of skilfully arranged questions and answers, by leading the children's minds on step by step to some result, and by making them do half the work, contrived to secure the undivided attention of their classes, and to make the minutes fly instead of creeping wearily along.

"Yes," you say, "but these young men are professional teachers, and we, not being such, cannot hope to bear comparison with them." Of course not; no one is so unreasonable as to suppose that you could enter into competition with a trained teacher; but I refer to the subject in order to point out the importance of doing what they had done, and learning the art of teaching. It is not enough to have the mind well stored; you must be able to communicate your knowledge; and more than this, you must be able to communicate it to children. To some of us, perhaps to most of us, it is difficult to enter into a child's mind, and to sympathise with it. You may suppose that simplicity of language will answer the purpose; but it is not so. You may give a lesson all in words of one syllable, and yet the whole tone of thought shall be such as only a grown-up person can appreciate. You have to think as a child thinks, rather than to speak as a child speaks. Now all this requires pains, care, experience; and then, in the giving of the lesson, you have to learn the secret of making your

children fellow-workers with you, instead of pouring information into their minds as into a receptacle supposed to be ready to receive it. And this again requires pains, care, experience, or in other words, if you would be an effective teacher, you must take the trouble to learn the art of teaching. You cannot sit down to a piano and play the simplest piece of music without having learnt your notes and practised your scales, and spent a good deal of time on the exercise. And how can you expect to be able without knowledge, without practice, without experience, to play successfully on those far more difficult instruments—a human intellect and a human heart?

"But," you say to me, "how are we to procure the training of which you speak? We are not intending to make teaching our profession. What source of instruction, then, in these things, is open

to us?"

Well, half a loaf, they say, is better than no bread. It were much to be wished, of course, that classes could be opened in which Sunday-school teachers were systematically trained for teaching; and perhaps some day we shall arrive at something of the kind; but meantime there is good provision made in those training or model-lessons, which are so frequently given by competent senior teachers. A regular and careful attendance at these will help the young teacher much. He will learn by the success, and sometimes even by the failure of others how to manage his class. I would earnestly beg of all young teachers

—and I do not know why I should not include the older ones—to avail themselves of every such opportunity of qualifying themselves for their work. It is no proof of competence to disregard these helps and appliances.

Let it be remembered, too, that it is not well to trust to our knowledge of a subject, and to our faculty and readiness of speech when we have a lesson to give. Every lesson ought to be prepared afresh, even if we have given it dozens of times before. One of the most experienced and clever teachers I know-not a Sunday-school teacher-a quick-witted, ready-tongued man, who knows his subjects thoroughly, who has travelled over them times without number, tells me that he makes a practice of never facing a class without preparation; if by any chance he does so, he feels that he is always found out by the boys. They discover the flaw in his armour—the failure in his work. The old manna, after all, is not like the new manna, gathered fresh that morning. We must make our subject again our own by renewing our acquaintance with it-in other words, by another preparation.

Perhaps I have said enough for the present; other topics may be reserved for other occasions. Meanwhile, the "moral" of our present little paper is just this, that we should do what we can—God helping us—to make the best of the position in which the advanced intelligence of our time has placed us with regard to Sunday-

school teaching.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

NOVEMBER.

"I the Lord . . . have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish,"-Ezekiel xvii. 24,

WHAT is the dead leaves' lesson,
As they come flutt'ring down,
Yellow and gold and crimson,
Russet and amber and brown?
O what have they to tell us—
These leaves so old and grey—
As, one by one, 'mid rain and sun,
They wither and fade away?

They speak of a joyous Spring-tide,
Of Summer's golden blaze,
Of Autumn's dying glory,
Of Winter's icy days!
But more than this: they whisper
Their lives they freely give,
For they but die, that, by-and-by,
The new green leaves may live.

And so the leaves remind us
Of One Who left His throne,
And came to live among us,
And made our griefs His own;
Of One Who died to save us,
To take our sins away,
That through His love, God's home above
We all might reach some day.

And yet once more they whisper,
That, like the glad New Year,
The Son of God, the Saviour,
In glory will appear;
And then His faithful servants
No more on earth shall roam,
For, one by one, Christ's sweet "Well-done"
Will call His children home.
George Weatherly.

SHORT ARROWS.

A LITTLE CHAFTER IN A LARGE BOOK.



N the wretched district of Paris called the Chaussée du Maine—one of those from which the ranks of the Communists of 1870 were chiefly filled—there was hardly a family which did not lose one of its members by exile or execution in the terrible retribution which followed that outbreak of popular frenzy. And not less terrible than the outbreak, or the

vengeance that befell the Communists, ignorant tools as they were of unprincipled agitators, was the condition, physical and moral, which resulted in such quarters as the Chaussée du Maine, where no doubt was felt by the bereaved families that those who had suffered as criminals were innocent victims of the harshest tyranny, and where the very children were trained in vengeful hatred. "I was with the French army during the Franco-Prussian war, to give what help I could to my wounded fellow-countrymen," said M. de Pressensé, the well-known Protestant pastor, to a little company of London friends, "but none of the horrors I then witnessed were to be compared with the sufferings and miseries of the Chaussée du Maine and similar quarters in Paris." Here it was that Madame de Pressensé began, some ten years ago, a labour of Christian love. It had a small beginning, and is still a lowly work. Difficult, indeed, was it to persuade these people that any one socially above them could prove a real friend. Gradually the children were gathered into a school, mothers' meetings were held, a work-room and shelter were opened for the younger women-exposed to so much temptation in Paris-a most useful institution called "l'œuvre des loyers," or the "rent fund," was set on foot, by means of which a little steady saving is made towards rentday, usually so much dreaded by these poor struggling people, with whom it often means expulsion from their homes. From the first a weekly religious meeting was held; latterly a medical mission has been started in the Chaussée, and now an effort is being made to open a home for the abandoned children who abound in this district, and who must, without such Christian care and training, become a scourge to their country. M. de Pressensé referred to many blessed results. One poor woman was nearly maddened by her husband's execution as a Communist; he had been a leader in the massacre of the Dominicans in Paris, but had been instrumental in saving the life of General de Chanzy, so that some hope of a pardon was entertained for him. When Madame de Pressensé had to tell his unhappy wife of his condemnation to death, her rage and despair were indescribable. "I will train my sons to avenge him," she cried; and, indeed, her little ones were taught to say, as soon as they could speak, "Je me vengerai." But gradu ally the Gospel of peace healed her crushed and bleeding heart, and she is now a truly Christian woman, living in perfect charity with all men. Great was the surprise and gratitude of some of the exiled "Communards" whose pardon M. de Pressensé was so active in obtaining when the first violence of almost indiscriminating retribution had exhausted itself, and a calmer investigation of individual guilt among the rebels was possible. One such man, finding how greatly his forlorn family has been benefited by this mission, exclaimed, "What can we do for M. de Pressensé? He has but to say what place he would like in the government." This little section of the widespread "mission intérieure" which has brought, is daily bringing, such blessing to France, bears indeed the stamp of the Master's name, the authority of His example, carrying as it does the message of His redeeming love, the bodily and spiritual benefits of His Gospel to the most forsaken, the most degraded.

"FOUND OF THEM THAT SOUGHT NOT."

An earnest work of evangelisation is carried on by an agent of the London City Mission among the sailors of

Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian vessels which enter the London Docks sometimes to the number of two or three weekly. The missionary in question has never been abroad. but has acquired the native languages of these men "by patient study and the grace of God," to use his own simple words. Last year 5,000 of such strangers arrived in London, not one of whom went away without some portion of the Word of God, while with many Mr. G. held personal converse. A Spanish gunboat, manned by 100 men, remained a whole month in our docks for repairs, and every evening at least thirty of them were gathered in Ratcliffe Highway Sailors' Home to hear the Gospel message. One evening the room was filled three times over, some begging to remain and hear the good words again. But as a rule, these foreign sailors are only a few hours in London. so that the work is in a great measure only a sowing in faith. There are, however, blessed instances of a reaping "I was speaking in the forecastle of a Spanish in joy. barque the other day," said Mr. G., "when a man came tumbling down the ladder, and threw his arms round my neck, and told me he had been brought to know his Saviour at just such a little meeting as the present, held eight years ago by my predecessor. He is now a member of M. Cabrera's Protestant Church in Seville. And many of these men, when they revisit London, hail the missionary joyfully, and ask for copies of the Scripture for friends in their native homes; sometimes they write such requests. One poor woman in Spain wrote to thank Mr. G. for the change wrought in her husband by his reading of the Bible, "I visited an Italian sailor in the Poplar Union Infirmary," said Mr. G., "and found he was the man whom Blondin used to wheel in his barrow on the tight rope. He seemed greatly touched by the message of salvation through Christ, and when he said he used to have no fear in committing his life to Blondin 'because he knew what he was about,' I had an opportunity of dwelling on the character of that Saviour Who is indeed able to keep unto eternal life every sinner who trusts himself to Him. It is this precious doctrine of direct dependence upon and access to the Lord Jesus, which is at first so hard to receive for these priest-ridden men-many of them ignorant of any difference between Bible and mass-bookyet which, when received, they embrace with a wondering joy.".

SPECIAL SERVICES.

The Earl of Shaftesbury is making another effort to carry the Gospel within the hearing of the masses, and for the benefit of those who will not attend any authorised place of worship, a committee acting under his direction have been organising religious services in theatres, music halls, and mission rooms. It is a fact that thousands of the artisan class never enter a church; but they will attend a hall or theatre, which they can leave The committee for these and enter as they please. special services do not profess to put their efforts in opposition to, or as a substitute for, the recognised services. But they are anxious to bring in many, and indicate the way. By them the very poor are welcomed, and it is unfortunately true that very poor people are not looked upon with favour in a church. Theoretically, we are all glad to hear of poor people attending, and we are glad to see them in church. But will our Christian charity extend so far as to welcome a ragged, shoeless East-ender to a seat beside us? Not long ago it came under our observation that a "beadle" in a London church hunted two young boys, anxious to hear the service, from the church. "Getaway!" he said, "this is not the place for such as you!" Humiliated and despised, the poor little creatures slunk home to complain that the House of the God Whose Son died for poor sinners as well as rich, and Who associated with the homeless, was not for such as He would have welcomed.

THE NEED FOR SPECIAL SERVICES.

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We think this anecdote of an actual occurrence will go far to illustrate the position taken up by Lord Shaftesbury and his committee. The poorest are by them made most welcome, and by sowing the seed, and trying to turn them to a good and holy life, making them respectable members of society, these special religious services will perform a most excellent work. The population of the metropolis is increasing at the rate of nearly 100,000 people a year, and some means must be employed to rescue the unbelieving. There are in London one million of immortal souls, for whose welfare no provision is made by any church, chapel, or any religious community whatever! This is appalling news to many, and numerous places of week-day entertainment have been utilised on Sundays for addressing large congregations. Amongst these are the Sadler's Wells and Pavilion Theatres, and various town halls in the outskirts of London. About three thousand a year is required to meet the expenses. This is not a large sum of money, and contributions may be sent to the secretary, Charles Sawell, Esq., 3, Bridewell Place, New Bridge Street, E.C., to whom also Post Office Orders may be made payable at the General Post Office.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

This is an enterprise which appeals to every parent and to every Christian heart. The Children's Friend Society has been established to receive the friendless and destitute boys, and more than that, to be of practical use in providing them with employment, and so preventing them from becoming future objects of charity or criminals. But even then the objects of the Society are not achieved. We often read of foolish lads running away from home to seek their fortunes, and being reduced to great straits. To rescue and return these misguided youths to their parents, is another object of the Society, and the rescue of criminals also enters into their daily care. Such aims as these are quite sufficient in themselves to recommend this excellent charity, as we may term it, to the notice of our readers; and as the boys themselves provide, by their labour, more than half the sum required for their maintenance, etc., we are all the more inclined to help those who so carnestly desire to help themselves. During the past year-covered by the report last sent to us the numbers of lads admitted amounted to 237. A large proportion of these were returned to their friends, a considerable number were sent to sea and into situations. During the year 320 were temporarily provided with food and lodging, and many sent home again, being gladly received by parents sorrowing for them as The young tramp is reclaimed, the waif and stray is assisted, the runaway is retained and restored. The adventurous lad is placed on board ship to earn an honest livelihood, instead of imitating the robbers of romance. The Society is doing incalculable good, and we hope it will meet with support, and find assistance liberally bestowed in money, clothing, or supplies of any useful kind. The address of the Children's Friend Society is 9, Great George Square, Liverpool.

THE TESTIMONY OF A TRACT.

A correspondent supplies us with the following amongst other facts, which happened in India, and show us the benefits that resulted from a tract. The man who was so mercifully saved, was a very idle and dissolute character, and at length, tired of his misspent life, he determined upon the cowardly and impious act of suicide, not fearing to rush into the presence of the God he had so grievously offended. He had endeavoured by ill-doing to acquire happiness, wealth, and position; but all these had turned to ashes in his mouth—he had only reached the depths of misery and despair. There was no hope for him, he thought, and the rope was already suspended from the beam, when he was interrupted. When his visitor had gone, the would-be suicide's eye was attracted, unaccountably attracted, by a piece of paper lying on the floor—soiled and stained. It was a tract, calling attention to the cleansing powers of

the "Blood of Christ," Something moved the man to take it up and read it. He read, and was saved!

AN ENGLISH HOME FOR FOREIGN GOVERNESSES.

Our attention has been directed to the Home for Foreign Governesses at Brighton, where, during the long vacations, young ladies who are not perfectly acquainted with, and in some cases entirely ignorant of the English language, can reside when unemployed. The cost of living at this institution, which has been initiated by M. Gouin, the pastor of the French Reformed Church, has now been carried on for some years; but, owing to an extension of its operations, some debt has been incurred. In consequence of this, the pastor has made an appeal to the friends of the work to assist him, and we are glad to be able to add to the publicity of his request and to further his views. There are certain annual expenses which must be met, and the teaching and preaching in the church, the services of which he conducts, have already proved a blessing to many. Any information will doubtless be gladly furnished by Mr. Gouin, the pastor of the French Reformed Church, 15, St. George's Terrace, Brighton.

SAILORS' HOME IN NEW YORK.

This lately reconstructed building is said to be unsurpassed by any similar institution in the world. During the past twelve months (up to the date of the last report, ending March, 1882), the Sailors' Home has accommodated 1.958 boarders. Of course the inmates were possessed of a very considerable sum of money, and it is gratifying to note that more than £22,000 were deposited for safety in the hands of the trustee of the institution, and finally nearly half that large amount was transmitted to friends and relatives, instead of being squandered, as is too often the case when the sailors come on shore after a voyage. This home was first opened in 1842, and since that time nearly 1,100 men have been received into it, and by its means the amount of money saved and remitted to the relatives of the sailors during the thirty-nine years, has been more than one million and a half of dollars, or £300,000 sterling. The society, at its own expense, provides for shipwrecked mariners, and in addition to the temporal advantage so lavishly provided, there are daily meetings for prayer and temperance lectures and exhortations weekly or oftener. Thus nothing is left undone to insure the temporal and spiritual welfare of the inmates.

SWEDISH CHRISTIANS.

Having lately returned from Scandinavia, where we had some opportunities of observing the general and home life of the inhabitants, we welcome with more than usual interest a communication from the secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, addressed to a contemporary, respecting the religious awakening in Sweden, which came under that gentleman's notice in the spring. We were in Stockholm for some little time, and on Sunday were struck with the quiet and religious aspect of the place. The churches were well attended; and all places of business. and restaurants, etc., were entirely closed until the afternoon, and then the shops remained shut. There was nothing of what we are accustomed to look upon as the laxity of the "Continental Sunday," at Stockholm, at any rate; nor, so far as we saw, in Sweden or Denmark generally. The chapels were well attended, and the success attending the untiring efforts of the clergymen and ministers has resulted in winning many souls to the true faith, and to a more religious observance of the duties of life. There is still room and opportunity; and we are sure, from our own experience, that the English pastor will find a warm and hearty welcome there. The Swedes like the English people; and we echo the hope expressed by Mr. Arnold, that, next year, when the General Christian Conference will take place at Stockholm, many of our ministers, of all denominations, will visit the country, and see what is doing under God's blessing in Scandinavia.

THE BIRMINGHAM NIGHT REFUGE.

The second annual report of this institution has been forwarded to us, with a communication from the secretary, which we are pleased to be able to endorse. The original idea of the benevolent founder of the night refuge was to merely provide the waifs and strays-the boys of the streets-a night's board and lodging. But any one who has had experience with such work as this, will immediately perceive how impossible it is for benevolence to stop short at such a step as that. What is to become of the little "Arab" after he has enjoyed bed and board for one night? Is it fair or right to give him a glimpse of the good, and then turn him away? What good impression can be made upon a lad received for one evening, and dismissed not hungry, it is true, but homeless and hopeless, to steal perhaps for his next night's food and shelter? The sphere of the institution thus became necessarily enlarged, and now no destitute boy is refused admission. The routine of the home is very well carried out, and strict obedience is inculcated. There are reading-rooms and play-rooms. Instruction is given, and work is required from the boys, many of whom are in situations, and use the refuge as a home when their day's work is done. These contribute towards their maintenance; but with all this, and with the subscription, funds are required to purchase new underclothing and bed-linen. Towards this very necessary object one kind gentleman has offered £10, if four others will do the same. Surely this should not be difficult, and we hope the money will be speedily provided-as soon as these lines meet the eyes of our readers. Special dona-tions will be found very acceptable, and we trust that before next Christmas the report of the Refuge will show a marked improvement. It is doing a good and useful work in Birmingham, and ought to be supported by the town, and assisted by charitable people elsewhere.

A BRAVE BOY.

We call the following interesting anecdote from a little paper devoted to Protestant Church work in Spain, Portugal, and Mexico :- "One evening, when Senor Cabrera recently preached in the Church of the Ascension, Seville, a captain of an artillery regiment, who has attended Divine Service ever since the Rev. L. S. Tugwell opened his house for public worship in the Calle Zaragosa, took his seat and remained until the close. Passing through the Plaza facing the church, we observed a group of boys come out of the Museo School of Drawing. "Protestant! Protestant!" they shouted at the top of their voices, meanwhile teasing one of their number in a most unfair and cowardly manner. Not knowing which way to run from his tormentors, who cruelly jeered and scoffed at him, the poor boy stood up calmly in their midst, and laying his hand upon his breast, exclaimed, "Yes! I am a Protestant, and esteem it an honour to be one!" "Ah!" said the captain, "if all who profess to be with us in faith would only be as noble as this brave boy, what a front we should present to the enemy! What a confession of Christ ours would be, and how differently our country would view us! God guard and bless that faithful lad!

THE MARYLEBONE MEDICAL MISSION.

We are glad to learn that this excellent Mission is extending its sphere of usefulness so greatly. The union of medical assistance with spiritual attention has been warmly fadvocated in these columns, while the benefits conferred upon the patients, particularly female patients in India, attended by ladies who have studied medicine, cannot be over-estimated. The healing of body and soul is a noble work, and no Christian can doubt that the combination of human skill, and the humble reliance on its effects, with prayer for success, can fail to induce a blessing. To preach the Gospel and heal the sick, were two of the most important duties laid upon the Apostles, and they are not less important now. The head-quarters of the Marylebone Mission are at 43. Carlisle Street, Edgware Road, where during the year 4,664 cases have been admitted into the dispensary, and 3,574 visits been paid by the Medical

Superintendent at the people's houses. Thousands of Bibles and tracts have been distributed, and we learn that short religious services are held at the dispensary for those who attend for medicine. That this service is needed frequently, we can imagine and appreciate, when it is known that ninety per cent. of the poor patients who come for advice never attend a place of worship. In addition to spiritual and actual bodily assistance and care, the poor are supplied with bedding and clothing. So here is an institution appealing to all our sympathies, and a thoroughly practical Christian work is done by it.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

The Thames Church Mission is an undertaking which requires no apology from us for introducing it once again to the notice of our readers, whose sympathy with sailors has so often and practically been exhibited. Since 1844, this excellent mission has been striving, and successfully, against all the sins and shortcomings of human nature, so abundantly developed amongst a seafaring population. There was a time-if books are to be credited-when the sailor was proverbially reckless and careless of everything. Now, thanks to this Mission and kindred institutions, sailors are day by day taught, and brought within sound of the Gospel. The Swan, a cruising church, went down the river and carried the Gospel tidings from reach to reach and from ship to ship. This was a good work accomplished. Now the society has arranged the districts into ten divisions, as far up as Putney Bridge, and down to Greenhithe, Gravesend, and Thames Haven. Not only here, but amongst the North Sca fishing fleet, is the Word carried, and gladly received by the majority of hearers. Let us see what can be done by those at home to serve this most righteous and deserving cause.

A SUPPLY OF BOOKS.

"Tons of Books," writes Mr. Mather, the indefatigable secretary, "we need tons of books and magazines in order to keep pace with the constant demands." Now, here is a way in which people can assist the Thames Church Mission very materially, and yet without trouble to themselves, and that is with some people a consideration. A few books and magazines put into a parcel and sent to the secretary, 31, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, E.C., will be of great assistance, and a source of much pleasure. We really believe that hundreds of people have never thought how much good they can do by just directing a little energy in a given direction once a month. A few hours, a few words, a little effort in collecting books, etc., will give the greatest enjoyment to the sailors who, as has been remarked, are not always rushing about in a gale of wind!" have their leisure moments, and are fond of reading, and when the vessel is becalmed, these books, papers, and magazines are all the men have to turn to, and reading occupies them profitably too. There is another way in which the youngest lady reader may help, and we trust many will. This is in knitting cuffs and comforters for the sailors, who are so exposed to frost and cold in wintry nights. Parcels of bags made to pattern and filled as we have indicated can be sent to the secretary. The carriage of all gifts should be paid in advance, and thus by a little self-denial-a very littlea great and good work may be accomplished.

THE OUTCOME OF THE MISSION.

"But, after all, does it do much good?" we hear some one exclaim. We reply emphatically, a vast amount of good. If any one will glance over the reports, and read a few of the cases authenticated by the readers and district ministers, there need be no question asked concerning the results of the Society's efforts. We need only quote one or two instances, and leave our readers to assist the work as well as they can. On one occasion a Scripture-reader boarded a vessel, and found the men

gambling greedily. He took a tract from the bundle he carried, and throwing it upon the "trick" just won, took up all the cards, saying, "Mine takes yours!" The men all looked up in angry astonishment, and then the bold servant of God reasoned with them upon the folly and sinfulness of gambling, and showed them how frequently bad endings resulted from this indulgence, in stances of which the narrator had been himself an eye-The men listened very attentively. At length one of them rose suddenly, and going up, threw all the cards over the ship's side, saying, "They shall never ruin me or any one else." The prayer was offered up, and the men all shook hands with the Scripture-reader, promising never to play cards for money again. We could multiply cases and extracts from the report, but we think we have instanced sufficient to prove-if proof were required - that the Thames Church Mission is doing a marvellous work, and that all can assist in it by subscriptions or contributions of books and warm knitted cuffs and comforters. The work progresses, and will surely succeed, notwithstanding all drawbacks.

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Now the sowing and the weeping, Working hard and waiting long, Afterward the golden reaping— Harvest home and grateful song.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

In one of the busiest thoroughfares of the City, a little fair-haired boy was seen one day in the winter of 1878, threading his way through the crowd, gazing earnestly in the faces of the passers-by, and evidently turning over some scheme in his busy little brain. After some consideration, he approached a benevolent-looking old gentleman and asked him in a shrill childish voice to "Please write him a letter." Struck by this curious request, and by the boy's earnest manner, Mr. Grant questioned him, and discovered that the boy's mother, a sempstress, was out of work and very ill, in fact, dying of want. The little lad had come out to look for work, but had not succeeded in finding any. A sudden thought, pathetic in its simple trust, had emanated from his childish brain: he would write and ask Jesus to send them some food, bearing in mind, doubtless, the petition in the Lord's Prayer, which his mother had taught him to use daily. But how to proceed, seeing he could not write? He set himself to watch the faces of the passers-by, and with that curious instinct, or, if you will, that insight into the human character so often possessed by children, he carefully made choice of the very man likely to befriend him. Wishing to prove the truth of his story, Mr. Grant accompanied the boy home, leading him to tell, on the way, of his struggles. He learnt that the mother, after spending health and strength to gain a scanty livelihood, had become too weak to work, and had had no food for nearly two days, insisting on her little son having the last morsel. How beautiful and white she looked! "just like the figures in the wax-work," the poor boy artlessly informed his benefactor, as they made their way through the narrow courts and alleys which led to his abode. The dirty, sluggish inhabitants watched them curiously, but allowed Mr. Grant to pass unmolested, imagining him to be the doctor. In a small bare room on a heap of rags in a corner lay a woman-or what had once been a woman-white and still, with her arms crossed on her bosom, and holding in her lifeless hands a bunch of faded violets. How tenderly the news of her death was broken to the desolate orphan we need not say, nor how good Samaritans opened their hearts and homes to the little waif, whose child-like faith was not allowed to remain unanswered.

THE BIBLE IN PARIS.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to us by Miss de Broen:—"May I ask the prayers and the help of your readers that much blessing may attend the opening of a little book-shop at 55. Rue Secretain, leading from the Place de la Vilette to Buttes de Chaumont (one of the finest parks in Paris), where, in different languages, Bibles, Testaments, L'Amic de la Maison, pure literature, texts,

etc., can be bought, and where Gospels and tracts will be distributed on Sundays and fête days to the thousands of people, rich and poor, passing from all parts of Paris to visit Buttes de Chaumont. The outside of the shop is painted bright blue, to attract the attention of the passers by. Will Christian friends who come to Paris encourage us by a visit, and buy for their own use or for distribution? They can also get there all other information respecting the different branches of the Belleville Mission (begun in 1871), consisting of a medical mission, day-schools, night-schools, Gospel meetings in French and German, prayer meetings, sewing-classes, etc., etc. A lady worker will, if possible, always be there. The shop was opened on the 11th of July, the great national fête day. Forty Testaments, and over one hundred Amie de la Maison and Rayons de Soleil were sold during a few hours' time. There has never been a greater need than now to spread the Word of God and good books, as most of their publications are blasphemous and poisonous enough to destroy body and soul. There are three difto destroy body and soul. There are three different travesties of the Bible every week-La BibleComique, La Bible Pour Rire, and another equally bad -and yet the French are ready to accept better things if only we bring them to their reach, but for this we want voluntary helpers, your prayers, your money. What a privilege it is that the Lord permits us to spread that precious Word which is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, and by the means of which sinners are taught that God is love. And is it not one of our Blessed Saviour's own commands: 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life, for they are they which testify of Me'? But how can those who are without them 'search the Scriptures' unless we put them into their possession? Subscriptions or donations may be sent by cheque or P.O.O. direct to Miss J. de Broen, 3, Rue Clavel, Belleville, Paris; or to Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, London." We cordially commend this work to the notice and support of our

NOT NAVVIES, BUT MEN-

"We are men, not navvies." So said one of that great army of labourers, now numbering 60,000 in our land, on whose work we all depend so largely for the necessaries and conveniences of our daily life for water supply, drainage, locomotion. There was a suggestive truth in these words, spoken in past days, when to be a navvy was to be almost an outcast, which has been realised by many Christian people in England now, and no navvy to-day has need to utter the simple but bitter protest. We heard lately, from the Dean of Ripon and others interested in this class of men, how much blessing has attended the navvy mission, instituted four years ago, for sending Scripture-readers to minister to their spiritual wants, and stirring up Christian care and sympathy for them in the various localities where their changeful lot is cast; how changeful is that lot we keenly realised when, one evening, at a navvies' tea-drinking, one of the guests told us that of eight children he had lost, no two graves were in one spot. There now exist twenty-four stations connected with this mission, and at many of these, local cooperation is cordially given by clergy and laity: not only in the holding of services and Bible-classes, but the establishment of night-schools and coffee-rooms, and the supply of temporal comforts. Last winter, a Norfolk clergyman, in whose parish a railway line was in construction, opened his kitchen every night at 3 A.M., for navvies who were working through the night, and gave them coffee, and read to them from the Bible.

"Business is bad with me," said the publican of the place, meeting the vicar. "I'd only two customers last night."

"It's brisk enough with me," replied the vicar; "I had thirty."

The Dean of Ripon, who took a very practical interest in the navvies, long before this most useful Mission Society was formed, pleaded earnestly for increased support in the work, both in the way of subscriptions and of personal effort on the part of Christians dwelling in the neighbourhood of navyy operations, and his plea was eloquently

enforced by his mention of the following fact:-In one large town in Yorkshire, where 800 men have been employed for ten years on a reservoir, no interest whatever has been shown in their welfare till this Society placed a Scripture-reader there in 1880; "and now, for want of help from the residents," said the Dean, "we have had to withdraw our grant, for the Society does not feel justified in bearing the entire expense of any single mission. But the missionary hitherto employed in this place, himself formerly a navvy, rather than give up his lowly ministry for Christ, has resumed his position as a navvy, and continues his missionary work among his mates gratuitously.' After working twelve hours a day for his bread, he attends the night-school every evening, and on Sunday is incessantly employed in conducting a Sunday-school and service. He also collects (himself also contributing) the weekly rent of the mission-room from those who avail themselves of it.

IN THE NORTH SEA

There is a very excellent, and by many an unsuspected work going on amongst the fishing fleet up in the North Sea. Our friends the Thanes Missionaries, not content with the employment in the river, follow the ships in their work, and catch many valuable lives far away at sea. There the preacher accosts them on their own ground, and passes from smack to smack reading, and distributing tracts, and as the opportunity offers holding a meeting for prayer. On one occasion the master of a vessel came and constrained the visitor to accompany him on board his smack. "You must come with me," said he, "for the blessed Lord has answered my prayer in sending you out to us. I have prayed for three days that the Lord would send some one to me to speak to my son, and now I thank God for sending you!" The preacher at once proceeded on board as requested, and was very kindly welcomed. We may believe that the visit was a success, and that the hearts he spoke to were softened. But it is very satisfactory to think that the men themselves are daily becoming more and more alive to the blessings the Thames Church and other Missions are conferring upon them by sending forth labourers to glean amongst those who are lawfully employed in gathering in the great harvest of the sea. The gifts of books are highly appreciated, and there are many vessels engaged upon the Dogger Bank, which do not possess even a Bible. When this prime need shall have been satisfied, a supply of illustrated books will be gladly welcomed. Any one can help, and send a message of goodwill to the fisherman toiling in the North Sea.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

1. Which of the Evangelists records the fact that Our Blessed Lord Himself was called a carpenter ℓ

2. Where was Dalmanutha situated?

Where was it that Sarah, the wife of Abraham, died?
 What place in Spain supplied the Ancients with silver plate?

5. Where is the word "chapt" applied to the ground, as signifying the cracks made therein by drought?

6. Show how Jeremiah enforced his teaching upon the people by illustrations from the events of daily life.

7. Where is the first mention made of the prophetic character of Abraham?

8. What outward sign of healing the sick did the Apostles use when they were sent out by Our Blessed Lord on their mission journey?

9. In the record of Our Lord's life as given by St. Mark, with what event does be commence?

10. At what place in Egypt did Jeremiah the prophet dwell during the sojourn of the people of Judah in that country?

"QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

SECOND LIST.

Being amounts received up to and including August 21, 1882.

	0	0 0	
Amount previously acknow- ledged	M. Bonner, Woodford Bridge 1 0 0	F. Shuttleworth, Macclesfield 0 5 3 Harry Sanuci, Highbury 2 0 0 E. L. Abbott, Holloway 0 5 0	E. R. W., Downham o 1 1
J. E. Andrew, Hanwell 0 9 0 R. Bradbury, Greenfield 0 11 0 Manchester 0 2 0	"Poor Widow," Belfast o 2 o A. E. Gapp, Ealing 1 1 o Miss Clutterbuck, New Maldon o 10 6	Mrs Horne, Norwood 2 10 0 Frances Chorley, Leeds 3 3 0 E. Page, Forest Hill 0 7 6 Phebe Garrod, Esher 0 7 1	Mary Agnew, Boundary Road o to 0 Maria Clarke, Ripon 0 11 5 Miss White, Ormagh 2 9 8
"A Life Saved" 0 5 0 E. A. Vickers, Ravenglass 0 8 9 Lucy Blackburn, Birkenhead 0 8 6	H. Prior, Stratford 0 10 0 Thos. Vann, New Brighton . 0 4 6 Isabella Mayes, S. Kensington 0 2 0	Miss Illman, Eltham	E. Davey, Hampton Court . 1 7 0
P. M. Abbott, Swansea 1 1 0	Frank Massey, Chester o 2 7 S. Williams, Prestatyn o 2 6 Mrs. Hammond, Norwood I o 6	Kate Raitt, Hampstead 0 10 6 M. F. Lees, Stamford	S. Fuller, Woodford
Win. Hannam, Newby Bridge o 5 o W. Macpherson, Glasgow o 7 6 Charlotte Soan, Surbiton Hill o 8 o	Emily Chapman, Ashford o 8 6 Caroline George, Brantham o 5 0 A Reader, Lincoln t 0 0	M.E.&J.R.Wightman, Mansfield 3 0 W. Rayner, Lower Norwood 0 13 0 Miss Reading, Sydenham 0 8 0 S. Emerson, Rochester 0 2 5	J. A Mayger, Northampton 1 10 0 M. M. Corless, Cape Town 1 5 0
Margaret Barrow, Swansea 1 0 0 E. Nene, Hampton Wick 0 5 0 Miss Haddrell, Bristol 0 5 0	Mirion Smith, Braunston 0 to 0 Florence Baker, Ealing 0 5 3	Willie Scott, Selkirk 0 9 0 R. B. Munro, Brigg 0 5 7 Anne Holloway, Maidstone . I 2 0 T. Bennett, Oakley Sq., N.W. 0 2 6	Katherine Eggar, Brighton 0 10 6 Elsie White, Pittenweem 0 9 4 A. Henwood, West Bromwich 0 7 5
E. Wilson, Gorebridge 1 0 0 Mrs. Brown, Gloucester 1 12 3 G. R. Hammond, Edmonton . 5 0 0	Mrs. Bullen, Chester 1 4 6	A. Lytle, Rathcoole 0 2 6 H. W. Turk, Park Lanc 0 1 6 H. A. C. Birchfield 0 5 10	Geo. Potter, Aldershot 111 6 Ellen Dew, Sandy 0 15 G. R. Jakeman, Plymouth . 0 12 6 W. Campbell Colquhoun, Crieff 1 0 6
P. and S. Hartnoll, Exeter o 7 o Lucy Barter, Calne o 14 7	A. Lytle, Rathcoole	C. Jones, Chislehurst 0 17 0	A. Enon, Gloucester
G. H. Mead, Devizes o 10 3 A. Finch, West Brompton o 5 0 Annie Holmes, Clifton o 10	M. C. Barker, Comberley 2 o o Geraldine McCay, Londonderry 1 5 o	Percy East, Pinilico 6 3 K. B. Sampson, Maidstone	H. B., St. James' o 5 0 S. Smith, Brighton o 7 0 Rose Broomfield Southampton o 9 0
F. Robinson, Bodfair 1 1 0 Eliza Robinson, Bodfair 1 1 0 Sarah Saul, Milnthorpe 1 15 0	E. Askew, Huntingdon 5 0 0 Mary Peters, Barnet 1 0 0	Mary Cammarcher, Clapton o 15 6 Stephen Thomas, Swansea o 1 7 E. Coomber, Tunbridge Wells 3 0 0 John Milne, St. Helens o 6	E. Mills, Newton Abbott
J. A. and I. F., Falkirk 0 5 0 A. M. Fuller, Surbiton 1 to 0 Charlie Barton, Battle 0 6 0	F. Woodward, Folkestone 0 5 0 A Hopewell, Croydon 0 7 0 May & Lettie Willmott, Ilford 0 15	Marian Clark, Ealing 0 to 0 C.Noble & B Royle, Southgate 1 5 2	E.B.&E.C.Muntz, Umberslade 0 9 5 Martha Tucker, Gatesbead 1 4 6 Mary Ann Thompson, Hersham 0 6 0
A. B., Mariborough o 1 o	H. Heath, Greenbithe o 6 6 Frankie, Leice-ter o 8 7	W. H. Clarke, Bruton 0 to o.	Mrs. Bolton, Calcutta · · · 7 4 7

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A NEW FIELD FOR MISSION CULTURE.

LGERIA has of late occupied a large place in the public mind. Frenchmen, especially, have had reason to turn their attention to their North African province with painful interest. Resistance to French rule has manifested itself in various

forms; and what the arms of the Arabs have failed to do, has been accomplished by snow, exposure, hardship, and want; for, in following a desert people to their fastnesses, it must always be remembered that the civilised pursuers get the worst of it, seeing that they are completely at the mercy of hidden foes, natural hardships incident to a desert country, and unlooked-for ambuscades. Algiers, the capital, is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the side of a mountain facing the The houses are coloured white, and rise in terraces, one above another, so presenting a most picturesque appearance from the sea. The roofs are flat, like those of all Arab houses, and are used as terraces and gardens by the inhabitants, earth being spread over some of them for this pur-The streets present the usual appearance of Eastern thoroughfares. They are crooked, narrow, and dark, being hemmed in by high buildings and old houses, as well as shops. The streets are crowded with passengers of many nationalities-Mussulmans, Jews, Turks, Arabs, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, jostle one another in the streets, and present curious contrasts between Oldworld fatalism and inertness, and New-world energy and civilisation. The city is spreading over much of the adjoining country. Villas and suburbs are being formed, and adorned by fountains and rivulets; for, as in all hot countries, the gift of cold water, whether by fountains or by cups, is accounted the most precious. Under the French rule, commerce is flourishing, human life is respected, and secular education is beginning to be introduced.

Algeria is bounded on the south by the great Sahara, and is intersected by mountain ranges and precipitous hills, overlooking rich and verdant valleys. In these valleys are to be found fruit trees of every description. Oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, and dates abound; while the plains are in some parts devoted to the culture of roses. It is said that the mineral wealth of the country is very large; while the climate and soil are such, that there is a probability of an agricultural mission being founded, in order to combine material benefit with spiritual instruction. It is confidently believed by those who know the country and people, that such a mission would be self-supporting in a parameter as a fine.

ing in a very short space of time.

This mission is intended chiefly for the Kabyles, who are really the aborigines of Algeria. Moors, Turks, Berbers, and negroes, are races which have effected settlements in the land by means of emigration, warfare, slavery, or conquest. The Kabyles, although subject to the Arabs for long years, are a fine race, physically and mentally. They inhabit the table-lands of the country, as well as the mountain villages, rearing cattle, cultivating wheat and fruit, and developing various arts; albeit, they are brave warriors, and can defend themselves against all comers. Since the French became masters of Algeria, the Roman Catholics have, here and there, established schools and seminaries for the training of native missionaries for the interior; but Protestant fervour has not yet, with the exception of the little effort treated of in this paper, planted missions among the people. Yet Northern Africa has occupied no mean position as regards Its churches and bishops have been renowned for their faithfulness and earnest work. Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine were among its bishops; while its churches professed the purest faith in those primitive days. Probably, the Christian faith degenerated until the substance became obscured in the shadow, and the creed lost in the superstition; but it was not until the time of the Saracenic invasion that the Mohammedan creed was introduced among them. Still, to this day, they observe the Koran only partially, as they believe that some portions of the volume were intended specially for people of other countries. The result is that the people are sunk in the deepest religious ignorance: superstition takes the place of true faith, and not a single Protestant missionary can be found among them.

Yet this country is only about four days' distance from England. It is not an unknown land to Englishmen, for its beautiful climate attracts many a consumptive one, whose days would be shortened speedily at home; and sets up thousands of weak-chested individuals. A two-days' trip to Marseilles, and another two-days' sail to Algiers, across the blue Mediterranean, brings the visitor to the country, and lands him in the midst of a thoroughly interesting people. One of these visitors-Mr. H. Grattan Guinness-after paying a visit to Algeria some two or three years since, was so impressed by the need of Christian labour among the people, that he cast about earnestly for means and agencies calculated to carry on evangelistic work. As he pondered, it seemed to him that this would be best accomplished by means of a self-supporting mission.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pearse were chosen to go out to Algeria at first on a mission of exploration.

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In their report they say, "We crossed the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Philipville, not far from Hippo, where St. Augustine was bishop in a.d. 300, and where he wrote his 'Confessions' and 'City of God.' Here we are, right in Constantine, transported from the gay city of Paris, right among the swarthy Arabs. They come up from the desert, and herd awhile on their camels, mules, or donkeys. On our way we saw the black tents of Kedar—the shepherd calling his sheep—Rebekah at the well—Bartimæus with the cloak, begging—all is Eastern in its aspect, and one enjoys Scripture so much on this account. Here, twenty centuries look down upon us. Marius and Jacobus were martyred in 289; an inscription on the face of the rock records this!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pearse made their way steadily among the people, visiting fairs, markets, villages, towns, distributing tracts in Arabic, Hebrew, and other languages, to the varied members of the assemblages with which they came in contact. The Kabyles were in almost every case distinguished by quiet dignity, gentle manners, and a desire to learn. They received the books very thankfully, and asked many questions respecting the new faith. In their domestic life they are remarkable for intelligence, kindly feeling, industry, hospitality, and attachment to their families. A Kabyle has but one wife, and is fond of his children. There is nothing like savagery or debasement of life and custom among them, although they are half-clad, and destitute of the Bible. They are very gentle and teachable, and much attached to home, friends, and country. In most places, as the work of tract distribution went on, some one or more of the young men were found able to read, in consequence of the establishment of schools by the French; and these, gathering crowds round them, would read out the contents of the printed pages, to the great delight of the listeners. After some months spent in this way, Mr. and Mrs. Pearse record their conviction that Kabylia presents a most inviting field for Christian missions, the climate being fine, and provisions cheap, while a whole people are waiting expectantly for the Word of Life.

It is when one comes to mingle with the people in their homes, that the real need of Christianity is seen and felt. With all their intelligence, gentleness, and attachment to their homes, the oppression and thraldom of pagan superstition rests, as usual in Eastern lands, upon the women. They are remarkably good-looking, and in some cases very handsome, but they are the burden-bearers of the family. They perform many outdoor labours, which are really more suited to men, in addition to their household duties. A recent traveller says: "A wife is purchased at about the same price that would be given for a good mule, say 300 francs. She is no companion for her

husband; his place of resort is the djemna, a kind of public club-room at the entrance of the village, fitted with stone seats all round it, where the men meet to rest, and to discuss the affairs of the village world. Not only the husband, but the sons often tyrannise over the mother. I saw the sister of my Kabyle guide and interpreter, of the tribe of the Beni Raten, a beautiful young woman of eighteen, who on her marriage went to live under the roof of her father-in-law, but she had been divorced and sent home to her mother, because a new stepmother disliked her, and compelled her husband to send her away. Divorce is always lamentably easy amongst any Mohammedan people."

A young French married lady, possessing the love of Christ and of her kind, resided among these Kabyle women for about two years, until sudden death caught her away to the Master's more immediate presence. She went among them as a nurse, instructor, friend, and guide, seeking to raise them in the social sphere, and teaching them their duties in the several stations, as well as sowing the seeds of Christian instruction. On her death, mourning overspread the entire tribe;

but her memory is still fragrant.

A Kabyle home consists of a stone-built house, roofed with red tiles, and a court outside bounded by stone seats and a wall. The interior of the house is divided by a stone wall, the larger division of the space being reserved for the family, and the smaller for the animals. A hole in the floor serves for the fire-place, while the smoke finds its way out through the roof as best it can. The men wear the usual Arab dress, while the women dress in loose flowing garments, and turbans, or coloured handkerchiefs for the head. They also display much ornament, according to their means and number of sons. The mother of one son is allowed to wear one brooch, while the mother of several sons may wear several ornaments; the custom of the tribe being to render honour in this way to mothers of sons.

As all their villages are built on the summits of hills, the labour of obtaining water falls very heavily on the women. They are compelled to go considerable distances to obtain it, and after descending to the rivers and springs, to ascend to their mountain homes, bearing heavy waterpots full of the precious liquid on their heads.

Mr. E. H. Glenny, of Barking, was also despatched to Kabylia on a mission of inquiry, more especially with the view of establishing an agricultural mission, and to examine into the prospects of mission-work when conducted in connection with agriculture. There can be no question that such a mission would be the means of imparting both spiritual and temporal good to the people, while its produce would go far to defray the expenses of the mission itself. Mr. Glenny received the most cordial hospitality among the

people, as far as their resources permitted. They provided him with food and lodgings, although the latter were sometimes objectionable on account of the proximity of the animal members of the homestead. Beef, potatoes, and wine were supplied liberally, and "although knives, forks, and plates were out of the question, kindness and true courtesy made up for the defects." He states that every encouragement would be given to a few earnest married missionaries to found a mission-colony, so as to teach the young Kabyles to farm the land, and to work among them as Christian teachers, One of the Kabyles has promised to give a half acre of land, beside putting up a four-roomed cottage in European style at a cheap rate. As the site of this station is in a large village, having a good weekly market, and near some beautiful springs, it is evident that here is an opening which should not be despised.

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Not only would the natives of the country be benefited by earnest missionary work, but the colonists themselves. Many thousands of people have gone from Alsace and Lorraine, to enter upon lands confiscated by the French Government.

Others are going out there, seeing that by a recent decree 300 new villages are to be formed, and colonised by French settlers. Few French pastors are to be found among the people, consequently spiritual darkness and ignorance prevail in their midst to an alarming extent. Provided colporteurs were sent out to circulate the Bible, printed in the Arabic language, there is no doubt that large results of a highly favourable nature might be secured. The Arabic language is the sacred one of the Mahommedans; all their sacred books are printed in it, and a portion of Holy Writ presented, or sold to them, in that tongue would be read with reverence, as part of the Holy oracles. In this way the Bible might find its way across the desert, among the tribes of Central Africa, and scatter abroad in the dark corners of that part of the earth the knowledge of the salvation by Christ. This reason may be added to the beforementioned facts respecting the Kabyles, to strengthen the plea for the establishment of missions among them. Mr. E. H. Glenny, of Rippleside, Barking, Essex, will gladly receive any contributions in aid of this mission.

EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.



HE next morning three letters, addressed to John Waterhouse, Esq., lay in the coffeeroom of the Langham Hotel, awaiting the arrival of their owner. He came down to them and to his breakfast rather late: not that he objected to rising early, but that he ob-

jected more strongly to having a long day before him in which to do nothing.

The first letter he took up was from a lady, as was evident no less from the dainty note-paper and monogram, than from its feminine caligraphy. It contained a formal invitation to dinner, and was tossed aside very carelessly. The second and third were business letters—a foreign one from a Cape agent,

concerning the sale of an ostrich farm, for which he had at present failed in finding a purchaser; and one bearing the heading, "James Carlton and Sons, Private Enquiry Office," This last ran as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—We have made inquiries as per your favour of the 15th ult. in the village of Little Carpeton, Bucks, and the neighbourhood, and also in Liverpool, where Mr. Richard Waterhouse appears to have resided for some years before leaving England for the United States. In Liverpool we learned from a Mrs. Maria Thomson (née Buckley), who was for some years in the said gentleman's service, that tidings had been conveyed to her in 1862 from America of her former master's decease, without issue, and of a small legacy left to her by the same.—Awaiting further instructions, we are, Sir, your obedient Servants,

This letter obviously displeased the recipient, for a cloud overcast his face as he read, and he threw down the letter in evident disgust. In its light, the communication from the Cape assumed new importance, and was re-read, for the owner of the ostrich farm began to re-consider the question of its sale, and to regard a semi-barbarous existence in the hunting-grounds of South Africa as a possible refuge from the disappointments which had awaited him in England. They were not, indeed, disappointments which would have embittered existence for young men in general, but Waterhouse's history had made him to differ in certain leading features from

the generality of men. He was the only son of a Cape merchant, a man who had started in life with small prospects and had died one of the richest men in the colony. His mother, a Dutchwoman, had died at his birth, and his father had not married again. John, having sucked in the educational nutriment which Cape Town afforded, was, at the age of sixteen, sent to Europe to do what he could in five years, spent partly at Cambridge and partly in travelling. For longer than five years his father could not spare him, and I am not sure that there were not some tears shed on either side at parting, though Mr. Waterhouse, senior, was, at that time, a middle-aged man, of prosaic bent, and an aspect as of one of his own hides. But, whatever the surface he presented to the world in general, he was capable of inspiring his son with extraordinary attachment, for though John was no milksop, and though he got through his five years in rather free-and-easy fashion, with considerable satisfaction to himself, but perhaps rather less to his tutors, it is nevertheless true that, through out, he regarded the period as an interval to be got through, at the end of which he should re-assume the condition which made life worth living-that of sharing it with his father. And whether he was studying, as sometimes was the case, or enjoying himself, as perhaps was so oftener, the idea of omitting his weekly letter to his father never even occurred to him.

In time for his twenty-first birthday he returned to the Cape, and had there spent the following eight years contentedly enough, without following any profession beyond that of being to his father secretary, confidant, and aide-de-camp generally. It was an existence full of varied and healthy activity, whether at the Diamond Fields, on the ostrich farms, or in whatever direction his father's keen enterprise had pushed its way, and it would have been interesting and singular to observe this young bright life absorbed into that of the dusty travel-stained old merchant, without any question of sacrifice given or received.

And now John Waterhouse, the son, was the only one of the name. His father had died on the eve of carrying out his intention of realising his property, and coming with his son to end his days in the old country. That son was in England alone, and therein lay the sting for him. He was not without acquaintance after three months in England, for a honeyed flower will naturally attract the bees; and Waterhouse had made some few friends during his sojourn in the country as a boy, with whom he had anticipated with some pleasure the renewal of acquaintance. But in each case he had found some blank, some failure. In eight years friends will grow apart in circumstances, tastes, thoughts. Waterhouse found his place filled up, as we find an impression made in sand, and that he would have to thrust himself in afresh, or he found a development of the boy of eight years ago with which he felt no inclination to acquaint himself. Of relations in this country he knew of none, with the exception of a certain cousin of his father's, who had for many years been lost sight of. Towards this cousin and the possible relationships which his existence might have gathered to itself, his imagination had been constantly turning, Especially did he dream of sweet girl cousins and a motherly English matron; for Waterhouse had never known what it was to have the ties of relationship with any woman, and the instincts of his warmblooded home-loving nature had gone to the creation of an ideal, conceived with the energetic enthusiasm of inexperience. But of the cousin and his imaginary family he had been able to find no trace, and now this morning had come the final crash of his breaking glass.

He consumed his coffee and eggs abstractedly, questioning gloomily the while whether, in the absence of all conditions which could make existence worth having, the Cape did not offer a better substitute for happiness than the old country. His favourite project of buying land in the immediate neighbourhood of his cousins, and of settling down to farm it, seemed suddenly to have become as unsubstantial as that dream-family itself.

Breakfast over, he walked up and down the room, of which he happened to be the only occupant, with his hands in his pockets. Finally he went to the window, and stood there frowning, and looking out, at first without seeing anything. But having at bottom a wholesome outward-working nature, he speedily found his attention diverted from his grievances by the spectacle of two urchins playing at leap-frog, and from that he passed to observation of the weather, and to the desire to get out into the open air.

It was natural also that the aspect of the morning should suggest the fog of yesterday, and with that his mind recurred to the image of the damsel whom, like a knight of old, he had rescued from misfortune. That same image had usurped a very large portion of his mental retina since the adventure, and had only been dispossessed by the news of that morning. She by no means corresponded to his ideal of womanhood, which was of the calm-eyed, majestic, yet tender sort, fit for a pedestal. But the apparition of that small quick gay-tempered girl, with the flashing eyes, had left him with an intimate regret, a searching pang that she was not his sister or his cousin, that he could make no claim upon her friendliness, that he should never hear her laugh or find himself in her curiously-animating presence again.

When he got out of the hotel he paused irresolutely for a moment. He had nothing to do, nowhere in particular to go. But an idea striking him, he started off energetically. It had occurred to him in connection with that persistent image that he had never explored those northern regions in which Barbara Street was situated, and as he had explored S., E., and W., what could he do better than extend his knowledge of London in that direction?

Traversing Regent Street, however, another idea struck him. Wouldn't it be a happy thought to send that little girl a present? A pleasant curve came

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but had obviously purchased these; besides, he knew enough of the subject to be aware that here he might make a mistake. A bonnet would be open to the



"'I don't compare this room to a Kaffir hut," -p. 71.

into the lines of his mouth. She was very poor and shabby; and, though, doubtless, proud, her pride could not be offended, since she would never know from whom the present came. But what should it be? Jewellery would be quite unsuitable. He recalled the conversation. She had spoken of dresses,

same objection. These articles of attire disposed of, what was left? Obviously, a shawl. He turned into a shop apparently offering the necessary qualifications, and asked for these wares—the handsomest articles producible.

"Certainly, sir. Is it something light, or a warm

wrap, did you want, sir? How would you like something Indian?"

This was puzzling, so Waterhouse explained that he wanted something suitable and handsome for a young lady to wear in the street. Then, surely, the gentleman would prefer a cloak or a jacket. The gentleman would prefer whatever was most recommended. So the sympathising young lady recommended sealskin, and showed him specimens. Waterhouse approved of the appearance, but questioned, "Now, is this the best kind of thing a lady can wear?" and, being assured, with evident surprise at his ignorance, that it was so, he professed himself satisfied, and, as to the size, gave it as his opinion that the lady was, he should say, about five feet two in height, and small in proportion. Then it occurred to him that he did not know the young lady's name, though he knew the address, and that it might be appropriated by the wrong sister. However, this little difficulty only whetted his interest in the matter, as it would give him an object in his walk; he would win the information somehow or other.

So giving orders for the jacket to be put on one side to await further instructions, he set out for Lowerbury, and having seen many interesting sights by the way, and enjoying the exercise in the morning air as only young blood can do, he at last found himself entering Barbara Street. What a dingy place it was for that bright girl to live in, he remarked to himself, with something like indignation on her be half. It was of the worst London type of street. No little slips of garden in front of the houses, no, not one tree broke the monotonous yellow-brick ugliness. Little suburban urchins trundling their hoops on the pavements, slatternly servants scrubbing their doorsteps, the butcher-boys crying "Meat" down the areas; this was the outlook Barbara Street afforded. "It was a positively loathsome haunt," said Waterhouse to himself. What was it at that moment that made him, as he came in sight of No. 47, stop dead on the pavement where he stood? He was struck with so altogether novel and titillating an idea that he chuckled audibly. But it required a moment's consideration. That moment given, he walked boldly up to the door, and knocked. Now this quite unforeseen proceeding was occasioned by the reading of the familiar legend, "Apartments," in the window, as he supposed, of the house in question. Had he taken a more careful survey of the surroundings, he would have discovered that that window was on the wrong side of the door of No. 47, and therefore must belong to the next house. His confidence, after his resounding rap-a-tap-tap, would not in that case have remained so serene.

Inside the house there was some scuttling to be heard. Visitors were never expected in that house, and in the morning such a thing was unheard of. Still, one of the family was always kept ready to present herself, innocent of aprons and working gowns, for Sarah was never allowed to attend the front door until some far-removed section of the day,

when she was "eleaned." Her appearance was not to be depended on at any earlier period. This morning the victim thus immolated on the altar of the proprieties chanced to be Grace. She opened the door to—amazement! The stranger was confused, as he well might be, seeing that it was plainly evidenced in Grace's stiff little greeting and unsmilling face that she considered he had taken a liberty. But he had his refuge.

"I hope you took no harm yesterday," he began; but the fact is, that was not what I called about. I see that you have rooms to let, and I thought they would suit me."

No gleam of fun sparkled from Grace's serious orbs, though under considerable provocation, as she replied—

"Oh, no, you have mistaken the house. You must apply next door. They do let rooms at No. 45. And I took no harm at all, thanks to your kindness."

Waterhouse, seeing no opening for further speech, raised his hat and turned to depart, feeling rather small. But he was suddenly recalled.

"Will you kindly wait a minute?" said Grace, in a changed and eager tone. "Come in, if you please,"

Waterhouse now found himself inside the house, from which he had just felt himself finally shut out, He was ushered to an up-stairs drawing-room, and requested to sit down, and then Grace disappeared, saying that she would fetch her mother. Waterhouse, left alone, found himself considerably amused, but also rather disgusted, with the change he found in Grace, who was certainly no longer the friendly, pleasant creature she had appeared the day before. But if the change was due to what she might have considered his impertinence in calling, it would soon pass away. He examined his surroundings, and discovered that he could make himself quite comfortable if that was to be his room. It was a fair size, and that was the important point, and, in addition, there was no superfluity of nick-nacks scattered about which a man could knock over and break on occasion. Happily, his necessities had not been developed as far as dados and tones of colour. There was also plenty of light, the room having two long windows, which were comfortably draped with red curtains, the darns in which escaped Waterhouse's masculine observation. He walked up to one of the windows and looked out into the street, which he had previously, and only a few minutes ago, stigmatised as a "loathsome haunt." Seen with a foreground of red curtain and glossy evergreens, which stood in pots on the window-sill, he imagined that it did not look so bad—the reality being that he was no longer looking at it neutrally, as an isolated object for observation. It had already become part of that scenery which is invoven with our personal action, and takes its colour from it, Barbara Street was now merely a frame for that pleasant picture of domestic comfort in which he already conceived himself figuring.

In the meantime Grace, having found her mother,

had drawn her into an unoccupied room and shut the door.

"Now, mother," she said, upon that, "our lodger is come."

"Our lodger! What do you mean, child?"

"I mean that I have got our lodger up-stairs in the drawing-room, hard and fast, with the door shut on him."

"Really, Grace, what a delight you take in mystifying one!"

"There is no mystification in it. You know you admitted only last week that if we could hear of somebody without publishing our shame on the house-tops, it would be an admirable thing to let our drawing-room floor. Well, a gentleman has rushed into our very arms, decoyed by the people next door, and I have secured him."

"A gentleman! No, Grace; that I could never consent to. I said if we could meet with a lady,

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"My dearest mother, my gentleman would bear off the palm from your lady at a thousand points. He will be much less trouble—that is always understood—and will probably dine in town. And we can keep him at a distance, and he won't be always poking his nose into our concerns, as lady lodgers do. Then he has plenty of money, and will pay well; and you know how badly we want a carpet; and, only think! you could take Kitty to the seaside in the summer, and she does look so thin and pale."

Grace did not see signs of wavering to the extent she wished in her mother's face, so she altered her tone to one more serious, and almost reproachful. She looked at her mother gravely, and said—

"You owe this to us, mother."

The tone or the words had a great effect upon Mrs. Norris. She began to look distressed and painfully uncertain.

"We have no one to disgrace or to annoy," continued Grace, pursuing her advantage, "and all I ask is that you will let us try it."

"But how will you manage the work, my dear?"
"Leave that to me," said Grace; and, tucking her

mother's hand under her arm, she said, "Come upstairs, and make the bargain with him, dear."

She added, just as they reached the drawing-room door, in a very matter-of-course tone—

"It is the same gentleman who brought me home vesterday."

Mrs. Norris was startled, and would have drawn back, to review the position in the new light thus cast upon it: but her artful daughter, almost as she spoke, opened wide the drawing-room door, and thus cut off retreat.

Waterhouse rose, and bowed. His landlady-to-be was certainly a very dignified-looking person; but so much the better—he would like the whole family to be admirable.

With a grave bend of the head, Mrs. Norris said—"Pray be seated."

She also sat, and Grace, too, near her; the latter

with an anxious little fold in her forehead. Mrs. Norris, however, looked quite placid and calm, and began in a tone which showed her to be mistress of the situation. To betray any vacillation or agitation in the presence of the stranger would be to compromise her dignity, and that was an experience quite foreign to her.

"I have not been in the habit of letting rooms," said she, "but I should not be unwilling to do so, I suppose you would have no objection to the exchange of references?"

"Certainly not. Here is my card, and I will write the address of my bankers on the back,"

"This is the sitting-room you would occupy, and the bed-room is at the back. There is another small room on the same floor, which you could use in any way you please."

Waterhouse bowed.

"As to terms-should you dine at home?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Waterhouse, puzzled.
"I don't quite know where else I could dine; but," he added, hastily, fancying he observed a slight cloud pass over the lady's face, "I should be often out. I belong to a club, and I have a good many acquaintances in London."

Waterhouse did not perceive that he had entirely dissipated the cloud by this speech. Mrs. Norris, in whose mind observations of his manner and appearance in combination with these latter remarks caused considerable misgiving, now said—

"I fear you are accustomed to better attendance and a different style of establishment from ours, and I really think it will be wiser for me to say at once that I do not think you would be comfortable here."

Waterhouse laughed, good-humouredly.

"I can assure you you are quite mistaken. I have been used to all kinds of establishments, down to a bullock wagon and a Kaffir hut, and I am not sure that I don't prefer cooking my own food and roughing it generally to what's ordinarily considered more comfortable. However, I don't compare this room to a Kaffir hut. What's the matter with it? It seems to me very comfortable."

Waterhouse, who had hardly dared to steal more than a glance at Grace, with the sealskin jacket on his conscience, and her very chilling demureness before his eyes, now caught a glimpse of fun in her eyes which considerably encouraged him. But it was Mrs. Norris who spoke.

"I was not so much afraid that the rooms would not suit you, but that our one servant would not be able to give you the necessary attendance."

Here Grace, unable longer to restrain herself, interposed, with a gravely judicial air—

"But, mother, if Mr. Waterhouse thinks otherwise, a trial might at any rate be made."

She longed to throw in the weight of a reassuring nod to her mother, but that was impossible. The slightest little gesture with her eyelids was the utmost sign permissible. Even that fine demonstration was not, had she known it, lost upon the stranger, who mentally recorded the fact that Grace had stepped in on his behalf.

" Certainly I think so," he said, with a bow toward Grace.

"As to terms then," said Mrs. Norris, who had been going through a rapid calculation and comparison with her neighbours; "I think perhaps a guinea a week——"

"That I am convinced would be too low; I should not think of taking the rooms under two," said Waterhouse, energetically, who had mentally resolved to pay double whatever sum Mrs. Norris should mention.

Again Grace's self-control did not prevent an exhibition of feeling. She blushed. It was a startling idea, that of receiving two guineas weekly into the household exchequer. Obviously, however, the generous arrangement could not be accepted without demur. Mrs. Norris said that two guineas was too large a sum. Mr. Waterhouse upon that went into a sort of good-humoured rage.

"Upon my honour," he said, "the rooms will be worth that to me, and it would be unfair to pay less. I shall give a great deal of trouble—not a doubt of

it."

There was now nothing left to do but to fix the date of taking possession, and to show the stranger out. After which, Grace flew about the house as on wings, and gave vent to her feelings in many a quip and crank and wreathëd smile.

CHAPTER V.

MISS DENSTON did not see Hester that evening. The next morning, as she sat at her window in order to gain what benefit she might from the gleams of wintry sun that found entrance there, she saw Grace and her mother come out of No. 47, and go up the street together. Miss Denston had the microscopic sight which results from long confinement to a circumscribed space, and she deduced from certain small differences in attire, and from the fact that they walked away from the direction of the shops, that the two were bent on an expedition by rail. fore she felt she might expect a visit from Hester before very long; and the expectation helped her to get through the long lonely morning. Miss Denston's nature was not one that held many possibilities of nobleness; nevertheless, it had some tragic elements which were none the less tragic because they were not extraordinary. She had by nature faculties and eravings for enjoyment of passionate force; and her life had for long past been mere deprivation. Many years before, her family had been ruined by the failure of a provincial bank, and she and her brothers had fallen from present luxury and good prospects to penury and dependence upon their own exertions. She had quarrelled with her elder brother, and now lived entirely with the younger, eking out his small salary as lawyer's clerk with the earnings of her pen.

She had once been a fascinating girl, and in those days had been brilliantly gay; but ill-health, poverty, and loneliness had found her defenceless, and robbed her of all her high spirits. Hester's young vigour and tenderness had come as new life to her, had absorbed them as greedily as a sun-scorched plant drinks in the dew. She had a hundred tentacles to grasp the girl with, and she had put out one here and one there till she held her fast and close. It was not done of deliberate calculation, but was rather the fruit of a passionate instinct. But instinct has a cunning superior to that of calculation; and it was with means finely adapted to their ends, and by a process imperceptibly advancing and encroaching, that the present result had been won. It must be added also that Hester had met her half way. The girl was in that half-questioning, half-rebelling, but altogether morbid stage of growth which often accompanies the waking-up from the child's all-accepting acquiescence of its environment. At this point she was met by a strong influence, which at once drew her wavering will. At first, Miss Denston was content to merely attract; and for this purpose drew a veil of reserve around her, which should kindle curiosity and deepen awe, like a curtain hanging before some sacred shrine. She encouraged the girl to talk to her by delicate touches of comprehending sympathy, so delicate that Hester was never startled into consciousness of disloyalty to her friends, and had only of late gradually awaked to that consciousness. And she had not, during the earlier stages of the intimacy, allowed Hester to perceive how eagerly she was longed for, and how urgently needed, but had fostered the girl's young reverence for the friend, who from so far above her stooped to give the boon of her friendship. Then was tied the last knot in the cords, by the revealing of her own clinging dependence on Hester's love and services. So that by her generosity, her vanity, her craving for sympathy, and her youthful hero-worship, Hester was bound as by cords to the altar.

It was late afternoon before Miss Denston's expectations were fulfilled. She was sitting by her fire in the twilight when she heard the well-known sound of the opening and shutting of the door across the way. Hester came in, looking pale and calm, as usual, and after greeting her friend, sat down by her side, and relapsed into silence.

"I had hoped to see you before, dearest," said Miss Denston; "was I not right in concluding that your mother and Grace have been out to-day?"

"Yes," replied Hester, looking away from her friend,

"There is something the matter," said Miss Denston, softly, and laid her hand upon Hester's.

She had perceived several times of late signs of a self-repression in the girl, which was as new as it was unwelcome, but she felt that when she chose to exert it, her power to overcome that reserve would be irresistible. The effect of her slight expression of sympathy did not tend to the shaking of this conviction. Hester, after a momentary struggling with great agitation, burst into tears, and sobbed unrestrainedly. Miss Denston merely tightened the clasp of her hand, and waited in silence. At last she said, in a gently reproachful tone—

"Why did you not come to me sooner?"

"Because I feared I should break down, and tell you all I had resolved I would not." Hester, smiling through her tears, looked up at Miss Denston. "What is it about you makes me cry when I come to you? However strong I may feel at home, I always find myself weak when I get here."

"It is the constraint of love, dearest. Did I not feel that I could trust your love to prevent such

treason, I should feel sorely hurt."

"I should not think you could feel hurt, Georgie, after the exhibition I have made of myself to-day. But do you think it would be treason to keep from expressing to you some of my unhappy discontented feelings?"

"Assuredly I do. Friendship has been defined to be one soul in two bodies. Therefore, should we not each expect that the other will lay bare all her inner experience?"

Hester looked up gratefully.

"It is so good of you to feel all that for me. And now, since you think like that, I must make a confession to you. Do you know, I have lately been feeling it treason—not to keep things back from you, as your feeling would have been, but to speak slightingly or complainingly of my home people to you, who are a comparative stranger. Oh! do not look so pained, dear Georgie! I do not mean a stranger, except in the sense that I have known you so short a time; and, therefore, however much I love you, I cannot owe you so much as I do those who have lived with me all my life."

Miss Denston's brow had, while Hester spoke, gathered a frown, not so much of anger as of pain, and the hand which Hester held grew lax, and trembled. She did not speak for a moment; then she said—

"I do not think you know how much you have hurt me, Hester. I thought I had the love of one human being—I believed that."

Hester threw herself on her knees before her friend, and clasped both her hands firmly in her own.

"So you have, Georgie—you have, indeed. What have I said to hurt you so? I must be a brute! Oh! do tell me!"

Miss Denston tried to take her hands away. She looked very pale.

"If I loved any one, Hester, as you have professed to love me," she said, "the mere ties of relationship the accidental juxtaposition of circumstance, compared with the sacred affinity of nature, by which one soul is drawn to another—would be trifles light as air."

Miss Denston's tones were so impressive, her eyes so solemn, that Hester felt a certain sense of oppression. She seemed in the grasp of something awful and inevitable, but whether for good or for evil her mind was not calm enough to consider. The two looked at each other, and Miss Denston's eyes fascinated her, shining, as they did, out of the dark, for the room was only lighted by the fire.

Suddenly Miss Denston took her by the shoulders with a nervous grasp. Hester was doubly alarmed—vaguely on her own account, and more definitely for her friend; for she was apprehensive that this agitation would end in one of the attacks of faintness from which Miss Denston suffered. She felt an impulse to jump up, and light the lamp, but at the same time she felt unable to move.

"Hester, Hester!" broke from Miss Denston.
"They have been trying to take you from me."

"No, indeed, Georgie; nor would I let them."

"You promise that?"

"Of course I do, dear. How can you think such a thing? I am afraid you are ill. Do let me get you some sal-volatile."

"No, no; not until you tell me again that you love me better than any one else in the world."

Hester felt an odd constriction at the heart. It was true that she had more than once, in moments of emotion, declared she loved her friend better than all the world beside; but for some reason she felt a distinct repugnance to asseverating it now, in answer to a question asked so solemnly. Yet how could she hesitate, or, indeed, why should she?

"You know I do."

"And promise me again that you will never desert me—that you will always cleave to me, your spiritual friend, instead of to those with whom you have only the material ties of blood."

"What do you mean, Georgie? you know I could never desert you, and never will."

Miss Denston relaxed her grasp of Hester's shoulders, and sank back in her chair, looking exhausted, and so white, that Hester, full of compunction and alarm, lost sight of her personal feelings in the effort to soothe and restore her. She fetched salvolatile and eau de Cologne, and applied these restoratives, together with loving words and caresses. But Miss Denston's agitation, of which Hester had not seen the like in her friend before, was over. Her face even wore a smile, weary but triumphant. As Hester hovered near her, she perceived the girl was looking pale and distressed, and as she felt that Hester must not be allowed to go home with a painful impression remaining on her mind, she smiled more cheerfully, and bade her sit down again.

"I shall not be ill, my dear. It is all over now. I am afraid I frightened you. But you see how much I love you when the thought of losing you is so intolerable. Do you know that line of the poet, 'Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea?' That experience would be too painful for me to bear. But come, let us resume our talk. My Hester will tell me all she has had to trouble her?"

"Since you think it right, dear Georgie, I cannot resist, for you know where my own wishes lead ne."

Hester was silent, gazing into the fire, and Miss Denston narrowly watched her.

"I suppose, dear, I can guess from what quarter

the pain comes?"

"No," said Hester, in a proudly indignant tone, "you cannot guess the new indignity and misery that has come upon us. It is intolerable. I feel as if I could not admit the fact to be true even to myself, and it is dreadful to speak of it. We are going to let lodgings to a gentleman."

"My dear Hester!"

"Yes, indeed it is so. It is the gentleman who brought Grace home in the feg the day before yesterday. He called yesterday morning. Kitty and I were at lessons in the dining-room, and I heard Grace ask some one in and show him into the drawingroom. By-and-by, mother went up, and when he was gone away they came to us to tell us of it, and make it appear as though it were mother's doing, which I am quite sure it was not. For why did Grace ask him in, in the first place, when she heard that he had made a mistake in the house, and why was she in the wildest spirits, and mother so anxious and disturbed?"

"What can be your sister's motive?"

"I do not know, I am sure ; but--- " Hester coloured and hesitated.

"Well, Hester, but what?"

"I do not like to speak ill of Grace. She is the best and kindest little sister; but there is a want of depth and feeling in her. She is all energy and gaiety, but I cannot help feeling that she is superficial. She sees this affair now, I believe, simply from the side of its fun and novelty. She cannot realise the social degradation and loss of dignity it involves."

"This is very sad for you, Hester, for no character could be so opposed to your own. The very delicacy of your perceptions and intensity of your feelings tend to sadden you, and the thoughtless gaiety of an irresponsible nature must jar on you fearfully. Surely your feelings would have weight with your mother; but I suppose there is an infatuation in that direction."

"Oh, Georgie, Georgie!" and Hester began to cry again, "do not speak of that. I have been so upset by something else to-day. I am so torn by conflicting feelings. I cannot but love Grace dearly, and yet I feel sometimes most bitterly against her. She is so charming and bright, everybody is fascinated by her. Sarah adores her, and so does Kitty; she follows her like a dog. And mother, oh, she is all the world to mother. I do not wonder at it-oh! no, for I am fascinated myself "-Hester gave a laugh, which ended in a sob-" but I do think it is hard that she should be the elder, and that mother should depend on her, and consult her, and I who, though I am not charming, may surely claim to have more gravity and depth, am left out of everything because I am six years younger. I am a great deal older than Grace in everything but years, and they treat me as though I were a child. And that is why I feel this affair so much. Why was not I consulted? We might have gone as governesses-that would have been far less degrading."

Hester poured out her complaints unhesitatingly now she had broken the ice, for the expression was an infinite relief, though it was not unaccompanied by a consciousness of Nemesis standing in the background. Miss Denston contented herself with an occasional gesture or word, which conveyed to Hester the impression of an atmosphere of sympathy, in which no word could fall coldly. The atmosphere was there, doubtless-so far Hester's impression answered to fact. She was not likely to divine that, as she poured out her troubles, Miss Denston was filled with a growing exultation rather than with responding affliction.

"Of course I know," continued Hester, "that we do not sink morally by it, and that goodness and self-respect, and so on, are the most important things; but there is something important besides which we ought to feel, or else we might as well go and be servants at once. Grace does not seem to possess that sense at all, but mother does. Only, of course, she is entirely guided by Grace. Now, today, see what they have done-it does distress and puzzle me so! Every now and then-about once in three months-they go off together without saying where they are going, and Kitty and I never know. They go in the morning, and do not come home till the afternoon."

"That is very strange, Hester; and if I were you I would find out the meaning of it."

"My pride would not let me try to do that, if they do not choose to tell me, Georgie; it is the want of confidence that distresses me."

Miss Denston sighed.

"Perhaps you are right, dearest; when you come to live with me, which I trust will some day be managed, now I have had your assurance that you would like it, we shall lead a life of perfect confidence and repose, each being at rest in the affection of the other. We shall then both of us escape the cold looks of misapprehension,'

This speech gave Hester a little shock, something like that of a cold bath which the bather is expecting to find warm-not so much painful as bewildering. She had certainly to her knowledge never given such an assurance. She could not all at once tell whether she was ready to do so. She did not know what to say; and in the meantime Miss Denston had resumed the discourse, so there was no need for her to say anything.

"You must not think, dear Hester, that you have a monopoly of these trials, Your position and mine are indeed wonderfully similar; alike in the misfortunes of poverty and the anomalous social position we hold, without friends or enjoyments, and each at present dependent for sympathy on people anti-

pathetic to ourselves."

"Your brother," said Hester, in a comprehending tone, and pressing Miss Denston's hand.

"Yes; though I believe conscientions, and in the main not unkindly disposed, he is, like your friends, not of my own kind. But come, my dear, we have had enough melancholy talk. Ring the bell, and we will have some tea."

Hester soon after parted from her friend and went home. Mrs. Norris and Grace had already returned; but the former, as was usual after these excursions, had retired to her room, and Grace was in attendance on her. By-and-by Grace came down looking pale and weary, and without the abandon of good spirits which had kept the household alive since the advent

of the prospective lodger.

"I have left mother to sleep," she said, taking possession of the rocking chair; "her head is aching very badly. Kitty, get me 'Through the Looking-glass'—that's all I'm equal to just now." Hester was seated in her mother's chair working and thinking, and her thoughts were far from pleasant ones. Now and then she glanced at her sister, and could not but be sorry to see a cloud on the usually bright face. She felt softened towards her with the reaction that generally follows the expression of resentment, and was just about to ask sympathetically whether her head did not ache, when she heard a ripple of amused laughter, and saw Grace's face again all gaiety and fun.

"Oh, this delightful book!" she exclaimed, observing Hester look up at her; "I could laugh at this on a desert island." Hester said nothing, and Grace was soon lost to a recollection of her presence in the funny and delightful world where she was wandering with Alice and the March hare. Hester saw this and watched her unconscious smile of amusement with a heart hardening against this sister, who showed a nature only capable of light impressions. By-and-by there was heard a single knock at the front door; it was the time of day when Sarah might be looked upon to open it, but Sarah had been sent out, so Kitty ran to do duty, and presently returned hugging a large parcel. The direction upon it was "Miss Grace Norris."

"What is it, Grace?" asked Kitty, not yet excited.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Grace, rising, but apparently taking but a languid interest in it. Kitty, however, had by this time cut the cord, and was prepared to go into hysterics of astonishment when at length were revealed the soft, deep, luxurious folds of a sealskin jacket.

"Well, whatever can be the meaning of this?" she exclaimed.

"I can satisfy your little mind as far as assuring you it is a mistake, but the how and the why thereof is a riddle I cannot read."

"Well, I don't see what can be the meaning of it," reiterated Kitty, holding up the jacket, and turning over and over the wrappings which had enfolded it.

"Hers not to question why, hers not to make reply, not though Grace Norris knew some one had blundered," said Grace, going back to her chair. "Then, Grace, you will wear it? Oh, fancy!"

"Really, Grace," interrupted Hester, "you have an opportunity now of putting into practice your views concerning anonymous good fortune."

The girls had a favourite topic of discussion as to whether they would accept or refuse a fortune if it were offered to them, as it had been to Pip in "Great Expectations." Hester had decided she would decline, Grace that she would accept, feeling a high-handed confidence in her power to avert evil destiny.

"I only wish I had the chance; but there certainly is no opening here. The messenger will be here before you can pack it up, Mustardseed, so I advise you

to be quick."

"I don't care," said Kitty; "I am sure it is not a mistake, for all you say. It could only be a mistake if there were two Grace Norrises, and that's impossible."

"Why, you silly child, what can it be but a mistake?" said Hester, who was a little addicted to

lecturing Kitty.

"And, what is more, I can guess who it comes from. I am nearly sure of it."

The sisters looked up astonished.

"Yes, I know you always think my opinions silly, but I am almost positive I'm right this time. Mr.—what's his name?—the lodger, has sent it to Grace for a present, and doesn't want her to know. He is evidently very rich and generous, and we don't know anybody else who is."

Hester said, "Oh, you very silly romantic child!"
Grace had coloured deeply. The moment the theory was presented to her she felt certain it was well founded. But she said, with a laugh—

"The child is only in fun, Hester, of course. Pack it up, Kitty, there's a duck, and put the parcel in the passage, ready for the messenger."

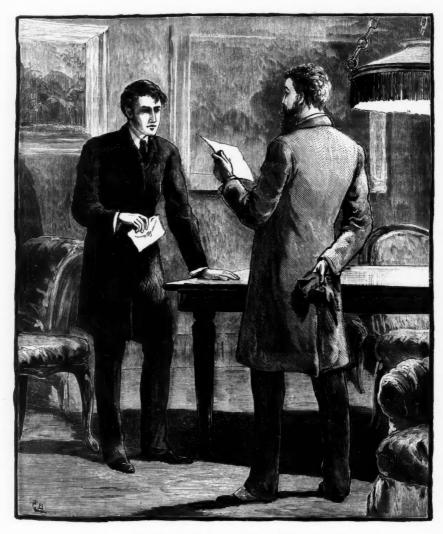
CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING A RECEPTION.

THE day before the lodger was expected a grand tournament with brooms and dusters was held in No. 47. House-cleaning, cooking, and even washing and ironing, were not mysterious processes, known chiefly by their results, to these young ladies. Grace was housekeeper-general, Hester always ready to assist, with resignation if not with alacrity, and Kitty hailed with joy a summons of the kind, since it meant a reprieve from lessons. Mrs. Norris had long since been constituted queen-bee by the imperious will of her small eldest daughter, whose theory was that her mother had worked too much for so long, that she now needed perennial idleness in order to get over it. Whether Mrs. Norris would not have been happier had she been allowed occasionally to bestir herself was a problem which never entered the head of either mother or daughter.

This morning all the girls were at work—Hester with more resignation and less alacrity than usual,

as was only natural, since she was called upon to advance an end which she intensely objected to. Kitty was in great glee. The mere fact of something happening to bring life into the house was enough to lively ways. Sarah, too, who was, when left to herself, a woman of a sorrowful spirit, had caught the enthusiasm of the hour. She had known her mistresses long enough to be aware that she would not



"'I was bound to deliver them to-night."-p. 79.

produce that effect. The poor child did not meet with too many excitements to break the monotony of life. And this was an excitement altogether out of the common, and likely to keep up a permanent breeze in the home atmosphere, which was only at present kept from settling into stagnation by Grace's be "put upon" under the new circumstances. If she had more work in one direction it would be taken off in another, and there was the cheering prospect of fees. Human motives, we are assured, are never unmixed, and therefore Sarah can hardly be blamed if such considerations made an undercurrent to her

really sincere professions of devotion to Miss Grace's service.

Grace on this occasion caused Sarah and Kitty to explode with laughter so often that she became a serious hindrance to work.

"Really, ma'am," said Sarah, apologetically, to Mrs. Norris, who chanced to be passing, "Miss Grace is carryin' on to that extent, the parson himself couldn't keep a straight face."

"Well, Sarah," replied her mistress, smiling gently, "I hope a straight face is not necessary to getting through the work."

Grace herself, however, was far from bearing a mind at ease. She was uncomfortably conscious that she had done a very daring thing: not that she felt at all anxious concerning the responsibility of making the lodger comfortable, though the burden of that would fall entirely on herself. Grace seldom felt herself either mentally or physically unequal to any demand upon her. She was accustomed to draw large drafts upon herself, with the certainty that they would be honoured. No; it was something much more intangible that troubled her. Her own people would have said that Grace was the last person in the world to be visited by vague superstitions or unfounded dread, any more than by sentiment or timidity. But Grace was an arch-hypocrite, and had been from a child, when she would pretend to like being sent up-stairs in the dark, though expecting to find a goblin in every corner, and when one day, a little, thin, pale, quaking child, she had marched by herself into a dentist's surgery, and demanded that two of her teeth should be drawn. Nor, moreover, did any one in those days ever see her cry, though it was not to be supposed that she was exempt from the mighty sorrows of childhood. There were her dolls, for instance, which she tended in a businesslike manner, but which she did not profess to love. One day a fatal accident befell the favourite, which rendered her a mangled corpse, and afterwards Grace was discovered to be missing. She was searched for all over the house, and finally her mother, looking in one of the bedrooms for the second time, saw a small tear-stained face emerge from under the vallance of the bed, whither she had crept to mourn in secret. And now, here was the grown-up Grace showing herself the daughter of that little mother, and a prey to a good deal of nervousness, which it was quite out of her bent to betray. That opinion of men which she had expressed to Kitty a few evenings back was given quite in good faith. They were to her alien creatures, answerable for the greater part of the world's troubles-beings to be feared and avoidedin the lives of most women necessary evils, but well out of her own or her sisters' sphere. Had it occurred to her as likely that they should any of them marry, the idea would have occasioned her alarm and pain. And now, here was she, of her own free will, introducing one of these creatures into their domestic sanctum. It was a very incongruous thing for her to do, to say the least of it; and it was only the

image of the two weekly golden sovereigns which forbade her mind from turning regretfully to the "lady "-lodger of her mother's conception. Not that her mind ever alighted on a supposition so unlikely as that the lodger should fall in love with one of the sisters, which would, probably, have occurred to the minds of many girls. On such matters Grace was certainly free from any tinge of sentiment. Her fears, indeed, were associated with few definite ideas, and she would probably have succeeded in stamping them out but for the very defined annoyance of the sealskin jacket. No messenger had come to fetch it away, and Grace knew no messenger would come, It was altogether a very annoying thing-a bad omen, threatening an officious kindness on the part of the lodger, which would be more troublesome than the most unreasonable exactingness. What she should do with the jacket was a question which occupied considerable space in her thoughts. She inclined to a very bold course of action, since it would be advisable, and, indeed, necessary, to put a stopper at once on the lodger's misplaced zeal.

When tea-time came, and with it the opportunity of leisurely family chat, Kitty said—

"Now, Gracie, do tell me what you are going to do with the jacket—you might tell me!"

There was a general laugh at Kitty's appealing tone.
"We shall see what we shall see," said Grace,
teasingly, with a nod of the head. Kitty looked
rather inclined to pout.

"Sometimes I think even you are dreadfully unkind," she said, for it was clearly unjust when the family had come round to her theory of the matter that she should not be treated like a reasonable person.

"Why shouldn't I be unkind sometimes, as well as my betters?" asked Grace, with so serious an air of inquiry that Kitty was silenced, feeling that reasoning was not her strong point.

Hester said nothing on the subject, but thought the more.

"Grace in reality treats me as if I were as much of a child as Kitty," she reflected. "Why should she keep me in the dark as to her intentions? It is evident mother knows what she intends to do, or she would look more anxious."

When the tea-tray was removed, Grace said—

"Kitty, come and sit on my knee."

Kitty availed herself with alacrity of this rarelyaccorded privilege. No dignity, however offended, could resist such an overture as that. She was bigger than Grace, but that was a matter of indifference.

"Where shall we send this pale face to—to get some colour put into when the summer comes with flower and bee?" and Grace pinched Kitty's check caressingly.

"It is a long time to wait," said young Kitty, sighing to think how time dragged itself along.

"It will very soon be here, my dear," her mother said, sighing to think of the swift-rolling years.

"Don't sigh, either of you," said Grace, laughing. "Kitty's lessons will make the time fly; and as for mother, if she would sit and look at the clock all day, and measure the time for herself, she would leave off complaining that it was not long enough. But where shall you go to, mother?"

"Don't you think Hastings would be a good

place ? "

"Very; oh, think of the beautiful yellow sovereigns week by week getting a bigger and bigger heap, each one so many sea-breezes, eh, Kitty? Hester must go because she has not been at all strong lately; and, of course, mamma."

"I shall not go, indeed," said Hester, looking up from her work, and colouring.

"Why not?" asked Grace.

"Because I would not take advantage from the price of shame," was Hester's thought; but she only said, "Because I do not need it."

Hester's refusal did not disturb Grace at all, because the strong-willed creature knew that they would all fall in with her views in the end.

"And of course you," said Kitty.

"Oh, dear me, no, not I!"

"Oh, Grace, I couldn't go without you," said Kitty, quite unconscious of the cruel pang she was sending through Hester's breast, who could not but feel it hard that in the affections of the little sister she should be weighted with the terrible incubus of lessons, while the popular Grace had only pleasant relations with her.

"But what would become of the house and Shylock?" asked Grace,

"My dear," said Mrs. Norris, "I think your wit rather runs away with you. I don't see any resemblance to Shylock in Mr. Waterhouse. Whatever may be his character, he certainly seems a frank and gentlemanly young man, and the very reverse of miserly."

"I admit all that, mother; yet because we will buy with him, sell with him, talk with him (about his dinner), but will not eat with him, drink with him, or in other words make friends with him, he is

very like Shylock indeed."

"It will certainly be best to keep him at as great a distance as possible," said Mrs. Norris, with mild

dignity.

"I should think so, indeed," broke from Hester, with the more emphasis that she felt certain, not-withstanding her mother's quiet tone, that she had been in secret repenting her rash consent ever since it had been given, but would not compromise the family cheerfulness by allowing this to be seen. Grace turned to Kitty, and said—

"Now I will take the opportunity of giving you a lecture on this subject, and it will do for myself at the same time. Now we know that Madame Mother and my Lady Hetty are persons of such dignity in appearance, manners, and mind, that there is little fear of their compromising themselves in any unholy alliance with this Jew that is coming.

But of you I am not so sure, for when had a mustard-seed any dignity? I am afraid of tempting overtures and beguiling words; for the man is evidently of a human sociable turn, and you are a nice little girl, and the veriest baby for your age," and Grace shook her head, despondingly. "And as for me, I have an unfortunate propensity for getting interested and curious about alien folk, but that I must strive against. The only fear for you will be when you meet him on the stairs. You must bend like Hester, you know, and then run away, so that he has not the opportunity of offering to show you a buffalo's horn or a Hottentot's tooth. If he does, you are lost, because it is not in you to resist."

Kitty had listened to these admonitions seriously, but the two were soon filling the room with merry laughter, for Grace turned her attention to Pan and Lady Betty, the cat, and admonished them each and severally, that for the honour of the family of which they were members they must repel advances with bark and scratch, and that no smell of bones or fish must be sniffed up longingly outside the forbidden door. As to passing through that door, Grace would not insult their dog and cat honour by even men-

tioning such a thing.

Thus the entire household was enlisted in the defensive league against the invading stranger, with whom the only permissible link was to consist in those two weekly guineas. But in consideration of these, no less than of honour and self-respect, he was to be made entirely comfortable. The cookery Grace had especially at heart. She was a born cook, one of those gifted people whose culinary compositions always turned out right, though she disdained measurement and depended entirely on instinct for her proportions. Sarah was by profession only a "plain cook," and accounted for under-roasted mutton, and hard potatoes by complacently referring to that limitation. So that naturally Grace had a good deal to do in the way of supplementing her labours at all times; but as the family fare was of the simplest description, Grace, as she expressed it, snorted like a war-horse before the battle, at the prospect now afforded her of a wider scope for her powers. It had been arranged by letter with Mr. Waterhouse that in order to save him trouble his landlady should provide in general for his table, leaving it of course open to him to make any suggestions when he cared to do so. To provide and cook for some one who would wish to pay for the proper number of eggs in his puddings, would be ready to have cooked for him sweetbreads, red mullet, salmon, and any conceivable luxury, and would doubtless expect all the fruits of the season to appear on his table, was a positively fascinating experience. Grace declared the effect on her mind was only comparable to having stepped into one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels. Thenceforward "Lothair" was heard of as often as "The Jew" in the family circle.

On the morning of the day this personage was expected, Kitty was rendered doubly restless over her lessons by the consciousness of excitement in the air. and by her knowledge that Grace was shut into the kitchen with Sarah, engaged in those mysterious and delightful processes which it seemed a proof of the wrong constitution of the world to regard as of less importance than the repetition of "Ich bin, du bist, er ist." Later on in the day the excitement grew to fever-heat. Kitty, released from her durance, ran about everywhere with Grace, putting the finishing touches to the rooms, which it seemed very curious to believe would, after to-day, be their familiar haunts no longer. They seemed to be already taking a kind of don't-know-you air. The little room on that floor which had been Kitty's, perhaps Mr. Waterhouse would use as a spare room-perhaps as a little den, such as the girls had an idea gentlemen liked. Kitty was now removed to a little bed in Hester's room up-

And at last the eventful hour drew near, and everything was ready—the fire burning brightly, the family all discreetly shut up in the dining-room, Sarah, in clean cap and apron, ready to attend, and Mrs. Norris prepared to come out for a moment or so, to express stately welcome. But in the drawing-room was laid a kind of detonating substance, ready to go off in the stranger's face. A large brown-paper parcel lay on the table, directed to "John Waterhouse, Esq."—no other name, or any word of explanation being discoverable thereon.

"If he is innocent," said Grace, "the thing will appear simply a matter for the Sphynx, and he will ring the bell to have it taken to that individual. If he is guilty, we shall hear no more about it."

Waterhouse meanwhile, quite unconscious of such preparations for his reception, made with great complacency his arrangements for settling down in Barbara Street. The day before he was expected there he got through a considerable amount of business with a sort of vague and flattering idea that henceforth he would be much occupied domestically. He had made an appointment with his lawyer to receive a certain document too important to be delivered into any hands but his own, at six o'clock in the evening. In the multiplicity of his out-of-door engagements, he lost sight altogether of this arrangement, and at the close of the day accepted an invitation to dine with a friend at his club. He returned to his hotel about ten o'clock, and was informed at once that a gentleman was waiting to see him-had been waiting, in fact, since six o'clock. His neglected appointment immediately flashing across his mind, Waterhouse, vituperating himself without stint for his carelessness, which, indeed, was not characteristic of him, hurried to the coffee-room to make what apologies he might. He found the messenger to be a young man with a spare figure, slightly stooping in the shoulders, a dark beardless face, and rather singular blue eyes. He received Waterhouse's apologies with little remark, handing him the papers he had brought, as if to accentuate the fact that they were the point at issue.

"I thank you," said Waterhouse; "I am exceedingly obliged to you, but I regret that you should have waited to see me. There was no necessity for me to get these to-night."

"That was not my affair. I was bound to deliver them to-night."

The young man spoke very dryly, not only showing no answering generosity, but making no acknowledgment of any kind of Waterhouse's penitence. But Waterhouse, being himself very generous, and more occupied with his own fault than his neighbour's non-forgiveness of it, continued in his good-humoured tone—

"Well, I am afraid there are not many men with as strict a notion of duty as that; and I must say I wish Mr. Burrowes had chosen to send a man with an average conscience, so that mine would not have felt called upon to prick me so severely. However, if you have not been dining, you'll have some supper with me. Here, waiter!"

"Excuse me; you are very good, but I must get home."

"Nonsense, my good fellow; you must really oblige me. If you have waited four mortal hours for my sins, you must stay another half-hour for good-fellowship sake, and to show that you bear no malice."

It was hardly possible to resist Waterhouse's imperious good-nature, and the young man subsided into his seat again, only half-reluctantly. He would not have confessed it to himself, but he was in reality rather won by the frank comradeship of this man, who was a member of that plutocracy which seldom found it worth while to be civil to a lawyer's clerk. Waterhouse ordered supper after the lavish way habitual with him, and chatted easily throughout the entertainment, as was also his way with any man, woman, or child with whom he came in contact. He rather liked his new acquaintance, feeling sorry for him. He seemed a gentleman, evidently superior to his position, which perhaps accounted for his curt abrupt manners, as well as his shabby attire. Waterhouse never made acquaintance with a person of this sort without immediately wondering what he could do for him. But, beyond asking his name, which was not a directly beneficial proceeding, no inquiries of a personal nature seemed fitting. The talk drifted, as it usually does between strangers, on to politics, that being an impersonal topic a degree more fruitful than the weather, and more open to difference of opinion. But it did not seem very provocative of discourse between these two, for it soon transpired that neither was a party man, though for distinctly different reasons, Waterhouse being too much inclined to believe in both sides, and to regard every one's methods and motives as reasonable, while his companion, on the contrary, appeared to think the world in a bad way, and all parties alike concerned in making

"I fancy you are a disciple of the Chelsea philosopher," said Waterhouse, whose own tastes did not

lie in the direction of any philosophy, and especially not of so gloomy a one.

"No," said his companion, with an intonation that gave a half-affirmative meaning to the word. "I belong to no school, except it may be that of the cynics in general, and that is a wide one."

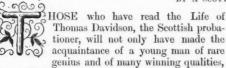
Waterhouse was more sure this man had felt the pinch of poverty, and, perhaps, of other misfortunes, for he had seen enough of the world to be aware that prosperous men are not accustomed to find the universe out of gear. When they parted, Waterhouse said, "By the way, kindly take my new address with you. I am leaving here to-morrow, and shall then be staying at No. 47, Barbara Street, Lowerbury. Shall I write it down?"

"I shall remember it," said the young man, giving Waterhouse a surprised and curious look.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF A SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

BY A SCOTTISH MINISTER.



but will also have obtained some glimpses into the peculiar life of the class to which he belonged. It may, however, be safely presumed that most people know very little about the position and varied experiences of that important class of men, who recruit the ever-falling ranks of the Christian Ministry, and carry forward the life and work of the Christian Church.

Scottish probationers may be divided into two great classes—those who, while frequently preaching as candidates for churches, are temporarily engaged as assistants to ministers, and those who are exclusively employed in supplying pulpits, whether vacant or otherwise. Taking one Church with another, there are always many probationers who are engaged in travelling from place to place supplying those vacancies which are assigned to them, but chiefly occupying the pulpits of ministers who are absent for the time being.

Those probationers, whom, for distinction's sake, we may call the travelling class, seldom remain in any place longer than a week or a fortnight. In the Free Church a candidate for a vacant congregation does not require to preach oftener than one day, while in the United Presbyterian Church he has to preach two days ere he can be eligible by the people. It often happens, however, that when the probationer is in the more northerly parts of the country, where railways are few, and where travelling is consequently attended with considerable difficulty, he will remain in the same place for three or four weeks, or even for a longer period.

A probationer's life is necessarily one of wide and varied experience, of mingled hope and disappointment, of ease and difficulty, of enjoyment and suffering. In some respects it is an enviable life. The probationer has a full sense of freedom—freedom from ordinary cares and anxieties, and from those responsibilities which devolve upon men who are permanently placed over congrega-

Besides, he surveys different scenes of tions. nature, and comes in contact with different aspects of social life and manners. And what is perhaps felt to be the most welcome thing of all is, that he is free from all compulsory and systematic studies. Probationers as a class do little in the way of prosecuting studies. The unsettled nature of their life, and the anxieties inseparable from their position as candidates for churches, may account, to a great extent, for this fact. There is little done even in the way of writing sermons. Many young men start on their career as preachers with a slender stock of that necessary article, and it is seldom that it is increased to any great extent during their entire probationary course.

But if a probationer's life is, on account of

these reasons, a life of freedom and ease, it is in some respects a life of considerable hardship. He has often long distances to travel from the railway station before he reaches his destination. In the stormy wintry season such journeys are not accomplished without having experienced much inconvenience and difficulty. He carries a large bag, full of wearing apparel and such books as he inclines to read, and if he has to fight against wind and rain, or frequently to struggle through snowdrifts, during five or six hours, he finds that he has but a small surplus of strength to draw upon at his journey's end. Why does the man not call a coach? it may be asked. The question in itself is natural and reasonable, but unfortunately in the circumstances it cannot be answered in a satisfactory way. In the streets of London, the perplexed rustic, concerning whom that question is supposed to be asked,* may call a coach, and speedily arrive at his destination, but in the wilds of the Highlands no such vehicle The weary traveller has to can be procured. prosecute his solitary journey, and sometimes is

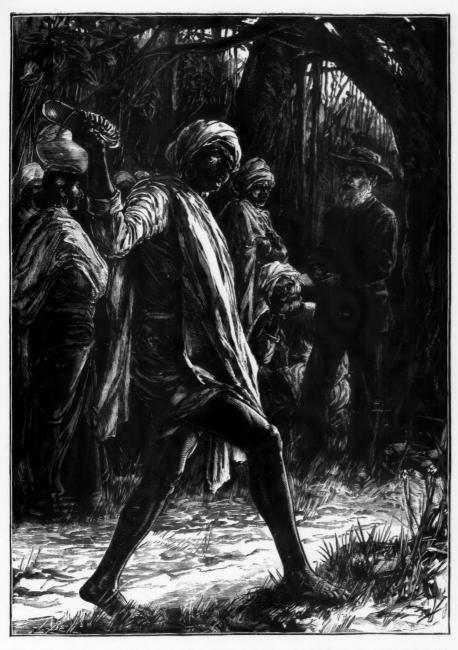
able peasant.

The lodgings which are provided for him at his destination, are, generally speaking, very satis-

compelled to halt by the way, and take his ease,

if not in an inn, in the cottage of some hospit-

^{*} See Foster's essay on "Decision of Character."



"He drew off his torturing sandals, and, easting them away, cried aloud, 'This is what I want,' and forthwith returned home, rejoicing in the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ."

factory. He receives a hearty welcome from the mistress of the house, and from all others concerned. He feels himself in all essential matters to be at home, and thus, amid the enjoyment of plenty and ease, he forgets his difficulties and his troubles.

Travelling in so many different parts of the country, the probationer surveys many strange scenes, and comes in contact with many strange characters. He has the opportunity of making himself acquainted with all shades of religious opinion, and of religious life. The diversified life of the Church, so far as Scotland is concerned, is open to the inspection of the probationer, who, if he be a man of thought and reflection, can turn his knowledge to good account in after years.

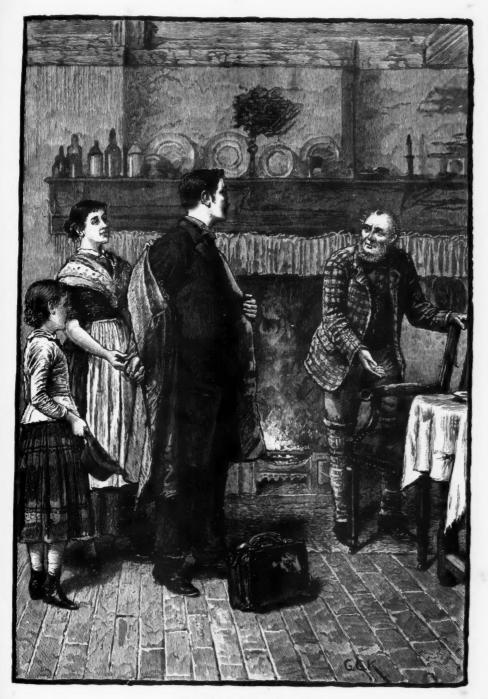
While the probationer has the opportunity of making himself acquainted with different types of religious character and life, he is not altogether a silent listener and spectator. That he may make himself acceptable to the people whom he visits, he finds it to be expedient and necessary to accommodate himself to their notions and customs, where these at least are of an indifferent nature. Like a greater preacher, who travelled in many strange lands, the probationer has to become all things to all men, that he may win their favour, and do good amongst them. Many, owing either to temperament or to prejudice, make no real attempt to show this many-sidedness to the people in things which are indifferent. Like Coriolanus, they feel it to be painfully uncongenial to stoop to those whom they regard as the weak and ignorant, and consequently any efforts which they make to please are followed by partial or complete failure. Much, indeed, depends upon the sermons which are preached for producing an impression upon the people, and those sermons that are simple, evangelical, or rather evangelistic in character, are generally most acceptable. The sermon, however, is only one means of reaching the hearts of the people, and in many districts it must be given from memory ere it will produce a favourable effect on the hearers. Many of the Scottish people have still a strong prejudice against "read" sermons, and the probationer who reads his discourses has, in comparison with him who delivers them, but a slight chance of obtaining a "call" to a congregation. In many districts the use of hymns in the church is regarded as highly unscriptural, if not as heathenish; and even the singing of paraphrases is with many a thing of doubtful propriety in the public worship of God. By not consulting the people's wishes and prejudices in matters of this kind, many a probationer fares as ill at their hands as if he had been guilty of grave offences.

It sometimes happens, also, that the probationer is subjected to a kind of interviewing process or indirect examination on the part of those whose opinions on certain matters of an ecclesiastical or religious nature admit of no latitude. This is especially the case when any question of heresy is before the Church and the public. Whether the probationer's views on matters of this kind be, or be not, in accordance with the views of his examiners, he equally finds himself in a somewhat delicate and humiliating position. It is the crucial test applied to him; and the free expression of his opinion has the certain effect of either promoting or injuring his candidature.

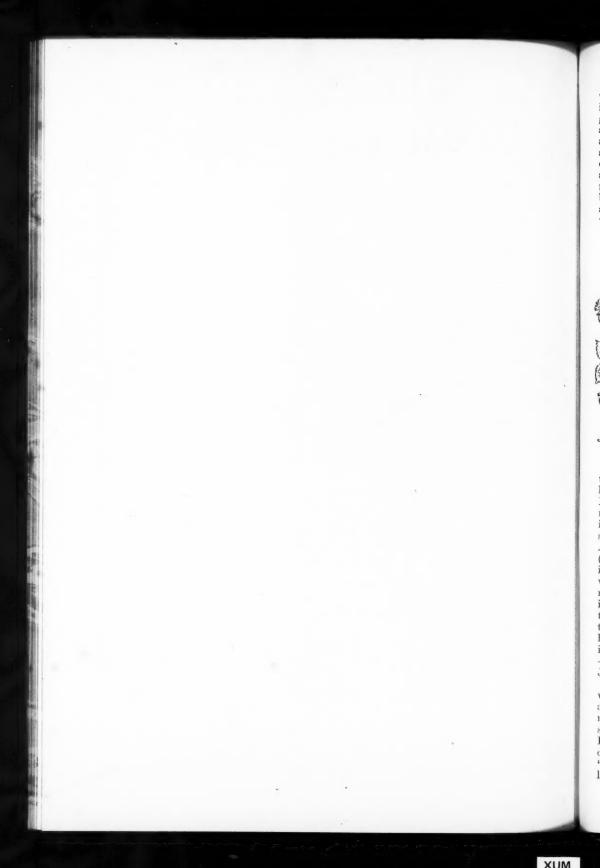
Many men, either from one cause or another, continue on the probationer's roll for a considerable number of years, without having the faintest prospect of obtaining a settlement. And the truth is, the longer a man continues to be a probationer, the difficulty of getting a charge is felt by him to be the greater. For in spite of the considerations that such a man may possess superior ability and scholarship, and that he has had the benefit of a long experience as a preacher, the people virtually come to the conclusion that there must be something defective or unsatisfactory about him from the fact of his long probationary course. Consequently, many probationers begin to lose heart, and to imagine that they have mistaken their calling. In this dejected mood, many have thoughts of adopting some other profession, or of engaging in some other work in which they hope to be more successful. In several cases, resolutions of this kind are carried out. Some study for the medical profession, others take to teaching, a few give themselves to literary work, and others, again, go back to their farms, where they pass the remainder of their days in retirement and obscurity. These men are regarded as "stickit ministers;" but the half-cynical, half-humorous feeling which that phrase implies, seems to be fast passing away, and the "stickit minister" now quietly takes his place among the respectable orders of the community.

There are few, however, who ultimately fail in obtaining a settlement somewhere. The longest night finds the day; and the probationer, who had spent his best years in travelling from place to place without having received one word of encouragement or sympathy from his fellows, at last finds a definite and permanent sphere of work. The place which falls to his lot may not be the most suitable for him, but he is glad to accept it, if only as a relief from his long wanderings.

Hence it is that many men of great abilities and accomplishments have occupied humble and obscure positions in the Church, while others of an inferior character, who had more popular gifts, or who had more winning ways about them, have presided over large and influential congregations in the towns and cities. But the race is not to the swift, and the superficial preacher, whose external accomplishments and attractive manners



"He receives a hearty welcome."



were the means of raising him to a high position in the Church, has, in the course of time, to give place to the man whose qualities are of a higher and more substantial order than his, and who is therefore fitted to wield a deeper and more enduring influence on the spiritual education of men. Those men contented themselves with a humble position for a time, but made the most of it by incessant study, and by unwearied devotion to their pastoral work, and when their real worth was recognised, they were told, like the man in the parable, to go

up higher, and receive the honours due unto them. This has been the experience of many an eminent minister of the Gospel, who felt the benefits of obscurity, and who knew how necessary it was to stoop in order to conquer. Their long probationary course, and their originally humble position as ministers, were necessary parts of their training for more important spheres of work. They knew that it was necessary to wait as well as to labour, in order that they might enter upon a life of greater activity and usefulness as servants of the Church and of the Lord Jesus Christ.

CRITICAL PERIODS IN PROPHETIC HISTORY.

SECOND PAPER.

E come now to another period of a very remarkable character, in relation to Messianic prophecy, and one, indeed, which was made a new epoch, or point of departure, for fuller revelation, while the crisis was wonderfully surmounted. A general spiritual decay is visible on all hands; idolatry is becoming more rampant and universal in Judea. Now comes a terrible conspiracy!

Rezin, king of Syria, and Remaliah

the regicide, and usurper on the throne of Israel, have resolved on the formal destruction of the Davidic dynasty. They have chosen their own nominal king, Tabeal, who, subserviently to them, is to sit on that throne. General fear and consternation prevail amongst the people, and King Ahaz is seriously afraid for his crown and sceptre. (Isaiah vii. 1—16.) But there is a charmed life in the Davidic succession, which the personal wickedness of the Ahazes and the Manasses cannot destroy. There is a hand unseen controlling its destinies, and a voice to comfort and instruct the interested parties, when they shall be willing to hear. Isaiah is commissioned to tell Ahaz, if he will hear, of a coming event still far away in the distance, but all the better a sign for that -till which event no weapon formed against Judah can prosper.

A twofold sign was offered—the prophet's son with his divinely-given name (Isaiah vii. 3), and the promised Son of the Virgin, whose coming must be before the throne of David could be destroyed. David's House shall never cease till Immanuel shall come. (Isaiah vii.) Confederacies, whether insignificant as that of the two "smoking tails of firebrands," Rezin and Remaliah; or of the magnitude of Sennacherib or Shal-

maneser's fell designs against Judah, shall not prosper, because of Immanuel (or, God with us). Isaiah viii. 10.) The land is also Immanuel's, which is like a man overtaken by the torrent stream, until it reaches to his chin, but yet shall not overwhelm him. (Isaiah viii. 8.) Dark the sky, and furious the storm, but let the House of David know that a virgin's Son must claim that throne before it can fall, and if it shall be denied to Him then, it shall be a wreck until the people shall say, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." That singular crisis was chosen by God to enunciate for the first time, in any formal way, the God-Man nature of Messiah. The visions of faith and hope brighten after the crisis is past, and the scope of prophetic revelation is in-definitely enlarged. Isaiah, Micah, Amos, and their successors, now begin more clearly to set forth the nature, the character, and the work of the Christ, pointing out the nature of His "sufferings, and the glory which should follow." (1 Peter i. 11.)

In the time of Hezekiah we have another remarkable illustration of the imminent danger which seemed to surround everything with which the name of Messiah, as the Son of David, was connected. This king, though the son of the wicked Ahaz, effected a great reformation in Judea, and he is described as "cleaving to the Lord, and keeping all His commandments," in a manner never excelled. In the seventh year of his reign he saw the kingdom of the ten tribes broken to pieces by Shalmaneser so completely, that, in the graphic words of Hosea the prophet, "God caused to cease the kingdom of the House of Israel (ch. i. 4). That kingdom was to be utterly broken, and Israel was to become among the Gentiles as a "vessel wherein is no pleasure." (Hosea viii. 4—8.) Proud of his conquest over "Israel, the Assyrian conqueror threatened to do to Jerusalem and her idols as he had done to Samaria and her idols." (Isa. x. 11.) Amidst all these exciting scenes, Hezekiah is attacked by a

mortal sickness, a sickness for which there was no cure, from a human point of view. The prayers of the king, and of the prophet Isaiah, were graciously heard, and the king's life was given him

for a further space of fifteen years,

Now, so far as the histories in the Kings and Chronicles are concerned, Hezekiah had at that time no son to take his place upon the throne of David. Three years after the king's sickness, Manasseh was born, and at the time of his father's death, at twelve years old, he ascended the throne, and reigned fifty-five years in Jerusalem. Though a wicked king, and once, during a considerable period, he was a captive in Babylon, yet he preserved the lineal succession of the House of David, for the sake of Him who was destined to be David's Son, and also David's Lord. (Ps. cx.) Well might Isaiah say to the blaspheming Rab-Shakeh, probably in allusion to his prophecy of the virgin's Son already promised, "The virgin, the daughter of Zion, hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee," (2 Kings xix. 21.) How near to ruin the House of David was at that time, we at this far-off period can only faintly conceive; yet certain it is that he, and the promises relating to him, constituted the real cause of the conservation of the House of Judah, though greatly humbled by the Chaldean captivity some 120 years afterwards, while the kingdom of Israel, as a political power, was for ever overthrown.

Judah's captivity, therefore, and the wonderful restoration which followed after seventy years, must be further regarded as an illustration of our main idea. Judah's history and destiny, and the fortunes of that people, were of Divine appointment, and were mysteriously blended with the patriarchal promise of the Shiloh (Gen. xlix. 10), and the Davidic lamp or light, ordained of God, the Adoni who should sit at Jehovah's right hand until his enemies became his footstool. To the House of Ephraim in the hour of their fall, it was said, "They have set up kings, but not by Me;" but of the throne of Judah it was said, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder." (Isa. ix. 6-7.Under an allegory of two base women, Samaria and Jerusalem, or Ephraim and Judah, are solemnly spoken to by Ezekiel, to show how and why their fortunes were socially

and nationally so different.

Samaria was named Aholah, meaning "his tent or tabernacle," to indicate that their whole establishment, in a religious aspect at least, was of man's invention; while Jerusalem, called Aholibah, meaning "My tent or tabernacle in her," was so designated to show that the worship established in Judea was of God. (Ezek. xxiii. 4.) It was no mere fortuitous concurrence of events which brought Judah back from her captivity, while Samaria was swallowed up amongst the nations

as a "vessel wherein is no pleasure." It was not because Judah was morally more worthy than Israel, for God testifies that Samaria had not committed half Judah's sins (Ezek. xvi. 57); but because the sceptre could not depart from Judah until Shiloh should be come. Some have been perplexed by this last-named prophecy, mainly, as it seems to me, because they have understood the sceptre to be the symbol of regal power, as it now is amongst us, but if it be understood to refer to separate tribal existence as pre-eminently given to Judah in distinction to the other tribes, the whole case is clear, and it will be seen that in their lowest condition God points to a "holy seed" in Judah, which should be the substance of the uprooted or decayed tree.

But as to the spiritual inheritance contained within the Messianic promises, all Israel are to share in these. Judah and Israel shall come together. The stick of Judah and the stick of Ephraim shall thus, and only thus, become one in the hand of the Lord, and all vexation and

enmities shall cease.

Did space allow, it would be interesting to follow out this inquiry in connection with the case of Esther, whose beauty so captivated Ahasuerus, as to enable her for once to compel the unalterable Persian to alter his decree, and so save the Jews, in 120 of the provinces of that empire, from a bloody and wholesale massacre; for the case is of deep interest in our present inquiry. Nor can we attempt to trace the apocryphal writings, which give many beautiful illustrations of the special providence over the Jews, amid the strife, confusions, and wreck and rise of nations, between the days of Malachi and Christ.

One last scene comes before us of tragic interest. The child Christ is born-Hebrew shepherds, in their pastoral simplicity, are visited with angelic music and song, and Eastern Magi have come under some mysterious impulse, and are guided by a wonderful token, to render homage to the Divine Messenger, Prophet, and King. But one dark, malicious, powerful, murderous form, hides in the background, suppresses alike his fear, jealousy, and rage, under expressions of interest and surprise, affecting to share the joy and homage of these sages. He, Herod, the diabolical usurper of the little power left to Judah's sceptre, slaughters all the infants under a certain age, to make sure of the death of the new-born King. Oh, what a moment of mad suspense in hell; what a time of new activity amongst the angels; what a day of wailing for Rachel and her children, but a consummate victory for God and for His truth.

Again the dark shadows gather in the wilderness of temptation, in Gethsemane, and at Calvary, as one stage of danger after another is passed, by the Mighty One destined to lead captivity captive, and to receive gifts for men,

even for the rebellious also.

Who can wonder if there should be found to be new crises in the Christian ages as they have passed along; if there should yet remain some to come, whose time and form it is beyond our power to divine? But Jehovah has set His King on His holy hill of Zion. His decree is gone forth, that the heathen shall be

His for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Then the grand Hallelujah which has required all the ages to learn it, shall be sung by the saints of those ages, and all heaven and earth shall swell the chorus, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."



"'It is a Turkish dress, I see.""-p. 86.

THE STOLEN CHILDREN.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY L. WHATELY.



OT very many years ago, a widow lady, of Greek race, but residing in Constantinople, the former capital, and still the home, of many of her nation, was seated in her pleasant well-appointed dwelling looking out of the window, near which she had drawn her chair. "I do not see them," she said to herself, half aloud, at length, "and yet it is more than an hour since Caterina took them out, and I

warned her on no account to be late. Why does the stupid woman linger so long? If anything can have happened! Any accident! Oh, Holy Christ, defend my little ones!" she cried, in a burst of tears, rising from her seat, and hastily going to the door; she called a manservant, an elderly respectable looking Greek, and desired him to go out and seek the two little ladies and their nurse, who had gone out for a short walk, intending to do an errand at a shop which

was only two streets off, and then return. The man, with deep concern in his face, hurried away, but did not return for a long while. Meantime, Madame Zuro sent off another messenger, as her anxiety and terror increased every moment. She went to the house of a cousin who lived near, and he went at once to the police to give information, and desire that search might be made. But all was in vain, and night closed in, and still the unhappy mother, distracted with grief, had no tidings of her little ones. It was not till quite late in the evening that Pavlos, the old servant, returned. His mistress rushed to the door as she heard his step. "Have you any tidings, have you heard anything?" she exclaimed. Sadly he shook his head, as he answered, "I went to that shop, and the man said your servant-woman had been there in the forenoon, with the two children. While she was busy, they got tired, and went to the door."

"But the shop is so small, how could Caterina not

see if any one took them away?" the mother almost

"They came outside. A boy told me that, who was selling fruit at a stall near, and he thinks that a Turkish woman, in a yashmak, was speaking with them. She had two or three servants with her. Then there was rather a crowd of people passing to look at some procession with music, and they all moved. I learned from another person that the nurse came out of the shop, looked greatly alarmed, and hurried away. She has not been seen since. Dear lady, I fear they are stolen by Turks for some harem. Our sweet little ladies were so pretty, much more than-

Tears stopped the old man's voice, while the wretched mother stood wringing her hands in a frenzy of grief, which perhaps only a mother can fully conceive, though every heart must understand how terrible was her distress.

It is well known that formerly children who were even tolerably well-looking were not safe from being stolen, unless watched most carefully. But of late years, since the Government has made at least some pretence of respecting the rights of Christians, these infamous robberies had become much less common, and people had perhaps been a little less on their guard, Madame Zuro had, however, been always watchful of her children, two beautiful little girls, of the ages respectively of seven and a half and three years; they were never sent out but with a faithful nurse, and if they went any distance, a man also accompanied them. On this occasion some little articles were needed for their dress, and the shop being only a short way, and in a quiet quarter, the nurse was allowed to take them on the promise that she was to be back in half an hour. The shopman was an old acquaintance, and told the servant some local news, while measuring his muslin and tape, which so interested her that, for three minutes at most, she forgot her charge, whom she had desired not to stir from the door. If she forgot her duty, at forty years old, it was not odd that two little children should forget theirs. They stepped outside to see a procession; it was afterwards conjectured that they had been marked as desirable prey previously, and followed. The noise made by Turkish music is quite enough to drown the cries of a child, and in a crowd in narrow streets it is impossible to see far before one. The woman forced her way first in this direction, then in that, all in vain, and spent hours in walking over the town, till, worn out, she returned home, hoping the little girls might possibly have returned. All the friends Madame Zuro consulted agreed with the old Pavlos, and the police were set to work, but with faint hopes of success; they were all Moslems.

"What are you doing, cousin?" said the widow's nearest male relative, a few days afterwards. "Are you going to travel, that you are packing up all these jewels?

"I am going to sell them," she replied, in a voice of

forced calmness. "Do you see that dress on the sofa, Cousin Alexander?"

"Yes. Are you going to disguise yourself, dear Thisbe? It is a Turkish dress, I see."

"I am going to be a dalal [or female vendor of silks, muslins, ornaments, etc.]. These are the women who are admitted, as you know, into all haremsfrom the lowest to the highest. To give greater confidence, and that they may talk freely before me, I shall endeavour to pass as a Turkish woman, and always go about veiled. Pavlos will accompany me to carry my small but valuable pack, and I will not rest till every harem in this city has been seen with my eyes. God will pity the wretched mother; He will help me to find my daughters!" And the lady raised her streaming eyes, and clasped her trembling

"Truly, cousin, you deserve success! may the saints aid you! Have you prayed to your patron saint?"

"The good Father Anton was here last night," she replied, "and talked to me and comforted me; and do you know, he said I might venture to pray straight to God Almighty in the name of our adorable Redeemer; perhaps he thought my case was a singular one," she added, humbly; "and I did feel strangely soothed by what he read me from the Gospel about Christ loving us and pitying us."

"He knows better than I, no doubt," said her relation. "Well, I will help you in any way I can, I understand jewels better than theology, and can

price some of this furniture also."

The two engaged in business talk for a few minutes more, and then separated. With such despatch had the widow lady arranged everything, aided by a few faithful friends, that two days after this conversation, she was pacing the streets of Constantinople, equipped as a Turkish female broker or seller of articles of dress, and, followed by her trusty attendant with her pack, went from one harem to another, day after day, always hopeful though always disappointed, lodging in a quiet cheap apartment with an old friend, and every morning, rain or shine, sallying forth on her quest.

If the harem at which she called would not receive her, the ladies being absent, or ill-disposed for buying, she noted the place in a small book to be revisited, so in time there was not one in all the great city that she had not seen the inside of, and she was convinced her missing children were not there. It took time. More than a year had passed, nearly two, before the whole town with its suburbs was finished.

She now took her passage in a ship for Smyrna, having obtained some letters to Greek merchants there who would be sure to afford her every assistance in their power. They could give her the addresses and the situations of the chief Moslem families, but beyond this could do nothing save by the sympathy all must feel for the indefatigable mother.

But all in vain the eyes so weary with gazing and

weeping, yet still so bright and watchful, glanced over the little slave maidens among the older denizens of the harems. Smyrna was gone through, and her Anastasia and Zoe were still not found.

"I must go to Alexandria," she wrote to her friends in Constantinople; and accordingly she took shipping for that city, and after a day or two's rest, set to work as vigorously as before, but with a like result.

Five years had now passed. "Ah, dearest lady," said old Pavlos one day, "do you think you should be able to recognise the dear little ladies even if they were there? Five years changes a girl from almost a baby into almost a woman!"

"I shall know my own," replied the mother. "Are there any eyes like the eyes of Zoe to me? are there lips like the rosebud of my Anastasia's mouth? To others, possibly though, they were fair to see, but to their sad mother none can have that look, which is painted upon my heart!" And again she set forth to travel; this time it was to Cairo, the largest city of Egypt, the city teeming with palaces and crowded with white slaves. "Perhaps they are there," she thought as she prepared for her journey after a year in Alexandria. She was to stop on the way at the small town of Kafferzayat, midway between Cairo and Alexandria. Though a small place comparatively, it was inhabited by many wealthy persons, and there were some harems that might be tried, at any rate.

After two days' stay there she was going to proceed, but a Greek acquaintance advised her to go first to Zagazig. Though not exactly on the road to Cairo, it was very little out of the way, and a branch train would take her there in a short time, so there she went.

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Zagazig is a rather large place, with some fine palm groves in the neighbourhood, but presenting to the eye of a European a shabby and ruinous appearance. Still some houses of considerable pretension are to be found, and many rich people reside there. One of the largest and best of the villas at the entrance of the town belonged to a wealthy Turk, who had a large establishment and much property. This was the nearest, as Madame Zuro descended from the railway carriage, and she resolved to begin with it. Followed by Pavlos, she knocked at the door, and after a brief parley with the Boab or doorkeeper was admitted. A black cunuch pulled aside the harem curtains, "Walk up, mistress; my ladies will be glad to look at your wares, I know,"

The great ante-room which she entered was only tenanted by three or four slaves, one of whom, a negress, came to take in her pack, for of course the old servant had been left below. The others consisted of an Abyssinian—whose hue is half-way between negro blackness and a white skin, being a clear rather light sepia brown—and two white slaves, one of whom was a young woman, or a girl, of extreme loveliness. Her hair, of a rich bronze hue, fell in waves over a slender figure in a summer deshabille of printed muslin, and was caught back from her face by a fillet of stiffened pink gauze. Beside her stood

another much younger, not more than eight years old, apparently, with nearly black hair, in silky short curls, and a pale but lovely little face, with large black eyes like the other; for there was a look that showed they were sisters, though not of the same complexion, the elder being the fairest. One look was enough. "My children! my children! Zoe, come to your mother!" Hardly were the words said, when the elder flew like an arrow to the arms opened wide to receive her. Anastasia, being so young, could not recall the features, but followed her sister, and hid her face in the bosom that had yearned so long and so anxiously over her, while Zoe kept repeating in her own tongue, "Mother, mother!"

For a few moments they thought of nothing but their own exceeding joy and gratitude to God. The happy widow cried, "Oh, my Saviour! Thou hast heard me! the lost are found." But the slaves had seen, and guessed what it meant, and ran to tell the news. Quickly the master of the house, who was taking his afternoon's nap, started from his couch, and hastened to the apartment, followed by his black attendants.

"What is this? Who is daring to meddle with my slaves, Fatmeh?" addressing the older of the two, "what means this?"

"It is my mother," she gasped out, clinging with both arms to her newly recovered mother.

"And you are my wife, and a Moslem! She has nothing to do with you, nor with your sister. I bought you both. Go, woman," he repeated, forcibly tearing her from the girls, in spite of her cries.

"They are mine, my own children, and I will not give them up, robber that you are!"

But he had numbers, as well as strength, on his side, and spared neither blows nor even kicks till the mother was driven by main force out of the house. But not conquered—ah, he little knew the strength of mother-love in a courageous woman's heart! She ran with the speed of distraction to the Greek consul's house. Zagazig was full of Greek settlers, and the first she met gladly showed her the house. In a few minutes the news spread, and the valiant spirit of the Greeks showed itself, for in an incredibly short time the Turk's house was surrounded by two hundred men armed with guns, pistols, swords, and even staves, demanding the instant restoration of the children of their countrywoman. The master of the house sent a message to desire them to search as they liked, declaring it was a lie of the woman's, and no captives were there. They did search every room, and, true enough, no trace of Zoe or her young sister was to be seen.

The widow was thunderstruck, but one of her friendly countrymen at once declared they must hurry to the railway station without losing a moment.

"They are going to send the girls to Alexandria and hide them there," said he. "Quick, my brothers, for God, and for the cause of the widow and the fatherless!"

And to the station they hastened, to the amazement



"'My children, my children! "-p. 87.

of the natives, who began to collect in groups, and question if a rising were imminent. Meantime the chief of the Greek band went to the stationmaster and demanded to have every carriage searched. "But the train is to start in five minutes," said he, "and if I delay it an hour I am fined a hundred pounds sterling."

"Take £200, and give us two hours. We will find the money, but the key we will have." Seeing resistance vain, he gave the key. For the harem carriages were locked up; and in the very first of these the two lost ones were found, weeping bitterly, but not daring to cry loud, for the older women and the eunuchs had all received strict charge to keep everything quiet, and to fasten the lattices well. They were dragged out in spite of these creatures' resistance, and triumphantly presented to the joyful mother, amidst the acclamations of the crowd.

The little party were conveyed to the house of one of their wealthy countrymen, and suitably entertained there for a few days while making preparations for their return to their former home in Constantinople, where all their connections lived. The consul assisted the lady in sending a formal complaint to the Egyptian Government, and, to the honour of the present Khedive and his late government, the com-

plaint was fully and nobly attended to, and the culprit was sentenced to pay whatever damages the widow should desire; nor was there the least attempt to shield him; on the contrary, the heavy sum demanded was insisted on being paid to the last pound, though it necessitated the sale of his estate.

The eldest girl had been, though so young, made a wife in Turkish fashion by her master (who had, it was said, intended to marry the other sister also as soon as she was a few years older); but of course such a forced marriage with so young a creature could not be looked on for a moment as binding in law, and the Government did not make the least difficulty about her mother's claim. She returned with her daughters to Constantinople, and we know no more of them; but all who read this true tale and who know anything of the inner life of man, will surely pray that the courageous and faithful mother and her sweet young daughters may be led by God's Spirit to understand that beautiful parable which their history illustrates so well, of the shepherd seeking his lost sheep in the wilderness, and resting not till he had found it; and may they be safe at the last day in the fold of the Good Shepherd among the many, many sheep who were lost and are found!

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

TWO PAIRS OF PARABLES.

No. 1. THE MUSTARD SEED. (ST. MATTHEW XIII. 31, 32.)

NTRODUCTION. Four short Parables will be treated in this month's lessons. As each is contained in one or two verses, the skill of the teacher will be exercised in sustaining the interest without much reading.

Remind of last lessons—two
Parables. What were they?
In Sower how often was seed
fruitless? Three times for one that
bore fruit! In the Tares both seemed
equally mixed—good seed and tares.

This might discourage disciples—make them think Word of God fail as often as succeed. So next two Parables show its growth. It does take root—does grow—does spread—does succeed.

I. The Parable. All often eat mustard—can describe its appearance and hot pungent flavour; perhaps have grown it in gardens—can describe the seed—small, round, yellow, quickly growing up. Not the smallest of all seeds actually, but smallest in proportion to its large growth afterwards. In Palestine mustard tree grows to large size—flocks of birds shelter in the boughs—like the aromatic flavour of seeds, get shelter from heat of sun. May notice therefore these points:—(a) The tree has a small beginning. (b) The small seed becomes large tree. (c) The tree gives shelter.

II. THE MEANING. What is like the mustard seed? Explain Kingdom of Heaven to mean Christ's Church on earth-the people gathered in by Him-called disciples, followers, sheep, children, etc. Then follow out the above points. (a) The Church began with a few. At first four disciples only-who were they? (See Matt. iv. 18-22.) Then a few more, making twelve apostles. (Matt. x. 2.) And when Christ ascended total number only 120. (Acts i, 15.) Howsmall and insignificant! (b) The Church has grown large. Even in times of apostles spread over Europe and Asia -now in almost every part of world-estimated number of Christians 300,000,000. Still, even these only one third of the whole population of the world (c) The Church gives shelter. (Read Acts ii. 41-47.) The new believers joined the Church-3,000 admitted by baptism in one day-continued steadfast in apostle's doctrine-joined in worship-gave of their goods to the poor.

III. LESSONS. The Church of Christ has reached us. This happy land a Christian country. Surely we shall praise God for knowledge of Him. But more than that—we must spread it still further. Must work and pray for conversion of heathen still in darkness of sin. (Matt. ix. 38.) So the tree shall grow still larger till branches cover the earth.

No. 2. The Leaven. (St. Matt. xiii. 33.)

Introduction. Children may ask, Does not this parable teach same lesson as mustard-seed? describes

something small growing large. No! each got its own special lesson—that, the growth without, in sight of all; this, the hidden growth within—seen only in its results.

I. THE PARABLE. All have seen bread made. Flour put in pan—leaven (or yeast) put in—placed near fire—the mixture begins to swell—process goes on till whole of flour is pervaded by leaven.

In other places in Bible, leaven used of what is bad—e.g., leaven of malice and wickedness (1 Cor. v. 8); but here only used as example of internal spreading.

May notice therefore three things:—(a) Leaven begins small. (b) Leaven spreads inwardly. (c) Leaven pervades the whole.

II. THE MEANING. What is meant by the leaven? God's grace working in man's heart, and God's grace working in the world; reforming, purify-

ing, cleansing.

- (a) It is at first small. Take as an example Nicodemus. How did he come at first? At night, timidly, just beginning to think about Christ. (John iii. 2.) Next hear of him no longer afraid—speaking for Christ in the Council of Jews. (John vii. 50.) And third time, when Christ died, forsaken by all, even by Apostles, he came boldly forward and helped Joseph to bury Christ. (John xix. 39.) So does God's grace begin in heart. Spirit of God shows us our sin, makes us long to go to God like Prodigal Son in distant land. (Luke xv. 13.) Like St. Peter when had denied Christ, and the Lord turned and looked at him. (Luke xxii. 61.)
- (b) God's grace spreads. (Read Acts xvi. 27—34.) What a wonderful growth of grace! Gaoler a heathen—hears of Jesus Christ—believes—at once does all he can for apostles, and also wins his whole family over in one night. Or remind of story of penitent thief. Began by seeing Christ suffer patiently—was convinced He was King of Jews—asked forgiveness—showed anxiety for soul of other thief—did all he could to convert him. (Luke xxiii. 40.)
- (c) It pervades the whole. Man's nature of two parts—soul and body. Must glorify God in both, (1 Cor. vi. 20.) The soul by prayer, faith, worship; the body by living to God's glory. Take St. Paul as noble example, full of love to Christ (2 Cor. v. 14), and devoting whole life to His service. So the Apostles too gave up all to follow Christ. We not called to do that, but are called to serve God truly all the days of our life—by doing all as in His sight.

Lessons. Let each ask himself two questions. Is God's grace working in my heart, changing its nature, making it holy? And, am I doing all I can to leaven—i.e., influence—these around me?

No. 3. The Hidden Treasure and Pearl of Great Price. (St. Matt. xiii. 44-46.)

INTRODUCTION. Tell the children that the four previous parables—Sower, Tares, Mustard-seed, and Leaven—were spoken to the multitude on the seashore; these were spoken to the disciples alone in the house.

I. THE PARABLE. In time of Christ no banks in Palestine for safe care of money; common to hide treasure in a field; often done in England in past days of war, etc. Describe the man digging—knocking against something hard—uncovering the box—carefully taking it out—opening it—finding the treasure—hastily hiding it again, so that no one may know—then getting together all the money he can—buying the whole field, hoping to find still more treasure—at last securing it—none can take it from him. Can notice three points:—(a) The treasure was valuable. (b) It was found accidentally. (c) It was kept.

II. THE MEANING. What is the treasure? May call it God's grace, or true religion. All that is included in believing on Jesus Christ and serving

God.

- (a) It is valuable. (Read Prov. iii. 13—18.) Why is it better than money, honour, fame, etc.? Because it concerns the soul—the most precious part of man; because also of all it gives—pardon, peace, happiness for this world and the next.
- (b) It is found (sometimes) unexpectedly. The man was going about his usual occupation, and alighted on this treasure. So, too, often, men find God when not seeking Him, and in midst of ordinary life. For example, shepherds of Bethlehem are bid to go and see Christ, the Good Shepherd. (Luke ii. 16.) Peter the fisherman is found by Christ—bidden to leave his nets and become fisher of men. (Matt. iv. 19.) Remind also of woman of Samaria coming to draw water—a stranger asks for drink—a conversation begins—she hears of the Water of Life—is convinced of sin—believes on Jesus Christ. (John iv. 29.) Same thing happens still. Some word, book, tract, sermon, carries truth home to a man's heart, and leads him to God.
- (c) It is kept. Not enough to find the treasure—must also keep it. (Luke xi. 28.) If necessary, must part with all else. Remind of rich young ruler whose riches kept him back from Christ; never hear of his coming forward again. Religion must hold first place in our hearts. Must keep it all our life.

LESSONS. Let each ask, Do I value God's grace? Is it as a treasure to me? Have I ever really felt it? It is to be had as a free gift without money or price. (Isa. lv. 1.)

III. THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE. A few words will be enough for this parable. The teaching is the same as the last, only it describes a person seeking truth, and finding it, as St. Paul, who was trying to win God's favour by persecuting the Christians. All who diligently seek God will find. (Heb. xi. 6.)

No. 4. The Net cast into the Sea. (Matt. xiii. 47-50.) Introduction. The parable having been read, let the children see how fitly it closes the six previous parables. Sower and Tares showed the first planting of the Gospel in the heart, and in the world, with the difficulties and enemies around it.

Mustard-seed and Leaven showed its extent in growth and power—last two show its priceless value to those who find; and now we are to see the end.

I. THE PARABLE. Most have seen the sea, full of every kind of fish—millions of every size, colour, value. Describe the fishing-vessels going out at night, the nets all mended, the nets spread out, carefully watched—drawn in; the fish sorted, small uses less kinds thrown back into the sea, the rest gathered into vessels—source of profit. Notice three points:—(a) The fish were of various kinds. (b) The net was full. (c) The fish were separated.

II. THE MEANING. Have we not had another parable similar to this? yes, but tares and wheat described the present state of the Church, evil mingled with the good; the draw-net describes the future separation at the Judgment Day. Now the net is being cast-i.e., Word of God taught to men. Peter was bidden to become fisher of men. (Luke v. 10.) At his first sermon three thousand were converted, (Acts ii. 41.) These were the first beginning of Christ's Church, Now notice :- (a) The Gathering. All sorts and conditions of men were brought to believe in Christ-Ananias and Sapphira, who told a lie to get credit for liberality (Acts v. 3); Simon Magus, whose heart was not right (Acts viii, 3); Demas, who forsook St. Paul (2 Tim. iv. 10); but also Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened (Acts xvi. 14, 15, 40), and multitudes of other saints. So the Church keeps gathering in. Some are caught by excitement, some by quiet influence, etc. Still work going on everywhere, in all kinds of ways. Sunday-schools, Mission Services, etc. (b) The net full. This not yet, not till the number of God's people made upnot till the Gospel has been preached to all nations. (Matt. xxiv. 14.) Then will come the end. (c) The Separation. This described in many parables and other places. Who is the Judge? Christ will decide, and at once, who are worthy of a place in His home. By what will He judge us? By our works, whether they be good or bad. By our words, whether they be in the language of heaven. By our thoughts, whether the heart be given to God. Who will be employed to carry out the sentence? Christ will come with the holy angels. (Luke ix. 26; 2 Thes. i. 7.) They will come forth and visibly execute God's judgments.

Lesson. This separation hereafter is certain am I prepared for it?

A NEW YEAR'S LESSON. CHRIST UNCHANGEABLE,

Scripture to be read—Hebrews 1.

INTRODUCTION. New Year once more—1883 since birth of Christ—6,887 since Adam—what a long time! How few years of these can we look back upon! How many more will there be? Can we look forward to any? Look back for minute at past year—can recall some days of care, sorrow, trial. Some also of joy, brightness, happiness.

At this time we are thinking of Jesus Christ's coming into the world. Story well known. Re-

mind of events of His childhood. His life at Nazareth, subject to His parents. (Luke ii, 41.) His visit to the Temple to worship God, and learn His will. Lived on earth holy, happy, useful life—died a cruel death for us, and then ascended to glory. Let us think of Him there. On earth was God as well as Man—worked miracles—forgave sins. In heaven is Man as well as God—is touched with feeling of our infirmities, etc. (Heb. iv. 15.) Is ever the same.

I. CHRIST EVER THE SAVIOUR. (Read 1-7.) How did God make known His will in past times? By Dreams, as to Joseph, Pharaoh, Abraham, etc. By His Voice—as when talked to Abraham (Gen. xvii. 1); Samuel in night; Elijah in wilderness (1 Kings xix. 12), etc. By Angels, as when reproved Israelites at Bochim for idolatry (Judges ii. 1), but especially by His Prophets. Remind of Elijah warning Israel on Mount Carmel-Jonah going to Nineveh, and many others. Still the world unsaved. At last sent His Son-better than the prophets, because God as well as man (verse 3), better than the angels, because won the glorious name of Saviour. (Phil. ii. 9-11.) Did His work-purged (i.e., cleansed) our sins—is honoured as Son—loved as Saviour-worshipped as God (verse 6).

This Christ—God—Man, lives for ever. What does He do for us? How is He our Saviour now? He pleads before God His death, thus making intercession (Heb. vii. 25); He puts Holy Spirit into hearts, thus inclining us to what is right; He hears our prayers—He fills us with love, joy, peace, holiness. He is same to us—are we same to Him?

II. CHRIST EVER THE KING. (Read 8-14.) Passage speaks of Kingdom as given to Christ because of His work. Jews often used to try and make Him a king. What did He always say? (John xviii. 36.) He is King over people's hearts. He demands their love, their service. Do we always give it? Notice about His Kingdom:-It is a righteous one. Earthly kings sometimes make mistakes-rule unjustly-even become harsh and oppressive-e.g., Pharaoh to Israelites. Never so with Christ. All He does is perfectly just and right. May not seem so now always. His doings to us may seem hardstill are ordered by love. Illustrate by child being required to take nauseous medicine for its good. Must say with Eli, when his sons were punished, "It is the Lord." Also His Kingdom is (b) lasting. Earthly kings die (Isa. vi. 1), but the Lord is always on His throne, What a comforting thought! No change, or uncertainty with Him. Can always go to Him in prayer-sure of being heard-sure of getting justice. He is ever the same.

PRACTICAL. (1) Love Christ as Saviour. Come to Him this year, if never before; His heart, full of mercy on cross to thief, is ready to forgive your sin.

(2) Honour Christ as King. Trust Him in all concerns of life. Then, when comes again with angels and saints, can look up cheerfully to meet Him in glory.

Angels from the Realms of Glory.





SUPPER WITH THE DONKEY BOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR SEASIDE BOYS," ETC.



COME years ago a benevolent lady in one of our large seaport towns, on the east coast, started the idea of giving a supper once a year, when the bustle of the season was over, to the

boys and men engaged in driving donkeys on the sands. Perhaps a short account of one of these suppers, at which I was present last year, may be interesting to some of our readers. Our Mission School House, which is situated in the low part of the town, and in the very centre of the donkey boys' quarters, was the place chosen for the supper. It was a fine large airy room, with plenty of gay pictures on the walls; one kind

friend sent down quantities of flowers, and the two long tables were gay with lovely bouquets of asters and scarlet geraniums. One of our choirmen's wives looked after the tea-making in the little class-room, and the smoking joints and plum puddings were cooked at an adjoining eating-house.

Eight o'clock was the hour fixed upon for opening the doors, but long before that time the boys could be heard surging and shouting in the streets, "I'm hungry. I want my dinner!" "Ain't the puddin' cooked yet?" with various other small pleasantries. Two of our Sunday-school teachers were stationed at the door, to see them come in quietly, boys to one table, men to the other; fifty in all we had, of all ages, from tiny lads of eight years old, to grey-bearded men.

Most of the boys were bright pleasant openfaced lads, not yet spoiled by their rough life. It was sad to turn from them to the men and older lads, and see on almost every face the same down-trodden, often vicious expression. But we had not much time for studying them then. They were all eagerly watching for their supper, and a suppressed cheer arose as the prime joints of beef, and great dishes of potatoes, were carried in, to be cut up at the side-table, and

handed round by willing hands.

A good many of the boys came to our Sunday and night school classes, and they were greatly tickled at the idea of having "teacher to serve them." "Ere you are, missis!" "I'm a' ready!" "Please, miss, some more; that 's prime good stuff." "Teacher, teacher, I'm a-waiting this 'alf hour." "I say, teacher, 'ere's a chap 'as had six cups of tea, and I ain't had one," and so on; as fast as we could fill the plates, they were emptied, while the ladies behind the tea-urns did not get a moment's rest.

"Do you think they can drink it all?" one lady, new to the ways of donkey boys, would ask

anxiously.

I do not think there was much left of our great joints, when every one declared themselves ready for pudding. Real good plum puddings they were, too. The boys distinguished themselves most now, some of the older men saying it was "too rich," and still the tea, and good-humour, the jokes, and fun, kept up in undiminished flow. Most of the noise came from the boys' table. The men were too shy to talk much.

At last human nature could no more.

"I say, teacher, 'ere 's a little chap putting his puddin' in his 'andkercher."

"I've had three plates of meat, and three of puddin'. Little Pitcher 'as 'ad seven cups of

tea." "Law, teacher, I am full!"

So the tables were cleared, plates and dishes carried into the class-room, and all settled themselves to listen while some of the ladies present

gave them a song.

Great was the appreciation of this, all the boys joining energetically in the chorus of "Sweet Belle Mahone;" the men listening with the most critical attention, and applauding vigorously when it was over; but the grand chorus of the evening was the vicar's song, "John, John, John, the grey goose is gone." The "Den ohs!" were truly deafening; the men enjoying it as much as any one. One of them then volunteered a song, given with much solemnity, and listened to with great respect. There was a little speech-making from the vicar, and one or two gentlemen, during which the boys showed some signs of impatience. More music and singing, and then some present-The same kind lady who started the idea of the supper giving also a present of a warm woollen scarf all round; red-and-black for the boys, black-and-white for the men. These, with a simple tract or picture, were now distributed by the different ladies, with a few pleasant words for each individual, man and boy. Then, as ten o'clock struck, the business of the evening was over, and the donkey boys trooped out with many "good nights," and some few "thank yous" to the ladies who had been so busy for them: very few, I must own. Not that they had not enjoyed themselves—that I think they did thoroughly—or were not grateful for the trouble taken; but "Thank you" is a word that requires to be taught, and rough boys and men are shy of using it.

Now I want to say a few words to you for these poor donkey boys. I scarcely think any one realises how very rough and ignorant, and uncaredfor they are, what homes they have, and what lives they lead. As long as the season lasts, they are on their feet all day, from perhaps four o'clock in the morning, until ten o'clock at night, Their Sundays are spent lying in bed, lounging round the street corners, or drinking in the many public-houses, that lie in wait for them at every turn. Church is the last place they would dream of entering; and can we be much surprised that scarcely any of them can read? They are absolutely ignorant about the simplest truths of Christianity. Did they come to church, the service would be practically to them in an unknown tongue; but must they remain like this? Could nothing be done to bring the Gospel home to them? to teach them of a little better life than they lead? A good many of the boys came to our Mission Sunday-school. The only difficulty, and it was a great one, was to get teachers enough. were as rough and wild as could be, still they were fond of coming, and it was easy to get some little kind of influence over them; but among the elder lads and men a lady cannot do much.

There was one lane, almost opposite our Mission Church, where the people lived the lives of heathen, and every kind of sin and wickedness seemed to flourish and abound. Almost every night there was a fight there, either of men or

women.

It was quite a common occurrence, when we came down to hold our night-school, to find no boys, and to hear that they had stayed out, to "watch the fight." They seemed to look upon it as a kind of gratis entertainment, got up for their benefit, and such sights are so common, no one dreams of expressing any surprise or horror.

Drunkenness is of course the great curse of all, both men and women seeming completely enslaved by it, miserable homes and half-naked children being the result. How or by what means these poor children escape the school inspector I do not know, but they do so; this lane absolutely teems with them.

We hear of missions now-a-days to soldiers and sailors, shoeblacks and costermongers; in London, and looking over the fifty faces at our "Donkey Boys' Supper," last year, it seemed to me much good could be done by a regular organised Mission to them. If some active energetic layman, with a real love for his work, and a true sympathy with the trials and temptations of these poor men (I say layman because they are apt to be frightened and shy at the sight of a black coat, and have an idea, besides, that "religion" is a thing only fit for clergymen and women)-if this man would go amongst them in the evenings, when they are at home, or through the day when they are busy at their work, giving notice of classes to be held, on week-night evenings, or Sunday afternoons, specially for them, and in some room close enough to their slums for them to feel at home; (for there is no use trying to bring them out into the more respectable part of the town-you must go to them)-if they are only asked kindly and

cordially, as if they were really wanted, they will, I think, come, at least a few of them, and once get hold of two or three, they will bring others, and you will have made a beginning.

Once get them in, it would, I am sure, be easy to keep them. They like being taken notice of, and it would be some variety in their hard lives; and even the worst amongst them have some little leaven of good, some wish for better things.

I will not speak of the interest of such work; that any one trying it would soon find out for themselves. I will only say, that if any feeble words of mine would induce any one living at our large seaport towns, and with some spare time on their hands, to go down to the sands, and try to get some hold on the ragged lounging men and boys, I should be more than glad, and this paper on "Donkey Boys" would not have been written in vain.

OLD TESTAMENT PATTERNS OF NEW TESTAMENT VIRTUES.

I.-ABRAHAM A PATTERN OF FAITH.*

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, PADDINGTON.

E wonder not to see the prominence assigned to Abraham in the Apostle's great "cloud of witnesses." As an example of faith, as a preacher, by his life and conversation, of the true doctrine of "justification," he was evidently a man in advance of his age. He had a power of looking into things not seen as yet; of with firm hold, things not

grasping, with firm hold, things not tangible as yet. He could give substance to things, which, to others, were but shadowy hopes, and could see, as plainly as if

it were a near reality, the "land that is very far off."

Of course, we always consider the faith of Abraham to have reached its culminating point, when, at the Divine bidding, he showed himself ready to offer up his son Isaac. And, certainly, when we remember how sternly the anger of God had gone forth against human blood-shedding; how the act required of Abraham would revolt and lacerate the most deeply-rooted instincts of our nature; and more than all, how obedience to the command seemed to destroy the only hope which remained to him, that he should be the progenitor of the Saviour of mankind, his conduct on this occasion, regarded as an example of

trusting faith, is altogether without a parallel. But, as an instance of the bold ventures of faith, of the sublime heroism of faith, of the magnanimous and trustful daring of faith, when the will of God is plainly declared, the call of Abraham, as set forth in the text, may well furnish matter for profitable meditation also. "By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, and he went out not knowing whither he went."

I. To appreciate the moral worth of this obedience, let us look at the original command as contained in the twelfth chapter of Genesis: - "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Of course, we, with our fuller Gospel light, know of some reasons for this call, which may not have been present to the mind of Abram. In the country where he was dwelling, the people were addicted to the grossest idolatry, and if Abram and his descendants should continue in the midst of such corrupting influences, there was danger that there might spring up among them an entire ignorance of the true God, as well as a total indifference to that gracious promise of a Redeemer, which was to

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have its fulfilment in the seed of faithful Abraham. Still, whether aware of such a reason for this commanded change of country or not, we cannot withhold our admiration of his prompt and unquestioning obedience. Reasons of personal advantage or expediency would be all against such a change. He had spent a good lifetime in the country, and had become rooted to the soil. The work of his hands had prospered. Men looked upon him as one of the most powerful sheiks of the land, and yet he is required, as much as Peter, and James, and John were required, to give up all, and, so to speak, to follow Christ.

This is what was asked of him, and we must acknowledge there was strong faith evinced in his ready compliance. To leave his country and his home, and to go forth he knew not whither, to make his way to a land which he had neither a recognised right to claim, nor any apparent means to acquire, to expect to be able to make a home for himself, when, as yet, no inheritance had been allotted to him, "no, not so much as to set his foot on," to look upon it as a place in which his descendants were to have their habitation fixed, even when as yet he had no child; to set about all this, I say, and to believe all this without the slightest misgiving or hesitation, and in simple obedience to a Divine command, does show a reach of faith which may well make us accord ungrudgingly that title to Abraham, that he was the pattern of believers, and "the friend of God."

II. But, in connection with this obedience to a Divine call, on the part of Abraham, and as consequent upon it, the Apostle goes on to notice another proof of the patriarch's faith, in the perfect contentedness and humility with which he settled down in the land of his adoption. "By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, heirs with him of the same promise." That which makes this part of Abraham's conduct remarkable, is that, in addition to the spiritual promises in regard to his seed, there was insured to him, at the time of his leaving Mesopotamia, a distinct pledge of earthly greatness and prosperity in the land of Canaan. "I will bless thee, and make thy name great," it had been said to him. How natural for him, on arriving at the country, to make use of all the means at his disposal, for bringing about this predicted success, and, in accordance with the declared purpose of the Almighty, to do all he could towards facilitating the occupation of the country by his descendants. But he does nothing of the kind. With wealth and retainers equal to any possessed by the greatest chiefs in the land, Abraham neither aims at power, nor buys up territory, nor aspires after distinction, nor builds up cities "to be called after his own name," but is content, with Isaac and Jacob after

him, to take up his abode in the most humble description of dwelling—a shepherd's tent, which, fastened with cords and stakes, and roofed over with sheep-skins and goat-skins, might just serve for the exigencies of pastoral life. Beyond this, he thought not; cared not. He walked by faith, lived and was happy in the unseen world of faith—a pattern to all that should come after, of the power of that living principle which gives reality to things hoped for, and demonstration to things not seen.

III. And this brings me to notice, in the next place, the form in which the faith of Abraham, and of other Old Testament saints, bodied itself, with regard to the Land of Promise. Two principal ideas will be found to connect themselves with these anticipations: one being that of Canaan as a land of rest, the other as the type of a glorious city, having walls and bulwarks.

In the passage before us, as if in contrast to the rudeness and discomfort of tabernacle or tent-life, the anticipations of Abraham with regard to Canaan are made to centre in a city: "He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God." Yet who sees not, in this brief reference, intimations of a great Old Testament doctrine, utterly at variance with the teaching of those "who feign that the old fathers did look only for transitory promises?" Great cities, we know, have been reared by human industry and skill; and the builders of them, in their presumptuous pride, have given to them the name of "Eternal" cities. But on no such perishable structures was the hope of Abraham resting, when looking abroad on the fields of his future inheritance. Often, as he sat at his tent-door, in the plains of Mamre, looking at the oak grove and palace of a friendly chieftain, on the one side, and beholding, on the opposite slope, the field and cave of Machpelah, would his pious thoughts turn from the vanity of all earthly inheritances to the imperishable glories of the Canaan that is above. And thoughts of a city "whose walls are salvation, and its gates praise, a city which hath no need of the sun or the moon to lighten it; a city where there is no temple, "because the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it;" a city through whose streets flows the crystal river of life, and by the side of it a tree of life, fresh with everlasting verdure—thoughts of such a city, I say, would rise before his eagle vision, dwarfing into more than the insignificance of tent or tabernacle, the proudest fabric of human hands; a home for the saints of God, when every earthly monument had passed away.

Oh! yes, for himself Abraham asked for no inheritance, in that land of the Amorite. He was only a sojourner, a dweller in tents, and, as he had now fulfilled seventy-five years of his pilgrimage—beyond a few feet of parent earth,

in that field of Machpelah, hard by, he cared not for any possession beside. We almost see the grand old man, as, some years afterwards, he stood in widowed loneliness before the sons of Heth, weighing out his "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant," just for a piece of ground that he might bury his dead.

"A little earth;" Abraham asks no more. He needs no more. He will take no more. "He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose

maker and builder is God."

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(2) But another form in which the faith of Abraham and the patriarchs shaped itself with regard to the Promised Land, and, equally with the image of a city which has foundations, proving that their hopes did not terminate in the possession of mere temporal blessings, was that of Canaan as a type of the heavenly rest. Thus, when Moses was speaking to the people, a short time before his death, he said, "Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God hath given you." Indeed, as the Apostle argues in the third chapter of this Epistle, "If Jesus (or rather Joshua) had given them rest, then would David not afterwards have spoken of another day." But he did speak of another day, and another rest-a day of hope, as much to David as to those who first took possession of the land. They, like him, had faith in the promise, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." Canaan was not that rest, but only the way thereto. For a time they would dwell there, but, as those who desired a better country, they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

The lessons are many which might be gathered out of this part of Abraham's history, but our meditations upon it may be limited to two :- The first, the duty of implicit obedience to a Divine call, in faith that our way will be made plain for us as we go on. "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out, obeyed; and he went out not knowing whither he went." "Not knowing," but fully assured that God knew; and that all he had to do, was to be continually on the look-out for Divine guidance. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," runs the promise. Only observe, God must be acknowledged, must be consulted, must be looked to, and that in faith, as if we expected the guidance we profess to seek. When it is said, "We walk by faith, and not by sight," it is not meant that we purposely shut our eyes. On the contrary, to such indications of his will as God is pleased to give us, we keep our eyes as wide open as we can. Abraham did this when it became necessary for him and Lot to separate, and we know he was directed to a right choice. And it must be so with us, in all the practical affairs of life; particularly in those choices of a home, and occupation, and new family or business

alliances, which affect so largely (more largely than we always think of) our best interests for eternity. In all such cases, the eyes of faith should attend constantly upon God, in waiting expectation. Every faculty should be on the alert to catch the bidding eye of Heaven. We know not in what way the indications of the Divine will may come to us. The great thing is to be on the watch for them, as Israel looked out for the pillared fire-cloud in the wilderness. We should listen for directions from above, in the still small voice of prayer, in the calm whispers of closet-meditation, in the teachable study of providential signs, God speaking to us by accidents, or unlooked-for occurrences. And, having discerned the voice that speaks, we should obey, moving instantly the cloud moves, and where it moves. Never mind, if it does look like a leap in the dark at first. It is not so really, any more than was the Exodus of Abram when he "went

out not knowing whither he went."

The other lesson taught us by this history of Abraham, is that practical obedience to the Divine will is the sure way to growth in all spiritual knowledge, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." On each successive proof of the patriarch's large and trusting faith, fresh disclosures of the purposes of God, in Christ, were made to him. He seemed as one taken into the bosom confidences of the Most High, insomuch that although the ultimate fulfilment of the promise was 2,000 years off, Abraham was gifted with such a far-reaching sight above his fellows, that we find it said of him, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad." And like recompenses of faith, in the sense of higher degrees of spiritual illumination, shall be ours also, if, waiting on the guidance of the Holy Spirit, we follow on to know the Lord. Only let us walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham, going where God directs us, doing what God commands us, surrendering cheerfully what God requires of us, and He will show to us His covenant. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." We shall be instructed more deeply in the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ-of conviction of sin, of peace of conscience, of full assurance of hope. And when the time of our last exodus draws nigh, and the angel of death shall come unto us saying, "Get thee out of this country and from thy kindred, unto a land that I will show thee," Pisgah-views of the better country will be vouchsafed to us. We shall have visions of the "King in His beauty," visions of the saints in their blessedness, visions of the rest that remaineth, when, under the leadership of our heavenly Joshua, we have crossed the flood, until we enter the city of habitation, "the city whose maker and builder is God."

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

DECEMBER.

"Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God."-St. Luke ii. 13.

HEN, everywhere,

The trees are bare,

And clouds are dark in heaven above,

December's near,

When, sweet and clear,

One song we hear

Of Peace and Love,

Soon all is white
At morning-light,
Clad in fair robes of driven snow;
And robins sing,
While joy-bells ring
And tidings bring
Of long ago,

Sweet-toned and low Across the snow, The bells proclaim a Saviour born In Eastern inn—
To bear our sin,
Our peace to win—
On Christmas morn.
Again we hear,
Afar and near,

The angel-chorus rising high: The anthem old To shepherds told Beside their fold

In years gone by.

This is the song
That lingers long,
While bells ring out their merry chime:
That cheers the sad,
That checks the bad,
And makes all glad

At Christmas-time. GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.-THE VICAR OF CLIFFCOOLE,



HE Vicar of Cliffcoole was a young man ; too young, some had ventured to complain when he was appointed. The Ruthins had occupied their seaside lodge a few summers previously, and between this time and their present visit the late incumbent died, and the charge was given to the Rev. Horace Archer, whose

father had been one of the bishop's friends. Whatever feelings influenced the latter in his choice of a successor to the old minister who had slumbered spiritually, as well as literally, beside the drowsy waves, and, unlike their vigorous brine, had decidedly "lost his savour," it was a wise one. Mr. Archer was an astute scholar and a gentleman. True, learning might be of little avail in his new post, but he had other qualifications which eminently fitted him for it, in a grave, earnest manner, and a simple eloquence which was very forcible. Few brought under its influence could resist, none could

gainsay it, backed as it was by that most powerful of all arguments, a holy life. As a sincere and unworldly Christian who had work around him, resources within himself, and coming power above, he was quite contented with his lot. He did not choose, still less seek to carve out his own destiny; he simply accepted it. He did not try to force a path for himself; as soon would he have thought of storming a city single-handed; but when a path was open he trod it carefully and zealously. Not in the least undervaluing his own gifts, and seeking, rather, "to magnify his office," he did not allow himself to be carried away by his own desires, but wholly submitted himself to the Divine will, saying—

"Choose Thou for me!"

Laying aside learning, this singular man came down in his preaching to the meanest capacity, setting forth the Gospel in its beautiful simplicity. Standing on a sure foundation, he held out a strong hand in yearning pity to those he sought to rescue. Some were awakened to anxiety by seeing how persuaded he was of their danger, while others felt ashamed of their sin, and not insensible to "the beauty of holiness" as shown in his practice. He was a ready adviser in seasons of difficulty, mourned with the mourner, and was ever to be found in the chamber of suffering. Little children clung to him, and the happy loved his smile. Even the most turbulent character in the neighbourhood passed him with a respectful salute, and he was considered under the special protection of the fish-wives-an honour to

which few attained, and which, truth to say, he scarcely appreciated.

Such was Horace Archer, dealing so wisely and kindly, that among the inhabitants of Cliffcoole and its somewhat thickly-peopled neighbourhood, on to the adjoining important seaport town, he was decidedly a favourite and a success. He did not discern much good results from his labour, it is true, greatly as he desired it; but the good seed was sown in many a heart, and the dew of God's blessing was beginning manifestly to descend, in answer to many prayers.

"How do you like the new parson?" asked Frank Ruthin of Winifred and his sisters, as they walked home from church along a winding seaside path, the first Sunday of their stay at Cliffcoole.

"Not at all," returned Louie; "there was not a single new idea in his sermon. It's the same thing they all say, over and over again."

"I don't think I ever heard a sermon like it before," remarked Ethel, dreamily.

"And I, too, thought it seemed wonderfully fresh and new," added Winifred, gazing thoughtfully before her. "I suppose it is all in the Bible, and I have heard the old story of which you complain, Louie, many times, but really whether through my former ignorance or the clergyman's present gift, it commended itself to me as it has never done before."

"I thought you seemed very attentive," observed Louie, maliciously. "I was wondering whether it was to the man or the matter. He is too young and gentle (not that he is my style, you know), to be stared out of countenance."

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"I don't know what you call gentle," replied Frank Ruthin, testily. "He has a straight nose and hard, grave face,"

"Not hard, Frank," interrupted Ethel. "There was a strange light in it, which made me think he enjoyed what he said, if no one else did."

"Perhaps he enjoyed it all the more for the manifest admiration of his audience," sneered Master Frank. "Probably he took yours and Miss Lorne's attention as a tribute which was his due."

"Well, men are jealous!" laughed Louie. "Did you ever meet a man who was willing to have another admired or praised? It detracts from dear self."

"I thought this was an interesting phase of character for which ladies were specially noticeable," retorted the young gentleman.

"Don't mind sneering, Frank; reserve your satire," pursued his elder sister, who was not to be set down or silenced. "Remember this is Sunday. Let us turn the subject. Don't you think Miss Franklyn's bonnet showed a great deal of research?"

No one seemed interested in this equally unprofitable inquiry, so silence ensued. Frank Ruthin bit his offending lip—a habit he had when seeking to control ill-humour—and glanced now and again at Miss Lorne's thoughtful face as she walked quietly beside him.

Mr. Archer had chosen a very short text that day —only two words—"This Man," as found in two pas-

sages—"This Man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv. 2); "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 38).

He tried to show his hearers that they were sinners, and for this end sought to bring them face to face with the holy God, and with the manifestation of Himself in the pure and blessed Jesus, the One Who came to rescue the lost, to restore the erring, to raise the fallen. Majesty, abating nothing of its greatness, had come down to misery's low estate. Had it been in vain for any of them?

Through the fulness of the Atonement he preached unto them a resurrection from wrong to right, from death to life, from a tried existence to an eternity of bliss,

In Winifred's heart awoke anew a sense of need, of which she had ever been more or less conscious, and which now stirred almost to pain. For the first time the gracious One of Whom she heard seemed "a living, bright reality." Still, the power of a more earthly affection held her from His side, and won her for itself alone.

Of course, Mr. Archer noticed the strangers in his church, and was pleased, though not flattered, by the manifest attention of some of them. He did not take that attention as a tribute due to himself, but due to his theme; and, as he marked Winifred's earnest gaze, and Ethel's manifest delicacy and dreamy languor, he felt drawn out in greater earnestness and more faithful simplicity.

The service concluded with a hymn. The church was on the slope of a hill, a narrow path leading to the main road, which overlooked the water. As Mr. Archer descended this, he came suddenly upon Danny Connor, standing motionless, gazing out to sea. His hands were clasped, and his face wore a rapt expression, as if some beatific vision filled his mind, or he heard entrancing sounds. Mr. Archer, who had encountered the lad many times before, and knew something of his tastes and habits, at once divined the cause of his apparent enjoyment.

"Good morning, Danny," he said, "Have you been listening to our singing?"

"Good-morrow kindly, yer honour, an' sure, them sounds was jest beautiful."

"You love music, my lad?" inquired the gentleman, curious to hear the poor fellow's idea of it.

"Ay!" returned the lad, as if not understanding what was meant. "I love the noise of the sea when its roarin' mad, an' dashes upon the cliffs, an' the wind whistles an' screeches an' howls like a thing in pain. An' I like to hear the cry the sea-birds make when the storm's comin'; oh yes, an' the purty see-see the little shells make when you holds them to yer ear. But the nicest of all is them notes you was making awhile agone; it seemed as if all the purty sounds was fittin' in together. I can sing, too, finely," and without waiting for an invitation, Danny commenced his usual croon, in which, no matter how great his taste for music and appreciation of harmony, there was at least no melody—

[&]quot;Out on the sea when the waters roll, An' the wild winds come and go,

When the sky was dark, down went the bark, Full forty fathoms low."

"That is a sad song, Danny," said Mr. Archer, cheerfully, "but it reminds me of something. Do you know we were all going down—down to a deeper and blacker place than the bottom of the sea, but the good Lord came out of heaven, and paid a price for our souls by pouring out His heart's blood on the cross, so that He might buy us, and take us to live with Him in His happy home above?"

"But how ever are we to get up there ?" asked Danny; "t is that puzzles me entirely. Father Bryan says, 'Bea good boy, Danny, an' mind yer duty reg'lar, an' don't forget yer dues, an' there's no fear of you, through the mercy of God.' Mothersays it's all the mercy of God, widout any dues."

"Yes, my lad, there were dues, but not to be paid by vou. God must have His rights and satisfaction for sin; but if we trust in what the blessed Lord Jesus endured for us, God will forgive us our offences, take us into His favour

now, and receive us into heaven when we die."

And knowing the power of music over the simple lad, Mr. Archer sang in a deep low voice some verses of a well-known hymn.

The air and rhythm caught Danny's fancy.

"Learn me that," he cried, impatiently.

Mr. Archer repeated the lines very slowly and distinctly. Then he said—

"Danny, the Lord Jesus bids us come to Him. He is not on earth now, but up in heaven, and we cannot see Him with our eyes, but may speak to Him in our hearts and with our lips, and He hears and understands us. When we so speak we come to Him; when we trust to Him altogether without anything else, He saves us. Can you read, my lad?"

"Och! then, an I cannot, yer riverence, though mother is a fine scholard, an' Minnie is larnin'. All the edication was left out of me, more's the pity, an' but that the good Lord gev me such fine arms I should be no good at all, at all."

"Well, take this book," returned the clergyman, handing his companion a New Testament, which he happened to have about him, "and may it make you and yours 'wise unto salvation'!"

Danny accepted the gift with thanks.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light and understanding to the simple."

The poor lad little knew what a bright beam of light was to enter his humble home through the reading of this blessed Book. He went off singing, with a satisfied air, in the consciousness of his new possession.

Of course, Mr. Archer called on the Ruthins, and by a pleasant genial manner set himself on an easy footing with them at once. He did not believe in forcing religion upon people in a disagrecable way, as if it

was a wholesome potion they must swallow, nor in a gloom which little commended it. He did not wish their pastor for the time to become a formidable personage to them, no more than to poor Danny Connor, yet would not lower the dignity of his ministry. He was successful in this effort also, and so his influence for good was felt in the home of the rich as well as in the cabin on the rock.



"Her sister and friend reclined on the ground beside her."—p. 101.

CHAPTER VI.-POETS AND POESY.

WITH a mighty roll and ceaseless dash, as if conscious of and rejoicing in their might, the waters of the broad Atlantic swept on to the very base of the tall cliffs that guarded the shore at Cliffcoole, but a few miles distant from a large seaport town, breaking

on the rocky barriers in fierce wrath, and sending showers of spray on high, as in mingled anger and derision. Triumph it might have been; for surely as those barriers stood up to resist, so surely did the mighty tide encroach and extend its dominion. In a narrow cove, guarded on all sides but the one open to the sea, by dark grey cliffs, reached only by a circuitous and narrow path, was a clear floor-way of bright yellow sand. On this was a tolerably comfortable seat, hollowed by the action of the tide out of a huge boulder; and in it, amidst plaids and wraps, sat Ethel Ruthin, while her sister and friend reclined on the ground beside her.

"And now, fair mistress, thou art enthroned, and we, thy attendant maidens, await thy commands," exclaimed Louie. "Shall we gather marine treasures for the royal aquarium, or sit at thy majesty's

feet, and read thee to sleep?"

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"If you act courtiers, I shall, like the mighty Dane, order you to move my immovable seat to where the waves shall roll in to wash away my fancied greatness," returned Ethel.

"I think not," laughed Louie; "that would involve your moving also; a thing I know you are averse to when you have been made comfey."

Ethel's indolence, whether natural or the result of ill health, was too well known to be disputed.

"I do not feel inclined to play at rank and style here," said Winifred; "I seem very small indeed. And yet nowhere else does my mind travel forth so far, or my heart swell with such a sense of its tremendous capacity."

"You are always moralising, Winifred," answered Ethel, languidly; "I never moralise, but feel as if I could dream life away by this beautiful calm tide. The little girl who lives in the cabin on the cliffs has not altogether a bad time of it; every influence is pure and fresh, and must breathe peace. Her taste has not been impaired; ours has been spoiled by the life of a city."

Winifred, in reply, repeated in clear tones the lines—

"I see the deep's untrampled floor,

With green and purple sea-weeds strown;

I see the waves upon the shore,

Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;

I sit upon the sands alone,

The lightning of the noontide ocean Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measured motion.

"Yet now, despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death-like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea

"The man who sang thus declared he had not-

Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

"Hope nor health, Nor peace within nor calm around," said a full, deep voice as Mr. Archer suddenly rounded a corner and stood beside them.

"There are others like him," muttered Ethel, as if involuntarily.

He did not look as if he heard her; on the contrary, he turned his head away, and no one would have guessed that his heart rose in thankfulness at the admission. He only said, in a pleasant voice—

"You have invaded my dominions, young ladies. I must have been here before you, dreaming my own dreams in a terrible retreat called 'The Bloody Cavern,'"

"Oh! Mr. Archer, what a beautiful name!" exclaimed Louie.

"Do you think so?" he replied, with an amused expression. "I should have said it was the reverse."

"Indeed, it is beautifully suggestive," persisted Louie; "a very romance in itself—love, mystery, and superstition."

"You love romances, Miss Ruthin?"

" I do."

"And think highwaymen, smugglers, etc., gallant gentlemen?"

" I do."

"I am sorry for you," he said, candidly.

"And I don't want your pity," was the smart re-

"Nevertheless, being a foolish fellow, I give it," he returned, good-humouredly, "as I should give it to one I saw seeking to still the cravings of hunger with poison when wholesome food was within his reach. What is more," he added, with a wilful look, which sat very well on his usually grave face, but called a momentary flush to Miss Ruthin's, "I am afraid I should try to take the poison from him."

There was a pause, and then Mr. Archer went on in a different tone.

"Whether this cave was the resort of snugglers, or simply received its name from the red hue of the rocks which form it, I cannot tell; probably both. I know it used to communicate with the pretty cottage which stands alone a little way back in the hollow from the brow of the cliff, and have heard a strange story about it."

"A story! pray tell it to us," was Louie's de- a lighted ejaculation.

And with a courteous, "At your command, Miss Ruthin," which removed all her lingering displeasure, Mr. Archer began—

"For a long time that cottage was untenanted; the last tenants had heard such strange sounds there in the dead of night that they were glad to leave the place and seek some quieter abode. Of course, there was but one solution of the mystery—the place was haunted! The evil report went abroad, and no one would take it. At last it was let to the wife of an officer in the constabulary stationed at the cove. She came there with her children and servants, her husband remaining at his quarters. The very night of their arrival the strange sounds began. From the walls at one side of a passage leading to the sitting-

room she heard dreadful moans, the clanking of chains, and even wild laughter, which sometimes seemed to ascend from beneath. She was not naturally nervous; so tried to discover if it was a trick, in vain; and almost concluded some wretched maniac must be concealed on the premises. At last she wrote to her husband, begging him to come to her secretly and with despatch, which he did. On hearing her story he formed his plans. Stationing a few men privately on the premises, he sat alone with his wife late at night. A terrible noise was heard, then a rattling of iron; she grasped his arm in terror.

"'Take the light and go before me through the

passage,' he whispered.

"She obeyed, trembling in every limb. He kept close behind her. As she reached a certain spot, through an aperture not noticeable before, a red hand was thrust right into her face. In an instant the officer seized it. It was flesh and blood, and twisted itself vigorously and viciously in a vain effort to get free. At a signal, the policemen rushed in, the aperture was widened, and the leader of a band of snugglers captured, with much booty. The rest of the band escaped through 'the bloody cavern' to the sea."

"What a grand story!" exclaimed Miss Ruthin; but I don't think it was right of the officer to make his wife go before him. I thought when you came

to that part he was a coward."

"You should not form hasty conclusions," said Mr. Archer, smiling.

"I shall never form any others," returned Louic, with her usual light laugh.

Mr. Archer turned to Ethel.

"The sea is always suggestive of unrest. How is it that it has a calming influence upon our minds?"

"I suppose it is only the monotony of its sound," she replied.

"Or perhaps, the greater unrest outside makes that within seem less," added Winifred. "The mind is drawn off from the contemplation of itself."

He looked quickly at her.

"I think you are right: there never can be peace to a mind turned in upon itself. It induces that morbidity of which I complain in novels, until the imagination becomes diseased. When the mind travels over the illimitable ocean and is lost in the contemplation of its vastness, or visits distant lands, it inhales as it were new life and vigour, and fresh powers of thought, which are to the intellect what the sea-breezes are to the wasting body."

There was a silence after this. He had spoken well, but his last words struck a chord which vibrated

somewhat painfully. He perceived it.

"We spoke just now of one who had not 'hope nor peace,'" he said, bending again towards Ethel. "Do you know why this was so with this gifted man?"

"No," she replied, looking away from him, for she had an intuitive perception to what he was leading her.

"Because he could not look away from himself and his evil surroundings to One Who is, in Himself, His people's peace. He who trusts in Christ has a hope which nothing can destroy, 'as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast.'"

There was a silence after this; then Mr. Archer, in

full quiet tones, repeated slowly-

"Peace I leave with you: My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you.' Oh, what a heritage! How sad to see so many miss it: how painful to trace the word 'unsatisfied' written across the greatest efforts of genius. Shelley drank to the dregs the cup of earthly joy, yet, unhappy in himself, his writings do not breathe that high pure tone which should mark true poesy."

"You are a severe critic, Mr. Archer," said Wini-

fred, "Do you write?"

"Not poetry; my standard is too high."

"And you assail the highest?"

"I was not aware of it. Do you read poetry, Miss Lorne?"

"Selections. We have some volumes, English and American."

"May I inquire what effect have such pieces as you have quoted upon you? Do they give you strength for 'the common task' in every-day life?"

"No; but they rest me after it."

"I may infer they induce a tender melancholy, or a lofty enthusiasm. You dream?"

"Yes."

"I am afraid you are a poet," he rejoined, laughing.

" Afraid?"

"Yes; I do not think the gift of poesy a happy heritage for a woman."

"And I am afraid I have as little claim to it as the poor half-witted lad who climbs those rocks has to the title of 'Poet of Cliffcoole,'" Winifred replied.

"There is something strangely reliable about that lad," said Mr. Archer, musingly. "In spite of his singular deformity, one instinctively trusts and likes him."

"Mr. Archer, why do you choose to live here?" asked Louie Ruthin, suddenly.

"I did not choose it, Miss Ruthin."

"Then, why come here at all? You were not forced to do so, surely?"

"Not at all; I was led."

Miss Ruthin looked puzzled.

"Old John Newton used to say that 'whenever he tried to carve for himself, he always cut his fingers.' Can you not understand my professing to be led by a higher will and power than my own?"

"But did you see a vision telling you of a place called 'The Bloody Cavern,' and a lot of naughty people, among them wilful young ladies, who were to

be encountered on its cliffs?

"I needed no vision, Miss Ruthin," he said, smiling pleasantly: "wilful young ladies are to be met everywhere, and I had to take a very naughty person with me wherever I went."

"You don't mean to condemn yourself?" pursue. the young lady. "I thought you were a saint."

"And you find I am a sinner. Did you know I could be both?"

"The terms are not synonymous," remarked Winifred.

"Certainly not; they are contradictory."

Miss Lorne in her turn looked puzzled.

"When we look away from ourselves, as I have said," Mr. Archer continued, "and see sin put away by the sacrifice of Another, and we ourselves complete in His perfection, a new nature is given us, indwelt by the Holy Spirit. The old evil principle remains, and 'these are contrary the one to the other,' so that the Christian life is a constant warfare. The redeemed and renewed sinner is separated to God's service—in other words, he becomes a saint, or sanctified one."

There was a long silence; then Louie, with one of her quick changes of mood, said impulsively—

"I have a bad tongue, Mr. Archer."

"I never knew any one who had a good one, Miss Ruthin."

Winifred looked thoughtful, as she ever did, when learning; Louie bored. Ethel said nothing, and the expression of her face, as she shook hands with Mr. Archer, was calm and cold as ever. "She is tired," he thought. He did not know that she was always tired. He looked at her carnestly, which she did not appear to notice. It was hard not to be in carnest about her.

CHAPTER VII,-DOWN BY THE SEA.

"Why did he look at me in that way?" mused Ethel, who was by no means as indifferent as she appeared. "He thinks I am very ill—a great deal worse than I really am. I am not ill. I only want to get up a little strength, and these fresh breezes, instead of inducing sleep, will bring new life. I suppose he pities me; I don't need it, and won't be pitied by him."

And then Ethel, with the supineness which was constitutional with her, and which would not allow her to be long fretted about anything, settled in her own mind that she did not care what Mr. Archer thought.

She did care, however; she cared as much about it as she could about anything. Ethel Ruthin was not naturally selfish, but there is no doubt ill-health makes one so. She was naturally indolent, and this fault illness fostered and increased. Yet she was not incapable of deep and strong feeling, only the depths of her nature had never been stirred, and circumstances had not called it into action. She had an affectionate and sensitive nature lying like a warm under-current, whose existence was little suspected by the casual observer, beneath a calm and undermonstrative manner.

She learnt a lesson that day down by the sea. There came upon her a vague feeling of unrest and anxiety. She tried to account for the unrest as a mere effect of physical weakness, but it was not so;

and she only half deceived herself by setting it down as this. She learnt, too, that peace, deep and entire, could only be attained by looking away from herself to Another. That other was far off, and a stranger, is is true; she saw "no beauty in Him;" but it was much to have a sense of need awakened, and to know how alone that need could be met.

"I am not ill," she said again, determined to assert the fact; "at least, not very ill. Any one would get strong down by the sea."

Ah! but some of the fairest things earth has ever seen have gone down to, or lie wrecked beside that treacherous main! How many hearts anticipate in their impatient longing the mandate of the All-powerful One, "Give up!"

Winifred Lorne wandered there; Winifred alone, She wanted to "commune with her own heart" undisturbed, and so, as one she cared for before had done unknown to her, had come hither to face herself.

A book lay on her knee, a volume of Mrs. Barrett Browning's poems, but she was not reading.

"It is true I have a poet's mind," she said, "able to discern the beautiful where others might pass it by; to weave strange fancies, and often grow sick with its own unexpressed desires. Often, too, I can roam delighted in a beautiful world of my own imagining, which is quite as real and a thousand times fairer than this lower earth of ours. living world, I mean, for nature is in itself one grand poem. How could the gift of poesy be a heritage of woe, as that grave clergyman asserted? I fancy he does not speak lightly, or from hasty conclusions, but can support his assertions with plain matter-of-fact arguments. Well, perhaps a woman's ideal is too pure and high ever to be reached on earth; that the striving after it produces unrest and dissatisfaction, the failure despair."

With which vague and poetical conclusion, which was like all the poetry of the day-though smooth in its flow, obscure in its meaning-Winifred came down to earth's low realities. She began to question within herself whether she was selfish in being absent from home, and a vision of her mother busied in preparing a dinner with "strict economy" occurred to her. In one moment she was back in the most prosaic details of household life. If she had a warm or poetic fancy circumstances had always prevented its indulgence, and she found there was no time in her busy round for dreaming. Spoilt poet she might have been; failure she certainly was not. There are heroes and heroines in obscurity of whom the world wots not, as well as martyrs in her "dens and caves," "of whom the world is not worthy." The hardest battles are not always fought in view of an assembled phalanx, nor the greatest victories proclaimed aloud by trumpet and drum. "A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities, who can smother down in his heart his love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hands-that man is life's best hero." Is a woman less brave and true who can do this? or is the "smothering down" her normal condition?

Winifred had her ideal (what young girl has not?), and, with true womanly weakness and mistake, was investing a real, living person with qualities which he did not at all possess. It is sad indeed so to dream, because awaking to the fact that the worthiness was in one's own imagination alone, is so bitter. To the young it is more cruel than death. Alas! that the saddest of all losses should come to us as we advance on life's journey-a believing heart.

For the second time in Winifred Lorne's young life she had been brought under the influence of true religion. Her Aunt Isabella was a sincere Christian, humbly striving in her daily walk and in uninteresting details of household duty to evince the spirit of her Master. In a different sphere, Winifred now saw Mr. Archer doing the same thing-one serving in public ministry, one quietly "doing the next thing," how-

ever humble and insignificant it might be,

Completely hidden from observation, in a rocky retreat, Winifred began dreamily watching an active little figure running to and fro, now stooping, now climbing a few steps higher, on a headland near. It was Minnie Connor, gathering Carrigeen moss; and as she filled a small basket, which was tied to her side, she sang to herself in clear, high tones-

> "I do not live in palace great, I care not now for rank or state, A lowlier lot is joy to me-To dwell beside the sounding sea, To watch the wild waves swell and roar, And break in foam upon the shore, A fisher's child, a fisher's mate, Be this my rank and this my state."

"A very pretty song, but so pretty a maiden may desire a better lot than the fishing-cabin on the hill," exclaimed a voice which Winifred knew only too

Wishing to escape notice, and without a thought that in this case concealment could be wrong, or overhearing dishonourable, Winifred drew a little further into her retreat.

"It is good enough for the likes of me," was the modest reply; "leastways, it's a deal dearer than the

grandest place on airth."

"Good enough? Why, I should say, my seaflower, nothing was too good for you," was the ardent response. "Stay a moment; I wish to make a drawing of that cliff, and shall draw you too. I cannot lose my pretty picture. Give me your hand; I must place you in a proper position to adorn the view."

An indignant exclamation from Minnie Connor at this smiling but impudent speech nearly drew Winifred from her hiding-place, but, recollecting herself, by a great effort she controlled the rising tide of passion, and pressing both her hands upon her heart, and with flushed cheeks and eyes flashing with a light it would be unpleasant to meet, crouched further back beneath the sheltering rock.

" I will let her deal with him alone," she muttered. " Let the false nature and the pure speak out. If she is a true woman and not an untaught coquette, she will rebuke and expose him to himself, or restore his faith in womankind. Let the hand of the poor fishergirl humble him instead of his humbling her. At present my interference would be ill-judged."

Winifred was not mistaken in her confidence in the girl. In a quivering tone, yet with simple dignity which might have gone straight to the heart of another man, the peasant-girl said, slowly-

"I am the widow Connor's child, an' the promised

wife of Will Joyce."

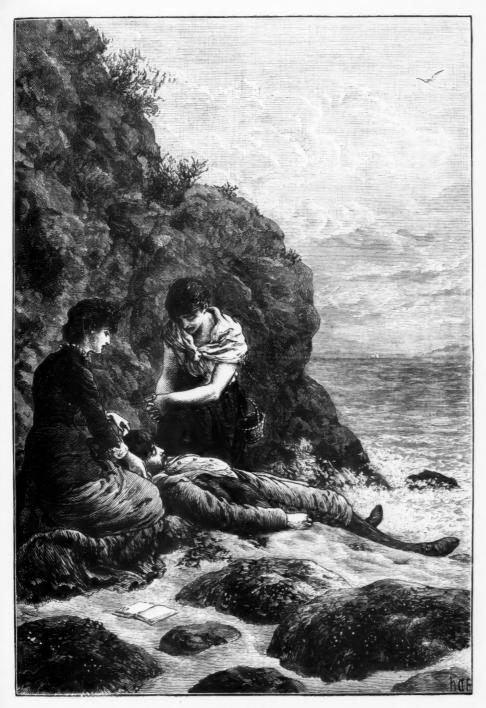
Her faith in the two beings whose special charge she was, and whose love she repaid with her young heart's devotion, was most touching. Tears sprang to the concealed listener's eyes, but the better nature of the man beside her was not aroused.

"Pretty one," he said, in a voice which, though low, was but too distinct—"I wish I could say my pretty one-you do well to love your good mother, though, shut out from the world as she has so long been, she is rather hard upon a young girl like you in bringing you up only to sell fish and gather weeds on the seashore. You ought to be dressed in a way more suited to your beauty, and surrounded by pretty things, go forth to see the world and enjoy yourself as other young girls do, to whom fate has been less cruel. Why think of Will Joyce at all? he is but a common fisher-lad, honest though he may be. Let him find some mate more like himself. You might marry

almost any one; ay, even a gentleman."

There was no reply. Oh! did she waver? Not for one moment was her pride in her lover shaken. She felt, instinctively, his marvellous superiority, rough and uneducated though he might be, to the false man beside her, and had smiled in derision, as she heard him assailed, to think how little Will Joyce would affront an honest maiden. Not for one moment was discontent at her lot awakened; not for one moment, good heart and true; not for one moment, pure mind and simple! A cry, half terror, half anger, burst from her lips, quickly succeeded by another. Winifred started to her feet, and rushed forth. As she did so, a perfect avalanche of clay, weeds, and heavy stones came sweeping down the steepest side of the cliff. Following them appeared what at first sight seemed only a dark shapeless mass. Then there was a waving in the air, as if some enormous bird had been frightened from its rocky nest; and round the light yet muscular form of Frank Ruthin there twined the long sinewy arms of Danny Connor. Active and sure-footed, Minnie sprang forward over the sharp and treacherous rocks to separate them, while Winifred, with lips compressed and knitted brow, stood to witness the deadly struggle, scorning to interfere. Not a particle of wounded pride or selfish regret filled her mind then; she felt for the fisher-girl as if she had been her sister, making her cause her own, and was thankful that she had a natural protector, who would not allow harm to come to her-the simple "sea-flower," as she had been by the artist's fancy not inaptly called.

On the summit of the rock they swayed, to the



"They bent over him."-p. 106,

verge they tottered. Frank Ruthin was wary, active, and courageous; but every effort he put forth was vain, and only expended the strength he would need for the final struggle. He could not unbind, or in any way resist the clasp of those long bony arms, which held him as in a vice. That clasp seemed more than human; he felt as if he was in the embrace of some monster, calm in the intensity of its passion. Again and again he tried to twist himself free, in vain!

Now nearer and nearer to the rocky brow they come, until they totter on its very brink, swaying backwards and forwards as if unconscious of, or indifferent to their perilous position. A loud cry of horror burst from Minnie, Winifred's pale lips parted, though she uttered no sound. Then, feeling the ground giving way beneath his feet, Danny Connor was seen to lift his adversary from the place where he stood, and twining his arms more securely around him, to spring out into the dark and troubled water, his victim still locked in a deadly embrace.

Moments passed, moments of horror, moments that seemed ages, and then there rose a dark and confused mass to the surface of the water, and the great arms of the fisher-lad—like enormous propellers—struck out for the shore. He staggered on the wet shingles, shook himself like some great water-animal, and began slowly, and with unusual difficulty, to ascend the rocks, not deigning to glance behind. Minnie called to him, and would have gone to his assistance, but he only half turned his head, feebly smiled, and hastened on his way. Then, half-borne by the waves, with little vitality save the power of an occasional stroke in the instinct of self-preservation, came in a fainting and bruised form. His feet touched the shore, he staggered, and fell insensible.

Then Winifred's womanly instinct awoke. Calm

and cold, as though she looked upon a strange form. she advanced, and, motioning to Minnie, the two girls drew it further on the sands beyond the reach of the rising tide. Supernatural strength seemed to be given her. Minnie, despite her slight figure, long inured to hardship, and a strain upon her muscular powers, proved no small help. Then they bent over him-these two young women of different birth and station, of different habits and education, yet one in a sisterhood of pure thought and feeling-these two women whom his admiration had shamed, his love would have injured. Winifred bound his forehead, from a wound in which the blood was streaming, with her neckerchief, loosened his neckcloth, and unfastened his waistcoat. Then, severely cold as ever, she placed her hand upon his heart-it beat still. Rising up, she threw her arms suddenly, with an uncontrollable impulse, round the girl beside her.

"Minnie," she said, "call your mother; I shall stay here. We must not alarm his sisters; one of them, you know, is very delicate. And—oh! God bless you, Minnie! you have saved me from myself—saved me, perhaps, from a life of misery with him!"

And thus deliverance came to Winifred down by the sea. Thus the prayer her aunt had taught her was answered, though she thought not of it.

And from the hill-top came borne to her a wild wailing recitative—

"Wrecked! wrecked!
Out on the sea, down on the shore,
Never to come again—
Nevermore!"

Were Winifred's fairest hopes utterly wrecked? Would the belief in truth come back to her "nevermore"?

(To be continued.)

"WHEN THE DOORS ARE SHUT."

BY THE HON, ISABEL C. PLUNKET.

3

HEN cometh Jesus, when the doors are shut
Of earthly joy and hope,
And openeth unto us another door,
Of wider scope.

H.

We tell Him that we can no more go up Unto His House of Prayer; His Presence fills our darkened room with peace, He meets us there,

111.

We tell Him of a glad bright world, shut out;
Of all that might have been;
He touches our dim eyes, and we behold
The world unseen.

IV.

We tell Him of a human love that broke
The heart in which it lay;
He heals the broken heart, with His own Love,
Outpoured each day.

V.

We tell Him of a light gone out on earth,
That was to us most fair;
He saith, "Look up from earth unto God's heaven,
It shineth there."

VI.

We plead for life, our own or that more dear, Brief life of hopes and fears; He gives a life of "joy unspeakable," Through endless years.

THE SYMPATHY BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.



UR knowledge of the angels is exceedingly limited. It would be easy to ask many questions concerning them, which it would be impossible to answer. For example, what do we understand by the nature of angels?

How long have they had an existence? Have they any bodily form? Are the representations of them by artists, in sculpture and on canvas, purely imaginary? How much of His own Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence, does Almighty God see fit to delegate to them? To these and similar questions there are no definite or satisfactory answers. Bible, however, teaches us that the angels are those high and holy spirits or intelligences who live in the presence of God in heaven. It tells us that they are numerous, for our Lord speaks of "legions of angels." From the same source we learn that they are powerful, for it is written that the angels "excel in strength." They may have many other employments besides this, but it is stated that one of their employments is to come to our world, to visit God's elect, "to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." They are represented as desiring to look into the scheme of redemption, and the repentance of a sinner is said to give the angels joy. There is sympathy between heaven and earth. The angels are interested in the spiritual welfare of men. There is a link connecting the visible with the invisible world; a bond uniting angels and men.

The happiness of the angels is increased by the salvation and happiness of a fallen sinful race. Here is the revelation of a great and marvellous There is something stimulating, almost inspiring, in the thought that a human being can perform an act, or pass through an experience, which interests and gives joy to such an exalted order of intelligences as the angels are. when we consider their knowledge, their power, their history, their dwelling-place, their rank, we might easily imagine that they have witnessed, and are constantly witnessing, events of more importance than a sinner's repentance.

What a history is theirs! What an experience they have had! The angels fought when there was war in heaven, and they shouted for joy over the birth of a world.

From the heights of their exalted position they have watched the course of time, and the vicissitudes through which man has passed from the They witnessed date of his creation until now. the fall of Adam and the expulsion from Eden. They saw the Noachian deluge of flood, and Sodom's deluge of fire. All the many epochs in history, in science, in art, in literature, and in

religion, have glided before their sight as the scenes in a panorama glide before the eyes of the spectators. And not only on earth, but in heaven, what wonders have they beheld! They bask in unsullied light. The smile of the Deity They dwell in the pavilion of the eternal. They behold the dazzling throne. They

see the face of God and live!

It is probable, too, that the angels have visited, and do visit, distant worlds in the universe of which we have no conception. Those stars and planets which God has sown like dust in the firmament, some of them, if not all, may be inhabited. If so the angels probably have messages to deliver to the inhabitants. But, if they do traverse these infinite depths of space, if they do visit those distant worlds, we know that they return; and although it is not recorded what interest they take in these far-off worlds, or in their hypothetical inhabitants, yet we are told that they do take an absorbing interest in the salvation of men; for, notwithstanding the extensive sweep of their knowledge, their marvellous history, and their vast and varied experiences, we have the statement of our Lord that the repentance of a sinner kindles and augments the happiness of the angelic hosts in heaven; for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

This joy of the angels is a pure, spiritual, and unselfish joy. It is manifested not over their own welfare, but over the welfare of others. It is mixed with no dross or earthly alloy. Men, frequently, rejoice over the misfortunes of their fellows. Sometimes the success of one person engenders the feeling of envy in another person's breast.

The prodigal's elder brother showed a spirit of jealousy and anger when he saw and heard of the welcome which the long-lost wanderer received when he returned home. What a contrast to this envious spleen does angelic joy present!

The blessings following repentance flow to men, not to the angels, yet the sight of a penitent sinner bowed before the Saviour causes angelic joy. The joy of the angels is spiritual in its character. It is caused, not by our worldly prosperity, but by our moral condition before God. It is the purest joy of benevolence and love.

Again, there are what we may term the negative and positive aspects of salvation, future punishment of the wicked is to the most

reverent minds an awful mystery.

The knowledge and prescience of angels, doubtless, go deeper than human ken into this solemn subject, and they rejoice when they see another human spirit escape the chains and the outer darkness of eternal despair. What joy

there is on the beach among those crowds as they watch the last shipwrecked sailor, dripping, benumbed, exhausted, yet alive, rescued from the sea's devouring jaws! Yes, and what infinitely higher joy is there among the angels of God when a sinking sinner is saved from the jaws of everlasting death! But there is the more positive aspect of salvation. A new life is begun in the soul when it is delivered from the bondage of sin. Though the angels have never sinned themselves, yet they know that sin is a terrible thing.

They have seen the hideous metamorphosis it has produced on spirits of their own order, as well as on men. Therefore those Holy Beings rejoice when they behold a human spirit saved from the guilt, the power, and the pollution of sin. They rejoice when a man receives a new nature, a pure nature, and when they see him start on the road which leads to their own pure and heavenly felicity. Who can describe the illimitable contrast between the state of a soul defiled by sin, on its way to everlasting death, and the state of a soul purified and saved by Divine grace journeying to the land of eternal light and glory? The issues in this dread alternative are too vast even for conception!

The words "joy in the presence of the angels" may refer to the realm where they dwell, or they may refer to the "spirits of just men made perfect;" for, doubtless, the souls of the sainted dead are with the angels in the presence of God.

Or they may be taken to describe the general joy of heaven over men being saved on earth, The angels, however, are specially mentioned as sharing this holy and heavenly rapture, and they are represented as taking the most intense interest in the redemption of the human race. It is clear that the angels are not only susceptible of strong emotions, but that they have an extensive knowledge of human hearts. How is this knowledge acquired and exercised? Is there a guardian angel in constant attendance upon every person in the world? Or do the angels minister Do they only to the "heirs of salvation?" know when a sinner repents by being present with Him, or is their vision so keen and strong that they can see the act from an infinite distance? How do they know what is going on in the minds of men? These questions we cannot answer; although it is evident that our hearts and minds are open to their inspection. Nor can we tell how their joy is expressed or manifested. The most ecstatic feelings of joy experienced on earth and in heaven, are represented by the imagery of music and song. We can only fall back upon this figurative language, and imagine with what rapture the angels will sweep their harps of gold, and how the vaults of heaven will ring and echo with celestial music, when multitudes of sinners weep, repent, and believe, until their sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

THE MARTYR MEMORIAL CHURCHES OF MADAGASCAR.

BY THE REV. JAMES SIBREE, JUN.

FIRST PAPER.

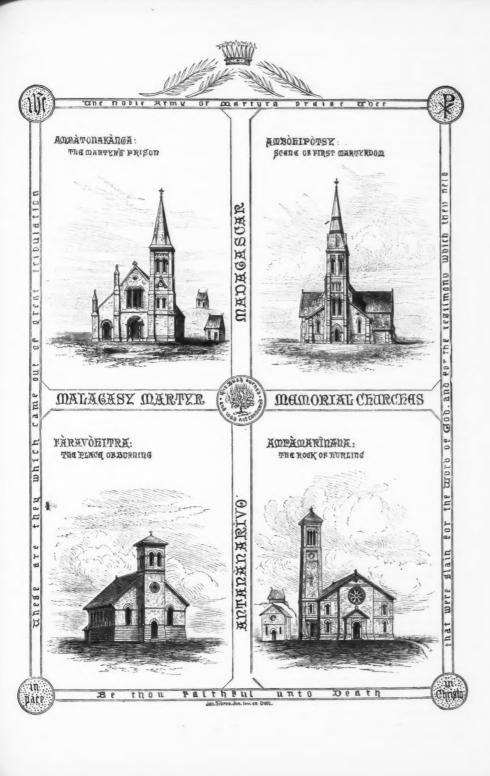


In no country has the old saying of the Fathers that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" been more signally exemplified in modern times than in the great African island of Madagascar. For about fifteen years only were the first missionaries in that country—a small band of half-a-dozen men—permitted to lay the foundations of Christianity in the island;

and that short period, as is well known, was succeeded by more than a quarter of a century of most determined effort to uproot the hated religion of the Cross. But it was utterly in vain: the blood of about two hundred faithful men and women, who loved Christ more than their life, was "the red rain which made the harvest grow;" and the present influential position of Christianity in the island would have been impossible but for the courage of those who, in the midst of fiery trials, "kept the faith." The

object of this paper, however, is not to describe the persecution of Christianity in Madagascar, but to give a few particulars of some buildings which have been erected to keep in lasting remembrance those faithful witnesses for Christ.

The circumstances which led to their erection are briefly these :- In June, 1862, the year following the death of the Queen Ranavalona I., the Rev. William Ellis arrived at the capital of Madagascar as the representative of the London Missionary Society, to reorganise the mission; and on visiting the four chief sites in the city connected with the death of the Christian people during the persecution, he was impressed by the fact that they were all remarkably well adapted for the erection of buildings. It then occurred to him that, could sufficient funds be procured, it would be appropriate that substantial stone churches should be erected upon these spots, which would hand down to later generations the remembrance of those who had sealed their faith



with their blood. Mr. Ellis accordingly wrote to the friends of the Society, reminding them that the native Christians were mostly poor, numbers having been robbed of their property and reduced in rank, and many sold into slavery; and asked, Will Christian England give to the Malagasy four stone churches which, besides preserving the memory of those who died for Christ, will also testify in a very striking way to the sympathy felt for their brethren in Madagascar by English Christians? This appeal immediately met with a most liberal and enthusiastic response. In a few months several thousand pounds were subscribed; and in the following year (1863) the writer of this paper was appointed by the Directors to go to Madagascar to design the Memorial Churches

and superintend their erection.

I arrived in Antanànarivo in October, and was much struck, as Mr. Ellis had been, by the fine sites for the proposed churches; and immediately made preparations for commencing one of the buildings. After some consideration it was determined that the first church should be built at Ambàtonakànga, a most important position on a rocky platform in the north-west suburb of the city; and at the junction of the two great roads crossing the island. This spot is, perhaps, the most interesting place in Madagascar, as regards its connection with the religious history of the The site was granted in 1827, by the King Radama I., to the first missionaries for a workshop, and here the printing-press was set up, and the whole Scriptures were eventually printed. A neat commodious chapel was also erected, and here, as well as at the other chapel, on June 5th, 1831, the first Malagasy converts were baptised, and a Christian Church was Upon the suppression of Christian worship by the Queen in 1835, the chapel was turned into a stable, and subsequently into a prison; and here many who had once worshipped within its walls were confined. Loaded with heavy fetters, some of them died from their sufferings, and others were taken thence to be put to death in various cruel forms. Ambàtonakànga may thus be called the Mother Church of Madagascar; there was born that "little one," which has now "become a thousand," and that "small one," which is now "a strong nation."

Very soon after the death of Queen Ranavalona I., in 1861, the Christian people began to assemble together again on this spot, as well as at two other places in the same quarter of the city; and when I arrived in 1863 I found a large congregation meeting in a long low dark shed (for it was nothing better), with mud walls and thatched roof. The site for the church was partly cleared, and a considerable quantity of stone had already been quarried on the spot, and

was being prepared for building.

I soon found that I had a task of no ordinary

difficulty before me. Although the Malagasy were tolerably expert in some handicrafts, such as metal-work and carpentry, they had erected no large buildings of stone or brick. The supposed dislike of the idols to such structures had led them to build the royal palaces, and other houses, of timber; brick was unknown, and stone was only used for their tombs, and in the construction of a few gateways. I was, therefore, obliged to teach my workmen the simplest rudiments of the stonemason's art-how to make a true and level surface on a stone, how to square it properly, and how to lay it well and truly when dressed, Unless this was done I discovered that when four or five courses had been laid the uppermost one would often overhang the lowest course by an inch or two, for the use of the plumb-bob and level was a mystery and a trouble which it took long patience to enforce. So it was necessary to spend a good deal of the day on the ground, and I found myself not only architect, but also contractor, builder, clerk of works, and foreman, all in one; for European help which was to have been given, failed me for a long time, through illness and other causes.

But such pains I should have willingly bestowed, could I have seen the work progressing at a tolerable speed. But it very soon became quite clear that there was an enormous difference between building churches in England, and in a half-civilised country like Madagascar. workmen are at the disposal of their superiors in the kind of feudal system that prevails in the country, and are obliged to render an indefinite amount of unpaid labour. Just at that time, the Queen began, as is customary with a new sovereign, to build a palace, and the Prime Minister also began a large house, and our few workmen were constantly taken away to work at these government buildings, as well as for the occasional service of officers of lower rank. So it frequently happened that for weeks together not a mason could come to our church work.

Besides the hindrances from these feudal customs, the primitive state of Malagasy society rendered the people very unused to, and indisposed for, regular steady work of any kind. At that time there was little division of labour in Madagascar. Every man was his own house builder; every one was (and is) his own farmer; from the highest noble down to the poorest slave, almost every one has his rice-field, and at many periods of the year every one must be in the country seeing after his crops, or preparing for them. So this was another serious cause of delay.

In addition to the foregoing there were also constant interruptions to our work from the peculiar social customs of the Malagasy. The claims of relationship and kindred are very powerful among them, and are universally re-

cognised; and one of the chief duties incumbent on every one is to attend the funeral ceremonies of all relations and family connections. From my ignorance at first of the wide use of the words for "father," "mother," "brother," "sister," etc., I was often amazed at the number of relations my workmen buried; every few weeks some near relative seemed to die. I discovered before long, however, that at the funerals of people having any property to leave, oxen are always killed; and those who attend the ceremonies may be seen in the after part of the day returning home with a piece of beef, a savoury addition to the ordinary rice and vegetables of the evening meal.

The Malagasy taste for tomb-building was another frequent cause of delay. Among the Hovas large sums are spent on their tombs, which are a kind of vault, made of immense slabs of undressed blue basalt rock. A man will live in a house which has not cost more than from ten to twenty dollars, but he will cheerfully expend 200 or 300 dollars upon his tomb. soon as a young man marries and settles in life he begins preparations for building his family vault; and all his spare time and most of his spare money are spent upon this work. basalt slabs are often brought for two or three miles' distance, dragged by hundreds of people, all the family connections and friends going to Although the portions underground in these tombs are of undressed stone, above ground a massive, and often elaborate structure of dressed stone is erected, with bold mouldings, and sometimes with a good deal of carving.

Funeral ceremonies, therefore, and tomb-building were a constant source of interruption to our church-work, and sometimes I almost despaired of ever seeing even one of the buildings completed.

Despite all hindrances, however, the walls slowly rose, and as the form of the building gradually developed great was the wonderment of the people. As the belfry windows appeared one clever fellow thought he had made a grand discovery. He pointed out to his friends that we English were building a fort, and that the belfry windows were the openings for the cannon, by which we meant to establish ourselves in the country, and eventually take possession of it for ourselves! Others, mostly old men, with less faith in its ultimate completion, would say, "Ah, when that is finished, I'll pray," i.e., become a Christian; but evidently thinking it never would be completed.

But the work required incessant personal supervision in every portion. I was obliged to mark everything except the plain wallingevery stone for sill, or reveal, or arch, or capital, or moulding, etc., so that I had a personal interest in every detail of the church such as few architects in England can have for the buildings they erect. It was also necessary for me to set out every piece of centering, and to direct the putting up of all parts of the scaffolding.

The Ambàtonakanga Church was designed, after a careful consideration of the requirements of climate, and the quality of workmanship available, in a simple adaptation of the Norman style. The church consists of a nave divided from the aisles by areades of circular columns carrying round arches; at the end is a semi-hexagonal apse, in which is a raised platform with lectern, and below this, the communion table and stone font. About half the area is fitted up with open benches, but the rest, as well as the end gallery, is simply matted, the poorer people preferring the ordinary native habit of squatting on the ground. At one angle is a tower and spire, rising to a height of between 80 and 90 feet; the general effect of the front, with its triplet window and doorways, may be seen from the sketch. The church is a substantial, if somewhat rough piece of stonework, both inside and out. Although it stands on the lowest of the four sites, being more than 200 feet below the summit of the city, it is still about 200 feet above the level of the great rice-plain to the west, and is thus seen for a considerable distance in that direction.

It was with great joy that, about two years and a half after the foundation stone of the church had been laid, I ascended the rough scaffold one morning, in company with the Rev. G. Cousins, the English pastor, and laid the cap stone of the spire. After this had been placed in position, our good foreman, Ràinimahàzo, said, "Shall we not now thank God?" and so we did then and there render very hearty thanks that the building had been brought thus far to a successful completion without any injury to life or limb of those engaged upon the work. So that if the top stone was not "brought forth with shoutings," it was at least laid with earnest thanksgiving and praise.

A few months later still, on January 22nd, 1867, we had a day of joyous opening services. The people assembled by hundreds in the open courtyard round the building as soon as it was light, and when the doors were opened every part of the structure was speedily crowded. The Queen, although herself a heathen, sent several officers, with music, to represent her on the occasion; and so, with hymns and prayers and preaching, the work of three years was brought to a successful completion.

A few words as to the three other Memorial Churches and their associations must be reserved for a second paper, together with some remarks upon the influence which this church building has exerted upon the social and religious life of

the Malagasy people

SCRIPTURE TEXTS PROVED BY FACTS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALTERS, AUTHOR OF "LESSONS FROM NATURE'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

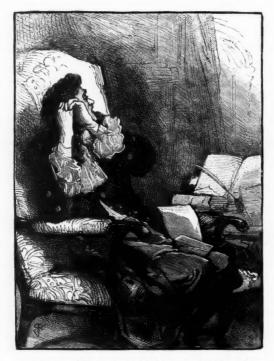
THERE are other methods than the critical of trying the Word of God. Some one was conversing one day with Coleridge on its value, and discussing the merits of various

Burns could never read the description of the great multitude before the throne, in Rev. vii. 9—17, without shedding tears. The convicting and condemning power of the Word has been

known to fill men with the Voltaire was direct alarm. once daring enough to attempt to versify the fifty-first Psalm. He continued till he came to the tenth verse, where the Psalmist prays for a clean heart, when he was suddenly seized with the most awful terrors. His pen refused to proceed. In vain he attempted to flee. He fell half-senseless on his couch, and afterwards more than once confessed that he could never think of the occasion without uneasiness and fear.

The efficacy of Scripture is wonderfully proved, in the beginnings of the divine life, in awakening, deciding, comforting, teaching men. It becomes the power of God to salvation to all who believe it. Augustine spent his youth in sinful indulgence, and plunged into the worst vices of the heathen world. At length he came under strong convictions. One night, weeping in solitude in a garden in Milan, he cried out, "Why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness ?" Hearing, as he thought, a voice in reply exhorting him to read, he checked his tears, returned to the house, and took up a copy

of the Epistles of Paul, which he had been reading before he went out. The first passage on which his eyes fell was Rom. xiii. 13, 14:-" Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." He says, "I could read no further, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away. Henceforth he lived to God. A strange and striking fact is well attested in connection with Acts iv. 12 :- "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name given among



"He was suddenly seized with the most awful terrors."

branches of evidence, when the philosopher suddenly closed the conversation by saying, "The best way to prove the worth of the Bible is to use it."

What a strange and glorious sight would meet our eyes, if we could see a copy of the Bible, in which all the passages that have afforded light, life, hope, comfort, strength, were marked; and the circumstances were known under which they became a blessing! You can scarcely look upon a page of the Holy Book, on which mingled tears of sorrow and joy have not fallen, from eyes that will weep no more.

The power of God's Word operates in various ways. Sometimes it moves the sensibilities of men, and goes no further. It is said that Robert

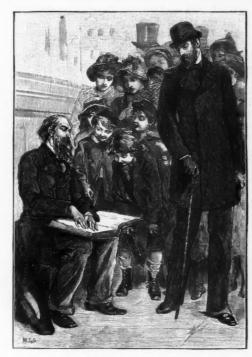
men whereby we must be saved." A gentleman living in the neighbourhood of London was one evening returning home from the city, when, seeing a number of people collected on a canal bridge, he was moved by curiosity to join them. They were standing round a blind man, who was reading aloud from an embossed Bible. Just then he had lost his place, and whilst trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read—"None other name—none other name none other name." Some of the people smiled at the poor man's embarrassment; but the gentleman went away in deep thought. He had lately become convinced of his guilt before God, and was an anxious sinner seeking salvation. Light broke upon him. "I see it all!" he said; "I see it all. I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers; I see my mistake. Jesus is the only Saviour; to Him I will hence-

forth look. There is none other name." One instance more may be added to this group. An East Indian on the Malabar coast had long been uneasy about his spiritual state, and had adopted many plans for relief, without success. One day, while on a pilgrimage of penance to a famous holy shrine nearly five hundred miles away, he sat down to rest under a banyan tree. A missionary who occasionally preached there, was addressing a small group of persons; and, at the moment of the man's arrival, quoted the text in the first Epistle of John -" The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Its effect on the man was instantaneous. He drew off his torturing sandals, and casting them away, cried aloud, "This is what I want;" and forthwith returned home, rejoicing in the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ.

Sometimes various portions of Scripture work together to produce the desired result; one helping another. We have an illustration of this, in the early experience of Fletcher of Madeley. After his union to the Methodists, he was held in bondage by self-righteousness. In

a diary which he kept at this time, he wrote— "When I saw that all my endeavours towards conquering sin availed nothing, I almost gave up all hope, and resolved to sin on, and go to hell." He struggled long with his difficulties; three texts

wrought together for his deliverance. night, he opened his Bible at the fifty-fifth Psalm, and was arrested by the words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." Although he had just risen from prayer, he fell again on his knees to thank God, and to beg that he might always cast his burden on Him. Once more he took up his Bible, and this time opened it at the thirty-first chapter of Deuteronomy. Immediately his eye rested on the eighth verse, "The Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed." "My hope," he says, "was now greatly increased: I thought I saw myself conqueror over sin, hell, and all manner of affliction. With this comfortable promise I shut my Bible, being now perfectly satisfied; and as I shut it I cast my eyes on that passage, 'Whatsoever ye ask in My



"'None other name."

name, I will do it.' So, having asked grace of God to serve Him till death, I went cheerfully to take my rest."

An old legend tells us that one day, as Saint Dunstan sat reading the Scriptures in his cell, his

harp, which hung on a peg against the wall, sounded sweetly, though untouched by human hand; for an angel played on it, to the saint's great joy. Times without number has this fable been a fact in the experience of pious men; for as they have read the true sayings of God, an unseen hand has attuned their hearts to music, and their whole being has been resonant with praise. Many texts have been from age to age wells of salvation to troubled souls, from which they have drawn water with joy. Persons have their chosen texts, which sustain them in all their troubles, and however long their troubles last. Luther's favourite portion in distress was the forty-sixth Psalm. It always reassured him, and gave him strength and peace. Whenever troubles arose, he would say to Melancthon, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, and let earth and hell do their worst."

The strong support of Mrs. Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was Isaiah l. 10:—"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." In times of severe and prolonged trial, she more than once was borne up and comforted by these words. One saint says that, in every season of perplexity, he acts on the advice of Prov. iii. 5, 6:—"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." God always honours the trust, and sheds light on

his way.

Who knows all the passages that have sustained and comforted the saints of God in the hour of death? We may glance at a few: they show diversity of mental taste, yet they all indicate the rock on which the good man builds, and the home of his affections. John Knox had the seventeenth chapter of John, and the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians read to him on his death-bed. Beza, in his younger years, was one day in the church of Charenton, when he heard the preacher expound the ninety-first Psalm. That day, he took the whole psalm to himself; and, through life, amid all changes, and in all seasons of danger, from pestilence and war, he found every part true. When he came to die, he said, "I have found this psalm true in life; and now I have no more to wait for, but the fulfilment of the last words, 'I will show Him my salvation.'" Such was the humility of Archbishop Ussher, that he often said, he hoped to die with the language of the publican in his mouth; and, true to his hope, his last words were, "God be merciful to me a sinner." A friend asked Ebenezer Erskine, just before his death, as to his hopes; and the good man replied that he was just where he had been for forty years-resting on the text, "I am the Lord thy God;" and there he meant to die. Mr. Robert Bruce's sight

failing him shortly before his departure, he called for the Bible, and said to his daughter, "Turn to the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and set my finger on the words, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." When his finger was laid upon the text, he said to those around, "God be with you! this night I shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ," The next moment he expired. Two of Dr. John Brown's favourite texts at the last, as they had been for years, were, "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun," and, "This God is our God for ever and ever." It is recorded of his mother, that she selected a great variety of Scripture promises, and, marking them in her Bible, said, "These are my comforts." Having become very deaf, and also unable to hold up a Bible, she employed her son to copy the list of promises she had marked, and kept the paper constantly in her hand. When asked if she could now trust these promises, she replied, "Guilt stares me in the face; but through grace I desire to trust the promises." These were her last words; and after her death the copied list was found in her bosom, clasped in her dead hand.

The twenty-third Psalm, as we might suppose, has always been precious to dying saints. Here Edward Irving's soul found rest. It was sweet to the taste of John Sterling. One of the most affecting incidents in connection with it belongs to the American Civil War. Among the dead on one of the battle-fields before Richmond, a rebel soldier lay unburied several days. When his body was discovered, his right hand lay on an open copy of the Bible; and his fingers pressed the words, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

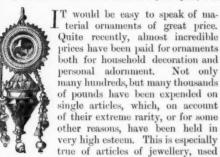
Thus the Word of God has been tried. It is by this constant use of it that we come to know its worth, and find it so precious. Dr. Arnold says, that a man's love of Scripture at the beginning of a religious course is such as to make the praise which older Christians bestow upon it seem exaggerated; but after twenty or thirty years of a religious life such praise always seems "The Word of God," says old inadequate. Bishop Jewell, "is the water of life; the more ye lave it forth, the fresher it runneth. It is the fire of God's glory; the more ye blow it, the clearer it burneth. It is the corn of the Lord's field; the better ye grind it, the more it yieldeth. It is the bread of heaven; the more it is broken and given forth, the more it remaineth. It is the sword of the Spirit; the more it is scoured, the brighter it shineth."

> Word of the Everlasting God, Will of His glorious Son; Without Thee, how could earth be trod, Or heaven itself be won!

AN ORNAMENT OF GREAT PRICE.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."-1 Peter iii. 4.



for purposes of personal adornment, on ordinary or state occasions. Prices have been paid for precious stones which would amount to a king's ransom—stones which would have no value but for the high esteem in which men have agreed to hold them.

Kingly, royal jewels are often of immense value; our own regalia for instance—if many of the jewels which compose it were to come into the market, such a price would be set upon them that it would be difficult if not impossible to find purchasers.

We have reason for believing that wherever ornaments are worn they are worn not for the wearer's own sake, but for the sake of others-that the wearer may be held in higher consideration by those who look upon him than he otherwise would be. Not many ornaments, in the strict sense of the word, would be worn if there were no people to look upon them, to admire them, to envy them. If we were alone on a desert island, we should want food, we should want shelter, we should want clothes, but we should not trouble ourselves very much about ornaments. Ornaments are worn for the sake of others, that they may admire the taste which devised or selected them, or envy the wealth which was sufficient to purchase things so costly. As a rule they add very little to manly beauty or female loveliness.

The young have, or are supposed to have, a special taste for personal adornment. Juvenile, unformed taste is always in the direction of what is florid and demonstrative, and, except where it is incurably vulgar, it becomes moderated, chastened, more severe and correct as years roll on. There is in all, in the young especially, a certain desire to please by means of personal as well as mental and moral graces—a desire which, when kept within proper limits, is not in the slightest degree blameworthy. It is needful, however, that all should be on their guard against running into an

extreme. It is well that those who seek to please others should depend on what is natural rather than on what is artificial, on what is moral and spiritual rather than on what is material; and so far as ornaments are used, let them be in the strictest sense suitable to their age, their means, their position in life.

If we turn to God's Word we find that this subject has engaged the attention of the inspired writers, and we meet with many instructions as to what we should or should not put on—the ornaments we should or should not wear. We meet with these directions not only in the Old Testament, where we meet with so many and such minute instructions as to the conduct of ordinary life, but when we come to the New Testament we find therein many allusions to the same subject, and assuredly if God deem it needful to furnish us with such directions it cannot be either wise or safe for us to treat them with disregard.

But, how can we wear any kind of ornament upon which the Lord will look with admiration or complacency? Things are judged of relatively, and we know that an ornament worn by a person of moderate means may appear considerable in the eyes of his inferiors or equals, but would be held in very small esteem indeed by others of higher rank and larger possessions. But here the question is as to an ornament which will be accounted of great price by One who possesses all the treasures of the universe-by God Himself, the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords. Where shall such an ornament be found? How shall it be obtained? The apostle Peter here tells us what it is-it is the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit-which in the sight of God is of great price. He that is possessed of this, will be held in favour both by God and man. Many of the ornaments of earth are wrongly appraised, but this is authoritatively declared by Him who cannot err to be of great price.

This ornament is little sought after, little valued by the world, or indeed by any of us, till we are taught the worth of it by God; yet should it be to us an object of supreme desire, for it is that which will adorn us more than any courtly decoration, any glittering order of earthly nobility—it is that which, however men may regard it, will distinguish us in the esteem of the Most High, for in the sight of God it is of great price.

We see upon a glance at the context that the apostle is here addressing married women, and is pointing out to them how they ought to act as

professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are not to be ambitious of the distinction which would be conferred upon them by the wearing of costly material ornaments, but they are at once to adorn themselves, and the doctrine of their Lord and Saviour, by wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. This injunction we may regard as addressed to us all; there is not one of us who should not be anxious habitually to wear the ornament of which the apostle here speaks.

What, then, are we to understand by the "meek and quiet spirit," which is here commended as an ornament of great price in God's sight? What is that meekness and quietness of spirit which we are required to cultivate? It is not that stolid apathetic disposition, which seems incapable of being moved, but a spirit, the forces, dispositions, and sensibilities of which, are under wise, sufficient, and gracious control. Now this state of mind and heart, may be, and indeed must be, displayed in all the relations we sustain both to man and God.

If we have a meek and quiet spirit, it will influence us in all our relations to our fellow men. It is a fruit of the Spirit which should distinguish all the followers of the Lord Jesus; a grace of the Spirit by which they should be unmistakably adorned.

He who has this spirit will know how to moderate and govern his own anger, when anything occurs to provoke it. Anger is like mettle in a horse, an excellent thing if excellently managed, but a very terrible thing if we suffer it to run away with us. Meekness is the bridle by which we exercise due restraint and control, meekness calms the spirit, curbs the tongue, and cools

the fever-heat of passion.

This same spirit will teach us how to bear and deal with the anger of others; and we, living in a world like this, have often great need to exercise meekness and quietness of spirit in bearing, putting up with the various expressions of anger and irritation, perhaps unreasonable anger and irritation, to which we are exposed. Unpleasant feeling displayed toward us is very apt to awaken unpleasant feeling within us, and knowing how much of easily inflammable material we carry about with us, we should be ready to extinguish the first spark of unholy anger we discern. It should be our first endeavour to avoid exciting the anger of others; our aim should be as far as possible to live peaceably with all men; but if, with all our seeking, we find ourselves, though unconscious of having given offence, exposed to some unreasonable expression of anger or ill-feeling, a meek and quiet spirit will teach us how to possess our souls in patience. We have in Scripture two excellent rules given us. The one is to keep silence, and not answer again; he who is thus slow to speak will be, it is likely, slow to wrath.

Often the only thing which can be done is to keep silence. It is better to bear in silence what we feel to be a wrong, than make matters worse by ill-timed, and perhaps ill-considered, replies. The other rule is that of giving the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He who has this spirit of meekness and quietness, which enables him to rule his own anger, and bear that of others, possesses one great secret of a happy and peaceful life.

But there is also a meekness and quietness of spirit, which we are to manifest in the relations which we sustain to God; and, alas! there are some who are very meek and quiet and gentle in all their dealings with their fellow-men, who have not learned the great lesson of ready and cheerful

submission to God.

Where this spirit exists there is a preparedness to accept the teaching of God's Word in every respect. There is in the heart of man, till subdued by God's grace, an unwillingness to accept in its integrity the teaching of God, and it is the very work of God's Spirit to make us willing to sit as little children at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him, who is Himself meek and lowly in heart. When thus humbled we are ready to receive what God says about ourselves, our misery, danger, and need. We are ready to be saved in God's own way, and rejoice in that free and full salvation made known to us in Christ Jesus.

This state of mind is commended to us as an ornament of great price in God's esteem, and as that which will constitute our best and truest adornment. In wearing this ornament we are following the very best examples, following in the footsteps of those who do now, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. If we are meek and gentle in spirit we are like the most distinguished of God's people in every age of the Abraham was scarcely less famous for meekness than faith. Sarah is here mentioned as a pattern to married women, but Abraham was more remarkable for this quality than his wife. So might we refer to Moses, David, Paul, John, and others, men of strong vigorous, sensitive natures, and yet withal of meek and quiet spirits. Here, as in all other things, our great example is our Divine Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. We have, perhaps, more frequent allusions to this feature in His character than to any other; meekness, quietness, gentleness, were qualities which pre-eminently distinguished Him. And we are to follow the Lamb. He has left us an example that we should follow in His steps. We are to emulate His Spirit; the mind which was in Christ Jesus should be in us. He was meek towards His Father, His friends, His foes. We are to be imitators of God as dear children, and we all know that God is meek and gentle; He is not in the consuming fire, the rushing wind, the convulsive earthquake, but in the still small voice. He is slow to anger, and of great mercy.

We have seen that ornaments are worn chiefly with the view of pleasing others, and there is no ornament more pleasing to man and God than How pleasant is it to have to do with those who are of meek and quiet spirit, compared with those who are passionate and turbulent! There are some people of passionate and ill-regulated natures, whom we never care to have anything to do with, if we can help it. We feel that we can only get on reasonably well with them by keeping them at a distance. The influence of those who are of meek and quiet spirit, is like that of lubricating oil, in the complicated and otherwise grating machinery of life. And let us remember that if we are pleased as we discern meekness and gentleness in others, so they will be pleased in the same proportion as they discern these qualities in us.

But the great thing is to please God. Many things which are much esteemed by men, are very lightly regarded by God. But here we have an ornament which even in His sight is of great price.

This does not come to us of itself; we must seek it whence we seek every other form of good. We are bidden to put on meekness, we are to follow after meekness, we are to study to be quiet, we are to show meekness to all men, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the perverse and froward; we are to do this at all times and in all things. This difficult lesson can only be learned in one school—the school of God's grace—can only be learned by those who are willing to sit at the feet of Jesus, Who is Himself meek and lowly in heart.

"SAVE ME, O GOD!"

PSALM LXIX (MESSIANIC). PARAPHRASED BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S., AUTHOR CF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," ETC.

AVE me, O God! for the billows of sin Yea, to My soul rush over, rush in; Sin poured upon Me, a fathonless flood; Sins of all sinners—deep waters, deep mud.

I faint, I am weary of waiting for Thee—
I am parched, my sight faileth—deliver Thou Me!
More than the hairs of My head are My foes—
I am all guiltless, all guilty are those,
Lord, my simplicity Thou hast discerned—
I gave them blessings they never have earned.
Lord God of Hosts, let none be ashamed,
Trusting the victim Thy justice hath claimed;
None be confounded who wait upon Thee,
Though mercy to sinners must sacrifice Me,

From youth for Thy sake have I suffered reproof Of brethren and mother; yea, under her roof; As zeal for Thy temple consumed Me within, And so they reproached my presumption for sin, Weeping and fasting they answered with jeers, And even the drunkards would scoff at my tears,

Hear Me, My Father, in love and in power, Help Me in this Thine acceptable hour; Hide not Thy face from Thy servant in grief, Haste Thee to save Me, and send Me relief; Let Me not sink in the mire of despair, Let not the water-flood swallow Me there; Let not the grave shut her mouth upon Me, But raise Thou Me up to give glory to Thee.

Thou knowest the shame that must cover My face—God as a sinner impaled in disgrace!
While Thy rebuke is my heart's breaking pang,

As in fell torture I wearily hang.
Surely I looked for some pity from men,
But there was no man to comfort Me then;
They make me eat of the gall as I sink,
Thirsting, they vinegar give Me to drink.
So shall their table be set for a snare,
Judgment, through luxury, tangling them there;
Eyes ever blinded, and backs ever bowed,
Thine indignation must humble the proud,
Whose habitation, made empty, and void,
Is their Jerusalem justly destroyed,

They persecute Him who is smitten of God, And vex the afflicted who smarts from His rod. So will they fall into crime after crime, Into Thy righteousness shall they not clime; They must be wiped from the roll of the bless, Nor with the righteous their lot be possest,

Me, though so poor, and so anguished with pain, Yet shall My God raise to glory again! So will I praise His great name in a song, Giving Thee thanks that to mercy belong. Better than sacrifice shall be such praise: Humble true worship delights Him always.

Seek after God, and your spirits shall live; He to poor captives rich freedom will give. Earth, tell His love; and ye heavens, His might; Sea, and all creatures therein, day and night; For God shall save Zion, and build her anew— All Judah shall dwell there, and Israel too; The sons of His people their heritage wm, And all who love God shall be dwellers therein.

THE ART OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING:

SECOND PAPER.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," "HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN," ETC., ETC.



THE very greatest respect is the due of children." So says the old Latin proverb; and I have begun by alluding to the saying, because I wish to set the tone of my paper by it. The respect due to the young, because they are young, the reverent delicacy of treatment which they ought to receive at our hands—that is

what is referred to in the words just quoted; and that is a subject which I feel it may be well for Sunday-school teachers occasionally to reflect upon.

Let us consider, then, what we owe to these little children, who are entrusted, for a time, to our care, and subjected to our influence.

I. First, I think we owe to them that we should understand ourselves the things which we attempt to teach. In saying this, I go far beyond the matter of mere intellectual comprehension. We cannot, of course, be too particular about the distinctness of our conceptions; the lucidity of our arrangement; the firmness of the mental grasp which we are able to lay upon the subject we handle. Want of clearness is fatal. We must always know what we are talking about. But I refer rather to our own personal appreciation of the truths which we endeavour to impress upon the minds of the little ones. In the work abroad, missionaries are sometimes compelled to employ the services of heathen teachers for the purpose of instructing their young converts in the doctrines and facts of Christianity. The necessity-for I suppose it is such—appears to be a very lamentable one. In the work at home, too, I can conceive of cases in which a similar necessity may possibly arise; the supply of spiritually-qualified instructors not being equal to the demand. And yet I do not know. Is it not better to be short-handed in the matter of teachers than to employ the services of those whose heads only are engaged in the work? I would weigh teachers rather than count them. And I suspect that a small school taught by those who are themselves taught of God, would be more likely to advance the cause of the Kingdom of Christ, than a much larger school, under the influence of a mixed multitude of teachers, some having the grace of Christ in their hearts, and others being entirely destitute of it.

At all events, this seems clear enough, that if I undertake to instruct others in religious truth, 1 ought to be myself under the power of religion. Were I engaged with mere human knowledgewere I teaching geography, for instance, or mathematics, or chemistry-it would matter comparatively little whether I was or was not interested in the subject myself. But not so with the faith of Christ. Here a lack of appreciation betrays itself at once, and neutralises the effect which we intend to produce. Children have penetrating eyes. They can soon tell whether we ourselves care for the things about which we They are quick to detect unreality, and we may depend upon it, that if once we be suspected to be playing a part, or even to be fulfilling a duty in which our heart is not engaged, our influence over them will at once be reduced to nothing.

I owe it, then, to the children I teach that I should have some sort of true and real spiritual experience of my own. If I speak to them of a Saviour to Whom I myself am personally a stranger, if I urge them to duties which I do not practise, and tell them of the happiness of an obedience which I myself hesitate to render, I shall simply hurt instead of helping them. There will be a ring of baseness about the metal, and their little ears will detect it. The sight of a mere profession brought into such close contact with them week after week, will lower their estimate of Christianity, and weaken its influence over their natures. I say not much just now of the damaging effect of such unreality upon myself. When I sit down before a Sunday. school class, I profess by that very act to speak of what I know, and to testify what I have seen. I come to recommend to them One Whom I have found to be my Saviour; and it cannot but be most injurious to my highest well-being to do a work under false pretences, and to be conscious that I am so doing it. But on this I will not enlarge. I have before me now our duty to the children rather than our duty to ourselves, and I repeat that we owe it to them that we should be-well, not eminent Christians, but decided ones-that in a true sense, though perhaps a humble one, we should know the Jesus of Whom we speak to them, and know Him with a personal knowledge; in fact, that we should be spiritual agents sent by the great Head of the Church Himself to accomplish a spiritual work.

Let me add, that we owe it to the children as

well as to ourselves that we should be growing Christians. The true secret of the spiritual life, or one true secret—is perpetual advance. We either go backward or forward in religion. There is no standing-still, and a healthy, thriving, vigorous piety, kept up to the mark by diligent and unrelaxing use of the means of grace, will tell upon our work, and touch and influence in a wonderful way the young hearts entrusted to us.

II. I pass on to speak of another part of our debt. We owe the children wise, tender, reverential dealing. Let me explain what I mean.

Our object in Sunday-school teaching is, as I take it, precisely the object of the Christian ministry generally-so to present Jesus Christ to the human soul as to make Him to be a felt necessity, and to win to Him. Our work is not one of mere instruction, though instruction is an essential part of it. Through the instruction, we aim at bringing about what we may call a personal contact between the soul and the Saviour. We gather our information, we search out our illustrations, we set our pictures, we arrange our ideas, we choose our anecdotes, but all tends in one direction, and at the end of every avenue of thought stands the one central figure of Him Who loved us, and gave Himself for us. Our great desire is to exalt Jesus as the Saviour and the friend of souls. Undoubtedly. But there are right ways and there are wrong ways of attempting this work. We may deal with children coarsely, with too little delicacy of treatment. We may be very earnest, very eager for their highest well-being, and yet-very mistaken.

It will probably be conceded by every one that there is no fixing the precise period at which the Holy Spirit may see fit to impart spiritual life to a human soul, any more than we can fix the precise manner in which He shall elect to act. We look at the Scripture, and we find persons spoken of there, in whose histories there has been a great moral convulsion, a marked and forcible turning of the current of the life out of one channel into another. Such was Manasseh, the sinful and blood-stained king of Judah. Such was Saul the persecutor. Such was the gaoler of Philippi. In each of these men's careers there were two sharply-defined portions, as unlike each other, and as antagonistic to each other, as truth is to error, as darkness is to light. But there are some lives-take, for instance, those of Joseph, of Daniel, of Lydia, of Timothy-which suggest no violent convulsion, but rather a steady advance in the right direction, and the growth and development of a divine life early imparted, and continually fostered and matured by the gracious influences of God the Holy Ghost. And do we not hear of some who were "filled with the Holy Ghost from their mother's womb?"

To this portraiture of Scripture corresponds, I think, our experience of Christian people. We know of careers, of histories which must be written, as it were, in two volumes. In these there is a distinct dividing line. There is a transition, more or less sharply felt. There is a portion of life devoted to the world, and sin, and then, through the putting forth of the supernatural grace of the Spirit, there is another portion of life, be it longer or be it shorter, consecrated to God. Whilst again, we know of others, of whose right direction and of whose Christian tone and character there can be no question whatever (for the fruits of the Spirit are there), where there is no knowledge of any change but that of quiet gradual development and increase from the first dawn of consciousness down to the present time.

Now, if this be so, may we not hope that there are cases to be met with, and perhaps not a few of them-perhaps more than we fancy-in which our Heavenly Father intends the life of His servant to be all of a piece, and imparts to him, at very early date indeed, the priceless blessing of the spiritual life? Our business then in such cases is not to desire change of direction, but spiritual development and growth. We shall look for faith of course, for surely it is a mistake to expect even a child to love the Saviour before he believes in Him. We shall demand, in precedence of all other things, the recognition of the Saviour's claim of ownership and authority, and some sort of understanding of the meaning of the great and awful sacrifice offered upon the Cross, We shall look for manifestations of the spiritual life, but for such manifestations as are to be expected from a child. The fruit of the tree will be childlike fruit. And we shall shrink from distressing by strong and forcible appeals the heart of the little one, whom God would not have made sad.

I plead, then, for discrimination in dealing with children, and for the discontinuance of that coarse and sweeping manner of address which finds favour in some quarters. As it is with our grown-up people, so it is with our little ones. There are some whose hearts are turned away from God, and who need to be brought to Him by the way of conversion; and there are others who are already under the influence of the Divine Spirit, and who need, not change of direction, but spiritual training and education. We should recognise the difference. A true teacher will not, of course, be satisfied without some close personal dealing with the children committed to his care: but he will deal with them like a wise physician, and not have one nostrum for all, or one mode of treatment for every kind of constitution. He will long that all should be partakers of spiritual life, and labour and pray for this end; but he will not shut his eyes to the fact that some may have been made partakers of this great Divine blessing before he had anything whatever to do with them.

As a kind of sequel to what I have already

advanced, I plead that it should be remembered that a child is a child, and that its capacity of emotion and feeling differs materially from that of a grown-up person. To me, I must confess, it is no less than absolutely intolerable that a child should be put into a kind of spiritual forcinghouse, and should be made to produce prematurely the spiritual experiences which belong to another and a more advanced time of life. With its quick susceptibilities, and power of imitation, and natural desire to please, you can, of course, with a little pressure and a little cost of trouble to yourself, make a child feel anything and say anything; but what will be the result hereafter? What may we not expect in the way of hypocrisy, and of the callous, hardened, seared conscience—at least in a very great number of instances? And to me it is equally intolerable to familiarise the mind of the little ones with images of hell, and thoughts about dungeons and chains, and the hideous apparatus of the punishment of the lost. We find these images in some hymns that I could mention, and

in not a few addresses to children. Do I believe in the reality of the things which such imagery describes? Yes, I do. But the sense of the heinousness of moral evil, the perception of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, which accounts for and justifies these demonstrations of the Divine wrath against the impenitent sinner. is not yet developed in a child; it is the experience of the adult. Why, you do not find it in the patriarchal times, in the era of the childhood of the human race: it took the whole Levitical dispensation to bring it out. And such language in the mouth of a child has no true meaning, and to put it there tends only to the production of an unreality of feeling destructive of the bloom and freshness of a child's trust in its God and Father in Christ.

Well, perhaps I have said enough on this point, but I am really very anxious to impress upon all Sunday-school teachers, and upon myself as well, the deep feeling of reverence with which we should take in hand the task of dealing with

the soul of a little child.

OX-EYED DAISIES.

A SKETCH-STORY .- BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I," ETC.



FIRST saw my cousin Daisy on the morning after my arrival in the country. I had come to the end of my journey late the night before, and was too tired and sleepy to notice any one. I had gone to bed, and awoke refreshed, and gone to the window, from whence I saw my cousin in the garden

beneath. This story is not about myself, so I need not begin describing my sensations. I will only just mention one fact—that I was ten years old, and that I was a very ardent admirer of beauty. The moment my eyes rested on her, I came to the conclusion that she was quite the most beautiful person I had ever seen. She was tall and slight, she was graceful with that peculiar exquisite grace which only a very young lady possesses.

As she stood on the lawn in the early morning, with a basket of flowers on her arm, I, peeping from my window overhead, fell in love with her on the spot.

In the course of the day, a younger cousin informed me that Daisy was going to be married.

"She is to be married quite soon," said this young cousin, "and perhaps, if you are a very good girl, Molly, she may ask you to be one of her brides-

Of course I was very much excited at this, and all the more so when, in a day or two, my bridesmaid's dress was ordered.

I was to be one of six bridesmaids, and after my

dull town-life, the whole thing promised to be like fairy-land to me.

Night after night I dreamt of my pink-and-white frock, and of Daisy's beautiful face surrounded by all her bridal white, and I counted the hours for the day to dawn. At last it came. I had been a whole month in the country when Daisy's wedding-day dawned.

By this time she loved me a little bit too, and she often called on me to do small services for her.

The day before her wedding, she said to me, looking into my small eager face very kindly as she spoke—

"I believe you quite worship me, you silly romantic little Molly!"

"Oh! indeed I do," I said. Then I added, in a sad tone, "But you have so many to love you, you don't want the love of a poor little girl like me."

Daisy stooped down and kissed me.

"Never call your love poor, Molly. No real true love was ever poor, and I value yours, and I love you in return."

"Ah, I wish I could do some great thing for you, Cousin Daisy," I answered.

And then Daisy laughed, and kissed me again, and ran away to her lover, who called her to come to him at that moment.

Daisy, so rich in friends and in love, still valued my friendship and my love. How delighted I was at this thought!



"I saw my cousin in the garden beneath."-p. 120.

On the morning of her wedding-day I awoke early, and thought of her. How fortunate Mr. Weston—Horace, as she called him—was! He would soon possess her all to himself. But though she would be his wife, still she had a little corner in her heart for me. Then I longed again to do something to prove my love. As I longed, an idea occurred to me; it no sooner visited my brain, than I resolved to act upon

it. I jumped out of bed, and proceeded to put on my clothes as quickly as I possibly could.

Daisy was not my cousin's real name, but she had always been called it on account of her eyes, which were rather round, very wide open, and thickly fringed.

Now it came into my head that amongst all the things prepared to do honour to Daisy's weddingday, amongst all the flowers and fruit, and ferns and grasses, no one had thought of the sweet ox-eyed daisy. Though the bride's name was Daisy, no one had given her a daisy to symbolise her young and innocent beauty. It came into my head that I would do this little thing, to prove my love. I was an artistic little creature, and I knew how to arrange flowers beautifully. I would get a great basket of the ox-eyed daisies, and so form them into a bouquet, that Daisy could not but admire them. There was, a little distance away, a bank sloping down to the river's edge, quite covered with the flowers. I slung a basket on my arm, tied on my garden hat, and ran out. I heard the stable clock strike six as I left the house. I should have heaps of time to gather my flowers, and return before any one gave me a thought. As I was passing the kennel, Ponto, the great Newfoundland dog, barked, then, seeing it was only me, he wagged his tail, stretched himself, and looked at me with beseeching eyes.

"Take me with you, Molly dear," said his eyes, as plainly as such dear dog-eyes could speak. I could not resist their silent language. I unfastened his chain, and we set off together. The dew was still on everything, and Ponto and I both got very wet as we waded through the long grass. I had thought my bank of daisies only a mile away, but I think it must have been nearer two, and though an active and strong child, I felt thoroughly tired when at last I reached it. The grass was short here, and the sun had dried it, so before I commenced my task, I lay down on the grass to rest. Ponto came close to me. I laid my head on his broad back, and in this position, instead of picking flowers for my pretty cousin, I dropped off into a sound sleep. I was wakened, in what seemed to be a minute, by a growl and excited bark from my companion. There was a sound in the water which lay several feet below us; I raised my head and looked down. A swimmer, a strong vigorous swimmer, with light free strokes, was passing by. I had barely time to recognise, by the shape of the head, and short dark curly hair, that he was the bridegroom of to-day, when a sharp cry reached my ears. I saw him throw up his arms, and instantly disappear beneath the swift flowing water. Instantly too, came back to me the memory of the words I had said to Daisy the day before-

"I wish I could do something great to prove my love."

How awfully near lay my opportunity! Mr. Weston was drowning; beneath that cruel water he would soon cease to live. I had read somewhere that drowning men always rose to the surface. I had read again that dogs could save life. The dog Ponto was a thoroughbred Newfoundland, and Newfoundland dogs were as much at home in the water as on land. He was standing now gazing intently into the river, his tail was wagging excitedly, his fine head was erect; I spoke quickly into his sensible car—

"Ponto, Mr. Weston is in the water! Mr. Weston is drowning! go and fetch him out, brave dog! There!

I pointed with my hand. The fine dog looked into my face, read what I wanted, and was off with a bound. When Mr. Weston rose to the surface, Ponto seized his hair between his teeth, and, panting and puffing, bore him in safety to the shore.

He was scarcely insensible, and came to in a mo-

"But I should have been drowned, Molly," he said, when he at last joined me on the bank. "I should be a dead man now, to a certainty, but for you and Ponto. How came you two to be here, child? and what put it into your wise little head to send the old dog into the water to fetch me out?"

"I saw you go down," I answered; "and oh! oh! it was all so dreadful; and my father had once told me that dogs could save life, so I sent Ponto in. You know you are to marry Daisy, and—and——" Here, overcome by emotion and excitement, I burst

into tears.

"My poor Daisy—my poor darling," said the young man—"what an awful escape we have both had. It was that terrible cramp. I should not have had a shadow of a chance of escape but for you and Ponto. There, Molly dear, don't cry—I am all right now. You have more cause to laugh than to cry. Why, what a plucky little thing you are! Won't Daisy thank you, just!"

"I have done something great for her," I said.

"Indeed, I should think you had! But you have not yet told me what good fortune brought you here this morning!"

"I think it was God made me come," I answered, gravely. "But I did not know that at the time—I only thought I came about the daisies."

"What daisies, dear?"

"Her name is so sweet, you know," I said—" and people have given her heaps and heaps of flowers. The whole house, and the church, and every place seem half covered; but no one—no one thought of giving that dear Daisy any of those," pointing with my finger to the wild flowers; " and I thought I would. I meant to gather such a lovely bouquet, when I heard you cry."

"And you shall gather them now, Molly; and I will help you. You have pretty ideas, little woman. Daisy wear them, and look at them! I should rather think she will! Why, she owes my life to those flowers. I tell you what, Molly: she shall hold a great bunch of them in her hand while we are being married. I don't think Daisy or I shall ever forget the ox-eyed daisy. Now let us come and get the very finest we can."

So we did, and brought them home; and Daisy came crying and laughing to me when she heard the story; and every one else came after her, and Ponto and I were very nearly as much the hero and heroine of the day as the bride and bridegroom themselves.

The ox-eyed daisies were the only flowers in the bridal wreath; and I shall never forget the look of love the bride threw from her flowers to me.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME,"

In heaven or earth that's known,
That adoration claims
From angels high and great,
And man in low estate,
Is His, the Holy One.

"Hallowed be Thy name,"
O Father, God, and Lord,
Who reign'st in heaven supreme,
Most Merciful, most Holy,
In reverent worship lowly
Let's breathe the sacred word.

Whate'er we say or think,
Whate'er we do or shun,
Whether we eat or drink,
Whether we sleep or wake,
Still may it, for Thy sake,
Hallowing Thy name, be done,

Whether in woe or weal, In joy or trouble sore, Still, Father, may we feel Thy love, and all the same Hallow Thy blessed name, And all Thy ways adore.

Never in converse vain,

Nor by untruthful word,

Never a lie to attest,

Nor in unseemly jest,

Call on Thy name, O Lord.

Still let us glorify
Ever Thy hallowed name,
Whether we live or die,
As did Thy blessed Son,
Ere yet His life was done,
Even in a death of shame,

So when this life is past,
And from this mortal frame
Our spirits go at last
Trembling before the throne
Of the All Holy One.
We, with God's saints, may say,
On that supremest day,
"Hallowed be Thy name."
JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

SELF-SEEKING.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE. -BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON,



THERE was a murmur of discontent in the sea, a restless movement of the waves as they surged and tumbled, and rushed against one another in half angry play.

"I am tired of this kind of life," grumbled the strongest of them.

"Always on the move, backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards,

day after day, what can be the good of it all?"
"I am sure I don't know," answered another, as it
lazily curled itself over. "But it is very pleasant, for
all that," and it shook out its white crest, which
sparkled and gleamed in the sunlight.

"Pleasant enough for you, no doubt, who care for nothing but to enjoy yourself and seek for admiration; but a slow kind of life for me, who have such capabilities for greatness within me, whose strength is wasted by this restless tossing, the sport of every passing wind," and so saying, it gave a sullen roll

"What is the matter?" asked a sea-gull, as he skimmed lightly over the waters,

"I am tired of my life," murmured the wave "Always the same, day after day, I, who could do so much if I had but the opportunity."

"It will come," replied the bird, "to those who make the most of the present." And she flew swiftly onward.

"Present, indeed," returned the grumbler. "I should like to know what opportunities I have now!"

"Cleanse thyself from the impurities of earth," whispered the breeze.

"So shalt thou render thyself to the Giver of all, which is the only true greatness," sang a ray of sunshine as it darted from behind a cloud.

"Purify myself, render myself! a fine way of becoming great, truly! No, no, I would be remembered among men for my power. I would be famous in the annals of time for my strength, for the mighty works I had wrought; I would be spoken of in the ages to come as one who had performed wonders."

"Better to be loved," replied a tiny wave which had hitherto remained silent, as it received into its bosom a summer shower.

Thick clouds covered the face of the sky; the

thunder pealed, and vivid flashes of lightning lit up the surrounding darkness, whilst onward, driven by the resistless force of the tempest, a rudderless vessel rushed helplessly towards the rock-bound shore.

"Ha! ha! now is my time; now I will show what I can do!" roared the wave, as, lashing itself into fury, it bounded wildly forward. "Now shall men indeed speak of my greatness as I hurl the very rocks from their foundations."

"If we can but cross the bar on the top of yonder billow, we are saved," said the captain, as, with one arm he supported his terrified wife, and with the other held the cradle to which his infant child was bound, but even as he spoke it passed them, and with a crash the vessel was on the rocks.

"Oh that I had been sooner!" moaned the wavelet, as broken spars strewed the place where the ship had been. "But I may yet saye the child," And gathering all its force, it bore the cradle on its crest towards the shore.

Brightly the morning's sun rose on the scene of the night's tempest, proudly the cliffs reared themselves, unburt by the fury of the storm, whilst masses of feathery spray and foam upon their rugged forms witnessed to the impotence of the wave's boasted strength.

Far above high-water mark the sun's rays rested lovingly on tiny pools, left by the receding tide upon the pebbly beach, and gathered them one by one unto himself. The wavelet's life was over; the opportunity given had been seized in utter self-abnegation, even unto death, and though unsought for, unknown to it, the remembrance of the deed it had wrought lingered long in the minds of men as they pointed to the sandy strip high up amid the rocks, and told of the infant saved.

SHORT ARROWS.

HAPPY HOURS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

LARGE bright banner, bearing the Union Jack on a scarlet ground, attracted us one August morning to a sheltered spot on the H—Beach, where we found about fifty children and as many adults assembled; and we had the pleasure of joining in one of the services connected with the Children's Special Service Mission. It was conducted by two young laymen evidently well experienced in their labour of love. The prayers, the ad-

dresses, the hymn-singing were all admirably adapted to the little ones; and scarcely less helpful and refreshing, it seemed to us, for their elders. These gatherings went on daily for a fortnight, and again and again we attended them; and were greatly struck with the wisdom shown in the brightness and variety that characterised them. One morning there was a text-searching competition, prettilybound books being given as prizes to the first finders of the largest numbers of the texts read out. On another occasion we had a flower-service; all of us, old and young, bringing a little offering of flowers, with text-card attached, to be taken afterwards to the local hospital; our text that day was "Jesus, the Rose of Sharon." There was good reason to believe that in the course of these services several of the dear children learned not only to love their Bibles, but to love and trust their Saviour. Such meetings are now held at thirty seaside places in England and Wales; while in winter time and spring, services connected with this mission, and with the Children's Scripture Reading Union which has grown out of it, are held in drawing-rooms and school-rooms and mission-halls, in London and elsewhere. The only expense connected with it, but this necessarily large, is the printing of hymn-sheets, invitation cards, etc., and the distribution of children's books and illustrated leaflets; for all personal labour in this mission is gratuitous. Some Christian men now devote to it their whole lives; others, their hardlyearned holiday-time. Students from both our universities are among the seaside autumn missionaries. In proof that the aim of this work, "to use any and every means to lead children in early years to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour," is being largely attained, we commend to all who are interested in the Lord's work the lately published report of the Children's Special Service Mission (instituted fifteen years

ago), to be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, Mr. T. B. Bishop, 43, Thistle Grove, South Kensington, S.W.

A GOOD WORK.

Passing down the Caledonian Road not long ago, we had our attention directed to a newly-built or latterly enlarged building connected with the Gifford Hall Mission. Inquiry and investigation have convinced us that here, in a densely populated part of London, a really extraordinary effort is being made, and a wonderful work is being performed. The kind arms of this Mission appear to embrace so many branches that the energy of the workers must be inexhaustible. There are a Church and Sunday-schools, Children's week-day services, Bibleclasses for adults, and Meetings for young people of both sexes, a Penny Bank in a most flourishing condition, a Missionary Association conducted, or at any rate, supported by young people, with soup kitchen, and other equally useful and beneficial work-rooms, etc. The additional room now ready has enlarged the sphere of usefulness of the Gifford Hall Mission, and a school library, with many other improvements, are now being carried out. It is, as we remarked above, really wonderful how much has been done, and any one who will pay a visit to the Mission premises, will, we feel assured, sympathise deeply with the efforts being made there to "bring the wanderers home."

INTOLERANCE IN AUSTRIA.

Religious liberty in Austria would appear to be a dead letter. By the accounts we have to hand, the Austrian Government stands convicted of a despotism which happily is rare in Europe. We need not here dwell upon the case reported some months ago, in which a German colporteur, who had been preaching or discoursing upon religious topics in private, be it noted, was pounced upon by the Austrian authorities and banished from the Emperor's dominions. Such an isolated fact in these Christian days, when toleration is holding its head high, would be sufficiently reprehensible to call for the protest; but when, as we shall proceed to show, the same intolerance is permitted to be exercised continually, we are tempted to inquire, Can such things be? Let us look at the circumstances which have been related, and particulars of which are before us.

A correspondent who was residing near Prague writes

to say that he witnessed a violent attack made upon a colporteur when endeavouring to speak of religious matters; and this case was so far an aggravation of the former, because no attempt had been publicly made to turn the hearts of the people on that occasion, for the offence is alleged to have taken place while the colporteur was waiting in the house having his shoes mended; and cases have occurred in which arbitrary proceedings have been taken, and licenses withdrawn, for no specified reason whatever. These acts should surely not be permitted to go unremarked; and we are glad to see, from a letter addressed to a London newspaper, that steps have been unofficially taken to remedy this state of things. Remonstrance has already been addressed to the Government, setting forth certain grievances, particularly respecting the fact of Protestant children who are not, or were not (as we hope we may now say), permitted to worship with their parents. The laws of Austria guarantee religious liberty, and to whatever cause the present opposition is due, we trust that representation in the proper quarter will for the future insure full freedom: and that the English people will not be again shocked by hearing that fines are imposed for holding religious meetings even in private houses. It is a curious commentary upon the proceedings that on one occasion the meeting was dispersed, and the reader threatened with the law for reading to his family circle: the lesson on that occasion being the twelfth of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, a chapter which particularly inculcates the necessity for respect to the Sovereign Power, while fearing the Supreme Ruler. Such proceedings as we have commented upon should never be tolerated by any Government which calls itself Christian.

THE COLONISATION OF SYRIA.

There is a movement on foot which at present is, and for some time past has been, attracting a good deal of attention amongst the Christian community. This is no less an object than the restoration of the Jews to their native land; and any student of prophecy will at once appreciate the great importance of such a movement. The colonisation of Syria is principally to be brought about by enabling Russian Jews, who have been so terribly persecuted, to flee into Syria when they can, with the assistance of the funds at the disposal of the Committee, acquire land or other property as deemed desirable. A considerable sum has been raised-much of it subscribed by Jews-to enable the persecuted to settle in Syria; and a great desire has been manifested by the Jews to return to that land. Though we may and do regret the circumstances which have by terror and persecution rendered such a step necessary, we cannot, as reflecting Christians, help feeling that the means thus employed by an over-ruling Providence may be that intended for the purpose of carrying out the designs which He has in hand. Money, however, humanly speaking, is required to complete the design, and it is coming in freely. Wealthy Jews and Christians, from similar motives working hand in hand, have already subscribed largely to the Colonisation Fund. The Russian Christians-that is, the more ignorant sort, who are unworthy the name-acted the part of the destroyer, and harassed, by torture and dishonour, the surviving Jewish families. We, as Christians in England, look differently upon the chosen people; and Lord Shaftesbury, who is the President of the Fund, warmly calls upon us to subscribe and pay off "some small portion of the debt we owe to God's ancient people. There are many cases in which Jews largely and liberally support Christian institutions: shall we be backward in assisting them in their need? Inquiries may be addressed to the Secretaries, 9, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

MISSIONS TO JAPAN.

We have lately had inquiry made concerning Women's Missions in Japan, with reference to some notice which had already appeared in these columns. We cannot do better than mention a few facts concerning the efforts now being and lately undertaken with much success by Miss Maclean, who has been for several years doing a great

deal of excellent work in Yokohama and elsewhere in Japan. From her experiences we learn how the way was marvellously opened up to her persevering effort. Beginning with one pupil-for Miss Maclean had only a few dollars to spend, and knew none of the preachers-she soon enlarged her useful sphere of teaching English as a first step to the attainment of the great aim. Her prayerful efforts were successful, and the nation flocked to her to hear the Bible and learn how the Christians' God should be worshipped. One young convert, we learn, was ouickly taken away by death, but ere he succumbed, he confessed that the foreigner's God was the true one. The Americans are also making great and successful efforts in the way we have indicated; but, as remarked in a former paragraph, ladies' assistance is wanted. There are several missionaries who would be glad of assistance. Miss Maclean alone was happy enough to convert ten or twelve of the natives, and this in the face of opposition. Nor did she limit her sphere of usefulness. She went amongst the soldiers of the garrison (Europeans), and met with most encouraging success. Many ladies would doubtless like to assist, as Miss Maclean worked so nobly, and it is probable that an application to the Women's Missionary Institute would meet with grateful acknowledgment.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

As we have referred to this Institute, we may fitly give a few particulars concerning it, so that ladies who may be willing to assist in a good work can do so, and obtain information. Mrs. S. Meredith, whose useful and untiring efforts in connection with the Nine Elms and other missions we have before noticed, can, no doubt, assist inquirers. Her address is 3, Otway Terrace, South Lambeth Road, and many can practically assist her as only women can. She is for her work in need of clothing, and many things, while the "students" of the Women's Institute are usefully engaged in training for nurses. About two years ago this Institution was opened, and since then has made good progress. The need for ladies' attendance where male doctors and missionaries are not admitted, as is frequently the case in Eastern lands, makes the Institute a very useful preparatory school. It is in this way that ladies can be pre-eminently of use, and we trust that all who can assist will do so, and that any one desirous to enter upon such a truly blessed work will endeavour to perfect herself under the most excellent guidance of Mrs. Mere-

AT THE PRISON GATES.

For some time the work amongst the criminal classes has been progressing, and many men just discharged from prison have been rescued. We shall never forget the remark made to us as we were about to enter the prison at Coldbath Fields one afternoon. We gave our name to the warder in charge, and were waiting for a moment, when a man came close to us, and said in a husky whisper, "Yes, it's very well for the likes of you to go in, but it's the comin' out for us that's bad!" This observation made a deep impression upon us, and more than once we have thought, "What hope have the very best of those who are discharged from the prisons? But there are missions in existence which hold out promise to the prisoners who really seek reformation. Christian Mission is one of these, and it should be known that there is help and advice waiting for the criminalssome perhaps most unfortunate-who are turned out of these great prisons. For instance, take Coldbath Fields prison, with which we are more intimately acquainted, We have frequently seen "batches" of men carried in and released there. Defiant and hopeless they enter, but they go out either hardened or softened-there is no defiance in their face. Then the mission located opposite the prison gates takes them in hand. Fortunate if they do not resist! A free breakfast is provided for them, and if any one really wishes to reform, he has the opportunity literally at his feet. Let us glance at a few figures to supplement our record of this excellent work of the St. Giles' Mission.

RESULTS OF THE GATE MISSIONS.

Nobody who has not read the statistics of crime can form any just estimate of the number of criminals in London, and the thousands of prisoners in the gaols who are maintained at the expense of the country. The number of criminals discharged from Coldbath Fields prison alone during the past four years amounts to about thirtyfive thousand, of whom more than one half have been admitted within the mission rooms, numbers-but in a small proportion to the total-having also signed the pledge. Now this is at one station, and proportionate success has attended the others. There are many causes which operate upon the criminal classes from which we in a better sphere are free. Who can tell what the temptation may be, and who can tell how soon he may fall under temptation where a man of criminal intent would not fall-it would be no temptation to him? Let us therefore do all in our power to aid the brave and self-denying men who are now carrying out the Prison Gate Missions. Any inquiry at 10, Brooke Street, Holborn, or Little Wild Street, Drury Lane, will be courteously responded to.

THE DUBLIN MISSION.

A Prison Gate Misson of a somewhat similar kind is also at work in the Irish capital, and notwithstanding some adverse influence which can be understood, the womenfor it is with them that this Irish Mission deals-are very glad to seek assistance and means for gaining an honest livelihood. The feature of this Mission is that it distributes no money, nor does it present the discharged criminals with clothes. The women are influenced alone by the kindness which endeavours to insure their filling an honest employment when they have been discharged from the prison. One of the means adopted is the laundry, where a number of women are daily employed. Then there are work-rooms where clothing is made, and even the popular tennis-nets and shoes are turned out by women-former criminals. This desire for work is a very hopeful sign, and the Mission, of which Mrs. Eustace is the Honorary Secretary, is taking the right course to retrieve the poor women, who no doubt only require the helping hand-which is so frequently wanting-to place them upon the right path again. There is another effort also made, and successfully-to keep the growing girls from any association with criminals, and from the many temptations surrounding them. A Training Home has been established, and here the girls will learn useful occupation or business, and be kept free from the many snares and pitfalls of life in a large city. These most praiseworthy efforts are still being supplemented by others, and the new buildings planned some time ago, are even furnished and cleared of debt. But money is required; and any funds addressed to the care of Mrs. Eustace, Elmhurst, Glasnevin, Dublin, will be gratefully received.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

In the January number of THE QUIVER for 1882, an appeal was made for "The National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," or "The Princess Louise Home," which met with a kind response from our readers. The Princess Louise sent, herself, £25; and one lady generously gave £500, which, together with other aid, has helped to raise the Institution from the state of depression into which it had fallen, and to enable its managers to admit many more girls than it contained when the appeal was written. However, the cry for help still goes forth, since there are thousands of young girls on the brink of destruction, who might be saved by the outstretched hand of Christian charity. A friend who has heard this cry, writes the following letter, which will speak for itself; and will, we hope, induce others to assist in raising the sum demanded. The letter is addressed to Mr. Gillham, Secretary, at the office of The Princess Louise Home, 54, New Broad Street, E.C. "Dear Sir,-I will give £500 if you will get two other five hundreds, in any sums, within two months, to be invested.—Yours truly, R. Barlow Rennett, Petersfield, Hants." The time is short; who will help?

GOLDEN WORDS FROM NEW CUINEA.

The prospects of any spiritual improvement in this territory, until within a year or so ago, appeared almost hopeless, but a late visitor (Mr. Lawes), who has given his experiences under the sanction of the London Missionary Society, informs us that when he returned to New Guinea last year he found that the progress had been very marked. The natives had begun to appreciate the advantages of family prayer, and the converts had already undertaken to preach to their fellow natives and people with whom they exchange and trade their produce. There is one of the tribes which, until the Gospel tidings had reached them, was dreaded by its neighbours, and such a character had the Motus acquired that as soon as any of the tribe were seen in the neighbourhood, every one in the village concealed his treasures and ornaments. But now the Motus have teachers and missionary stations of their own, and far from being avoided as thieves, the men are now warmly welcomed by their neighbours, and a service of prayer is conducted morning and evening on board their vessels. This is indeed a wonderful change, and illustrates missionary success in no small degree.

THE MARGATE HOME FOR YOUNG MEN.

The efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association have resulted in the addition of a wing to the Shaftesbury House at Margate, where Christian young men may obtain rest and recreation for a time, to the number of about sixty. This boon is highly appreciated, and many a hardworking young man has found bodily and spiritual comfort within its walls. There are some new arrangements pending, we understand, which will necessitate some further outlay, but it is unlikely that, when the fact is known, the few hundred pounds required will long remain unsubscribed. The Mayor of Margate has taken a very liberal and very active part in this good work, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many other gentlemen, have come forward to assist. We may add that in this and kindred institutions preference is given to young men who are connected with the Christian Associations more specially formed for their benefit.

RECENT AIDS TO NEW TESTAMENT STUDY.

Very welcome to all thoughtful students of God's Word is the appearance of Prebendary Humphry's "Commentary on the Revised Version" (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.). It is at once concise, accurate, and authoritative, and altogether what we were naturally led to expect at the hands of Mr. Humphry, who was a most useful member of the Company of Revisers. We can conceive how truly acceptable this handy volume would be as a New Year's present to any minister or teacher. In this connection the recent publication of the "Student's Concordance to the Revised Version" (Bemrose), published by licence of the Press of both Universities, ought not to be passed over without notice; the work is exceedingly well done. Another useful help to Bible Scholars is Hudson's "Critical Greek and English Concordance" (Bagster), which at a glance shows the various renderings into English of any given word in the text of the original Greek. This little handbook was used by the New Testament Company in the course of their work of revision, and Bishop Ellicott bears special testimony to the time-saving assistance which it afforded to the Revisers. In closing our notice of this little group of aids to New Testament study, we cannot but revert once more to Prebendary Humphry's "Commentary," in order to draw special attention to the valuable "Introduction," in which he gives much historical information in a small space, and yet with a clearness which no reader can fail to appreciate.

A COMPLETED LIFE.

Under the above title we have lately met a brief record of a most useful life, which cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. We refer to the late secretary of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless. Although this truly Christian lady passed away from her sphere of usefulness some months ago, the memory of her good deeds and kindly efforts still remains. For quite half a century she had been one of the least obtrusive, but one of the most active workers in New York City, and her influence was most widely felt, The Society which she organised was started in 1834. When she arrived in New York she was a widow without the solace of children-husband and children had been snatched from her suddenly, but instead of repining, she recognised the chastening hand which had fallen upon her with such undeserved severity, though it was preparing her for a great and good work. She mourned for the dead, but like a good Christian soldier prepared to solace the living poor, and those who like herself had been afflicted.

Enough! the dead have had thy tears,
The living need thy care,
A sinner in a dying world,
No time hast thou to spare.

In this spirit she determined to begin her noble work, and, until life ceased, at the ripe age of seventy-six, she never flinched from her duty. While engaged in her work of mercy, she made the acquaintance of a lady about her own age, and these two women, young in years, but trusting to prayer and continued effort, created a society whose influence for good is second to none in the United States—the pioneer of the work undertaken for the rescue of children from poverty and sin.

THE LESSON OF HER LIFE.

"They builded better than they knew." The two ladies referred to in the preceding paragraph went about hand in hand, and soon made their influence felt. The institution mentioned was founded by these and a few other young women. We hear, and hear thankfully, of the institutions and societies started under distinguished patronage, but here were a few young women devoting themselves, at a time when life wears its most attractive colours, and society holds out its most alluring temptations, to the rescue and regeneration of the Homeless and Friendless. None of the little band of sisters were thirty years of age when they carried out their useful projects. Their idea was prevention is better than cure, and so they sought those who needed help, and by main force and moral example dragged them from the sloughs of despondency and sin. They entered upon the work in faith with prayer, and see the result! And so this noble lady-not titled in the worldly sense, but noble as far as godliness can reach-devoted her life to the good work, and succeeded thoroughly. This aim she carried out with singleness of heart. She was permitted to see her desires and hopes more than fulfilled. Nothing was wanting to insure her happiness as Home after Home in her native land arose as testimony to her self-denying and unwearied efforts. She carried away from sinful dwellings the children, and taught them the Gospel truths, and many a soul was thus snatched from Satan to live in hope and faith in God. Is there not a lesson to be learnt here, and would it not be well for us if our friends could hear of us as of the true Christian we lament-she lived a "completed life?"

THE MORAVIANS.

Some statistics concerning the visions and the work accomplished by the Moravians wil no doubt be interesting. It appears from the statement of the Hon. Secretary that during the time that the Missions have been in operation—just 150 years—the numbers of heathen gathered into the fold amount to no less than seventy-four thousand. The Missionaries, have been and are still

carrying on their former work in the most distant and diverse climes. Amid the snows and ice of Greenland and in Labrador huts, in the torrid latitudes of India and the West Indies, in Africa and Australia, the Moravian preachers continue to carry the glad tidings to hundreds, and bring the heathen to the knowledge of the Gospel. The address of the London office of the Mission is 42, Berners Street, W.; and it is very satisfactory to learn that such a number of converts furnish a continual supply of preachers, and contribute largely to the general support of the Mission.

WHITE UNTO HARVEST.

In the Library of Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury recently presided at the annual meeting of the Foreign Aid Society, whose object it is to assist with English contributions the struggling evangelical missions on the continent. The chief interest on this occasion centred in France, which country was represented by MM. de Pressensé, Réveillaud, and Lorriaux. The latter gave some touching instances of the desolation and despair exhibited by his infidel countrymen in the hour of bereavement and death. "'Say something to comfort me,' said one who was laying a beloved child in the grave after the heathen mode of 'enterrement civil.' friend to whom he appealed could but shake his head and meet the father's agony with silent sadness. Yet into such gloom as this, we have been permitted to bear the light of life. A young man of avowed atheist views asked on his death-bed to see an agent of our society. Thirstily he drank in the message of eternal life in Christ. me have a Christian service at my burial,' he said, with his last breath; 'and speak on these words: "I believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in eternal life." We have 340 stations connected with the Société Centrale, which I represent, and are cheered by frequent evidences of true conversion to God. Our people have more than supplied the deficiency caused by the withdrawal of Government support from all religious work; by their self-denying liberality, new stations have been formed, and the poor salaries of our pastors increased." M. Réveillaud spoke in the same hopeful strain:-"God is sending us many labourers into His harvest, even recruiting our forces from amongst our former opponents, including some ex-Roman Catholic priests. When lately M. Bertrand and I were preaching the Gospel in Algiers, a young man once mounted the platform to assail the truth of God with infidel weapons. I spoke to him afterwards in private, and found he was tormented with a keen sense of spiritual need. He came later to Paris, and there falling into great trouble uttered an almost despairing cry to the God he had blasphemed. Delivered from distress in a most striking way, he wrote to me :- 'There is a God-a God Who hears my prayers. Send me a Bible, send me books to read about God.' We have now little doubt that this young man, a ready speaker and writer, will in due time become openly a defender of the faith which once he destroyed."

A BIT OF BLUE RIBBON.

Any ordinary observer during the autumn months, must have noticed the number of young men and women, shop boys and female servants, clerks and holiday makers, who have been, and no doubt are still decorated with a bit of blue ribbon. It is a small thing, this tiny order of temperance, but it is the badge of a mighty movement, which will revolutionise England if it continues as it has been going on. We have been invited to attend these meetings for the propagation of Gospel temperance, and we did so-fully sympathising with the object of the mission. The first thing that strikes us as we enter the tents or other places in which these mass meetings are held is the seriousness and thoroughness evident in all connected with the Mission; attributes which are certainly shared by the audience. A few months ago the Blue Ribbon legions had encamped at Brixton, Wandsworth, and in Holloway simultaneously, and made an attack on London intemperance-"Pledged to resist

our country's foe," as the placard boldly announced. They are confident of victory, and the success they met with and are still meeting, should encourage the leaders to continue the campaign, believing as they do that "the best of all is—God is with us,"

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION.

We have received the report of this excellent Mission, formerly referred to in these columns as the Hospital and Pillow Mission, and which has now been eleven years in existence, doing an excellent and most sympathetic work. We cannot too highly recommend to our friends the effort which maintains a staff of visitors to provide the sick in hospitals with Christmas cards and letters conveying to both adults and children the tidings of great joy so specially applicable to them and so encouraging to the workhouse inmates. Even the poor lunatic is found treasuring the card which the humane Christian heart and hand have provided, and laid upon his pillow while he slept. It is very touching to read the extracts with which

the report is studded. The glad tidings come almost as a special message from Heaven to many a sinful and manforsaken individual. The good words are as the oil and wine of the Samaritan to the wounded and dying sinner. One instance will illustrate this :- A man in a certain infirmary awoke at Christmas-tide very much cast down, fearing that there was no hope for him. But close to his trembling hand he found a letter, and on opening it he read the comforting words:—"I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions," Such a cheering assurance as this gave him renewed courage, and he took heart again. We need only extract a few figures from the report to show how the Mission works. Last Christmas, in the United Kingdom alone, 260,000 cards and letters were distributed. From our extensive colonial possessions, from Holland, Italy, Germany, France, and America comes the same testimony of the benefits conferred, and the great good done for the sick and sorrowing. Miss Bewes, 67, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, London, W., is the treasurer of the Mission.

"QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

THIRD LIST.

Being amounts received up to and including September 23, 1882.

Ledged .	J. W. Tull, Windsor . Mrs. Kelly, Aylesbury W Deans, Hawick Wondson, Famy Blade, Wombwell, E. A. Cardwell, Wakefield Julia Neale, Terbury. C, Batey, Haggerston J, Grout, Burron-on-Trent E, Foster, Putney Heath E, B., Notting Hill Amile C, Croydon George Laurie, Castle Douglas George Carrie, Castle Douglas	0 10 0 0 0 8 0 0 7 0 0 14 0 0 0 8 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	J. B. Uley Mand Layman, Beckenham Flora Horber Stourbridge W. C. Dorchester B. W. Mosbery, Portsmouth Louisa Jukes, Sedgley "Wee Blackie" F. H. Burrell, Leeds S. J. Martin, Cambridge Mily Farrar, Demetrara Mily Farrar, Demetrara Clement Smithyes, Bary Anon, Rugby	0 13 10 0 3 9 0 3 0 0 5 0 0 5 0 0 8 6 0 2 6 0 8 0 5 6 1 1 0 0 1 5 0	W. Luck, Northampton
J. H S W., Bromsgrove	George Laurie, Castle Douglas	0 8 0	Anon., Rugby	0 1 0	B. Harbottle, Chessington 2 2 0

To Our Readers.—We would ask our readers to bring this Fund to the notice of their friends, with a view to enlisting in this good work all the co-operation available. Further collecting forms may be had on application to the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

11. Quote a passage in which Jeremiah foretells the rebuilding of Jerusalem.

12. What people are especially mentioned as having sought to destroy Jeremiah?

 Quote a passage in which St. Paul condemns the rancour of party spirit, and speaks of it as a moral depravity.

14. In what Epistle does St. Paul assure us of a future rest for God's children?

15. What two men are set before us in the Book of Jeremiah as examples of the power of intercessory prayer?

16. In ancient times at Babylon and elsewhere, tiles were used, about twelve inches square, for writing purposes. What reference is made by the prophet Ezekiel to the use of such tiles?

17. To what time does the prophet Hosea trace back the open violation by Israel of God's commands?

18. In what way did God express His pleasure at the obedience of the Rechabites to their ancestor Jonadab?

19. "The calves of our lips." What is to be understood by this expression?

20. What special charge of slave-dealing is brought against the people of Israel ℓ

21. What ancient capital of Egypt is mentioned by the prophet Hosea? ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 64.

1. St. Mark, who uses the expression, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" (Mark vi. 3.)

2. It was a village near Magdala. There are some ruins of an ancient village near Gennesaret, which may probably be those of Dalmanutha. (Mark viii, 10.)

3. At Kirjath-arba, afterwards called Hebron. (Gen. xxiii 2.)

4. Tarshish. (Jer. x 9.)

5. In the description given by the prophet Jeremiah of the great drought which came upon the land of Judah. (Jer. xiv. 4.)

6. At God's bidding he visited the house of a potter, and seeing him make a new vessel of the clay with which a former misshapen vessel had been made, used this as an illustration of God's power over nations to destroy or renew them. (Jer. xviii. 2—4.)

7. When God spake to Abimelech, king of Gerar, He said, referring to Abraham, "He is a prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live." (Gen. xx. 7.)

8, "They anointed the sick with oil, and healed them." (Mark vi. 13; see also James v. 14.)

9. With our Blessed Lord's baptism. (Mark i. 9.)

10. In the city of Tahpanhes, where Pharaoh's palace was. (Jer. xliii. 6, 7.)

THE UNIVERSAL CREED.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.



N the matter of religion, there is, and there has always been, one common ground, both of fact and of opinion, on which all can stand; and that common ground is a belief in God It is an instinct in man to own the existence of a Deity - the Great First Cause, to Whom all other causes are due; the One Great Source, from which all things take their origin. Man has always expressed

his belief in a God; in very different forms and ways, no doubt, but still agreeing in the one great fact of His existence. There has never been a nation, and never a time, in which God has, in this respect, left Himself without witness. And from the belief in the existence of a God there is but one step to the acknowledgment of dependence upon that God; and a sense of dependence gives birth to prayer. The belief "that He is," naturally and necessarily leads on to the further stage of belief that "He is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." (Heb. xi. 6.)

Over the frontal of the grand Temple of Apollo at Delphi there was engraved in deep and large characters, the Greek monosyllable El. The monograph was instructive by its very mysteriousness, and promotive of a feeling of awe by the very uncertainty of its meaning. Plutarch says it was intended to convey the idea of the Divine Unity-Ei, en, "Thou art One." And the interpretation was that the "Ei" meant "If," thereby indicating the purpose of resorting to the Temple, as to an oracle, to inquire "if" such and such events would come to pass. And yet another opinion leads us farther on still and nearer to God, namely, that the word stood in the Ionic dialect for $\mathbf{E} \iota \theta \epsilon$ (Eithë), expressive of the "wish" of the suppliant, like the "Quanquam O!" of the Latins. ever the particular meaning of the word might have been, there at all events it stood, writ with an iron pen, in the rock, as a testimony to the existence of a God, and possibly as an incentive to prayer and supplication.

The world in sin, and in its disobedience, reluctantly believes this great fundamental truth. It would rather there were no such Being, but it cannot get rid of the thought. There are some who may wish there were no God, some who may even say there is no God; "the fool" has said so (Ps. xiv. 1); but even "the fool" knows well

that there is a God, yea, the devils themselves believe, and tremble at the fact. It amounts to universal consent, and opens the way to universal-prayer. 'T is true every rule has its exceptions, but I gravely doubt whether there is a genuine atheist in the world, or one that will consistently live out his theory to the last. There will be some breakdown somewhere, in health or in sickness, in life or death. Professed unbelievers oftentimes take care that their children shall be differently brought up. Their unbelief is, as Bacon says, "more in lip than heart."

The atheist differs essentially from the infidel. An atheist (if there be such) holds the "dark dogma" that there is no God. It is an awful negation, and it can never be put to actual proof, whereas the belief that there is a God is set forth, affirmatively, every day, every hour, every moment of our lives. The infidel's infidelity consists, not in the denial of the Divine existence, but in the denial of the attributes, the character, the dealings of God, in regard to the world and man, and most of all, in the matter of a revelation. Yet is there ample space of common ground, even in the case of the infidel, on which we can stand and reason together as to the being of God, and the evidences of His existence.

The advantage of this common ground may be illustrated by the method of argument employed by the Apostle with the heathen, as in the opening of the Epistle to the Romans, in which he shows how it is that the Unseen may be judged by that which is visible, the visible declaring the Invisible-" For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." (Rom. i. 20.) Thus also the same Apostle reasoned when he was at Athens. The Athenians, indeed, were not atheists, nor even infidels; far from it, for they believed in too many gods. But from the common ground of a belief in a creature, he argued out the providence of the Creator, and man's responsibility; and as a consequence of this, a future judgment, with the Son of God, the appointed Judge-Jesus in the power of the resurrection. (Acts xvii. 24-31.)

The Nature of God is incomprehensible. Could finite minds expect it to be otherwise? Sum up, if you can, all your ideas of infinite space, infinite duration, infinite knowledge, and infinite power, and He in Whom they all meet and harmoniously combine is God. The difficulty, the impossibility of comprehending the infinite is well expressed by

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the great Roman orator in the following incident; -Hiero, who was a king, once asked a philosopher, whose name was Simonides, "What, and like what, is God?" Simonides asked for one day to consider the question. The king inquired again next day, and was asked to allow two days for further consideration. After two days he repeated his question, and was this time asked to allow four days; and thus the philosopher continued on each successive occasion to double the period required for thought. The king at last, weary of delay, and curious to know the reason of it, inquired of the philosopher why he thus postponed his answer. To whom Simonides replied, "The longer I consider it, the more obscure does the matter become." The incomprehensible nature of God is, however, no bar to our belief in His existence.

It is no escape from the difficulty to say that all things come of Nature. This would simply be a change of one creative power for another; and would only shift the burden of difficulty, without removing it. We must still pursue back, and still further back, to the Great First Cause. Till we have done this it is merely an adjournment of causes, like a succession of meetings having no end, or a series of consecutive causes having no beginning. It would be the old story of the world resting on the elephant, and the elephant on the tortoise, and the tortoise on—nobody knows what! It is easy enough to place the world on the shoulders of Atlas, but then, as to Atlas himself—on what does he stand? So, even though we should get rid of the idea of God, we should have to believe

in some other power in lieu of God.

But our belief in God must not abide alone; it has its consequences and its necessary deductions. If God exists, what does He exist for? What does He do? Is the maker of anything ever careless about His own work? If the world and man be His work, shall they not also be His care? And if His care, why should He not send a message or a messenger, if such should be needed? Does God only work, and never speak? Does He only see, and never make an effort to intervene? Suppose the world to have mistaken God, or forgotten Him, or perverted its knowledge of Him, what would be more natural than that, under such circumstances, a message should be sent, to correct or to remind man as to His true nature? or, if the world were in danger, what more likely than that He that made it should send some person or means to deliver it? And as to the message itself, what more easy than that God, Who is a Spirit, should inspire others to speak in His name, or send His own representative, and by a course of action restore the erring

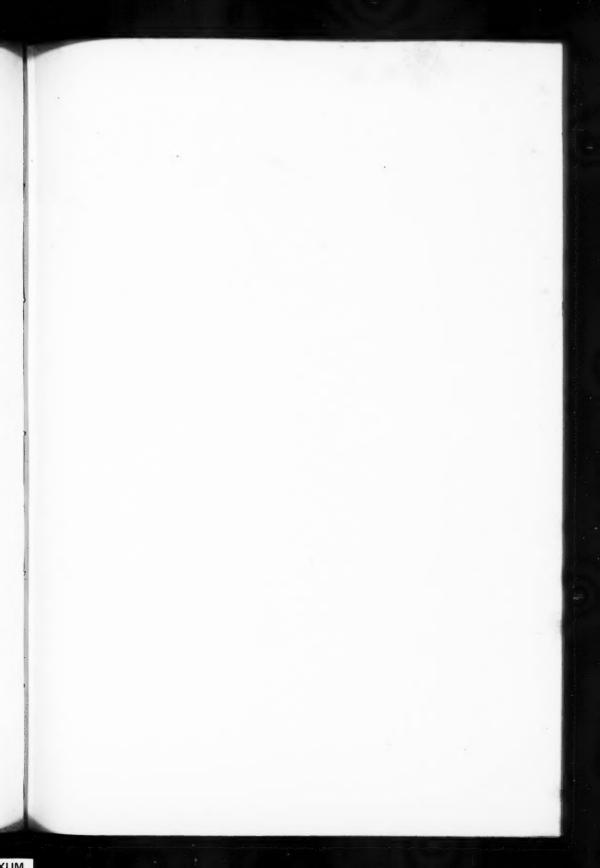
And, apart from all external evidences, have we not the witness of God within us? Whose voice

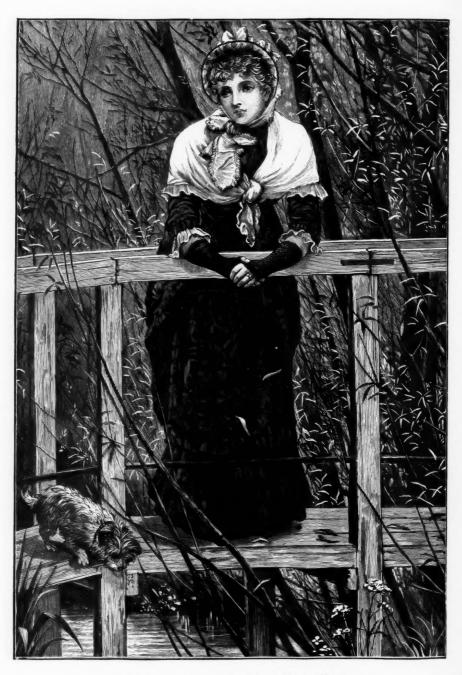
else is that which is ever sounding within our hearts—that Conscience that will not rest? Whose eye is that which never slumbers, and never sleeps -the inward detective of the thoughts and intents of the heart? Conscience is God within us; the Voice Divine, that has survived the fall, and holds its sway, and speaks with authority still; the higher and better principle, asserting its government and control over the lower and carnal nature. It is this ever-present Judge of all our thoughts and deeds that brings all the world in guilty before God—the echo of God's just and holy law in every man. It tells the vilest and the worst that they have sinned, and pursues the footsteps of undiscovered, undetected sin, and is "the worm that dieth not" in every unrepentant heart. It illuminates the dark chamber of the soul with its lurid light, and arouses the sinner from his troubled sleep to a still more troubled waking. What, then, is this? It is Gop!

Ah, but, some one will say, this is weakness heart, not head; feeling, and not reason; giving way to the sentiment and superstition of "mysterious voices"-ghosts and phantoms of the imagination! Nay, not so. The heart outlives the head; it is out of the heart proceed "the issues of life." I envy not the man who can banish feeling from his breast. Would he have us to be like the tyrant of Pheræ, who, feeling the shock of a sudden emotion in the midst of an affecting tragedy, sprang from his seat and rushed out of the theatre, exclaiming, "What! Am I thus susceptible of pity?" God, Who made the head, has made the heart also; and he is no true man, nor made in the image of God, who ignores the heart's true feeling, or closes his ears to the voice of God within him. To such the day may yet come (I sincerely hope it will) of which one of our own poets has spoken, when-

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept, And foes to virtue wondered why they wept.

There is a God, and that God is our God, our Father, and our Friend. He is ours by every right of possession, and by every claim of ownership. We therefore thank Him, for many things, for all things, "for our creation"—the point that generates the line; for "preservation"—the providence that accompanies us all along that line; "for all the blessings of this life"—the grand panorama on the right hand and the left, which God spreads before us day by day-food, raiment, competence, credit, home, occupation, friends; "but above all for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ"-that love that no human calculation can sum up, or combination of figures express; "for the means of grace"-and this very paper may prove to be one of them; and "for the hope of glory"—the final and glorious consummation. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."





"Where slowly swing the boughs, and the plashing brooklet plays."

BETROTHED.

HAT of the dawning fife, the scenes that are hushed and dim?

What of the shrouded path, oh soul! to be trod with him?

Never again, my feet! shall ye know the meadowways.

Where slowly swing the boughs, and the plashing brooklet plays.

Over the cold, calm seas, shall I yearn through years to come,

All for the mother's heart, the peace of my girl-hood's home?

Down where the waters move, the leaves go quivering by,

Drift they to sun or shade? where will they rest and die?

Whither, oh trembling heart! shall the changing current bear—

Passest thou hence to tears, or unto a world most fair?

Oh but to lift the veil! to read what is curtained still, The hidden road of life, the waiting good or ill.

Be thou at rest, my soul! this ring that I newly wear Gleams with a rosy ray, chiding the secret care. Though to these long-loved fields no more through my life I come,

Doth he not call me hence? and is he not heart and home?

Dawneth a dearer light than fell on the vanished way:

Hath he not pledged me his, through shadow and shine for aye?

Darling, what reeks it now though skies should grow dark above?

Blessed am I through change, wrapt round in a changeless love.

Symbol thou art to me, as I shelter deep in thy faith,

Symbol of tireless Care that holdeth us both till death,

Not like the drifting leaves we follow a wandering tide :

Called by the name of Christ, we cling to a tender Guide.

He will be near us still, dear love, through the ways untrod:

Do I not trust in thee, and shall we not trust in God?

MARGARET MAC RITCHIE,

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII. SHYLOCK.



HOUGH Waterhouse was, as we know, guilty in the matter of the sealskin jacket, Grace's prophecy that she would hear no more of it was not exactly justified by the event, fate being apt to show little regard for the reputation of quickwitted people.

When Waterhouse walked into his new do-

main, his satisfaction in having attained his end, and in the air of homely comfort the place wore, so grateful after the stately dreariness of his hotel, was considerably dashed by a discovery which had the effect of a sudden slap in the face where one is expecting to receive a smile. He was guilty of the boyishness of throwing the parcel on the floor with a muttered exclamation, and of giving it a vicious kick when there. But after a moment's reflection he picked it up again, and having placed it upon the table, he strode to the bell and rang it violently. Had he known it, this resounding peal, which was of a calibre quite different from the apologetic feminine rings she was accustomed to-although, indeed, she heard very few of these, for with a maid-of-all-work the bell is resorted to sparingly-sounded the note of very zealous service from Sarah. It had at once a lordly and a wealthy sound with it, as if the ringer would brook no delay in having his wants administered to, and were prepared to enforce his demands with high words and half-crowns. So that fear and hope, those two strongest factors among the springs of human action, were immediately set a-working in Sarah's breast.

When Waterhouse beheld the maid-servant at his door he said, "Take that parcel away, if you please."

"Into your bedroom, sir?"

"No, certainly not; it doesn't belong to me."

"Then what would you wish me to do with it, if you please, sir?"

Though her mistresses had naturally not taken Sarah into their confidence in the matter, it is not to be supposed that she was in any uninstructed condition concerning it; her eyes, cars, and fingers being not less curious than the generality of her class. Her feelings may be better imagined than described as Waterhouse replied—

"Anything you like—wear it yourself, if you choose."

By this speech Waterhouse certainly admitted the charge which had been thus silently and effectively brought against him; but in his mortification he sought no method of evading it. Nor was it of malicious intent that he thus bestowed on the servant the garment he had first offered to her mistress, though no method more calculated to spite her, as the children say, could have well been conceived. He simply took the first way that presented itself of getting rid of the offending garment.

By-and-bye Sarah brought his dinner up, She had a method of her own in setting the table, which consisted chiefly in laying an article in two or three different places before she found the position which suited her, which position, by a kind of fatality, always chanced to be the one most inconvenient for the diner. She had received full instructions from Mrs. Norris-who knew about such things from past experience-as to how to "wait," and had just been primed by Grace, whom she had left hanging with a scorehed face over the kitchen fire. So she put all the dishes and condiments just beyond Waterhouse's reach, and kept them there until he asked for them individually, as if he were a little boy in course of training to say "please." But Waterhouse made a very good dinner, a thing which it never occurred to him to feel grateful for. It was true enough that he could have made himself contented in a Kaffir hut, had he found himself there, but finding himself in an English sitting-room, he took it as a matter of course that his dishes should be varied, and well cooked. He had another visitation from Sarah when she brought him coffee; and the rest of the evening he spent in solitude. The house was very quiet. He had seen Mrs. Norris for a moment or so-of the sisters he had caught no glimpse. But quite early he heard several pairs of feet pass his door, and then sounds overhead. was evident the household were going to bed. That

he must make friends with the family.

But when the morrow came, and the day after that, and so on till nearly a week had slipped by, and he had never spoken to any one of the family except Mrs. Norris, it began to occur to Waterhouse that he had been rather a fool. His occasional interviews with Mrs. Norris, which occurred only when he found a pretext for requesting one, were of a chilling nature—as if one were to put out a warm living nature to be grasped, and were met by the soft cold touch of a velvet glove. He had seen in his comingsin and goings-out a young creature who was evidently

was all very well for the first day-on the morrow

the very daughter of this mother, and who had bestowed upon him so slight a bend of the head that he had been half doubtful as to whether it was intentional or not; and once or twice a younger girl, who looked rather wild and shy, but certainly not dignified, and who had fled away like a startled deer. Of Grace he had never caught sight.

And the annoying part of the business was that after the first night, as if to enhance the silence and loneliness of his rooms, the rest of the house-which was as unsubstantially built as London houses usually are—was audibly full of life and merriment. In the morning he would hear lively voices in his sittingroom, but when he arrived there, he would find the breakfast-table drawn to the fire, the newspaper laid to his hand, the fire bright and glowing, but the lively voices gone. Then while he was at breakfast, he would hear them in his bedroom, and the rest of the day they would be here, there, and everywhere, except where he was; they were even hushed as they passed his door. It was as if he had lit upon one of those magic palaces where nothing more substantial than a vision of hands performs all needful services, Sarah, indeed, was very substantial, and quite unfairy-like; but since all she was seen to do was done so badly, it was hardly logical to suppose that all she was not seen to do was done so well. Besides, Sarah could not be supposed to laugh and talk by herself, allowing for any amount of sobering influence his presence might have over her. It was obvious that for a great part of the attentions he received, he was not indebted to that handmaiden. At last, Sunday arrived.

"What church does your mistress attend?" asked Waterhouse of Sarah at breakfast-time. He was on very friendly terms with Sarah by this time, for in solitary confinement a man has been known to make friends with a spider, in default of more congenial society.

"Well, sir, Miss 'Ester often go to All Saints, but the rest goes to Saint Luke's, as the clergyman is a very good man like, by all I hear."

"How shall I find St. Luke's, if I want to attend service there this morning?"

"Why, sir, you can't miss your way! it's straight on and then turn to your right, to your left I mean, and then straight on again a bit, and down the street in front of you, and there's the church opposite."

On the strength of these lucid directions, Waterhouse set off for St. Luke's, and attended service there. In returning he overtook Grace, as he had hoped to do. She was walking alone with Kitty; her mother, not being well, had remained at home. Waterhouse, coming up behind, felt a sensation at once of amusement and pleasure as he recognised the small compact figure and elastic tread of his comrade of the fog.

"Good morning, Miss Norris," he said, stepping alongside and raising his hat.

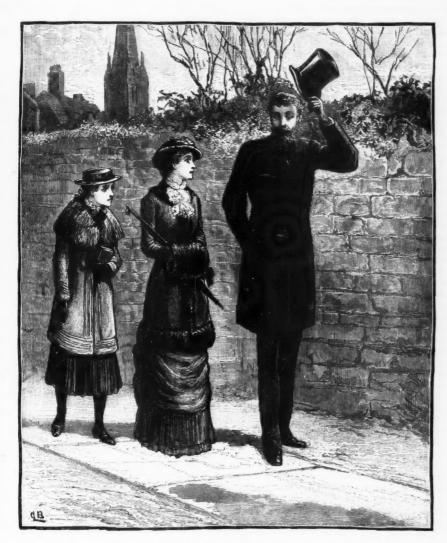
"Good morning," said Grace, with no smile or sign of welcome.

"Why, I have not seen you," he said, with cheerful friendliness, "since I became an inmate of your house. Haven't you been at home?"

"Oh, yes!" adding, after a pause, with an inde-

Kitty reddened, and felt very uncomfortable, as Waterhouse took off his hat, and said—

"I have seen you on the stairs, Miss Kate, haven't I?"



"In returning he overtook Grace."-p. 132.

scribable stiffness, "I hope you have found your rooms comfortable."

"Perfectly so, thank you. Is this your youngest sister? Will you introduce me?"

"Yes; it is my sister Kate,"

She could only reply "Yes," in a mouse-like tone, and redden still more. Why should Grace call her "Kate," and be so very cool and rude? It might be proper and dignified, but it was extremely uncomfortable; and Mr. Waterhouse had such a

kind pleasant face, though he was rather formidable, being so tall and bearded. Even mice probably have an opinion of their own, by which they may occasionally circumvent cats, though those superior animals might be surprised to hear it. But Kitty's opinion was of no practical value just then.

"Is that your dog, Miss Kate—that tawny fellow that I see chasing the cats in the back-yard? He

amuses me uncommonly."

"Oh!" stammered Kitty; "it's all our dogs-I

mean, it belongs to us all."

And then she reddened still more vividly, feeling she had disgraced herself. Grace could not resist the dawning of a smile, but she checked it; and Waterhouse, looking at her for merry response, saw the check. He felt hurt and annoyed, and, feeling that he was merely thrusting himself upon her, he muttered an excuse, and passed on, striding away with long rapid steps, that soon carried him out of sight. Why Grace should treat him with cold reserve now, when she had met him with charming friendliness as an entire stranger, was a problem he could not solve, not being at all read in feminine human nature. It must be, he reflected, that confounded jacket business that had spoiled his chance of making friends with these pleasant people. What if he apologised? But no; what could he say that would make better of it? The fact was, he had been a fool, and, if he could have done so with honour, he would have liked to throw up the whole affair at once, since, of course, it was simply for the sake of getting into some semblance of homely relations with the landlady and her family which had induced him to enter into it at all.

His friends were all asking what he meant by taking himself off into such barbaric regions, and he now asked himself the same question with some pungency. Why on earth should he settle himself in this squalid northern suburb, from which he could get nowhere without miles of cab-driving or railway travelling, his engagements being in quite another

part of London?

He dined early in the usual solitude, with the sauce of a conversational murmur from the family dinner in the room below, and he remained in a very crusty mood during the afternoon. As the dusk began to gather, there came a scratching at his door, which was ajar, and he perceived it agitated slightly. He was just in the act of jumping up to let in the small quadruped which was evidently trying to push it open, when he heard an urgent whisper—

"Come away, pussy; come away, you naughty

He opened the door on the instant, and discovered Kitty in the act of forcibly lifting up a large tabby cat, much against her will.

"And why is she a naughty cat, Miss Kate?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows, and at the same time opening his arms to receive the struggling pussy, who jumped into them without more ado. The abashed Kitty, who felt that veracity was impossible, with

the most abject shame facedness replied almost inaudibly— $\,$

"I thought she would disturb you."

Waterhouse laughed rather sardonically. The idea of the cat being kept out of his room for fear she should disturb him, seemed, in his condition of utter boredom, to be grimly humorous.

"I should very much like to be disturbed!" he said; and then he walked to the fire and deposited the cat on the hearthrug, where she curled herself up,

and seemed quite at home.

"Come and see how comfortable she looks!" he said

Kitty, who had stood at the open door, wishing to run away, but without the necessary courage, advanced a few steps into the room, and peered uncomfortably over the top of the table.

"But I am afraid she won't speak to me," said Waterhouse, with pathos in his tone, looking at the

cat reflectively, and shaking his head.

"Do you want somebody to speak to?" asked Kitty, a new idea having entered her head, which inspired her to this bold utterance, and even to a glance up into the lodger's face.

"Of course I do," said Waterhouse, arresting the little maiden's eyes with his kindly grey ones; "would not you if you were shut up by yourself all day long, and had no mother and sisters to talk to

you ?"

What Kitty would have replied out of the fulness of her compassionate heart cannot be told, for she heard the dining-room door open, and the sound recalled her to a sense of her position.

"Oh, I think I must go; I think they want me," she stammered hastily, and fled, closing the door gently behind her. For the rest of the day Waterhouse was left to his meditations, which were enlivened by the sounds of clear girlish voices singing hymns and scraps from the oratorios down-stairs.

His name was not entirely omitted from the family talk that day, but their remarks would not have been cheering to him had he heard them, for Sarah had been seen that afternoon for the first time going out in the sealskin jacket, much too small for her, and tied across her broad shoulders with ribbons, and it was not considered a mark of good taste on the gentleman's part that he should have given it to the servant, not to speak of the really criminal extravagance the act implied. But one little voice was heard in defence of the lodger. Kitty spoke out quite boldly, and said she was sure he did not mean it, and that he had the nicest face for a man that she had ever seen. But of course she only got laughed at, being pressed to explain what Lothair did not mean, and rallied on her impressionable little heart.

Not many days after this dreary Sunday there came a change in the lodger's outlook, which seemed to promise better things for him. One day Sarah had, as usual, carried up the first course of his dinner at seven o'clock. It consisted of a sole fried to the

perfect shade of brown by Grace's acute mind and nimble fingers, for the cooking of which Sarah received a compliment which, in accordance with instructions, she did not disclaim. She came down again to the kitchen with dismay in her face.

"There, Miss Grace, if I haven't forgot to tell you about the sugar! We haven't a ha'porth in the house, and him with a tart for his pudding."

Sarah always called Waterhouse by the masculine pronoun simply, and Grace contended that there was no reason why the servant should not use a nickname as well as her mistress, especially since it was terse and euphonious.

"You unlucky creature!" said Grace, "and I have nothing else to send up, and this rhubarb is sourness itself. Never mind; take up the cutlet, and ask him to excuse you, and then fly like the wind to the grocer's. I would have asked Miss Kitty to go, but it is too cold for her, and you will be back long before he can be ready for the tart."

But Grace's calculations were destined to be upset by an unforeseen occurrence; almost as soon as Sarah was gone, Mr. Waterhouse rang his bell. There was nothing for it but for Grace to answer it. She turned down her sleeves, and smoothed her hair, and indulged in a little grimace at her own expense. Then she went up, and opened the door. When Waterhouse saw who it was, he rose, and was a little awkward in apologising. But the apology Grace scarcely heard, for her cheeks were burning with shame and indignation. A moment had sufficed to reveal to her that Sarah had been taking advantage of her mistresses' back to neglect the lodger's comfort quite shamefully. There was an unswept hearth; the curtains were not drawn over the windows; there was an untidy cheerless air about the room. The tablecloth was spread over only a portion of the table -the remaining portion being littered with books and papers. It was obvious at the first glance that Waterhouse had not summoned attention without justification, for he sat forkless and spoonless before the already cold cutlet. Grace glanced round for the plate basket; it was not in the room, but had been placed outside the door, as if the object were to remove it just beyond its sphere of usefulness. Grace, after supplying the diner's needs, drew the curtains, and put a rectifying touch here and there. Her face did not invite remark, and Waterhouse advanced none, but watched her slyly, with much interest. Before she left the room, she asked, in a stern tone, as though Waterhouse were himself the culprit-

"Is this a specimen of the sort of way Sarah has been attending to you?"

"This a specimen? Why, I don't see much the matter. These little things don't make any difference to me."

"They make a very great deal to me. Sarah has disgraced us."

"Oh, come! that's too strong. She's a willing sort of soul, but you should take into consideration that she has not a good head-piece," But Waterhouse's intervention on her behalf had no effect in moderating Grace's feelings towards Sarah, and that unfortunate individual was met on her return by a reception which reduced her to a condition of tearful depression calculated to last some days. Grace only made one remark to her.

"Sarah, I am sorry to say you have disgraced us, and destroyed my respect for you. You have not done your work for Mr. Waterhouse as you would have done had you thought I should see it."

Sarah, not being pert by nature, made no reply, but at once burst into tears. She was conscious in her heart that Grace's speech was unjust, but she could not probably have hit on the reason why, and had she done so would not have been willing to confess it, since the most stupid people like as little as their betters to exchange an accusation of wickedness for one of incapacity. The fact was she did not deliberately do worse out of her mistres-es' ken, but her feeble shiftless nature required stringing up with the animating consciousness of oversight. She had begun by paying great attention to the lodger and his comforts, having a great idea of the probable extent of his requiringness; and feeling considerable gratitude for favours to come. But in the course of a few days she perceived with much perspicacity that her attentions were very little noticed by the lodger, and that she could neglect with impunity. After this discovery the downward course was naturally Grace said no more, but neither did she rapid. relent. She went about silently, with a very stern face and a peculiar kind of stalk which her family regarded as indicating temper. But what had happened was not made public till the next day. During the afternoon Hester came upon Grace sitting alone in the dining-room. Grace had apparently recovered her temper, for she was laughing over a book she held in her hand. Hester came up behind her, and looked over her shoulder.

"You freakish creature, where did you get hold of that, and what amusement can you find in it?"

"It belongs to Sarah, and it is an absurd book. I can do better out of my own head," and Grace threw down the book.

"What can you do better out of your own head?"

"Wait at table."

"What do you mean?"

"That I am going to be Hebe to our Jove upstairs."

"Come, Grace, be serious for once."

"If I am to be serious I will say that Sarah has disgraced us, and that Mr. Waterhouse's comfort has been shamefully neglected, and that I am going to wait upon him myself in future."

Hester was so painfully shocked that for a time she could not speak. She came forward slowly and stood on the hearthrug before Grace, but without looking at her.

"It is impossible you can mean to lower us so," she said at length, with evident effort,

"I do not consider that I am lowering us," Grace replied, with a distinct ring of pride in her voice.

Another pause ensued, in which Hester's feeling clamoured for expression. At last it broke all bonds.

"Is it not enough that we must come down to letting lodgings, without your making yourself this man's servant? Had I not better take a place as scullery-maid at once? I should get money by it, Where do you mean to draw the line?"

Grace showed no sign of resenting this speech, and her voice had taken its usual merry tone when she

replied-

"Sit down, my lady Hester, and don't look so dreadfully tall, and I will reason with you. I will tell you where I draw the line; and that is, against taking two guineas a week from a man, and having him abominably ill-served. That's where I draw the line."

Hester did not sit down. She knew that the matter was hopeless. Where Grace put down her foot, no force would induce her to dislodge it. She was silent.

"Hester," said Grace, after a pause, in a more serious tone, "since we have no one to annoy by it, why should we not let lodgings? We only stand or fall to ourselves in the matter; for I suppose you care no more than I do what the neighbours, or the lodger himself thinks of us. It seems to me a most admirable plan for keeping all together, and dispensing with the dreadful governess idea, while we really get more money by it; and if we do not lose our own self-respect, it seems to me, it does no harm. By looking at it in the way you do, you are just seeking to extract poison from what would be quite harmless, if you let it alone. But why did you not express your feelings more strongly about it at the time?"

"Would it have been of any use?" asked Hester, with some point.

Grace gave a little shrug, and a sly curl came into the corners of her mouth as she made the admission—

"Perhaps not."

This easy candour irritated Hester.

"Does mother know what you are intending to do?"
"I don't think she will make any objection," said Grace, carelessly.

"I am surprised, Grace, that you like to have mother so entirely under your influence."

"What can't be cured must be endured." Grace spoke lightly, but Hester's words had startled her.

"It is a dangerous position, that of having everybody under one's will." There was a tremor in Hester's voice which did not escape Grace's attention. She drew down her eyebrows thoughtfully, and look at Hester gravely.

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because there is the temptation to ride roughshod over other people's feelings." There were tears in Hester's eyes now, as well as in her voice, Grace rose and went to her, and put her arms round her waist as she stood.

"Am I so careless of your feelings?" she asked, looking up into Hester's face. "I am too fond of my own way, and that is a fact; and the worst of it is," she continued, smiling in spite of herself, "that my own way has a knack of looking the best. But, Hester, assert yourself, my dear; enter the lists with me—let us fight about our views until the most reasonable wins."

Hester shook her head with a melancholy smile, and the tears brimmed over, and ran down her cheeks. She knew that for such a contest they would be too unevenly matched. Even now Grace was looking up at her with a half-brightly comic, half-sweetly penitent face, such as it was quite impossible to resist. So poor Hester, smiling through her tears, stooped, and kissed her, and said—

"You provoking charming thing, what would be the use? I have only this morning expressed my opinion, and are you not intending just the same to

follow your own?"

"Why, yes," said Grace, with a little grimace; and there the discussion ended. Hester made no further remark even when she saw Grace shortly afterwards, with Kitty helping her, merrily engaged in making up a muslin cap and a dainty apron, the use of which was obvious. When they were finished, she put them on, and coming up to her mother, made a curtesy, and announced demurely—

"My dignity-preservers."

"That is an ironical name, my love," said Mrs. Norris, smiling faintly.

"Not at all, mother, for they will be the outward and visible signs of an inward meckness, sobriety, and reserve from which I trust never to swerve as long as I am equipped in them. It is a fact that I would no more undertake to do my work without them, than I would do my errands in the Chester Road in a dressing-gown and slippers. I have been thinking a great deal of this mental phenomenon, and I am going to submit it to Mr. Carlyle in illustration of the clothes theory."

And so it came to pass that evening that instead of the shambling figure of the big Sarah, with her large shiftless hands and ineffective movements, Waterhouse was waited upon by a light person, with small quick hands, twinkling feet, and dainty neatness of attire, and an evident intention to elevate dining, in his case, into a fine art. It was an agreeable change, doubtless, and Waterhouse felt it so; yet it had its less pleasing aspects, to say the least of it. When he beheld the young lady come into his room attired in the livery of servitude, he comprehended the matter from the actual point of view in a moment. It was uncomfortable and embarrassing, and he blushed; while the young lady was coolness and composure itself, though inwardly much disquieted concerning those last touches in the culinary department which she had been obliged to leave to Sarah, Waterhouse rose, and would have made an expostulation, but he did not get very far, for Grace, who had foreseen the emergency, brought out her neat little prepared speech—

"Pray forgive my interrupting you; but you will oblige us all very much if you will take my services as a matter of course. Please treat me just as you would the housemaid I represent, and whom we would gladly provide for you were we able. But as we cannot do that, you will be very kind if you will accept, without question, the best substitute we can provide."

So spake Grace, and Waterhouse had clearly no alternative, in common chivalry, but to concur without any fuss in the new arrangement. This was the easier, as it was by no means that Grace Norris whom he had met in the fog, who now waited upon him. Indeed, he felt inclined to believe that that vivacious friendly creature existed only in his imagination, as he watched this icicle of a girl move sedately about the room, attending to his wants with the gravest of faces, and the demurest of manners. If this was to be the state of things for very long, Waterhouse felt he should wish Sarah back again. She was, at any rate, good-natured and sociable, and he could extract some grains of amusement from her aimless talk. His present attendant seemed inclined to be neither, and to expect him to eat his dinner with the severest gravity of demeanour. But Waterhouse felt that such a state of things could not last long.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

For some days after, Grace showed Hester more than usual affection, as if to atone for her victory in the matter of the waiting. She treated her even caressingly, occasionally perching herself on Hester's knee, and requesting to be made a baby of, which had as striking an effect as the condescension of a royal personage. Hester, who had a passion for being loved, visibly brightened under this treatment. It is one of the satires discoverable in the very satirical region of human character that an inordinate yearning to be loved is not necessarily coincident with the tendency oneself to love, and so is condemned in the very nature of things to remain unsatisfied, for it is love which begets love. In this family it was Grace that loved, and Hester that desired to be loved, and there is so much meaning in that distinction, that, but for it, the story of these two girls would not have come to be set down as it is. It would, perhaps, be safe to say that Grace had never in her life devoted a moment to the wish to be loved by the people around her. Her own love for them, and theirs for her, made the atmosphere of her mental life, just as the air and sunlight made that of her physical, and her thoughts were occupied with one no more than with the other. Every one loved her, and she was happy-it might,

perhaps, be nearer the truth to say, she was happy, and every one loved her. Now, Hester was unhappy, and was not much loved. This carries a somewhat unjust sound with it, and we are inclined to shake our heads over the shallowness of human judgments, Why, we ask, should the cheerful light-hearted people, who have so great a pull over others in their very constitution, get all the appreciation and affection, which it costs them so much less than those others to earn? This was the question that was ever recurring to poor Hester's mind. But here we must join issue with her, and state it as our conviction that life is not so unjust as it seems, and that people get, on the whole, a very fair judgment dealt out to them. If we search at all carefully the springs of human action, we shall be inclined to come to the conclusion that, roughly speaking, a happy disposition is an unselfish one, and vice versa. The happy nature is often that which is born with an unselfish strain, and is urged by its constitution to that self-abnegation and those ever-recurring contests with inclination whose outward result is a temper so light-hearted and equable that we think it is gained without pain or effort. But the effort is there, and is no less painful than with us, except that, like any other arduous habit, it becomes less so by repetition.

Was Hester right when she put down Grace's joyousness to her lack of sensitiveness? Did Grace never feel temptations to despond, to be lazy, to be cross? Did she expend her energies in making people comfortable simply because she liked exertion? Was it because she never felt ill that she was never heard to complain, except in a cheerful way, or seen with the relaxed facial muscles which are ordinary human nature's resource under physical discomfort? And when other people were ill, and the general outlook gloomy, was it because such things did not affect Grace, that she was the one looked to as a matter of course to do the nursing and generally put matters to rights, or, if that was not possible, to put a good face upon them? To all these questions I make no reply, leaving them to be answered by my readers as they follow the fortunes of the two girls, only stipulating that if justice be given to Grace it shall not be denied to Hester. For, are not all of us who are made of common human clay, conscious that, without being badly disposed, the virtues of our fellow-men are not always without a little sting for us, especially if they gain a reward in the affections we are fain to crave for ourselves? And among Grace's virtues was certainly not that of a readiness to give up her own way, compared with which, as a sweetener of life to one's self-willed fellows, other virtues fall quite into the shade. Hester was decidedly self-willed, and felt that her opinions deserved a hearing, and that she was not destined by nature to become a mere echo of Grace, as others were.

When it was said that Hester was not born with a tendency to love those around her so much as to desire love from them, it was not meant that she had no capacity for loving. But it was not of that

genial generous sort which descends like dew or sunshine, without exaction or stir. Her love, when it was called forth, as it had been towards Miss Denston, would be passionate and absorbing, made up of demands, jealousies, and doubtings, but also capable of bearing a great strain and coming out victorious. To love would always hold more of pain than pleasure for Hester. But in the meantime she craved love from those about her, and not herself distinguishing the difference, told herself how much she loved them, and how hard it was to be denied as full a share of their love in return. She felt this perhaps most strongly with regard to Kitty, who was naturally the pet of the household, and being the youngest had been detained in babyhood as long as that was possible. But Kitty, as has been seen, made no secret at all of her preference for Grace, having never been disciplined to hide her feelings. When the proposition had been made that she should sleep in Hester's room, no demur had been made by any one, Kitty in her pleasurable excitement not seeing any novelty undesirable, and Hester as usual hiding her feelings.

For some time at first Kitty always seemed to be asleep when Hester went up to bed. She lay perfeetly still, with her face half hidden. But one night Hester went up to bed rather earlier than usual, and before she went into her room she perceived through the chinks of the door that a light was burning there. When she entered it, however, all was dark and still, and there lay Kitty apparently asleep as usual; but this being clearly impossible, Hester went and touched her, and asked in a rather stern voice, "Are you asleep, Kitty?" No reply. Hester, very much shocked at Kitty's attempt to deceive, took hold of her arm and gave her a little shake, thereby discovering that the child held a book in her hand. Hester tried to take this away, but Kitty held it tight, and keeping her eyes fast shut, screwed herself round emphatically, as though declaring that interference was of no use, because she really was asleep. But Hester was determined to confiscate the book, being assured from Kitty's resistance that it was a forbidden story-book. When she succeeded, however, it turned out to be the German grammar. Considerably mollified, but very much surprised, Hester said-

"Why, Kitty, what is the meaning of this? How is it you are learning your lessons in bed? You have plenty of time in the day."

No answer, but Kitty began to cry.

"And do you think," continued Hester, "that it is an honourable thing to be burning your light up to the moment before, and then pretending to be asleep when I come in, because you know you are expected to go to sleep when you come to bed?"

Hester sat down by the bed, and took hold of Kitty's reluctant hand, while she spoke in an affectionate but very grave voice. But Kitty would not respond; she continued to cry and hold herself aloof, and Hester felt herself getting justly angry. She rose, saying-

"Well, Kitty, if you cry and refuse to speak to me, we had better say no more about it to-night; but I shall expect you to give me an explanation in the morning. You had better now go to sleep as quickly as you can."

Hester did not go to sleep for some time, thinking over Kitty's deceit, and the want of confidence the child showed her, and listening, first to the low sobs, and then to the regular breathing, which showed that

Kitty had cried herself to sleep.

But when the morning came, Kitty was just as obstinately silent about the matter, and whether she was repentant or defiant, Hester could not find out. At breakfast, Kitty's eyelids were swollen with the previous night's crying, and there was a constraint about Hester's manner, which did not escape Grace's observation. From nine till twelve Hester shut herself up with her pupil, as usual, but during that time she never spoke to her except as to the lessons, feeling that strong measures must be taken to bring the child out of the sulks. The strong measures, however did not succeed in effecting anything but misery for teacher and taught. Kitty's spirits seemed to sink lower and lower every hour. At twelve o'clock the three sisters were accustomed to go out together for an hour's walk; and Grace came in this morning to fetch the others. Her entrance into a heavy atmosphere always had an effect like the springing-up of a clearing breeze, and a few minutes with her generally made people begin to wonder why they had been out of temper, or to feel that the melancholy aspect which the universe had previously presented had been illusive. Hester declined to join the others, on the plea that she was going out in the afternoon, and intended to be busy in-doors for the rest of the morning. In reality, she was feeling too sore at heart to wish to be comforted, as she knew she would be by cheerful society and fresh air, which is a condition of mind incident, I imagine, only to youth. She preferred to nurse her misery, and set herself down to the study of a certain little devotional book, which contained rules and maxims for the conduct of life in the family, and the management of the temper. For Hester, in spite of all we know of her mistakes, was far from knowing them herself. She did not think herself faultless, but she thought she was striving to conquer her faults, while in reality she did not know in the least where her faults lay. It would have surprised her very much to hear that the root of them all was in that very absorption about herself and her faults, and that the cure for them lay in forgetting herself altogether.

Kitty and Grace meanwhile were walking down the Chester Road, and the little girl's heart had already lightened. This was Grace's favourite walk, in spite of the noise of omnibuses and traffic on pavement and road, for the spaces were wide and airy, and on one side the road were old-fashioned gardens full of trees and shrubs. And if you walked northward, right in the distance, high uplifted, treecrowned and clear, rose the northern heights, seen like a promised land above the crowds and din. The girls called this vision the Land of Beulah, and on a clear day always walked that way.

"Why, there is Mr. Waterhouse getting on to an

omnibus," Kitty cried, presently.

"Impossible!" said Grace; "why, so he is. Who could have imagined Lothair on an omnibus! I suppose he regards it in the light of seeing life, like a visit to a casual ward."

This allusion entailed an explanation, and when that was given Kitty sighed, and said—

"Oh, how I wish we were as rich as Mr. Water-

house! Wouldn't it be splendid?"

"I used to think so too, but Mr. Waterhouse has cured me of that."

"Has he? Why, how?"

"Well, he has made me see that to be rich means to be stupid. I understand now how all the fairy tales make the poor folks the clever cunning ones. Wouldn't you rather be like Solomon's conies and ants—'fittle on the earth, but exceedingly wise'—than a big stupid ox that never did anything but graze and get fat?"

"But I don't think Mr. Waterhouse is stupid."

"Well, I think he is—very. He has done nothing to earn his money, and he does not know how to spend it. Look how he spends his time—going about to see his friends—that is all he seems to do. And as to spending his money, you may depend upon it, he does nothing sensible with it, or he would not buy sealskin jackets for servant-girls to wear."

Grace, it will be perceived, spoke with some bitterness on this subject.

"Well, we should know how to spend it if we had it."

"That is a delusion, Kitty; it is only poor people who know how to spend money, and if they had the money they wouldn't be poor. We should be as foolish as the rest if we were rich, so let us be sensible and poor."

"But $\hat{\mathbf{I}}$ am not sensible, and never shall be, Hester says I am a dunce."

And Kitty's voice quivered.

"Oh! that must have been because you did not learn your lessons well, and you know you can if you like. I used to tell Hester she was a dunce when I wanted to make her try very hard."

"But I do try; but she was very angry with me last night because I was learning my lessons in bed."

"My dear child! I should think she was. Learning your lessons in bed, with that pale little face! And why weren't you asleep, pray?"

"Well, it is not any use, because Hester wakes me when she comes up, and I can't go to sleep again. She sits and sits, and reads and sighs, and does not go to bed for such a time, and I don't like it at all. And Hester said it was not honourable to pretend to

be asleep when she comes up; but I didn't think it wasn't, or I'm sure I wouldn't have done it, and Hester might have known that. Do you think it was so very bad, Grace?"

"I must say I don't think it was quite on the square, Kitty. It isn't pleasant to find somebody has been watching you when you thought her fast asleep. I should have given you a good scolding for it. I'm sure."

"Yes; but you wouldn't have been dreadful, like Hester."

"I don't know what dreadful means, but I should have been very angry. You had better beg her pardon when we go in."

"Very well-I will."

"Think what a great deal of trouble Hester gives herself for you. I don't think you are half as grateful as you ought to be."

"No, I don't think I am," said Kitty, candidly.

And when she reached home she ran and kissed Hester with such fearless affection that Hester wondered.

"I did not mean to be dishonourable, Hester," she said, looking up frankly. "Do forgive me!"

Hester kissed her, and felt almost too pleased to speak. What had brought about so happy a change? The fable of the strife between the sun and the wind did not occur to her mind, and she did not see how very easy it had been for the sun to make Kitty cast her little coat of sulks.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

IT was now nearly a fortnight since the arrival of the lodger, and Sunday had come round again, It was the day after Kitty had been naughty. In the evening she and Grace were left at home to keep house. Sarah was out, and Mrs. Norris and Hester were gone to church. Mr. Waterhouse was apparently at home, though he had been out at dinner and teatime, for the girls heard him walking up and down overhead as they sat by the fire in the room underneath, Grace reading aloud to Kitty. By-and-bye, and not very long after they had been left alone, there came a knocking at the front door, a doubleknock, and rather an imperious one. This was a very extraordinary occurrence; and with an exclamation of surprise, Grace jumped up to go and see who was there, while Kitty listened in wonder. When Grace opened the door, she beheld a spare young man, of a slightly stooping figure, who turned on her a pair of peculiar blue eyes, eyes which gave distinction to a thin dark face, whereon was no beard or moustache.

"Excuse me," he said, lifting his hat, "is Miss Hester Norris at home?"

"No; she is gone to church this evening. Shall I give her any message?"

"No, thank you, if she is not at home; but yes,

perhaps you will kindly say that Miss Denston is not well, and sent me to ask her to come in."

He was turning away with a perplexed air, which Grace observed.

"perhaps it would be the best thing to do, if you would not mind. The people in the house are all out, and I have no one to send for the doctor. If you would sit with my sister——"



"She found a hymn, and began to sing it."-p. 143.

"Can I be of any use?" she asked, cordially.
"Pray, let me come. I am used to illness, and should be very glad to be of service."

"Thank you," said the visitor, eyeing Grace rather keenly. "I hardly like"—after a pause, he added, "Certainly I will," interrupted Grace; "I will come over at once."

She ran back into the parlour. "Kitty, Miss Denston is ill, and her brother has come to fetch me. You won't mind being left alone, will you? You know Mr. Waterhouse is up-stairs, so it will not be like being left alone in the house."

Kitty's courage seeming quite equal to the occasion, Grace hurriedly threw a shawl round her and ran across the road.

She found the door left open-evidently Mr. Denston expected her to go in without knocking. So she went through the passage and up-stairs, and knocked at the door she knew to be Miss Denston's, A masculine voice said, "Come in," and she entered. The massive curtain hanging over the door was confusing, and at first she perceived only that she was in a room which was filled with a heavy fragrance, and a subdued brilliancy of light, and which impressed her with a sense of remoteness from the wholesome workaday world. Then she became aware of the group of two figures, which at once absorbed all her attention. Upon the sofa lay Miss Denston, with closed eyes, and a face of deathly pallor, while her brother stood before her fanning her gently.

"Hester!" said Miss Denston, faintly, without unclosing her eyes,

"I am Hester's sister," said Grace, coming forward.
"I am sorry she was out, and therefore could not come to you. You must please let me take her place as far as I can."

Miss Denston opened her eyes at the sound of the unfamiliar voice, and fixed them upon the stranger. Their peculiar mournful intensity almost startled Grace, but, unlike Hester, she felt rather repelled than fascinated. Her chief feeling was, however, one of extreme pity. She felt the tears coming into her eyes, and her mind was filled with the idea—how this woman must have suffered! The tones, too, of the voice in which she said the words, "Thank you," which was all the answer Grace received, deepened the impression. Grace had taken the fan from Mr. Denston's hand with gentle force, and now said—

"Will you not leave your sister with me while you fetch the doctor?"

"If you do not mind."

"Only tell me what I am to do in your absence."
But Miss Denston interposed,

"There is no need, Philip; the attack is over. I am sorry you troubled Miss Norris."

Grace glanced questioningly at Mr. Denston.

"My sister is accustomed to these fainting fits," he replied, "but to-night they lasted so long that we were alarmed; but if she feels better, I think we may conclude they are over. Shall I give you another teaspoonful of sal-volatile, Georgina?"

Grace, her famning at an end, was at liberty to take observation, and she watched the administration of the dose with interest. Mr. Denston did his nursing in a businesslike, effective manner, but without any demonstration of sympathy, such as the most phlegmatic will generally betray in moments of anxiety. Were the brother and sister fond of each other? Grace could hardly make up her mind on that point, but as she looked from one to the other

she felt instinctively that in some way they were not in accord. The external aspect of things favoured the notion. The character of the room seemed to be an expansion of Miss Denston, harmonising with the refined luxuriousness of her attire, and the languid grace of her manner. The brother seemed, as it were, to have shrunk into a corner out of the way of this overflowing elegance. His manners were dry, his attire conspicuously shabby, and an ink-bespattered desk at some distance from the fire, with one or two worn volumes lying near it, seemed to indicate that he did not choose to occupy a seat in sociable proximity to his sister's. Yet the two were very much alike in features, however their tastes might diverge, and, though Hester had not felt it, there was for Grace an interest-exciting quality about the brother as well as the sister. What was it that excited this interest or curiosity? Perhaps the cause lay simply in the peculiar eyes which each possessed, and which were at the same time keen and mournful, transparent and deep. But there seemed no need for Grace's services, and she prepared

"Can I be of any service to you?" she asked of Miss Denston. "I should be glad if you would make use of me in any way."

"You are very good," began Miss Denston, with evidently a negative intention; but her brother, who had gone to the hearthrug, and was standing with his back against the mantleshelf, interposed—

"You were wishing for Miss Hester Norris to read to you, Georgina. My voice is naturally not soothing," he added, turning towards Grace.

"Will you let me read to you?" asked Grace, "my time is quite at your disposal."

Miss Denston made a protest, but did not absolutely refuse, that would have been too ungracious; but she gave a quick glance at her brother which had surprise if not annoyance in it. Grace sat down at once, and took up a book which was lying on the little table by the side of the couch. It was Keble's "Christian Year." She began to read—

"Hues of the rich unfolding morn, That ere the glorious sun be born, By some soft touch invisible, Around his path are taught to swell"—

scarcely from conscious choice, and yet not because they were the first words she came to, but from a kind of instinct which drew her to the fresh healthy sentiment of the opening piece. Miss Denston closed her eyes, and her brother went across to his desk, and seated himself there, where he was out of the reader's sight. When Grace had read to the end of the piece she paused.

"Thank you," said Miss Denston; "your reading is perfect, but that is not one of my favourites."

"I thought every one liked that," replied Grace: "there are verses in it that are as familiar as the Psalms, but they always seem to me to bear repetition in the same way. This one, for instance, beginning—'The trivial round, the common task, would

furnish all we ought to ask,' could hardly become more hackneyed to me than 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,'"

"The poem conveys the best moral lessons, no doubt," said Miss Denston, "but of poetry I think we should demand more than that, and to me these verses lack imagination and the true poetic fire."

"May I go on?" said Grace, "and will you choose some favourite of yours?"

"Thank you; I am sure you are very kind. Will you turn to the one beginning 'The world's a room of sickness, where each heart knows its own anguish and unrest'?"

This was read, and Grace, seeing that Miss Denston composed herself as if for sleep, read another without further speech, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her patient in a calm slumber. She rose to go, hoping not to awaken her, and intending to depart with no further adieu than might be conveyed in a smile and a nod towards the tacitum brother. But her quick glance caught something which demanded discussion.

"You have no sal-volatile," she said, in a low tone. "That is not safe, I am sure."

But low as the voice was, it awoke Miss Denston instantly.

"Are you going?" she asked, "I am sure I am greatly indebted to you, Your reading has been charming."

"I assure you I am very glad to have had the opportunity of seeing you," said Grace, in her clear tones, which fell on the ear like a suggestion of bright out-of-door sounds, the song of birds, or the ripple of water, in striking contrast with the low melancholy cadences of Miss Denston's voice.

"It has been so strange that Hester's intimate friend should be unknown to me—you have been a kind of Mrs. Harris, you know," and Grace laughed.

Miss Denston smiled faintly, and only replied, "Give my love to dear Hester. I know she will be sorry to have been out when I needed her."

There was a peculiar suggestion of appropriation in the tone in which this was said, which impressed Grace with surprise, and a shadow of annoyance, and which she felt could not be warranted. She turned to Philip Denston, who was standing near, and said—

"Will you let me give you some sal-volatile for use to-night? we have some in the house I know, if you would not mind coming over with me for it."

"Thank you," Denston said. "I will come with you."

The two passed out together into a clear moonlit night. Denston drew a long breath, and looked up at the sky, where the clouds were scudding before the wind.

"This is refreshing," he said.

"Yes, the atmosphere of your room is very oppressive," said Grace. "Is it good for your sister? Do you like it? I could scarcely breathe."

He gave a short laugh.

"Why, your sister enjoys it, I fancy."

"Our tastes are not at all the same," said Grace, emphatically.

"You do seem to differ, certainly."

"Do you think women all alike, then, that you seem so surprised?" asked Grace, merrily.

"Are they not?"

Grace had knocked, and she now heard steps coming along the passage which were certainly not Kitty's; and being engaged in wondering what could be the meaning of this, she scarcely at the time heard Mr. Denston's dry question, though afterwards it came back to her recollection.

But in order to explain the meaning of the sounds which so surprised Grace, we must recount what had happened to Kitty in her absence. For the first quarter of an hour all went well in No. 47, now deserted by so many of its inmates. Kitty read her book, and thought the time would very quickly pass till Grace's return. She had tried to think of something nice, and rather naughty, to do, such an uninspected opportunity being rare, but no pleasant mischief had suggested itself; besides which anything which involved an excursion into dark and lonely regions would have been a doubtful joy. At the end of the second quarter of an hour Kitty thought she heard a noise, and she put down her book to listen, Mr. Waterhouse was not stirring; all was silent. Could it be possible he had gone out without being heard? The clock on the stairs seemed to be ticking in a quite extraordinary fashion; it had certainly never made such a noise before. She was not frightened, but she began to feel as if she knew what it would be like to be frightened. She hummed a little bit of a hymn tune, but the sound of her own voice was surprisingly unpleasant, so she stopped. She soon began to feel obliged to persuade herself that she was not frightened, and, when that stage was come, Kitty's nerve was gone. Towards the end of the third quarter of an hour she did hear a noise, real and not imaginary. Mr. Waterhouse had opened his door, and was coming down-stairs; he must be going out. Oh, terror! that could not be allowed! Kitty flew to the door. Yes, there he was, taking his stick from the umbrella stand.

"Oh, please," she cried, with a little pant, "would you mind not going out? I should be so frightened!" There was a very dim light in the passage (for economy's sake), and, for a moment, Waterhouse did not understand the position of affairs.

"Is that Miss Kate?" he asked, coming forward.
"What is that you say—that you are frightened?"

He actually took both Kitty's hands in his own, and drew her into the parlour.

"Oh! what would Grace say to this?" flashed through Kitty's mind; but at present she was too glad to be comforted to think much of retribution.

"And have they left you all alone in the house?" he continued, looking down at her with kindly amusement, just like the big elder brother that Kitty had always longed to have, and for which longing she had been so often laughed at by her elder sisters.

"Grace and I were left at home to keep house," she replied, looking up, blushingly, but frankly; "but Grace has been called out to see some one who is ill, and who lives opposite."

Here Waterhouse nodded, as if he understood all about this some one.

"She will not be long, if you would not mind staying in till she comes. But perhaps you were going out to do something important," Kitty added, timidly.

"Not I," said Waterhouse, with a reassuring smile. "I was only going to post some letters."

He put down his hat and stick, which he had brought in with him, on the table, and said—

"And now, Miss Kate, in return for my protection, how are you going to entertain me?"

"Oh! please," said Kitty, impulsively, "my name is not Kate—nobody calls me Kate, and I don't like it at all."

"Why, what is it then?"

"Kitty," said the little maiden, who had all at once recovered her self-consciousness, and spoke in a shamefaced voice, with downcast eyes.

"May I call you Kitty? That's capital! I am sure we shall be friends," said Waterhouse, seating himself before the fire, and drawing Kitty to a chair, with friendly pressure.

Oh! what would Grace say when she came to know that Kitty had given the lodger leave to drop the formal "miss," and call her by her pet household name? And she had never—no, never!—meant him to stay down here in the parlour. Would Grace find him here? All the comfort of Mr. Waterhouse's presence fled before this terrible thought.

"Won't you play to me?" asked Waterhouse, glancing towards the open piano.

"Oh, I don't play much," said Kitty, blushing; "it is Hester who plays so well. She teaches me."

"Oh, it is Hester who plays, is it? That is the tall sister, isn't it? And doesn't your sister Grace play?"

"She is not so clever in that, though she is in everything else," replied Kitty, warming up and opening her eyes wide. "Grace can do anything she likes."

"And what does she like to do?" Waterhouse looked a very interested listener, and an interested listener on a favourite topic is inspiring,

"Oh, she likes reading French and German when we can get the books; that is in the clever way, you know; but she likes cooking, and that kind of thing, quite as much, if not more."

"Cooking?"

"Yes, she does all the cooking nearly."

"Does she cook my dinners?"

"Oh, I ought not to have said that," said Kitty, recollecting herself.

"Why not?" asked Waterhouse, but he did not press his question, seeing Kitty's confusion. "But at least you could sing me a hymn," he said. "I am not a great critic—come;" and he rose and went to the piano. Kitty followed, feeling that after all there would be less fear of her committing herself there than in conversation. So she found a hymn and began to sing it, and Waterhouse added the bass, and a very mellow pleasant bass it was. When it was finished he said, stretching himself comfortably in his chair—

"Now, this is pleasant; why, you might be my little sister."

Kitty smiled shyly, but she was finding it very pleasant too. Grace said it was not nice to have anything to do with men, but Kitty was beginning to disagree with her. Everything about Mr. Waterhouse was nice-seemed, that is, so strong and easy and kind, with a certain difference from anything she was accustomed to-a difference which was altogether pleasing. She looked at the muscular vigorous hand which rested on the piano-lid, What a different hand from Hester's long white one, or Grace's tiny brown smooth one, or her own, which was not very pretty at present! There was something quite fascinating for her in watching its movements. But when would Grace come back? And at the very moment, as if in answer to the question, there came a knock at the street-door, which could be no other than Grace's. Kitty's heart began to flutter wildly.

"Oh! Grace has come back now; hadn't you better go up-stairs?" desperation lending her the courage to suggest the course.

But the lodger said, "No; why should I?" and gave her a surprised glance, which made poor Kitty feel that she had suggested something rather mean.

"I'll go to the door," continued Mr. Waterhouse; and he strode off before Kitty could regain enough presence of mind to stop him.

When Grace saw who it was that had opened the door for her, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Waterhouse! I am sorry you should have been troubled. Where is Kitty?"

"I have been sitting with her; she was a little timid—— Hulloa! Why, is it you?" he cried, as Grace's companion came forward into the light. "Do you live in this part of the world?"

"I live over the way," said Denston.

"Capital! you must come and see me in my rooms up-stairs. Miss Norris, I owe this fellow a grudge, for I kept him waiting four hours for me the other evening, and my conscience still smarts at the remembrance. Can you come up with me now, Mr. Denston, or are you engaged with Miss Norris?"

Denston explained the circumstances under which he had left home, but promised to drop in some early evening, and Waterhouse went out to post his letters.

"That is a good-hearted fellow," said Denston, in a kind of abrupt confidential burst.

"Oh, he is too rich," replied Grace, carelessly.

"You do not like rich people?"

"I have not had much to do with them," Grace laughed. "I don't think I am sorry."

"That is a strange distaste for a woman."

"I don't think you know much about women, Mr. Denston," Grace replied, in a tone which had a little rebuff in it.

Denston had the sal-volatile now, and so took his leave with thanks and a bow to Grace which included Kitty, who had been looking on very much surprised. Then came Kitty's explanation, which ended piteously.

"Oh, Grace, I could not help it, could I? I could not know he would have come in here."

"No, I suppose not, you little maladroite."

Kitty got no further scolding, but Grace shrugged her shoulders and muttered, "The thin end of the wedge."

(To be continued.)

A PLEASANT VISIT.



HOSE of my readers who know the neighbourhood of Stepney may be inclined to smile at my title, when they find that my pleasant visit was to that locality; yet, I have seldom spent a brighter afternoon than the one of which I write.

In January, 1881, I gave an account in this magazine of the Village Homes at Ilford, for the reception and training of destitute girls. To that account my Stepney visit is a companion-picture, and will, I hope, show that work mothers worthy is being done in the London Home for boys.

A few minutes' walk from

Stepney Station, on the Great Eastern line, brought me to Stepney Causeway, and to a large substantial looking building, and in the entrance-hall I was met by a friend, who had agreed to join in my voyage of discovery. A guide, well up in the ways of the place, was immediately forthcoming, and opening a door at the end of the hall, she led us up flights of stone stairs to the dormitories. As she took hold of the handle of the first we reached, I was struck with the inscription, "Cairns House;" it seemed such a large way of describing a bed-room; but no sooner was the door opened than the reason became clear, for quite a wilderness of narrow beds and small lockers revealed itself. Row upon row, down each side, across and across, it a little suggested the celebrated maze at Hampton Court, only that here everything was in the perfection of order. The room, too, being blessed with many windows, was capable of being ventilated to any extent,

"How many sleep here?" I asked.

"A hundred. There is a room this size on each landing, which gives accommodation for three hundred of our boys."

The floors, windows, etc., were exquisite in their cleanliness, and such bed-making! Every turned-

down sheet in an exact line with the ends of the bed, and each counterpane arranged with mathematical precision, so as to leave no untidy hanging-down corners.

"I suppose this is hardly the work of boys?" I remarked.

"Certainly it is. They take it in turns, by eight, to keep the rooms in order, and they do everything in them under the direction of their 'Mother.'"

"Well," I said, "her house certainly does her credit; I am sure no one could help being struck with its order and neatness."

"Most visitors do notice it," she answered. "One lady who had been here had some of the boys to work at her house, and she made one of them give her housemaid a lesson in bed-making!"

"Do the lockers contain their worldly goods?"

"Yes, they are not troubled with many possessions. This upper division take their clothes when they go to bed, and the lower part is a locked drawer for the best suit."

The other large dormitories were a repetition of this one. A smaller edition of the same thing presented itself on the ground floor, and by force of comparison, thirty-three beds seemed a mere trifle; indeed, we were told, this room is generally spoken of as "Little Pelham"!

As we went down, our attention was called to the nice drinking fountains on each landing, given, we were informed, by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association.

"And do the boys use them?"

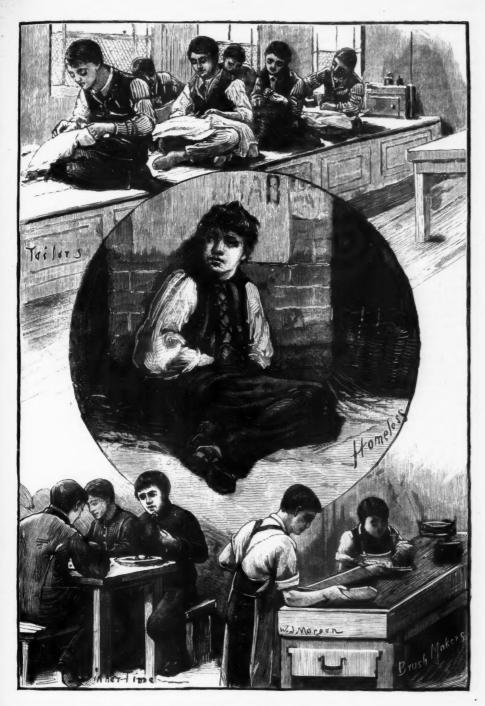
"Constantly; there is no question as to their being appreciated." We had now arrived at the ground-floor, and turned our attention to the large asphalted playground.

A ten minutes' recess was just over, and the boys were being marshalled back into school.

"At what age are they received?" I asked.

"At any age, but the young ones, under about seven or eight, go first to the Little Boys' Home in Jersey."

"But," said I, pointing to a little fellow about five, being earried pick-a-back by an older boy, "surely that child is not of mature age?"



AT THE HOME IN STEPNEY CAUSEWAY.

"Oh, no," with a laugh, "he's not old enough for uniform, but the Jersey Home is over-full already, and so these are two or three little men, waiting their turn. Now," she added, "perhaps you would like to see the workshops, while the school-boys settle down to lessons."

"By all means," and we were conducted across the play-ground into the boot-makers' room. Here some twenty or thirty lads were busily engaged in every stage of boot manufacture; some attacking the soles, others devoting their energies to the management of uppers, and one or two hammering away with a will. These latter seemed to be having a specially good time of it, and the nails or pegs were driven in with great gusto. A specimen of a completed article was handed to me, with no little pride, by an elder boy, who evidently took a pleasure in his work. Not much conversation could be carried on, because of the incessant whirr of machinery, passing through this room for the use of the brushmakers above. On the way up, I remarked—

"I suppose the boys make their own boots?"

"Yes, all, and they take orders too."

"Who superintends their work?"

"Each room has a master."

"But surely one cannot see to all those boys?"

"Oh, yes, he can. The elder ones help a little, but he has all the cutting out and setting to work,"

We had now reached the carpenters' shop, when the pleasant smell of wood, and cleanliness of the work, made it no matter of surprise to hear that this room is a favourite with the boys.

"Are they allowed their choice?" we asked.

"As a rule they are, especially if they have a decided taste for any one thing. A good many don't care, and they are placed where there is a vacancy, or where the director thinks they will work in best."

As we entered the next room, I exclaimed-

"Dear me! what an unpleasant smell!"

"Oh," said our guide, "that's nothing; it's only the tar they use to fasten in the bristles of carpetbrooms. You see the boys don't mind it a bit."

They certainly did not, to judge by their cheerful, healthy faces, but I elected to remain at a respectful distance.

In this room, as in all, were boys of every age, from the half-timer learning to fasten in bristles, to the accomplished apprentice finishing off advanced work. Certainly this scene of industry will make me look with more respect at brushes, especially when I remember the drilling holes, fastening in bristles, and trimming them up, glueing backs, cutting ends, and polishings off, necessary to the production of one completed specimen.

And now for the last of the workshops, the manufactory where all the boys' suits are made.

"How do you manage the fitting?" I asked one of the elder lads,

"We make nine sizes, and one of them is pretty sure to fit a boy." Very neat and nice the uniforms look; indigo cloth, piped with scarlet, gives a pleasing effect, and out of doors a cap to match completes a decidedly becoming costume.

Leaving the workshops, we next proceeded to inspect the school-rooms. As it happened, that particular afternoon, the whole flock were assembled in the lower room, the ordinary school work being set on one side in favour of a special study. In response to my friend's request, the boys were allowed to vary their work by singing the well-known hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Right heartily and well they sang it too, keeping to time and tune so correctly as to speak volumes in praise of their teaching.

The up-stairs school-room proved to be a larger edition of the one we had just left, with the addition of a small gallery. Here service is conducted for the boys on Sunday evening. In the morning they march out in company to the mission-hall, under the care of the honorary director, but in the evening they have a special service to themselves which all attend.

So much for the intellectual; now for the bodily wants of this enormous family. Passing through the dining-room, we remarked that it looked somewhat bare, with its plain deal tables and benches,

"Oh," said our guide, "if you were an hour later, you would find it a pretty animated scene, and no lack of eagerness by way of ornament."

A door at the further end opened into such a pleasant kitchen, with white-tiled walls, and scrupulously clean floor and fittings. Here all the cooking of the establishment is done by the boys, under the direction of a master-cook.

"Of course," I remarked, "they do not learn cooking as a business?"

"Some do," was the unexpected answer, "and get very good places; but even if they do not, they are none the worse for knowing how food should be cooked."

A sentiment in which we quite agreed.

A perfect army of loaves had just been taken out of the oven, and pile upon pile of bread and dripping stood waiting for the approaching tea-time.

"I suppose they are only allowed a certain quantity," I remarked.

"Each boy has a portion put for him, but more is given for the asking—at least, within reasonable limits." Knowing something of boy-power in the cating line, I considered the limitation not unnecessary.

Meat, which is allowed five times a week, and puddings, are cooked in a large gas-oven, and soup and hot water boast a boiler heated by steam. This, the cook informed us, is a considerable saving of trouble as well as of fuel. The brass-work of this same boiler was something wonderful to behold, and indeed the whole kitchen shone with polish and cleanliness.

As we passed out, we noticed a spiral staircase which goes up through the whole building to the director's sanctum, in the upper school-room, so that

he has his own particular way of access to, and oversight of, operations, from highest to lowest.

Our next visit was to the lavatory, a really delightful institution. Such a splendid tiled bath, deep enough to need steps on either side, and in which the weekly warm-bath cannot but be a treat. A thorough ablution is the initiatory process to be gone through by all new-comers. A dirty bright-faced boy leaning over the side of the bath, was evidently enjoying the prospect before him.

Down the length of the room ran a trough, with a small wire netting suspended over the middle, and

behind this arrangement rows of towels stood in readiness for the next onslaught.

"But," I said,
"where are the
basins?"

"Oh, we don't believe in them," explained our guide, and turning a tap, numberless spouts began to pour into the trough. "You see in this way, we secure their washing in running water, which is clean, and cannot carry infection."

At the other end, a door at the top of a short flight of steps leads to a capital swimming-bath, where many of

the boys, we are told, learn to be expert swimmers.

My friend was inclined to groan over the idea of a small boy thrown in for the first time, but our guide assured us we need be under no anxiety.

"Only the elder ones are allowed to come here alone, and the younger ones gain confidence by degrees. Besides," she added, "our big boys are very good to the little fellows as a rule.

"And the boys we have seen to-day, were they really waifs and strays on the London streets?" I asked, half incredulously.

"Certainly, the large majority were," was the prompt reply. "Some few come from the country, and some have had fairly respectable homes, but in the main, they have only been saved from ruin by being taken in here."

"Of course inquiries are made as to the truth of the stories they tell?"

"Oh! always; every possible detail is collected,

and there are special men employed to visit the addresses given."

"What becomes of a boy pending inquiries?"

"If the story told is one of utter destitution, no boy is turned away, but is received at once, and the beadle set to work as soon as possible with his inquiries. Sometimes a story will be a complete make-up. Only the other day a boy presented himself as having no father or mother, no home, and no food. He was taken in, and the next day it was discovered that both father and mother were living, and he had to be sent back."

"As a rule, do they settle down happily?"

"Oh, yes."

"And yet the life here must be utterly different from the wild freedom to which they have been

accustomed."

"Some of the elder boys do feel it, but generally, good food and clothing, and plenty of companions smooth awaythe difficulty."

By this time we had come back to the hall from which we had started. Looking round, I was struck by the cases of goods for sale.

"Are the things made by the boys?" I asked.

"Some are, but the needle-work, jewellery, and curiosities, of course, are not produced here. We get presents of every description sent in, to be sold in this way."

Nor did we wonder at any offering to such a good work, and we can well understand that those who had no money to give should send of their treasures to help in the blessed work of rescuing young lives from misery and ruin. Truly those who labour in this field of usefulness are carrying out the Saviour's command, "Feed My lambs," and those who cannot give personal aid may yet enjoy the privilege of helping by their prayerful sympathy and generous gifts.

Those who would like to know more of this deeply interesting work may be sure of a welcome at the Home in Stepney Causeway, and I am not afraid to prophecy, that an afternoon spent there will confirm my experience of "A Pleasant Visit."



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE PARABLES. THE LOST FOUND.

No. 1. LOST THROUGH IGNORANCE. THE LOST SHEEP.



Scripture to be read—St. Luke xv. 1—7.

TRODUCTION. (Read 1, 2.) Describe Jesus Christ walking by wayside with His disciples. Great multitudes following. Amongst others, publicans came - tax - collectors bad reputation for exacting more than was lawful (Luke iii. 13), and sinners, i.e., well-knownbad people. Who objected to Christ's receiving such? Pharisees wanted to know how He, Who professed to be no pure and holy, could mix

with such persons. Three parables by way of answer. In each something lost—like these sinners—in each was found one of a hundred sheep, ten coins, two sons. In each the thing lost was precious to some one—the shepherd, woman, father. In each there was joy when found. Each was lost from different cause—ignorance, carelessness, folly.

I. The Sheep Lost. (Read 3, 4.) Parable very simple—describes an every-day occurrence. Shepherd tending his flock in pasture (wilderness referring rather to extent than to nature of pasture), leaves them to roam about; one wanders away in search of richer grass—knows no better—is unable to find way back—gets lost—perhaps bleeding, tired—is missed. Shepherd leaves the ninety-nine—seeks the stray one —never ceases looking till findsit—at once knows it—cares for it—tends it—feeds it—lays it on his shoulders, carries it home—sees it safe.

Who are the sheep? Can be no doubt as to the meaning. How are we like sheep? (a) In helplessness, Remind how little sheep can do for themselves—must be tended-protected, provided for, guarded from wolves. So we of ourselves can do nothing. Cannot provide for our wants-cannot keep ourselves from harm to body or soul-without God's care would soon perish. (b) In folly. Sheep easily go astrayknow no better-follow one another through gap in hedge, etc. So we easily led to sin. (Isa. liii. 6.) Remind of St. Peter denying at a few hours after promising to be faithful unto death. (Matt. xxvi. 33.) Cannot of ourselves return to God. But we have a Good Shepherd, (a) He knows His sheep, Like Eastern shepherds, knows each by name. (John x. 3.) Always has eye at them. (c) He provides for them. (See Ps. xxiii. 1, 2.) Bread of life and water of life given to all who need without money and without price. But, alas! many, such as the heathen, know not of Christ and His love, and in ignorance seek other gods. Therefore Christ as Good Shepherd seeks them. Came from heaven to do so—gave His life for them—calls them to come to Him. Wants to find them, bless them, keep them.

II. The Sheep Found. (Read 5—7.) His joy so great he could not keep it to himself. Joy at finding the sheep, joy that the sheep is safe. Who are meant by the friends? Wonderful picture of joy in heaven. Harps tuned afresh—new songs sung—fresh praises of Christ. Why is there joy? Sinner has something to do; must repent—i.e., be sorry for his sin, seek forgiveness—then comes pardon, peace, joy.

Lesson. Do we feel ourselves lost? Then Christ willing to save us. Are we repenting? Then there will be joy over us. Must also seek to save others who have strayed because know no better—send Gospel to heathen, etc.

No. 2. Lost Through Carelessness. The Lost Piece of Money.

Scripture to be read-St. Luke xv. 8-10.

Introduction. The heading will indicate the difference between this parable and the last. This may indicate those lost through fault of others.

I. The Coin Lost. (Verse 8.) The story very simple -every-day occurrence-coin lost-rolls into dark corner, cannot be found, room swept; candle lighted, dust stirred up, every nook and corner explored, at last found, probably covered with dirt, marks on it hardly discernible, owner's joy. Let children describe a coin, and trace the meaning. A coin is (a) made in image of king. (See Matt. xxii. 10.) So is man made after God's image (Gen. i. 26.); meant to be like God. (b) meant to be useful. Ask object of coined money, as exchange for goods; but if lost can be of no use, doing no good. Image of king gets defaced by dirt, coin does not fulfil object for which was made. So man intended to be useful, to do all to glory of God. (1 Cor. vi. 10.) What makes him otherwise? Sin, like dirt, effaces God's image, makes him unholy, useless, not serving God or doing good to othersnot fulfilling end of life.

Woman lighting candle like Holy Spirit coming into heart. What does it do? Shows man himself—his sin—his helplessness. (John xvi. 8.) Shows also Christ as the Saviour. (John xvi. 14.) Cleanses his heart from dirt of sin—makes the man a new creature—enables him once more to do his work in the world—to glorify God.

II. THE COIN FOUND. Who shared in the woman's joy? This may respresent the joy of (a) Christ Himself. This was reward of His sufferings

(see Heb. xii. 2), that of those given Him He should lose none. (John xvii. 6.) Illustrate by joy of a mother seeing a child rescued from some great danger, such as fire, drowning, etc.; thinks more for the time of that one than of all the others safe at home. There is also joy of (b) Angels. Sang hymns of praise when earth was made as dwelling for man made in God's image. (Job xxxviii. 7.) Sang again at birth of Christ as Saviour. (Luke ii. 13.) Sing also now when the lost are found. May also mean joy of (e) Saints. All who love Christ will rejoice in Christ's work. What more blessed work than that of saving souls?

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Lessons. (1) Warning. How was the coin lost? By some one's carelessness. How can we lose souls? By doing anything which causes others to do wrong. Let each ask, What is my example? Is it bad, or good? Am I losing souls or saving them?

(2) Hope. Same woman who lost coin sought for and found it. Never ceased till coin found. Used every possible means. Let each ask, What can I do? how can I help? Let all try and do something. Then will be joy in heaven.

No. 3. Lost Through Folly. The Prodigal Son. Part I.—The Prodigal's Sin.

Scripture to be read-St. Luke xv. 11-16. I. THE PRODIGAL AT HOME. (Read 11, 12.) Describe a son living at home in well-to-do father's house. Receives love, care, guidance, protection. But notice two things. He is (a) discontented-feels constraint of father's presence—cares not for what is so easily gained-longs to be independent-to do just as he pleases-make what friends he likeshave no restraints; also is (b) restless—cannot stop at home contentedly-longs to roam about the world -to see life (as he calls it)-to mix with gayer friends, etc. What does he ask for? Younger son's portion half that of his elder brother. (See Deut. xxi. 17.) Does his father make any objection? Knows no use to keep him at home while his heart is away. So gives him up to his own will. Children can easily see in this son a picture of themselves. Brought up in good home—taught to fear God, to go to church, to read Bible-yet how often is it all painful and irksome. Long to give up restraints of home, to follow desires of own heart

II. The Prodical Abroad. (Read 13—16.) No mention of starting with his father's blessing as Jacob did. (Gen. xxviii. 2.) Just went off, taking all he could get—determined to enjoy himself. How did he spend his money? Lightly come, lightly gone. Bad ways and bad friends soon exhausted his money. May well be called "prodigal" or "wasteful." What had he wasted? (a) Money, intended to be spent for good of ourselves and others (Luke xvi. 9), to improve ourselves and help those in need. (b) Time; one of God's best gifts, for which shall be called to give account. (c) Health. Remind how dissipation, drink, etc., sow seeds of disease. (d) Influence, of which a rich young man has large share.

Lessons. (1) The selfishness of sin. The young man and his friends thought only of self. Their own will, pleasure, lusts, took all their thoughts. He cared not for giving pain to his father. So always with sinners. Therefore one chief punishment afterwards will be that they will be filled with the fruit of their own devices.

(2) The misery of sin. The way of transgressors is always hard. Broad way seems pleasant at first, but it ends in misery and death. (Prov. ii. 19, 22.)

No. 4. THE PRODIGAL SON. PART II.—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Scripture to be read—Luke xv. 17—32.

INTRODUCTION. Old proverb says always darkest before dawn. So in this case. Left Prodigal Son in misery in a far land—now see his return home.

THE PRODIGAL REPENTING. (Read 17-20.) Whose eye was upon him all the while? Had destroyed himself, but God would not leave him to perish. (Hos. ii. 6-8.) He came to himself-i.e., recalled the old feelings of his childhood, when was happy innocent child in father's house. Spirit of God is stirring in his heart, makes him see himself as he is. What does he begin to think about? (a) His father; can remember his tenderness, love, forgiveness of past offences. He will go to him, and call him father once more, feeling sure of acceptance. (b) His home. This would come up before him with all its happy memories, his own room, the pleasant family meals, the abundance of food, etc. (c) His God. What does he intend to say? Sinned against heaven-i.e., against God. (d) Himself. Sees his own wickedness, how entirely undeserving of mercy, will confess all, beg for pardon, but cannot hope for same place as before; content to be treated as a servant.

II. THE PRODIGAL RESTORED. (Read 20—24.) Now picture the father watching and waiting. Sees him afar off—runs to meet him—embraces him at once—listens to his confession—at once pardons fully and freely—restores to favour—treats as a beloved son—rejoices with great joy.

All this a picture of our Father's love. Accepts the sinner's confession at once. Forgives gladly and freely—treats as if had never sinned. (1 John i. 9.) Gives new best robe of Christ—righteousness. (Zech. iii. 4.) Gives the ring, or mark of being restored to His favour, even His own Holy Spirit. (Eph. i. 13, 14.) Shoes, or grace and strength to walk in His ways. (Eph. vi. 15.) Who did not share in the general joy? Why was elder brother dissatisfied? Had rendered service only for sake of reward. God forbid we should be like him.

Lessons. (1) Watch beginning of sin. First, carelessness in prayer—going with bad companions—restlessness at home. (2) Listen to conscience. Will always speak, but may possibly be stiffed. Repent at once, lest should be too late. (3) God always willing to forgive. No one need despair if only return now. (4) Rejoice over penitent sinners.

"HE COULD NOT BE HID."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM, NORFOLK.



UBLICITY is the penalty of greatness, Whilst inferior men are allowed to pass unnoticed in the crowd, and may be left to live and die forgotten, the few who, by their talents, or wealth, or position, or force of character, are recognised as leaders of men, go where they will, are the objects of universal interest. Privacy, to them, is almost impossible. They cannot escape notice if they would. They may often long for retirement, but can seldom enjoy it. So it was preeminently with our Blessed Lord. He never courted notoriety. Display was utterly foreign to His pure and lofty nature. Most truly was it foretold of Him by the prophet, "He shall not cry nor lift up nor cause His voice to be

heard in the streets." (Isaiah xlii. 2.) And yet His wise and gracious words, His deeds of mercy and power, and above all, His God-like character, made Him the observed of all observers, so that "He could not be hid." Such is the remarkable statement of the evangelist. Jesus had offended the Pharisees by His faithful exposure of the hollowness of their piety, and of their unscriptural teaching. avoid an outbreak of their hostility, He withdrew to the borderland of Tyre and Sidon. There "He entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but He could not be hid." The disconsolate mother broke in upon His retirement with her urgent appeal in behalf of her afflicted daughter, so that concealment was no longer possible. The fact may suggest two interesting inquiries—how far this statement will hold good generally of Christ, and to what extent it may be applied to His people.

I. On many occasions, and for different reasons, Jesus sought to be alone. After the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, the people were so impressed with this proof that He was indeed the Prophet of God, and even the long-expected Messiah, that they were coming to take Him by force to make Him a King. Had He yielded to their momentary enthusiasm, the great object of His mission to atone for sin by His sufferings and death would have been defeated, and His inward reign of righteousness and peace would not have been established.

So He declined the ill-timed proposal, and "departed into a mountain Himself alone." (St. John vi. 15.) Yet even there He could not be hid, for the eager multitude flocked after Him. At other times He withdrew from public view to avoid persecution, as His hour had not yet come. Often, too, He left the society of even the

chosen few to hold solitary communion with His Father. But whatever the motive that influenced Him, and wherever He went, His presence attracted attention. Men gazed, listened, wondered, if they did not believe, love, and follow Him. In fact His whole life was a manifestation of Himself and of the Divinity enshrined within Him. All His utterances declared Him to be the wisdom of God incarnate. His miracles were not merely supernatural actings of omnipotence, but in a sense the natural manifestations of His Godhead, just such works as the Lord of all love and power might have been expected to perform. Above all, His sublime and sinless character was ever silently but most impressively attesting His Divine claims. The position He assumed in dealing with the young ruler is still as unassailable as then. "There is none good," He said, "but One, that is God," and if He were, as all must admit, perfectly good, He must have been God. And even when the surcharged clouds of God's righteous indignation against sin broke over His innocent Head, and the powers of darkness made their last desperate assault on His sinless body and soul, even in that terrible crisis He could not be hid. His Godlike patience, His unruffled composure, His superhuman dignity, and perfect submission to His Father's will, brought the dying thief to repentance, and compelled the stern-hearted centurion to exclaim, "Truly this Man was the Son of God," Thus through the inconceivable gloom of Calvary there beamed forth rays of heavenly truth and love, telling of the undiminished Glory of the Sun of Righteousness. But when that awful eclipse was over, and He arose again with healing in His wings, by His glorious Resurrection and triumphant Ascension, He was declared beyond all reasonable doubt to be God over all blessed for And although the clouds have long evermore. since received Him out of human sight, He still cannot be hid. By all the teachings of His Word, by the multiplied ministrations of His Church, by the countless victories of His Cross, by the holy lives and happy deaths of His people, the light of His spiritual presence has been spreading from age to age through every land, and will continue to spread, till each remotest nation have learnt Messiah's name. And now wherever that light has come, if Christ be hidden, it is not from any want of clearness or certainty in the Revelations, but from unbelief, pride, or love of sin. "The god of this world has blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, Who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv. 4.)

Even when He was on earth, how many of those who saw Him with the eye of sense, failed to acknowledge Him with the eye of faith? "There standeth One among you," sadly exclaimed the Baptist, "Whom ye know not." The same is, alas! too often the case still. But the Holy Spirit waits to reveal Him to every seeking heart. At His visit to the neighbourhood of Tyre and Sidon, Jesus would have no man know that He was in the house; but now He would have all men know it.

II. Is it so, then, with the Sun of Righteousness Himself? In an infinitely lower degree, but with equal truth, the same may be said of all those that live in communion with Him, and reflect, however feebly, the rays which beam from His presence. So far as this is the case, they too cannot be hid. Whether theirs be the faint glimmer of the taper, or the bright cheerful blaze of the lamp that giveth light to all that are in the house, the light they have received will shine. Very significant on this point are the Master's words in His sermon on the mount:-" Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." No effort is enjoined to make it shine, for such an effort would defeat its own end. The Pharisee may ostentatiously thrust the lamp of his boasted zeal in the faces of others to dazzle them; but the Christian who is light in the Lord is content to remove obstructions from that light, and leave it to shine. Shine it will, according to its measure and strength, and by the force of its very nature, for "whatsoever doth make manifest is light." Be their position ever so obscure-though they may seem to be buried alive-Christ's true disciples will light up even their sepulchre with a bright example; and if circumstances, like a bushel, hamper and limit their influence, they will in time burn through their bushel, for they cannot be hid. The light, too, they have received from above, will often

mark out their path of duty and safety, amid the perplexities of life. "Where shall I draw the line?" "How far should I go in worldly enjoyments and amusements?" These are questions often asked by young and earnest Christians. In many doubtful cases our best answer will be, "Let your own character draw the line." This was the ground on which St. Paul appealed to believers, living in the licentious heathen city of Corinth, and it is equally applicable to Christians now. "What communion," he asks, "has light with darkness? Ye are the Temple of the living God. Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.)

Observe the moon on a dark night, with what calm dignity she advances amidst the rifting clouds, lighting up their vapoury masses with her silvery beams. Wherever she goes, darkness vanishes before her. Without any effort, by the gentle influence of her reflected radiance, she sheds light around her path, and cannot be hid. Such should be the Christian's course through a dark world. The truth that has illumined his heart should decide for him between the evil and the good, and mark the road which leads him to the Lamb. Like the face of Moses, his moral features shall unconsciously shine. His influence for good shall be greatest when he is least aware of it. And though clouds of indwelling sin and remaining infirmity may at times hide from his view the Saviour's presence, if he go forward in His footsteps, he shall shine in His light, and when Christ, Who is our life, shall be manifested, all who are risen with Him shall be manifested with Him in Glory.

Thus in the fullest sense shall it be true, both of the glorified Reedemer and of every one of His perfected people, that "He cannot be hid."

PLAIN JOHN WHITE.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "A RICH WOMAN," "EQUAL TO THE OCCASION," ETC.

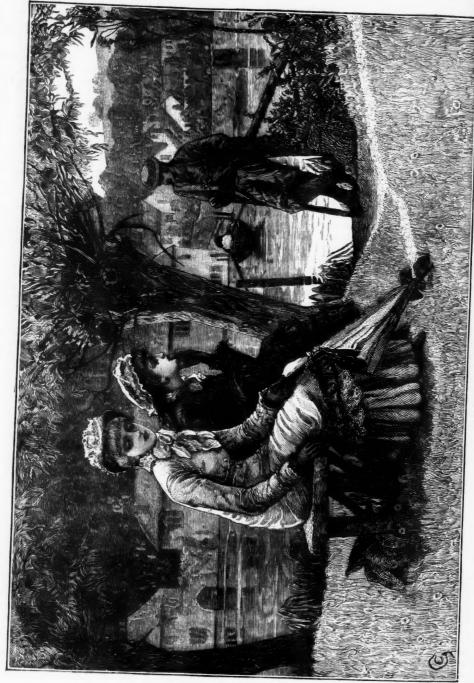


ARTH has no pleasanter season than a sweet English summer morning in an ancient English wood. On the silence, perchance, comes a chime from some old church tower, or the lazy low of cattle

on a pasture near, or some wild creature rustles away among the undergrowth, shaking a shower of dewdrops behind it. Or there may be sounds of happy laughter breaking the solitude.

Such laughter pealed in Deering Wood, as two young girls came along the Ferry Way. The tallest and fairest, Cecily Conroy, was in simple festival attire, for she was to be chief bridesmaid at a wedding to be celebrated at the Old Mill on the other side of the Burrow, as they call the quiet river which wends its way to the distant sea, with images of whitely-shivering alders, and of snug red-roofed steadings lying on its unruffled bosom, like happy thoughts in an innocent heart.

The other—the younger of the two—Rachel Day, was in her ordinary dress—all black, except for the little white hat which set off her dark hair. Young



"This was plain John White."-p. 153.

as Rachel was, her life already had its duties. She had but lately lost her father, and she counted herself happy in being able to aid her mother by daily teaching in a family who lived across the river. Mrs. Day might sigh, and suggest that crossing the ferry would be cold in winter time; but Rachel said what a pleasant trip it was through the summer! And to the young, winter is but a very short season. With them, it is late autumn until it is early spring.

"I have been reading a delightful story lately," said Cecily. She always told Rachel about the new books she read, for Rachel had to be content with old ones. "It is about a beautiful young girl living in a quiet farm-house. She is more refined than any of the people about her, and so her life is rather dull and lonely. A stranger hires himself as her father's ploughman. He does all the work about the farm, but she can see that he is very different from a common labourer. In fact, it is because he had fallen in love with her, that he had hired himself as her father's man. He is really the son of the absentee squire, only he feared that if he declared himself in his own character, the maiden might accept him for his rank and wealth, without truly loving him."

"Why, that is like the old ballad of the Hireman Chiel!" said Rachel, and then she sweetly lilted a quaint verse—

"'Yes, I have lands and woods, father, Castles and towers three: But what if she like my lands and rents Far more than she loves me?'"

Rachel Day often found Cecily's spun-out steries neatly packed up in some old song or proverb!

"But she falls in love with him," pursued Cecily, "and when her parents are angry with her, and send him away, she will marry no one else; and so at last, he is satisfied of her true love, and returns and marries her. It is a pretty idea, isn't it?"

"Yes," assented Rachel, musing. "And it is odd how in all literature of every age and country, there is this story of the prince in disguise, and of those who saw what he really was, and those who only saw what he seemed. I'm always afraid I should have been among those who did not know him!"

"Oh! I'don't fear that," said bright Cecily,

"I'm afraid of making the same mistake as other people," admitted Rachel. "You know in these stories there are many who are wrong for one who is right."

Cecily laughed gaily. "Oh, one could not be wrong!" she said. "Now, for instance, one would always know that Arthur Foljambe is a gentleman, let him go where he may and do what he will."

Her fair face flushed as she made the assertion. Arthur Foljambe was the only son of the family where Rachel Day taught the little girls. He had a well-cut face, and a winning manner, and the finest tenor voice in the district. He was an universal favourite—so popular, that it was hard to say where his own favour fell. Some people thought it was towards Cecily. Cecily thought so herself.

Rachel Day said nothing. Perhaps, as his little sister's teacher, she saw a less fascinating side of Arthur's character. Perhaps Fate had decided that Rachel should have full opportunity of seeing people "the other way about," as it had been her childish delight to turn her toys. At this very moment, she was carrying out her whim with the idea before her, and wondering whether anybody had ever written a story about a beggar who got into a prince's place, and was generally mistaken for one, and of what befel those who saw through that disguise? While she was reflecting over this, the path broadened, and they stepped out of the wood, upon the road, with the river at their feet.

Cecily Conroy now gave a low exclamation of annoyance. Somebody else was waiting for the ferry. A young man sat on the seat placed for intending passengers. When he saw the girls, he rose and walked to the landing-place and leaned over the railing.

They both knew him. This was plain John White-son of a worthy man who had long been the Deering carpenter. After his death his wife kept a little shop, and even went out "nursing" and "cleaning up," till she too died, when her boy was about fourteen. John's industry at school, and his dutifulness to his mother, had commended him to the notice of a neighbour, who had a chemist's shop in the town of Deerham, into which he took the lad and made him useful according to his capacities, so that from sweeping out the shop and dining with the maidservant, he had come to sit with the apprentices, and to serve behind the counter. But though the week days of his life were thus spent in Deerham, its Sundays and holidays had always been passed in Deering village. Not that he had many friends there; but he liked to go to the familiar church, and sit where he had sat beside his dear mother, and he liked to visit her truest friend, a poor bedridden old body, the only person in the world with whom he could talk about her and the hard happy days that were no more. Everybody said that John White was a most deserving lad. Everybody sent commissions into Deerham by him, knowing his memory and care would never fail. The matrons and the elderly men gave him a nod of careless patronage. And nobody gave a thought to what might be passing in the heart, or amissing from the life of plain John White. Who can be interested in a village shop-keeper's dutiful son, who is now putting money in the Post-office Savings Bank, who goes to tea with an old almswoman, and carries about with him a faint smell of the drugs he deals in? These are such quaint aspects of filial devotion, of self-restraint, of faithful loyalty to friendship and to duty, that few men can recognise them. That is left to God and His angels.

"That's the worst of this ferry," quoth Cecily Conroy. "One never knows with whom one may have to travel. It can be so unpleasant!"

"Everybody I have ever crossed with has been clean and civil," said Rachel Day. "Oh, I don't mean that," answered Cecily. "Of course, one does not mind the poor folk. I'm not afraid of Irish reapers, or London hopping people. But it's these people who are neither one thing nor the other, whose names and histories one knows, and to whom one has always had to speak without any ceremony of introduction. Now here is this John White, for example! It is so awkward."

"Well, John White will not trouble you again," said Rachel, quietly, "for he is going away."

"Going away from his situation!" echoed Cecily, carelessly. "Has he not been giving satisfaction?"

"O yes," replied Rachel. "His master is very sorry to part from him; they are the best of friends," "Where is he going?" asked Cecily, indifferently,

"I don't know," said Rachel; "he and his master came up to Dr. Foljambe's, and had a long talk with him the other day."

"I suppose, then, he has been saying 'good-bye' at the almshouse," was Cecily's comment.

"Doubtless," answered Rachel, thinking of the long tramp from Deerham which he must have already taken that morning; and having a womanly feeling that there might at times be something cruel in the custom which dictated that he must vacate the seat for them, just fresh from the breakfast-tables of their pleasant homes. The seat was made to hold three, but Cecily sat down at her ease; and though Rachel sat up closely to her, there was not room left for another; and she felt sure that John White would not have come back to it if there had been.

"What shall we do, Rachel?" fumed Cecily. "Out of his master's shop, or at any rate outside Deering Church door, we have no right to know even who he

is, or anything about him."

"I can't divide my memory and my consciousness into two," said Rachel. "I always understood that when they could be so divided, there was something wrong with the brain," she added mischievously.

"Don't tease me!" fretted Cecily: "the point is,

shall you recognise him?"

"If I think he would like it," returned Rachel, quietly.

At that moment, the ferry boat bumped the steps. John White had sprung in, and had gone to the farther end, the waterman remaining to help in the other passengers. These were only Cecily and Rachel. They sat down demurely. The young man did not seem to see them. No fear of John White forgetting his place! Rachel stole a glance at him. He looked pale and sad, and worn; and she saw him intently watching the sweet scene around him as those may who wish to fix a dear picture for ever in their minds. It seemed such a sorrowful, lonely going-away, leaving nothing behind but his mother's quiet grave, and the old friend, bed-bound in the almshouse. And the Burrow waters made a low accompaniment to her plaintive thoughts.

The river was crossed. John White sprang out first, and offered his hand to aid their landing. Cecily barely touched it, with downcast eyes and an inaudible "Thank you." But Rachel, following, let her kind heart out. She gave him her hand in a frank grasp, and said, in a sweet little flutter—

"Thank you, Mr. White—and good-bye, I wish you all success—but don't quite forget Deering."

John White never knew what he answered. In fact, he answered nothing at all, and yet, with his face shining before her, Rachel could not doubt whether her kindly impulse had been understood and appreciated. She hastened on after Cecily, and never knew that John White stepped back into the boat to pick up a little pansy—a pansy which had dropped from the bunch she wore at her throat.

"Don't quite forget Deering," he repeated deliri-

ously, "she need not have said that!"

That all happened years ago.

Deerham town and Deering village are places which do not change. Kingdoms rise and fall, countries change their boundaries, and prairies blossom into big capitals, while the Burrow still whispers along between the same alders, and scarcely reflects the image of one new red roof. But in places which do not change, things and people do!

It is long since Cecily Conroy married Arthur Foljambe, and now, worse than widowed, the deserted wife of a disgraced man—she has found a home in the white house by the church where her old friend Rachel Day keeps a flourishing school. Alas! for the love which goes no deeper than a handsome face, a winning manner, and a musical voice! Superficial charms are these, and ephemeral too, unless they have some of the strong virtues to guard and preserve them. It was long since Cecily's husband had left off his singing, and she well knew that nobody who saw him now called him handsome or attractive—nay, before he had left her altogether, she had heard that whisper, the most bitter to the loving pride which dies so hard in a wife's bosom—

"What could she ever have seen in him?"

She had not heeded much, during the days when Arthur Foljambe was courting her, and the first rumours came to Deering, that, in a remote town, with strenuous thrift and labour, John White was striving to attain the ambition of his life, entrance to the medical profession. Even when the Deerham newspaper had proudly chronicled that its townsman, Mr. John White, had won certain honours, she had only smiled and alluded to that old odour of drugs, and wondered if his patients would think their doctor a dandy! But as time wore on, and the Deerham folk heard of him doing good work in his profession, Cecily Conroy-Cecily Foljambe by that date, and growing more sober and wiser under divers experiences-had spoken of him with more respect. He was abroad in India, when his old friend in the almshouse died, and then it came out that Dr. White had wished to remove her to a cottage for herself, but that she had refused to leave her old room, and that he had made every arrangement for her comfort; and when the news of her death reached him, he sent gracious remembrances to those who had been

kind to her after he went away, and a handsome gift to the charity which had sheltered her friendlessness

"John White is a fine fellow!" cried Deerham.

"A thorough gentleman," admitted Cecily.

"A good man!" said Rachel Day.

Then, in a distant land, came a time of trial to the British name and rule. The reckless selfishness of generations culminated in giant forms of Famine and Pestilence, in whose shadows stalked discontent and rebellion. Good men, who had not shared the sin, stepped forth from their accustomed places to share the burden of the suffering. There was one whose voice had been heard in warning, while rulers had been lapped in security. He had been unheeded then. But because his warnings had come true, he was heeded now, And his name was Dr. John White.

And for weeks, there was scarcely a British newspaper which did not have his name printed somewhere on it-now in a startling telegram, now in an interesting paragraph, now in temperate criticismthen in unmeasured praise! At last, the work was done. Thousands of innocent lives were saved : desolate homes were thriving, hearts were burning with love and loyalty instead of with bitterness and hate. Dr. John White, still in early middle age, was free

to go home to rest and honour.

Not too much rest at first, because there was so much honour; a knighthood was offered him, but he hesitated. "I should like to die plain John White," he said. "And yet, if I were queen, I would like to honour a servant who seemed to have done his best for my people, so it would be churlish to refuse what I should like to give. Besides," he added, with a strange, quiet smile, "I think Deerham will like it." And so he was Sir John White.

Cecily Conroy lies on her couch by the window of the White House, and she and Rachel Day are watching for Sir John's carriage as it drives him to Deering Court, where he is to stay, while he visits

his native village.

What would Rachel's pupils think, if they knew what their governess and her old friend speak about as they sit together in the sunset?

"I wonder if he remembers that morning he went away," said Cecily, "and how we crossed the ferry with him."

"He may not remember us," answered Rachel, "but be sure he does not forget that morning."

"And do you remember what we two had been , talking about?" asked Cecily.

Rachel smiled, "About knights and princes in disguise," she said. "I have not even forgotten that."

"Nor I," returned Cecily. "Do you know, I found that old story-book yesterday? Oh, what a trifling silly girl I was in those days."

"I hope we all grow wiser," said Rachel.

"But you were far wiser than me then," answered Cecily. "Do you know, Rachel, that all to-day I have been thinking that it needs the true princess to recognise the true prince-God's lady to know God's knight,"

She spoke slowly and almost sadly. Did Rachel hear her? For Rachel half rose from her chair, and a sudden flush overspread her face. "There go the carriages," she said; "but one stopped, and somebody got out. Two people. They are coming this way; they are at our gate. Cecily! It is the Squire and Sir John himself!"

How young looked Rachel Day in the soft evening light. She had to go down and receive her guests. But Cecily lay still, with eyes closed to hide the tears which would gather. But Cecily had truly grown wiser and better, for she was saying to herself-

"It may be rather too late to recognise the true prince when he comes with his crown on, but one duty still remains to me-it is not to regret nor to envy, but to rejoice!"

Wedding chimes sound sweetly in Deering Woods when Deering bells shake them out on a summer morning. And if it was a queer fancy in Sir John White to take his bride down the Ferry Way, and to cross the Burrow in the ferry boat, and enter their carriage on the other side, it was a very pretty fancy, especially to those who, like Cecily, knew the secret of it!

SUNDAY MUSINGS BY THE SEA.

BY THE REV. F. H. DINNIS, M.A.



YOW full of symbolic teaching is the "great and wide sea," in sight of which many of us have passed a quiet Sunday or two in the summer! Sitting at an open window in the cool evening time, and watching the anchored boats turn, like fickle worldlings, with the turning tide, let us gather together

one or two parable lessons from the scene We are on the south coast, and before us. immediately in front of us runs out a long timbered structure called a groyne, the farthest piles of which, as they discover themselves from beneath the heaving waters, are silvered by the moon. The purpose of this structure is not to break the "league-long roller," as is commonly supposed, but rather to collect the shifting sand and pebbles as they are drifted eastwards

by the waves. Let us consider for a moment Each particular this interesting phenomenon. pebble in shallow water is subject to perpetual motion, not only from the ebbing and flowing of the tide, but also from the action of the waves, which roll parallel to the shore under the action of the wind. Westerly winds alternate of course with easterly, and so each pebble is driven, now in one direction, now in the opposite; but on the whole, as the average duration of the west winds, at the place where we are staying, is the greater, the resultant movement is towards the east. Thus it comes to pass that, though often rolled back again, there is an ultimate steady shifting towards the latter quarter; and the effect of the groyne is to intercept the travelling shingle, and to heap it up as a breakwater against the encroaching sea.

Is not the life of each one of us acted upon in the same manner, now by adverse, now by propitious influences? Do not men in their spiritual condition advance and recede-advance as they obey the good influence from on high, recede as they give way beneath the temptations of the world? And the net result of the conflict, is not this as surely known and recorded? A good resolution, it may be, carries us forward; but it spends its force and is exhausted, and then perhaps we lose ground a little, and are conscious of "The Father," says St. Peter, a decline. "judgeth according to every man's work," not only will judge, but sums up, as it were day by day, and hour by hour, our progress in well-doing. Should not this thought make us alarmed at our unstableness, and cause us to seek the heavenly trade-winds which blow constantly in one direction -to enter the warm gulf-stream of Divine grace, which flows in undeviating course towards the islands of rest?

Here I have before me a pebble picked up yesterday from the beach; and, lying close beside it, a piece of blackened sea-weed. How wondrously round and smooth is the pebble! Had it lain in the brook before David, he would surely have chosen it amongst his five smooth stones when he went forth against Goliath. By the way, what a wonderful combination of faith and prudence that was on the part of David, going forth in simple reliance upon God's help, but making provision against the first stone failing!

But this pebble was not always round and smooth. Doubtless it was once a rugged piece of cliff, violently torn off by the sea on some stormy night. But the gentle waves in after-time have lapped round it, and its fellow boulders have rubbed their edges against it, and so it has gradually been polished into beautiful symmetry according to God's will. Meanwhile the ragged hole in the cliff from which it was torn has been filled up by the washing rains, and covered in

with a green mantle of herbage. Very wonderful to reflect upon is this constant tendency towards beauty in the working of nature. The argument from beauty is a most worthy sister to the argument from design, reminding us that in the physical world and in the spiritual it is God's purpose to make "the crooked straight, and the

rough places plain."

And now look at this sea-weed. Great heaps of it lie everywhere on the sea-shore; and what more exact symbol can be found of a ruined, wasted life? Vilior algâ ("more worthless than sea-weed") was, indeed, a Latin proverb, showing how the ancients regarded it, viz., as mere refuse of the great ocean, which utilises all else besides, but which casts up, as it were disdainfully, this limp and lifeless mass, useless even for burning. But is any life, though profitless, alas! to the wilfully degraded possessor, altogether profitless to the world? This sea-weed contains iodine, one of the most beneficent gifts of modern chemistry; and surely all lives have a meaning, nay, consciously or unconsciously, have beneficent purpose for those around. The alchemy of God's grace turns even the wicked to His purposes, and good is made to issue even from the worthless and the corrupt.

The next worse thing to an evil life is one that is utterly vain and frivolous, and a remarkable symbol of this latter state caught my attention the other day when sailing in a boat a mile or two

from the shore.

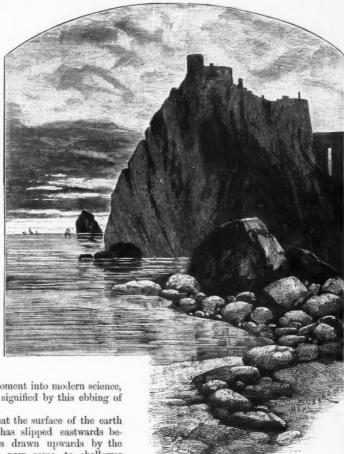
A white butterfly (and the boatman told me it was quite a common occurrence) was floating in the sea on a piece of weed, basking in the sun with open wings, and quite unconscious of the yawning gulf beneath it. It had drifted from the shore, and was going nowhither, so I captured it, and have it there safely in a box. How many a giddy votary of fashion makes the voyage of life like this butterfly, floating carelessly on the wide sea of circumstance, heedless, in the present sunshine, of the unfathomable deep!

But the contrast between a vain life and a life full of purpose is seen, perhaps, more strikingly as we look towards the horizon. "There go the ships," says the Psalmist, using the simplest and most poetical word that can be applied to them. Yes, and in what different manner, and on what various errands! Yonder is the long, straight trail of a steamer, which yesterday completed her equipment, arranged her compasses, and, with head pointed accurately for her destination, will swerve neither to the right hand nor to the left until she reaches her desired haven. And yonder are the pleasure yachts standing off and on, animated with no purpose but that of enjoyment, changing their anchorage ground merely from a desire of change. The biographies of all great men are illustrated by the former, whilst the latter present as in a picture the triflers and the indolent among men. It is good for a man to have a set purpose in life, to know whither he is going, and upon what errand. Life is earnest, and no mere regatta of pleasure. There is abundant enjoyment, however, in a fixed and purposeful voyage. The large air, the crisp and curling water, the consciousness of progress, the beauty of the azure deep. The energetic godly man is ever the brightest and most cheerful; a quick straight course towards a worthy end leaves behind a wake of peaceful reminiscence, and of calm content.

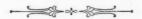
But see, the tide has gone out, and the sinking moon is casting a long line of light on the wet

sand. Let us dip for a moment into modern science, and ask what is actually signified by this ebbing of

It means, of course, that the surface of the earth where we are situated has slipped eastwards beneath the hill of waters drawn upwards by the moon, so that we have now come to shallower seas, whose nearest waves are farther removed from us. I said slipped, but it should rather be rubbed, because friction takes place in the process, and hence arises that lengthening of the day which is one of the most interesting discoveries of modern astronomy. The earth is being gradually brought to a standstill, as far as the revolution about its axis is concerned, by this constant rubbing beneath the tides, the length of the day being increased, as science teaches us, about one 66th of a second in 2,500 years. Not only, then, is our own condition mutable; the earth's is so likewise. The tides, as well as our own pulses, "still like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave." Just as in going forth to our work and to our labour until the evening the cares of business culminate and fall, and



leave us at the end of the day a little weaker, a little nearer to our ultimate rest, so with the world itself. The daily work done consumes its energy, and points to a cessation of motion in the far-off age. But this we remember is not what Scripture reveals to us as the one "divine event to which the whole creation moves." Our expectation looks rather to the regeneration, the creation of the new heavens and the new earth, where there shall be no more night and no more sea, no more spiritual darkness, and no more troubled motion, but the Lamb shall be our Light, and the Lord God our Everlasting



God the Father, God most Holy.

Words by the REV. J. H. DAVIES, B.A.

Music by Charles Steggall, Mus.D. (Organist to the Hon, Society of Lincoln's Inn.)



- God the Son, whose gentle accents
 Calmed of old the troubled sea,
 In this hour of mortal weakness
 Seeks my soul for aid to Thee—
 Loving Saviour, loving Saviour,
 Speak the word of peace to me!
- 3. God the Spirit, Thou who givest
 Light to those in darkness lost,
 Guide me through the night of sorrow,
 Land me on the heavenly coast—
 Happy there for ever place me,
 Safe amid the ransomed host.
- 4. Dread, Triune, Eternal Being, Fount of truth and purity, Vile and sinful, all unworthy Aught of prayer to lift to Thee, Still I cry, with tears imploring, "God be merciful to me!"

WAITING.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON.

"Waiting for spring, the germ for its perfection, Earth for all charms by light and colour given, The body for its robe of resurrection,

Souls for their Saviour, Christians for our heaven."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

H! surely my troubles are over." sighed a grain of wheat as the neck of the sack in which it lay was opened, and a flood of golden sunlight streamed upon it, "Surely, after all I have gone through, I am to rest at last."

even as it spoke it found itself again in motion, and in a few moments was lying with many of its companions in the furrows of a newly ploughed field. "Yes, this is

rest," it murmured, as the fresh air of heaven played around, and the song of a lark broke the stillness of the evening air; but once more was it doomed to disappointment. There was a confused noise; the ground shook as with an earthquake, and ere it was able to wonder what fresh misfortune was about to happen, the poor little grain found itself in darkness and alone.

It never knew how long it remained in a state of apparent insensibility, but after a time it was conscious of the cold damp earth pressing on every side, and again it groaned within itself.

"What troubles you?" asked a muffled voice close at hand.

"My trials are unending," replied the wheat ; "and this is the worst of all-no air, no light ! Oh ! for a ray of sunshine, for one glimpse of the clear blue sky!"

"Patience," rejoined the voice.

"Patience, forsooth! you may talk of patience easily enough, you who can never have known what it is to do aught but burrow in the earth, whilst I from my earliest recollection have waved in the breeze or bathed in the sunlight."

"Not so fast, not so fast, my friend. I too have had a past; I too know that life was not all sunshine in that upper world of which you speak," exclaimed the

chrysalis, for such was the speaker.

"Oh! of course there were cloudy days, and rains, and storms sometimes," answered the grain, hesitatingly; "but then they did one good when they were passed-one felt stronger, and better able to grow when they were over."

"And as you have found it in the past, so will it be in the future; only have patience and wait. I also

am waiting.

"For what?" questioned the grain. "How can good come to me now? On earth there is life; here there is nought but corruption and death."

"And resurrection," said a rain-drop, as it trickled slowly towards the speaker.

"What is that?" it answered.

" A higher life through death; wait, and thou shalt know."

"Wait!" grumbled the grain. "Always the same story; and after all, for what? If I knew, I could have patience; if I saw, I could believe."

"By patience cometh knowledge, and the end of faith is sight; be but true to the life within, and death itself can have no power over it."

The winter came and went; the frost threw its sharp arrows into the ground, the snow wrapped the earth in a mantle of purity, the wind howled and roared, carrying death and destruction in its course: the rain fell and penetrated deeply into the earth; and the little grain, true to the hidden life within, in patience and faith lay and waited for the higher and better life to come.

On a sofa drawn close to an open window lay a young man, whose wasted form and quick short breathing betokened serious illness. The warm sunshine shone brightly into the room, giving new beauty of light and shadow to the profusion of sweet spring flowers with which it was filled, and through the window the soft warm air floated, bearing on its wings the song of birds, and the confused hum of newly awakened insect life.

A fair girlish figure was seated on a low stool by his side, one hand clasped in his, the other resting on an open book on her knee, whilst her eyes were fixed in unutterable sadness on his face, which way partly turned from her, as he gazed out of the window on to the lawn, where a tiny child was toddling with shouts of glee into its nurse's outstretched

A quick sigh escaped him as he turned feebly towards her and said, "Wifie, it is hard to die so young, hard to leave you and the child to struggle on alone, Strange indeed is the feeling to lie here day after day waiting for death, for darkness and the grave."

"Nay, my darling," she replied; "say not so. Waiting not for death, but for life; not for darkness, but for light; not for the grave, but for the opening of the gate of heaven."

Spring has blossomed into summer, and summer faded into autumn, as a mourner stood by a newlymade grave. The last rays of the setting sun cast a ruddy glow over a field of ripening corn close by, white already to harvest; the grain sown in weakness had been raised in power, abiding no longer alone, but through death and corruption, true to the life

within, had brought forth in newness of life a hundredfold to the glory of its Maker. A moth, freed from the transmels of earth, floated lightly in the air, in the full enjoyment of the higher life to which it had so patiently looked forward, and as it rested for a moment on the stone at the grave's head, the eye of the widow fell on the words inscribed

thereon; and as her gaze again followed the insect in its upward flight, she said to herself, "Yes, my beloved! I too am only waiting; thou 'with Christ' above, He with me on earth: 'Waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body, till in the truest and highest sense, 'His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face.'"

THE MARTYR MEMORIAL CHURCHES OF MADAGASCAR.

BY THE REV. JAMES SIBREE, JUN.

SECOND PAPER.



URING the last fifteen months of the erection of the first church, we were also proceeding with another of the four memorial buildings. This was at Ambôhipôtsy * (i.e., "White-hill," or village, so called from the white earth and rock of the site). This place is in some respects the finest natural position of the four church sites: it is the southernmost extremity of the hill on which the capital is built, and is elevated about 400 feet above the plain; and as the

ground slopes very steeply down from it, the church is visible from a great distance in all directions

It may be here noted that Antananarivo occupies the summit and slopes of a long rocky ridge extending for about a mile and a half from north to south. Towards the north the ridge branches into two, one continuing the general line of the main hill, and the other bending round to the north-west. Roughly speaking, therefore, it may be compared in outline to the small letter y, three of the churches occupying the points of the letter, and the other the angle formed by the arms. Ambatonakanga—already described-is at the end of the left-hand arm; Ambòhipòtsy is at the foot; Ampàmarinana and Faravohitra—yet to be noticed—are respectively at the angle and at the extremity of the righthand arm of the letter.

Ambòhipòtsy derives its religious interest from the fact that here the first Malagasy martyr for Christ, a young Christian lady named Rasalama, suffered death by spearing, on the 14th of August, 1837, so that it may be called the St. Albans of Madagascar. Laden with heavy fetters which compressed the whole body, and caused excruciating pain, on the night before her death she was also cruelly beaten. In the early morning, as she was borne along to the place of execution, she sang hymns, expressing her joy in the knowledge of the Gospel. Here, permission being granted her to pray, Rasalàma calmly knelt on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell with the executioners' spears buried in her body. Several others were afterwards executed at this place.

In designing this building, I was able to attempt something more advanced than I had ventured upon in the first church, as the workmen had now become more skilled; besides which, I had the help of a very efficient English builder, Mr. W. Pool, who afterwards designed the Queen's Chapel Royal, and many other buildings in the capital. The Ambohipotsy Church is designed in the style known as Early English Gothic, and consists of a nave and aisles, divided by an arcade of pointed arches, transepts, and apse, and tower and spire (see illustration). The workmanship and finish of this building are much superior to that of the first; and the ironwork in railings for platform, finials, locks, floriated hinges, etc., was all excellently wrought, after my designs, by native blacksmiths. The church was opened for divine worship on November 17th, 1868, the present queen, Ranavalona II., being present. The Queen had ascended the throne on April 1st of that year, and had at her coronation publicly given her adhesion to Christianity.

The third of the Antanànarivo Memorial Churches is erected near the northern extremity of the city hill, from which circumstance the place is called Fàravòhitra, "Last-village." It is built to commemorate the heroic courage of four Christian nobles, three men and one woman,

 $^{^{\}circ}$ Pronounced Amboohipootsy, the Malagasy o being always like our o in "do," "to," "move," etc.

noble by birth, but still more noble by their fidelity to their Saviour, who were burned to death on this spot on the 28th of March, 1849. Few, if any, incidents in the long persecution, appear to have made a deeper impression on the minds of the people than did that scene. As the four were taken up the hill, they sang, and when the large pile of firewood was kindled, and the flames were rising, they still praised God and prayed. It was felt by all, heathen as well as Christian, that a Divine influence was at work in their midst, and that nothing but a religion which had come from God could impart courage and joy in such a fearful hour.

The Faravohitra Church is the plainest of the four. It is a massive and substantial piece of stonework in a round-arched Italian style, and consists of a simple oblong, with a low square bell-turret at the south end. It is worthy of record that when the foundations were being excavated, the workmen came at one of the angles of the building upon a mass of charred wood and half-calcined bones. There is little doubt that these were relics of the event just described; and so, without any intention to do so, one cornerstone of the building was actually laid in the ashes of those whose fidelity the building is intended to keep in remembrance. The church was dedicated for divine worship Sept. 15th, 1870.

The fourth and last of these memorial structures occupies the most central portion of the city. The long ridge is very precipitous on the western side, and about 200 yards from the royal palaces it sinks down by an almost perpendicular face of rock towards the parade ground, some 300 feet below. This spot is the Tarpeian of Antananarivo, and is called Ampamarinana, i.e., "The Place of Hurling." To be thrown over this rock was an old Malagasy punishment for sorcery, and persons accused of this crime were here thus put to death. It was supposed that the Christians were in the possession of some powerful spell or charm which enabled them to resist their queen's command, and so, in the month of March, 1849, fourteen people were condemned to suffer in this manner.

On the same day that their brethren were burnt at Faravohitra, but later in the day, the fourteen were put to death at Ampanarinana. The view from the top of the cliff is extensive and beautiful, the lower and western portion of the city being spread out before one like a map. One of the fourteen confessors asked permission to view once more the scene before him. His request was granted, and after looking at each familiar object, he remained silent for a few moments, as if in prayer, possibly recalling the truth that God's righteousness was like those great mountains. Then, singing a verse from a hymn, he was forced over the precipice to be crushed and broken in death far below.

The Ampamarinana Church is designed in an Italian style, with Byzantine features (see illustration). It is marked by a lofty campanile tower, and on account of the very confined space, the interior is surrounded with galleries on all sides, so that it presents very much the appearance of an English Nonconformist chapel. The wheel-windows, with stone tracery, are an effective feature both externally and inside the building. The church was opened for worship on the 28th of March, 1874, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the terrible day on which those suffered whose death the church commemorates. And thus, a little more than ten years after the foundation stone of the first church had been laid, the fourth building was brought to a successful completion.

And now, it may be asked by the utilitarian reader, Cui bono? What good purpose has been served by the expenditure of money in this way? It will, I think, be seen that the Memorial Church scheme has been in several ways productive of very valuable results, both as regards the progress of Christianity, and the civilisation and social advance of the Malagasy people.

In the first place, the building of these four churches has formed a school of workmenbuilders, masons, carpenters, glaziers, tilers, and tile-makers, all trained in the various arts of construction, and able to erect substantial brick and stone buildings. This, it is clear, is no small gain to the material advance of a country; and it has resulted in the almost complete rebuilding of the capital during the last twelve years. Previous to that time the city contained only wood and rush houses, the majority of them with single rooms; it now consists largely of sun-dried brick dwellings, mostly in two storeys, with European arrangements, with manifest advantage to the health and morals of the people. In addition to the Memorial Churches, the capital now contains numerous handsome stone and brick buildings, including the Royal Palaces, Chapel Royal, Prime Minister's house, Court of Justice, L.M.S. and Friends' Mission Colleges and schools, as well as

Perhaps a more important result still of this church building has been its influence upon the oppressive feudalism of the country. As in most Eastern countries, in Madagascar also, the government, and people of high rank generally, can require the unpaid services of those of inferior position. This presses heavily upon the skilled workmen, and tends of course to repress all inventive power, since the more clever a man is, the more is he liable to be called upon to work for indefinite periods without any pay. But the Memorial Church building introduced for the first time on a large scale the principle of "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." Every Saturday afternoon

many large Congregational Churches of sun-dried

all the workmen were regularly paid good wages for all the work done, so that it became increasingly difficult for the high officers to get enforced service, and most of them were obliged to begin

to pay something for work done.

Another point worthy of notice is that the time when the churches, first and second especially, were in progress, was a very critical one as regards the advance of Christianity in Madagascar; and the construction of such buildings, more costly, and more substantial and durable than the people had ever seen before, was tangible and unmistakable evidence that we English Christians believed in our religion, that we would spare no pains or expense to make it an enduring fact in Madagascar, and that while in an earlier stage of its history in the country buildings of mud and rush might serve for its worship, we were resolved that it should be as strong and enduring as the solid granite with which the churches were built.

Further, we have provided for four of the largest Christian congregations substantial houses of prayer in the most important positions in the city. The sites have been secured for ever by a clause in the Anglo-Malagasy Treaty, and while we trust that no changes may occur, by which any corrupted form of Christianity may gain power, we cannot forget that such changes are quite possible.

Finally, the Memorial Churches will preserve in enduring remembrance the love, the faith. and the courage of those who died for Christ in Madagascar. And as Englishmen now look with loving and tender regard at such English shrines as the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, Hooper's monument at Gloucester, the death-place of John Rogers, Ann Askew, and others at Smithfield, and at St. Alban's Abbey, and St. Martin's at Canterbury, so we believe that when Madagascar in all its length and breadth shall have become a Christian country, the Malagasy will come from all parts of the island, and will visit with grateful and affectionate interest the places where their fathers suffered for the truth; and will thank God for the faith which triumphed over chains and cruel bondage at Ambàtonakànga, over the executioner's spear at Ambòhipotsy, and over the precipices of Ampamarinana, and which made the flaming pile at Fàravòhitra but a fiery chariot on which their spirits ascended to receive the martyr's crown.

JAS. SIBREE, JUN.

"MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE.

BY EMMA E, HORNIBROOK, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VIII .- DIVIDED LIVES.



"Well, Mr.

"Winifred——"
"Well, Mr. Ru-

"Why do you look at me so coldly? speak to me so strangely? or rather, you scarcely notice me at all."

"What do you wish?"

"What I had before; or more, far more than I had

before. I want to know your love is mine."

"That you can never know."

"Never, Winifred? I thought there was a time when I might woo and win you—when I dared to hope you cared for me."

There was no answer. The silence emboldened

Frank Ruthin to speak; it did more-it irritated, almost maddened him. What he deemed at first a mere girlish pique or fancy was assuming a real and terrible form; what he had most desired appeared to be slipping from his grasp. He had prized it when it seemed attainable; a thousand-fold more he prized it when there was a possibility of his losing it for ever. His lip did not curl now-it was firmly set. He said to himself that he would not lose the prize for which he strove, would not fall short of the goal when it appeared in view. This girl for whose sake he was willing to forego all he had deemed pleasure, to win whom he had almost determined to struggle and be strong, to conquer himself and become worthy, should not cast his love aside and wreck his life. He would break down the barriers of reserve; it might only be some trifling misunderstanding. He was not without an inkling of the truth, however, for in some way (though how much she knew he could not tell), he connected her coolness with his light bantering with Minnie Connor. Perhaps the little fisher-girl had enlightened the young lady. Whatever it might be, he would come at the truth at once.

"Winifred," he said, in the calm hard tone of

concentrated feeling, "to win your love has been the one bright dream of my life: a hope that has led me on as no other has done, or could do. One question I must ask. Did you ever care for me?"

A flush mounted to Winifred's pale forehead, but she drew herself up, and met his gaze with a steadfast, unflinching expression, though her eyes burned with a strange light. Her lips parted as if to speak, then quivered, and closed. But she was a brave girl; she set herself to say what was best to be said, and conquered.

"Yes," she said, slowly and distinctly, "I did care

for you."

"And do still," he rejoined, eagerly pressing forward, and taking her hand in both his own. "You do still."

" I do not."

The tone conveyed far more than the words.

"What have I done to forfeit your regard? Winifred, this is some pique or womanly weakness unworthy of you. Winifred, my prize, my hope, my only love, what can I do to merit your affection? Only say you care for me, only promise to be my wife, and if it be in the power of man to shield the being he tenderly loves from harm, to make her life bright and happy with all that affection can render or procure, you need not fear for the future. Only say this, Winifred!"

"I cannot say it, Frank Ruthin. I do not care for you."

He started as though he had been stung. As on the night when a train of thought led to a brief review of his own aimless life, he recoiled, as it were, from himself.

"Has any one maligned me to you?" he questioned, in hourse tones. "Perhaps the little fishermaid who lives on the rock has sought to wile away her idle hours by idle tales. There are many such, who, without any evil intent, work much mischief by misrepresenting truth, or, more openly and boldly, venture on untruth."

He had spoken wittingly, only alluding to Minnie Connor as feeling his way, and testing Miss Lorne's information. When he had recovered consciousness by the sea-shore he found himself only attended by the widow and her daughter. Nobody told him Winifred had been there, and was gone. The fisher-girl withdrew without a word or look when she saw he was sufficiently recovered to stand alone, and her mother, if she suspected the truth, did not in any way enlighten the young gentleman. His later surnise as to the cause of Winifred's displeasure was now to be speedily confirmed.

He had gone a step too far in supposing she could listen to idle tales, or hear one maligned in his absence. It was the last drop that caused the cup of indignation to overflow. She rose from her seat, holding the arm of her chair with a tight grasp, which forced back the blood from the slender fingers. Her eyes flashed with a fire which he had never

before encountered, but her voice was clear and even cold, as she said—

"Do not so wrong the simple fisher-girl, Mr. Ruthin; you have vexed her enough already."

"How do you know that?" he returned, hastily.

"Miss Lorne, listen to me; I never exchanged a word with this girl save to pay her a few idle compliments such as any man may offer to any woman, young or old. Have you heard of them?"

Steadily Winifred looked upon him, then replied, slowly-

"I heard every false word you uttered, and never again can trust in or believe you. I stood in the entrance of the cave ready to appear for the poor girl you annoyed, if need be. I do not, and never can love you."

Was this true? Was the image she had enshrined so easily effaced? the love all turned to bitterness? Yes, she had torn it from her heart, and wounded pride came to her assistance; but yet the pain was great, and where that image had been was a sore place indeed.

In vain Frank Ruthin implored; the more impassioned he grew the more composed she became. He felt terribly aggrieved. What had he done to warrant this summary dismissal? He was made "an offender for a word," and deemed wholly untrue. It was "unjust, unreasonable, unworthy," he argued; but not all the "uns" he could muster appeared to make the least impression on Miss Lorne, or moved her from her purpose. Quietly, but decidedly, she rejected his affection, and refused to link her fate with his.

At length he became angry; his vanity was wounded; his self-love assailed. In the power of his wrath Miss Lorne's influence over him began to wane, and she sank many degrees in his esteem. He even descended to taunting her indirectly with eavesdropping; an accusation which she scorned to resent.

And so they parted. Over how many divided lives may this be written? Of how many once closely allied in the bonds of friendship, or still closer tenderness, may it be said their paths, which once seemed to run together, and even mingle, became—

Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

To the surprise of the sisters, Winifred that evening announced her intention of returning home immediately, as her mother must require her presence.

"And do not I require you?" exclaimed Louie, with a comic air. "My sister is too languid, my brother too sulky, and the parson too good to entertain me; so I could only wander alone, sighing sad strains to the sea-weed. Now, am I not a poetess?"

"It has a smooth sound," returned Winifred, smiling.

"Well, that is all the greater part of poetry can

boast of," said Louie; "and when one does get hold of a bright idea, it only seems a sort of happy hit which might as well be made in prose."

After the diversion thus caused, Ethel turned to Winifred, and said, gravely—

"Will you leave me?"

"There is no need," said Frank, looking up from a book he had been reading, or pretending to read; "I return to town to-morrow."

These few words at once gave his sisters to understand his new re-

lations with their friend. His admiration for her was no secret, and it was more than suspected that she returned his affection. Now, however, all was changed. Louie looked wonderingly from one to another; she was burning with curiosity to know all about it, yet did not venture to inquire, being, in spite of all her badinage and resistance, a little afraid of her brother, and still more of Winifred. Ethel glanced at them also, sighed wearily, closed her eyes, and with the action banished from her mind all attempt at a solution of the mys-

That evening Winifred walked alone to Mrs, Connor's cottage. Minnie was not there, having gone, as usual, to meet Will Joyce on his return from fishing. The widow, who had learned the whole story of Mr. Ruthin's rude admiration of her daughter, on their return to the cabin, and interpreted aright the young lady's words and action, expressive of gratitude, rose to meet her visitor, kindly inviting her to enter and be seated.

"I came to see your daughter," Winifred began.

"I know it, miss. You spoke some words to-day that made her feel she had helped you in some way, without knowin' it, an' she is glad at heart for this, though sorry for being shamed."

"Shamed, Mrs. Connor?" Winifred exclaimed.

"But for what has happened I never should have known your daughter's worth. From some reason or other, we ladies are apt to think those beneath us in birth and education have not the same pure feelings and sense of right which we have. I have learned differently to-day."

"Ah, my lady," the widow said, "I think when we are true to ourselves we are true to others too. A good deed does not pass to one only, but to many, helpin' us to believe in our fellow-creatures, an' be

patient, an' strong, an' right, Leastways, I am sure God follows a good act of any kind with His blessing either in this world or the next."

"What a strange mind," thought Winifred, as a train of reflection was a-wakened in her own. "Has she reasoned all this out of herself?" Then aloud, "You must lead alonely life here."

"No, my lady, Minnie is as light an' happy as a bird, and I——" she paused, "have everythin'."

"Everything!" echoed Winifred; "you must be a very happy woman. I, a lady, have nothing."

She spoke with a touch of bit-

a touch of bitterness which Mrs. Connor perceiving, drew nearer.

"My dear young lady," she said, "forgive a faithful word from an old an' humble woman. I live in a hut on a wild lone rock; our food is plain, an' livin' coarse, but I see God is for me, or why did He give His Son out of heaven to die? An' if He is for me, so great an' good, an' lovin', how can I really want for anything? I may think I want many things, for I am as wake as the silly moth that flies into the candle, or the baby that cries for what would only sicken it; but God knows best, an' I am sure He would not keep back anythin' that is fittin'."

"It is a happy faith," sighed Winifred.

"Well you may say that, miss. Oh, dear lady, if you have trusted to anythin' that has disappointed



"Winifred poured out her soul in one short petition."-p. 166.

you, be thankful, for mayhap God is goin' to give you somethin' better. When He takes anythin' away, you may be sure He is ready to fill the gap."

Winifred was silent for a long time; deep and strong emotion was working in her mind, and she had no one to whom to express it. If her Aunt Isabella was near she would have poured into her sympathetic ear the thoughts that troubled her. As it was, she felt wholly alone, and it is a terrible thing for the young to feel. It has sunk many to depths of misery which one shudders to contemplate. God might specially favour this poor woman, or in her strange reasoning she might persuade herself He did, but He seemed very far off to the young lady, as He must to every soul who has not been brought nigh in Christ Jesus. Then suddenly there came into her mind a remembrance of what Mr. Archer had said, "This Man!" Oh, was there indeed, a living loving Person to whom no woe was light, and no burden unfelt which oppressed and tortured the poor weak human heart? Might she-dared she go to Him with her trouble-with her coldness and insensibility?

The poor unlettered woman beside her possessed a secret, she knew, to which, with her superior advantages of birth and intellect, she might covet to attain. She would test its source.

"How can God love us when He makes our way dark, and our lives hard and bitter?" she asked, venturing the question that first occurred to her.

"It is because He loves us He does so, a lanive *," was the brief reply. In her carnest desire to help the young lady, the widow Connor addressed her as tenderly as if she were indeed a child. "We often choose somethin' that would work us a deal of harm if we got it, and the Lord won't give it to us, not for all our cryin'. Ye wouldn't put poison into the hand of a child because he asked for it, surely? An' then, agen, we often think a deal too much of what He does give us, and not at all of Himself, and so He takes it out of the way. It was so with me, at all events," and the woman turned her wistful gaze seaward; "an' Minnie's father an' my fine boy lie under the white waves out you."

"Better know they were there and remember them as true, than have them live and be false," broke out the young rebellious spirit.

"Ay, ay, miss, surely. God save us from false-hood! My young lady, there is such a thing as a sad undoing to many a fond wooing. If my Minnie was coorted by one who was not worthy of her, I had rather she found out his badness in time than marry him to her lifelong complaining; for be sure if her love didn't rise him an' keep him straight when he was her lover, it never would when he was her husband. Rather," and the woman spoke with fierce energy, "than see her the wife of the grand gentleman who offended her on the rocks to-

day, I would follow my purty little girl to the grave."

Winifred could not reply, and soon after rose to leave. One impression was made on her mind by her conversation with Minnie Connor's mother—that she had an escape from a lifelong misery that day for which she should feel deeply thankful, and there was a love which could mathe her happy in spite of all earthly ill. For this love, he now craved.

As she was returning she met Minnie clinging to the arm of a young sailor. He was tall, and stronglybuilt, and his bronzed face had a frank and honest expression, which augured well for the girl's future happiness. She smiled upon the young lady as they passed. Ah! she was happy; but from Winifred had gone the believing heart.

CHAPTER IX .- THE GAP FILLED,

WHEN Danny Connor turned away from the brow of the cliff, a thought which completely discomfited possessed his mind with overwhelming force, leaving him a prey to different emotions. He had brought sorrow upon her who was his ideal of all excellence, whose beauty rose before his dull perceptions like a radiant vision-too far to reach, yet not too far for its influence to be felt. No mere ordinary admiration--not a shadow of vain desire flitted across the poor lad's mind in connection with Miss Ruthin. She was to him "the bright particular star" which shone from heaven over his dark and lonely path, as a star pure and distant, yet cold as beautiful. And now he had injured her, embittered her life, perhaps murdered her brother! As the thought grew upon him, poor Danny could have returned to the coast, and tenderly nursed the life of the man he hated-of the man who had affrighted and insulted the sister he loved. Poor Danny was in a sore strait.

He did the wisest thing that could occur to a sensible man under similar circumstances—he made a confidente of his mother. It was from him she learnt the completion of the story which Minnie had in part related.

Mrs. Connor was not a little alarmed on her boy't account, fearing the treachery and vengeance of the so-called gentleman. All she could do was to counsel, exhort, command the lad to keep as much out of Mr. Ruthin's way as possible, secreting himself if necessary, rather than risk an encounter.

Happily, however, all this apprehension and caution was rendered needless by the sudden disappearance of the young gentleman from Cliffcoole. To Winifred Lorne as to the widow Connor—two women so differently circumstanced—his absence was an inexpressible relief. Winifred never wavered in her decision: never relented in her hardness towards him. The dream of her youth was gone.

She was to be thoroughly humbled. To a proud, sensitive spirit like hers, the thought that she had been classed with other women, and loved by one too susceptible of other charms, caused every nerve to

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throb, and her cheeks to burn with impatience, shame, and anger. She could have struck at her own image as she saw it, fair and independent, reflected in a mirror. She not only despised her old lover, but despised herself for having been the object of his admiration. And yet while she despised she rose immeasurably above, and looked down at him from a pure altitude, as though she was breathing another air, and he grovelling in the dust at her feet.

She grew calm at last, and, going to a window, looked forth. There slept the sea at a little distance, "like a cradled creature," sunlight breaking over its dancing ripples like smiles—the very emblem of gladness. Not of unrest now, surely, but peace—deep, almost unbroken peace,

How did some words once heard, but long unheeded or forgotten, arise in her memory? Was it

not a heavenly impulse ?-

"O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea,"

She took up her Bible; it opened at the words-

And this is His commandment, That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment. And he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him; and hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us. (1 John iii. 24, 25.)

And falling upon her knees beside the casement, Winifred poured out her soul in one short petition—

"Lord, reveal Thyself to me!"

Of course, that prayer was answered, for when did His gracious promise lack fulfilment? This was the secret of the deep peace which bathed her spirit in a profound calm, and stole over each sense like a powerful charm. It was nothing less than the charm of "a new birth." In that wondrous light she saw the truth Mr. Archer had earnestly endeavoured to set forth—the precious truth that through this Man—the Saviour—God, the One Who stooped to share our humanity, and touch the leper, Who shrank not from the shameful vicarious death on Calvary, was preached unto her "the forgiveness of sins." Her thirsty soul—thirsty for the living springs at last, had reached the fountain of life.

She now knew that from its nature, everything else was unsatisfying to an immortal spirit. She was young, and had been full of hope, but even before God allowed the cup of earthly happiness to be taken from her lips, she felt a need of something as yet beyond her reach. Not till "weary and worn and sad" did she recognise what that something was,

Heaven-born longing, heaven-born supplies alone can meet it. Who ever so longed and was sent unsatisfied away? Not one.

Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. (John vii. 37.)

For with Thee is the fountain of life.

The gap in Winifred's heart was filled; the gap of which the poor woman had spoken. Never again

could an aching void be there; never again an idol enshrined. "The expulsive power of a new affection" was realised; the love of Christ made room for itself, and filled her soul with a glad sense of liberty—a deep sweet sense of rest.

Long time Winifred remained in her chamber; she could not bear to leave it. She felt what the Christian poet has so well expressed—

I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm
And break the charm,
Which lulls me clinging to my Father's breast
In perfect rest.

From that moment she did not stand alone. With new life, new hopes and affections were awakened in her breast. She knew instinctively who amongst her acquaintance were one with her in Christ, and thought of them with peculiar tenderness. Her aunt, Mrs. Connor, Mr. Archer, of these she had no doubt. She envied the latter his holy boldness and faithfulness, but then, as a minister, an open confession of Christ was expected of him. Side by side with regard for these servants of her newly-found Lord and Master sprang up a yearning pity for those who knew Him not, and missed the blessing which had come to her. Especially from that moment was one upon her heart —her friend and companion, the beautiful and careless Ethel Ruthin. Who has not felt that—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever?

It seemed strange to Winifred, as to others, that so much loveliness could fade and pass away into the dark unknown. For herself, she knew now that brightness lay beyond this passing scene, but for her friend——? Yes, Winifred had a work directly given her by God, to tend, and, with earnest prayer, "watch for the soul" of this young creature, who, hard as it was to believe it, she felt persuaded was fading away from earth. How thankful she was now that she had not left Cliffcoole in her mortification and despair. How plainly she saw a Father's guiding care in Frank Ruthin's removal (as she had no doubt he was influenced for her good), leaving her at liberty to remain with his sister.

Thankful for her escape from the thrall of an affection which would have dragged her down, and held her tied to earth; thankful for her escape from an union subversive of her best interests, and in which spirit could never blend with spirit in full communion, the girl looked upward, and rejoiced.

Yes, the gap was filled!

"Winifred," said Ethel, one evening, as she reclined on her cushions, "I am growing weary of this scene—all sea and sky."

"And rocks and distant shipping," added Winifred, with a smile.

"I can't bear the rocks," returned Ethel, pettishly.
"I always feel as if I was tumbling down them; and the shipping is suggestive of storms."

"There are descents as dangerous and wrecks as dire in life," said Winifred, gravely. "It were wise to avoid them." "Cease moralising, Winifred dear. I am too weary for the poet's madness."

"But not for the Christian's sanity," was the calm

reply.

"Rest!" returned Ethel, dreamily. "After all, mere rest is a poor thing. When my cough is troublesome, and I am very tired, I only desire to lie down quietly; but I look at the young fisher-girl, or Louie with her high spirits, bounding from rock to rock, dashing out into the surf as it rushes madly in, or tossing idly on the water in a boat, and think what a glorious thing is life. Oh, to be well, and glad, and strong! This slow wearisome existence of mine is not worth having; it is slow dying, not living."

She spoke with unusual vehemence; never, indeed, had she manifested such emotion; and Winifred, though astonished, was pleased to find her mind thus exercised, her heart avowedly unsatisfied. She was about to reply, when a knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Archer announced. Winifred was thankful for this interruption, and determined to lead the conversation again to what had gone before.

"We were considering whether the mere thought of rest has as much charm for the young as for the more advanced in life, the sorrowful, worn-out, and weary," she began, when the first greetings were

over.

"I do not think it has," he replied; "it is to those 'who labour and are heavy-laden' the promise is dear. There is one thought, however, which has wondrous power for all, the possession of life. Spiritual life in the soul through simple faith in the Son of God, connecting us with Him, and born in us by His Holy Spirit, secures and fits us for eternal life hereafter, when body, as well as spirit, shall be glorified, and every sense employed in a service of endless joy."

"You do not, then, think eternal life a present pos-

session?" asked Winifred, anxiously.

"I do, indeed," he said, meeting her look with one of extreme interest. "I am sure it is a present possession. This spiritual life is not only an earnest, it is eternal life begun, a communication from the Lord Himself, which has a beginning in us, but never can have an ending."

Winifred was silent, but there was a light in her face which he read aright.

"It is a great possession," he continued. "Well may it be said—

*He lives who lives to God alone, And all are dead beside,"

You know this?"

"Yes," answered Winifred, in a low but decided tone.

Ethel looked from one to the other in a manner expressive of surprise. Then she spoke—

"Too many of us live at a poor dying rate, yet none of us wish to 'shuffle off this mortal coil.' Why has the state you extol so few charms?"

"Simply because 'the natural man receiveth not

the things of the Spirit of God; they are foolishness unto him.' You cannot create a spiritual appetite; you cannot even awaken an anxious thought. A sense of need must be begun in the soul by the same mighty Power, which alone can meet it."

"So we have nothing to do but wait until an overpowering impulse comes upon us?" inquired Ethel,

satirically.

"That would be wresting Scripture to our own destruction," he answered, gravely. "It does not warrant us so to do. God expects us as reasonable creatures to provide for eternity, and as fallen creatures to seek pardon at His hands and restoration to His favour through faith in the atonement of His Son."

"What do you call faith?" was Ethel's next question.

"Simply taking God at His word, and resting in His promise. How can we, who have so little here below, and whose spirits cannot be satisfied with the poor things of earth, refuse His proffered mercy?"

"We are never satisfied."

Ethel was in a strange mood this even, and spoke with strange vehemence.

"I know it," he said, drawing his chair nearer, and bending over her; "we cannot be. Our immortal spirits cannot be fed with husks, and never grow weary in a vain search after earthly happiness. How blessed to have a portion which can never failus."

"That portion I have not," sighed Ethel Ruthin to herself, but she did not express the thought aloud; "and if—if—health and strength should never be mine again, I need it much."

Looking up suddenly, she met Mr. Archer's gaze. As by the sea-shore, it was bent on her with a gentle, grave pity, not devoid of tenderness. A thrill went through the girl's heart, and her woman's nature was awakened as it had never been before. Winifred, too, saw and read that look aright. There was danger for him in this involuntary homage to mere beauty—danger in his kindly interest. Youth and beauty may fade, and feelings can deepen in intensity until they make the sum of life's hope and bliss.

And Ethel—yes, at last she was awakened to a sense of need, and would have the gap in her heart filled.

CHAPTER X .- OUT OF THE DEEP.

WINIFRED did not return home; she felt, in her newly-found love and pity, that her place was beside her friend then; and if, as she feared, life was failing, might she not minister to her to the last? Winifred knew she had an influence over Ethel—the influence a strong mind has over a weak one. This might be used for good.

A few lines in a letter to her aunt revealed the state of her mind, and was a cause of deep thankfulness to that good lady. They were these:—

I think the prayer you taught me has been answered. Do you remember it? It was remembered.

Seed may not have been sown in vain because it lies a long time in the ground without germinating. "Thou shalt find it after many days," is the promise.

In God's purposes of love and mercy, He weaves circumstances together, like tangled skeins and fragments, into a web which shall shine with heaven's light through the power of truth long unheeded, or

prayer perhaps forgotten.

Mr. Archer was a constant visitor at the Ruthins', and devised many plans for the amusement of the young ladies, ever watchful of Ethel's health and comfort. One day he announced that his sister and younger brother were expected to visit him. Winifred was pleased at the prospect of having a suitable companion in the sister; Louie in the brother. Ethel alone complained, in a pettish manner, after the clergyman was gone, that new acquaintances were a bore, and she did not feel equal to forming new friendships.

That evening the girls sat in the murky twilight until the shades grew deeper and denser, and at last darkness covered the earth. Then one by one the stars came glimmering through the dim vault of heaven, like precious promises in seasons of adversity, tokens of God's presence where all besides is gloom. There had been "a stiff breeze" during the day, and now the harbour was full of shipping. One by one they hung out their lights, until wherever the eye turned the bosom of the dark water was illumined; in their midst was a deep red beacon over a sunken rock, and far away, beyond the entrance to the harbour, stood out boldly the lighthouse on its rocky fastness, turning its warning gleam on all sides.

"What a glorious panorama!" exclaimed Ethel, with interest,

"As this quiet seaside scene appears favourable to reflection, I was thinking it was like life," answered Winifred.

" How ? "

"Each bark with its freight of hopes and fears, immortal souls and failing bodies, is tossing at the mercy, as it seems, of wind and tide. Even so, we also are swayed by circumstances, yet each should have a light hung out."

"And that light? Finish the simile," Louie retorted,

"A witness for the Lord Who loves us," was the low but decided reply,

" How can we have that?" asked Ethel.

"By having the light in our own souls first; then I suppose it would be reflected as it is this moment from the dark water, shining out through us as mediums, pure and clear."

"But how could we have that light within?" again questioned Ethel.

"By believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, I know no other way,"

"I always thought I believed," returned Ethel,

almost in a whisper; "I took it for granted, But now when I try I can't."

" Don't try."

" What then?"

"Only believe. Don't try to work up a faith; if you did, you might trust in and make a Saviour of it. 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' Rest on the promise, trust in the proffered merey, accept the atonement, the more simply and unquestioningly the better."

There was a long pause; Ethel turned her gaze from the dark water, with its living freight, and covered her eyes with her hand. Louie thought she was tired, but Winifred marked her breath come thick and fast as with a sudden emotion. None but the Almighty Father who was looking out for His returning child, heard the timid confession, "Lord,

I believe! help Thou mine unbelief."

There was a profound silence during the next half hour. In that brief interval "a mist came up out of the sea," and rolled on to one side of the harbour, thus leaving it only partially illuminated. Then the stars began to wane and wax dim in the heavens, and there was a solemn eclipse. It was chilling and depressing. They watched the mist as it spread like a pall over the face of the deep, bounding their view and blotting out all beauty.

Louie hummed a verse of "The Sands o' Dee."

"Hush, Louie, how can you?" said Ethel, reprovingly.

"Can't you fancy you hear 'the harbour-bar moaning' through the gloom?" was the retort of the gay girl, whom nothing seemed to depress.

At that moment a hoarse shout came from the water just opposite the quiet watchers, and, as it seemed, near the shore.

"Reverse!" was the deep warning, but the words
"You are right into us!" were not audible to the
easer listeners.

There was the noise of paddles reversed and battling fiercely with the tide. After it loud cries for help, and a confused murmur of many voices. Winifred, throwing a shawl over her head, rushed out, followed by Louie, in wild excitement, while Ethel sprang up and clung breathlessly to the casement. As the girls ran towards the rocks, two men passed them; one knocked against Winifred, and turning, even in the hurry, to touch his cap, she recognised Will Joyce.

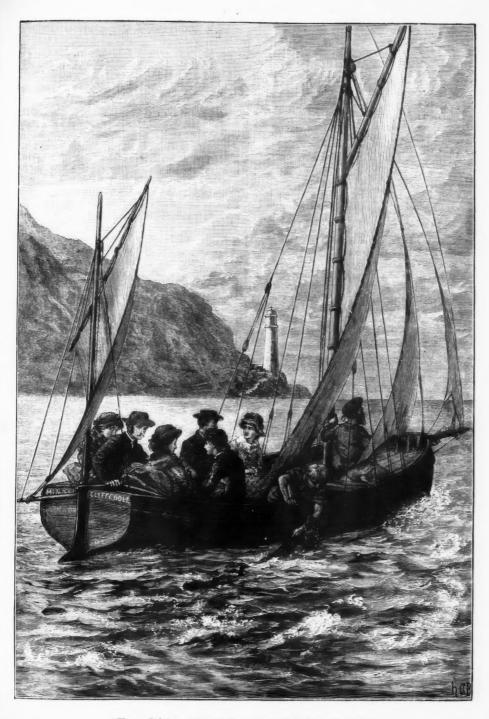
"What has happened?" was the anxious inquiry.

"A boat has been run down by the river steamer. They may have had a light out, but it was not seen in the fog; leastways, the steamer should have rung her bell," was the hasty answer.

"Was any one in the boat?"

"In coorse, miss! but how many we can't tell."

They could not; but from all quarters came the sound of boats being unmoored and pushed off. Hoarse cries resounded; strange directions, afterwards countermanded; then the voice, as of one in authority, on the shore, answered by another from



"They sailed far out beyond the entrance of the harbour."-p. 170,

the steamer, which had stood by, rendering every assistance in her power.

"How many have been picked up?"

" Three."

"How many supposed to be on board?"

And the sad reply fell like a chilling blow upon the listeners' hearts—

"The men say 'seven,'"

Then came the sound of oars dipping into the water in all directions—long, heavy, sullen splashes; otherwise all was still.

No voice was raised amongst the anxious searchers; it was a dull, heavy, hopeless quest, in the dull,

heavy, hopeless gloom.

Winifred and Louie were now the centre of a group of frightened women, straining every nerve to catch some word of hope, some token of another rescue; but no such came. Minnie Connor—was with them, and her knowledge of the sea and its casualties supplied much information respecting the boat which had been run down. A fishing-smack, it was apparent to all, with seven men on board, and four were missing. Four missing—perhaps four even then in their death-struggle—lost in Nature's mysterious gloom because they could discern no light, heard no warning sound!

Weary, sad, mourning for the lost beneath the wave, and for the ruined hearths and desolate hearts at home, Winifred, Ethel, and even the erewhile gay and thoughtless Louie, now thoroughly depressed, at last retired to rest.

Some were gone beyond the hope of rescue—some were saved!

And that very night, where all seemed fair and the world looked not for wreck, out of the deep was brought one undying soul. From nature's ruin and alienation, Ethel Ruthin was called into the sunshine of God's favour. She knew her sin was pardoned and put away; she knew her soul had been redeemed at a mighty cost. "Out of the deep" she called upon God, and was brought "out of darkness into His marvellous light." It was a joyful event to her, but mingled ever with the recollection of it was a mourning for those who, without due warning, were ushered into eternity, and for the homes that night left desolate.

CHAPTER XI.—SWEET COUNSEL.

Some people walk into love with their eyes open. Some people creep into it, as it were, hesitating at every step, perhaps half wishing to flee. Others sink into it as into somnolence, under the influence of a narcotic, while too many fall the victims of an unworthy passion as they would tumble into some dread abyss. The greater number, however, slip, or slide, or dance, or tumble into it in a merry unthinking manner, flinging pretty speeches at one another in play as children might do roses, and never discerning to what serious consequences it all tends. Of the latter were Louie Ruthin and Charlie Archer, the vicar's brother.

Young people who so readily fall in, often as readily fall out. Louie Ruthin never could exist in a still atmosphere. The wave of the ocean was not more changeful in its play than was her light spirit. Graceful, yet volatile; variable, yet attractive; she led young Archer captive indeed, and by her pretty insouciant air and exacting ways, as well as the very inconstancy of her moods, kept alive his affection.

They could scarcely have helped it, situated as they were. Daily thrown together, each looked upon the society of the other as a relief from ennui, and the presence of a lively and agreeable companion did much to heighten the enjoyment of both.

Miss Archer proved a most desirable companion, Several years older than her brother, intelligent and ladylike, she never exacted too much attention, but always studied the comfort and pleasure of others. The pleasant seaside party, with its absence of restraint, and happy lack of conventionalities, was further augmented by the presence of "Aunt Isabella," who came at the humble request of Mr. Ruthin (nothing loth to escape the dry details of a poor economy), to matronise the young ladies during Master Frank Ruthin's voluntary absence in town.

How delightfully the next few weeks passed away! Such rides, and drives, and boating parties! Many a time, with Will Joyce and Danny Connor to trim their boat, and arrange the fishing-lines, they sailed far out beyond the entrance of the harbour, and secured a large quantity of fish. Sometimes a stream of moonlight silvered the calm tide as their light oars were dipped into it on returning, but this was not often, as all were willing to curtail their own pleasure rather than keep Ethel in the open air when the dews began to fall. Ethel, however, seemed truly to have imbibed new life and vigour, as was predicted. She brightened into an animation she had never before evinced; and as a development of spiritual life aided physical restoration, the supineness of her nature seemed in great measure corrected and overcome. Life appeared, after her long season of delicacy and inertness, opening before her at last fair and beautiful, with nothing to dim its light, or hinder usefulness. Poory Danny, in these long bright excursions upon the water, often gazed furtively upon her with a sort of secret awe, as if she was already a glorified saint, while one was ever by her side, who, recognising her weakness—the weakness of failing humanity yet respected it, while sympathising with the better nobler impulses awakened in her heart. Thus friendships were formed, and affections kindled, which might make existence indeed blessed. Were they to outlive the storms as well as calm of life? Or to rush, and dash, and sever, as the wavelets which danced, and wooed, and kissed the shore, receding

The bright summer passed away as no other had done for the young people there assembled, and Mr. Archer needed not to say he loved the beautiful and fragile creature who was the centre of attraction to all, but every motion, even when he did

not look towards her, showed it. She knew and felt it, perhaps, even better than he did; and Winifred knew it too.

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"Billie," said the latter one day, as she was walking with her aunt, "do you think grace altogether changes our characters so that they lose their distinctive features? that it overturns Nature, as it were?"

"Indeed, I am sure it does not do all that, my dear," Miss Freeman answered. "I think characters as well as faces have their features, and will have through all eternity. So God deals with each of us differently. I am not clever, you know, and what would be a temptation to others I might scarcely feel. You may be higher in His school, and have to learn different lessons from those I am taught. As this difference of gift and character fits each for his or her place in the Church below, so I love to think it will be in the Church above. It will not be like a garden all planted with roses or lilies, but there will be different flowers as well as colours."

Here Mr. Archer met and joined them, and, after a short interruption, the former subject of conversation was resumed.

"Is not our distinctive character the effect, or, rather, sad result of circumstances?" Winifred asked.

"Undoubtedly, in part," Mr. Archer replied, "but, remember, circumstances are God's opportunities for putting into practice what we have learnt in our lesson-book—His Word. Experience is the lesson got by heart. Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet, probably had naturally a contemplative disposition, which circumstances favoured, while Martha found in the presence of her Divine Master an occasion for her busy energies. It was not Peter's impulsive character grace altered, it was the self-confidence which grew out of it like an ugly excrescence on a noble tree. The gentle, loving John, happily resting on his Lord's bosom, became in Patmos the mighty seer before whom, while he was quiescent, passed the wondrous visions of the Revelation."

Winifred thought over this afterwards. Like all

active people, she had very little sympathy with want of energy—made little allowance for it, in short, save as a result of physical weakness. Now, however, she began to feel a sympathy with, almost an admiration for, the quiet contemplative disposition which succeeded to the partial animation, of which we have spoken, in her friend Ethel Ruthin. It was as different as grace from nature, from her former selfish indolence; yet grace and nature combined to produce it.

A voice was now heard coming up the glen crooning rather than singing a verse or two of a simple hymn.

"Who is teaching Danny?" he asked, smiling.

"Is he to be a Protestant in more than name?"

Winifred looked for an explanation.

"You are sending him on his way through these rocks and dells—a witness for Christ," he replied. "Think of how many travellers these strains may reach who would not otherwise receive the burden of his song,"

"You make too much of my simple effort. I dare not look for such grand results."

"'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," he rejoined. "We shall not fail to ask God's blessing on the simplest work we undertake for Him."

Winifred was silent, and he went on-

"Nothing is small; it is not singly and alone we can view any work, or isolate events. Each hinges one upon another, each opens one out of another, each acts one with the other to bring about God's purposes in providence and grace. Light and shade, time and space, effort and effect, are the warp and woof with which the great Author and Finisher of our being, as of our faith, carries out His designs. Little services done for His Name's sake, like tiny bits of mosaic, insignificant in themselves, yet tinged with celestial light, are fitted into their place by a Master hand, and combine to produce a marvellous result. I weary you?" he added, inquiringly.

"No," said Winifred, "you have made me think,"
(To be continued.)

THE GOOD NEWS IN FAR LANDS.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK TRESTRAIL, D.D.



N reading books of voyages and travels, one is often struck with the absence of any notice of the results of missionary labours, especially those carried on among the more savage portions of our race. They are either wholly ignored, or touched so slightly as if

they were unworthy of notice. Even Mrs. Brassey, in her graphic account of the voyage of the Sunbeam, has but little to say respecting them. This could not arise from the want of religious feeling, as worship was regularly conducted on board, and

her husband, much to his honour, when weather permitted, preached to the crew.

The recently published volumes descriptive of Miss Bird's visit to Japan, and Miss F. Gordon Cuming's cruise in the South Seas, are remarkable exceptions in this respect. Both these gifted ladies manifest not only a deep sympathy with the beauties of nature, but a far deeper sympathy with the peoples among whom they lived for a time, and with the evangelic efforts intended to improve their temporal and spiritual condition. These volumes are full of the most accurate

information respecting the countries visited, and the manners, customs, and condition of their inhabitants. It is, however, with the latter that

we have specially to do.

With the exception of Central Africa, and some parts of its vastly extended coast, missionary work in foreign lands is now carried on with comparative comfort and safety. While thankful for this token of the Divine blessing, we must not forget the hardships and perils which the pioneers in this work had to endure, nor the vast expenditure of treasure and life which marked the beginning of this glorious enterprise. Neither India, China, Africa, nor even Madagascar, supply more impressive illustrations of these facts, than the numerous groups of islands which are scattered over the bosom of the vast Pacific.

Miss Cuming's book deals chiefly with Tahiti, where she resided for some months, mingling freely among the people, partaking of their hospitalities, and enjoying their festivities. She soon acquired their confidence and affection, and but for her colour would not have been distinguished from one of themselves. Considering the excellence of the illustrations which adorn the book, drawn by her own pencil, the reader will regret they are not many more. Much of her time was passed in sketching the exquisite scenery, adorned with a varied and luxurious vegetation, much of it alike impressive and grand. Striking and vivid as her descriptions are, we are obliged to resist the temptation to dwell on these topics, and direct the reader to the moral condition of the people—their ancient barbarism, degradation, and cruelty, and their present civilisation and moral and religious life.

Unlike the other islands of the Pacific, Tahiti and Samoa were never defiled by cannibalism, while the inhabitants of the others never missed a chance of feasting on human flesh. Instead of indulging in this horrid practice, they contented themselves with heaping insult on the bodies of the slain.

In heathen days the Tahitians were as noted for the practice of infanticide as the Sandwich Islanders, with this difference: that among the former the poor little things were disposed of at the moment of birth; for if spared for only a few moments, they were generally saved; while among the latter, child-murder was much more deliberate. Few parents cared to rear more than three children; and a man with four was called a taa ta ta ban ban—that is, a man with a heavy burden. Tahitian women spoke openly of having, in heathen days, put to death half-a-dozen help-less innocents; while others confessed to ten or twelve!

But in after times, when the great change was wrought, these same women would be seen, at their school festivals, bitterly bewailing their dead offspring, murdered by their own hands. Miss Cuming mentions one of the chief women, who,

having learnt to read at the age of sixty, had proved a most useful school-teacher, and who was frequently troubled at the hour of her death by the memory of her sixteen children, whom she herself had destroyed. Scarcely a woman who had attained to middle age, prior to the spread of Christianity, but was troubled by similar sad recollections. A visitor to Tahiti was expressing his opinion that the reports were exaggerated, Three most respectable motherly-looking women who chanced to be in the room were appealed to, and he asked each in turn, how many of her children she had killed? With faltering voice one said she had destroyed nine; the second, five; the third, seven. Here were three women, casually selected, who had killed twenty-one children! What emphasis such terrible facts as these give to the words of Scripture: "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

It seems scarcely credible that such foul and cruel deeds could have been perpetrated by a race so gentle and loving. All history, however, proves how reluctantly a people will surrender national religious customs. But here is one which has been abandoned in less than a quarter of a century. Children have now a happy time of it in Tahiti. Their parents almost idolise them, and the chief danger to which they are now exposed is over-indulgence. Marvellous indeed is the change which has been wrought as far as they are

concerned!

The treatment of the sick was equally cruel. When it became evident that the sick man's illness would be prolonged, he was carried to a hut of cocoa-palms; and for a short time was supplied with food and drink. But his friends soon got tired of attending him, and he generally died of starvation. If, however, he had any property, his "friends" proceeded to his hut armed with spears. Unheeding his pitiful cries, they shot at him as they would at a target, until one, more merciful than the rest, stabbed him to the heart! In other instances the sick were buried alive; the relations, pretending to carry him to the river to bathe, threw him into a ready made grave, and quickly silenced his cries with stones and earth.

How is it now? the reader may perhaps ask. The sick are nursed with the utmost tenderness. Not many years ago, the natives formed societies for the purpose of building houses where those who had no friends or children might be fed and clothed, and comforted by the sympathy and

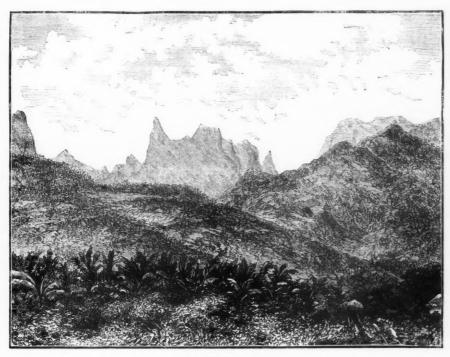
prayers of godly native teachers.

The ancient burial places, called *Marais*, were remarkable, consisting of an immense platform of huge blocks of coral, on which were an altar and a tomb. In the smaller ones, which were close to the larger, there would be seen a sacrificial stone, and a stone image. In the zeal of their new love,

the people swept away these Marais, together with the temples and altars. The stones of one of these huge Marae were once used by the natives to build a platform on which was spread a grand feast for school children and their parents. In heathen times it would have been death for a woman or a girl to set foot inside, or to taste the food therein offered, which was reserved for the

were successfully cultivated, which have since contributed to the wealth and the comfort of the people. By a great inter-tribal war, for the possession of the god Oro, this first civilising influence was swept away, and the work of twelve years of self-denying toil scattered to the winds.

The mission party, besides witnessing these and other terrible scenes, were without letters or sup-



MOUNT DIADEM, TAHITI,

"gods" and men. But this festival, held in a demolished *Marae*, was a Christian love-feast, presenting a strange contrast to the revolting scenes once enacted there, when coral walls were dyed with the blood of human victims offered to the idol gods, and where skeletons might be seen hanging from noble trees, and beneath them ghastly heaps of the skulls of warriors slain in battle.

The first mission party landed from the <code>Dnf</code> in 1791, and were kindly welcomed by King Pomare, Queen Idea, and the chiefs, expecting an increase in trade, and assistance in war. But when they were found to be men of peace, they soon fell in public esteem. For many years they struggled, apparently in vain. The mission seemed to make no progress, beyond the establishment of gardens, where various imported vegetables and fruits

plies for five years. Their clothes were worn out. Boots, shoes, tea and sugar, were well-nigh forgotten luxuries. At last a small vessel arrived, bringing stores, which had been for a long time accumulating at Port Jackson. Their joy at its arrival was turned into dismay, on finding that almost everything was useless or rotten. Who can now realise the weariness of that long waiting, or the depth of that bitter disappointment? Seeing that their lives were in peril, all left Tahiti but Messrs. T. Hayward and Nott, who heroically resolved to stay, and though various attempts were made on their lives, they continued at work until 1812, when, at the invitation of King Pomare, those who had been driven away returned, and made a fresh effort to establish the mission in Eimeo.

The first Christian Church was built in 1813,

in Papetoia, and thirty persons came forward and renounced idolatry. Among these was Patii, the high priest, who announced that it was his intention to burn all the idol gods under his care. In spite of the fear of a general massacre following such an act, the deed was done, and the people quietly dispersed. Glimmerings of light had penetrated the darkness of the Pacematu group, and in 1814 it was believed that 600 persons had renounced idolatry. Persecution, however, still The heathen attacked the Christians, burnt their houses, destroyed their gardens, and hunted them down that they might offer them in sacrifice to their insulted gods. Many a touching story is told of the unflinching courage with which these brave martyrs met their fate, beseeching, when dying, their murderers to renounce idolatry, and worship the true God. three principal chiefs, sworn foes of the Bure Atua, or praying sect, resolved to fall on them at midnight, and kill both small and great. Happily the Christians received secret tidings of the intended massacre, and escaped in their canoes to Eimeo. When their foes saw they had escaped, their rage knew no bounds. They fought with each other, one of the principal chiefs was killed, and the Orapara tribe remained masters of the

Erelong these sent messengers to Eimeo, inviting the refugees to return, King Pomare accompanied them, and on the following Lord's Day the king's party met for worship. In the middle of the service a large body of armed men marched toward them. The king stood up, and bade them remember they were under the protection of Jehovah, and must continue the service. stood up, sang a hymn, and then knelt in prayer, the women boldly taking their place among the During the conflict which ensued Upufara, the leading chief, was killed, a panic ensued, and the assailants fled to their strongholds in the mountains.

In former days such a victory would have been followed up by the destruction of the vanquished. But Pomare forbade either pursuit or plunder. After a great thanksgiving meeting, he dispatched a trustworthy party to destroy the temple and the god Oro at Tantiva, which was done in the face of a vast assemblage of people. The national god, for whose possession the island had been devastated by wars, was used as a post in the king's kitchen, and eventually cut up for firewood.

The effects of this elemency on the part of the king was magical. When they found their homes and families were not disturbed, and that a free pardon was proclaimed, they tendered their submission to the merciful conqueror, and agreed that the religion which inspired such deeds must be the best, and they too desired to be instructed in the good way. From this time Christianity made rapid progress, and in 1817 the entire population professed it, family worship was almost universal, and many built small edifices in their gardens, calling them fare bune huna, "the houses for hidden prayer."

The acquisition of the language, and its reduction to a written form, and the translation of the Scriptures into it, is most certainly a wonderful achievement. In the case of any foreign tongue to which scriptural facts and ideas are strange, it is a most difficult thing to do; but in this the difficulty becomes greater from the fact that many of the dialects possess far more words to express shades of meaning than any European language—the slightest change of accent conveying a totally different sense. Spiritual truths not easy to express in any language, had to be made familiar to the materialistic minds of the Tahitians. Yet this has been done, and the appliances necessary to education, in less than thirty years; so that now there is not a group throughout Polynesia in which the people may not read the Scriptures in their own tongue!

When Mr. Ellis first bought a printing press, the king himself prepared the first alphabet with his own hands, and printed the first page of the first book published in the South Sea Islands. So great was the anxiety to purchase books, that people from remote villages came to procure the precious volume. Several had to wait for weeks ere copies could be supplied to them, and some of the more urgent refused to leave the mission premises until the books were delivered.

Miss Gordon Cuming, in closing her account of the grand reformation which has been effected in Tahiti, and indeed through all Polynesia, thus writes to hersister :- "I have written this story of old days somewhatatlength, from a conviction that it is probably almost unknown to you, and must surely prove interesting, though I am fully aware that it cannot be so to you in the same degree as it is to me, who have heard the story for the first time, on the very spot where these terrible scenes were formerly enacted, and where the marvellous change was actually wrought." We trust that this narrative, vouched for by a Christian lady, so competent as a witness from her high intelligence and keen discernment—a bare outline only being possible, from limited space-may stir the heart of every devout reader, and strengthen the conviction that only supernatural truth, declared by a few godly persons, unknown to fame, could have raised a people from a condition of such utter barbarism and ignorance, to one of enlightened civilisation, and holiness of heart and life.

THE SUBJECTS OF THE KINGDOM.

(THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.)

BY THE REV. PHILIP T. BAINBRIGGE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. PHILIP'S, REGENT STREET.

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?"—ROMANS vi. 16.



N the first sermon of this series it was shown how Daniel interpreted the vision of the great image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream to betoken that earthly kingdom should succeed kingdom, now this now that obtaining the dominion, till in the latter days it should come to pass that "The God of Heaven" should set up a Kingdom which should never be destroyed, which should fill the whole earth and should stand for ever; a prediction

which began to be accomplished when Jesus of Nazareth came forth to preach and teach, and the herald of His advent cried, "Repent ye, for the

Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Language is powerless to paint the grandeur, the attractive moral beauty of Him who said, when fierce foes threatened, "My Kingdom is not of this world," not to be established by human power, nor overthrown by human enemies. The most soul-stirring words are all too poor to picture the triumphant progress of Christianity through the centuries, to tell how multitudes of every creed, in every rank of life, have been subdued by the love of Jesus, and have done homage to a crucified King—a King who grasps no gory war-weapon in clenched fist, but who from throne of peaceful splendour at his Father's side extends to men an open pierced hand, and speaks to them in gentle accents, saying, "Come unto Me."

Who heed the invitation? Who are the subjects

of the Kingdom of Heaven?

The name by which they shall be called is also found in the book of Daniel, for it is written "The Saints of the most High shall take the Kingdom and possess the Kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever." And so St. Paul writes to "all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi," "Our citizenship is in Heaven." "We," that is to say, "are enrolled as citizens of Heaven, we are subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven; of us it is required that our behaviour as citizens shall be as becometh the Gospel of Christ; we may claim the rights and privileges of subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven; of us it is demanded that we do not disgrace our citizenship, and that we render faithful service to the King Whom we profess to serve."

This is the Apostle's line of argument. It is important therefore to discover exactly what St. Paul meant by the expression "Saints in Christ

Jesus." He was not addressing those who were complete in goodness, who had attained such a pitch of perfection as to be in no danger of falling away into sin, or of being overcome by temptation; this is clear, because his letter is full of advice that they should "stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel," and even of warning lest there should be among them any strife, or vainglory, or selfishness, any murmurings or disputings, anything impure or dishonest. The meaning of this word "Saints"-which St. Paul, following the example of Daniel, used to denote the subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven, and which is used in the Apostles' Creed in the same sense, teaching us to believe in "the Communion of Saints"—this word has its proper force brought out for us more plainly in the Epistles to the Corinthians, and especially the first Epistle; there the Apostle addresses those to whom he writes as "sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints," and yet his very object in writing is to rebuke some among them in the sternest manner for very grievous sin.

From this we learn that we must look for some act of separation from the world, some outward mark, badge, or token whereby men are set apart for the sacred service of Christ, and in virtue of which the title of saints is theirs; and then, afterwards, it remains their duty so to live that they shall not disgrace the title nor forfeit the blessings promised to those who are faithful

subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Now the Evangelists tell us that when Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues and preaching "the Gospel of the Kingdom," the outward token made use of as a sign that men accepted His teaching and were willing to be subjects of the Kingdom was baptism with water. We do not know whether Jesus Himself ever baptised or no, at one period we are distinctly told that He did not do so, but at all events His disciples baptised even greater numbers than John, who had employed the same sign when heralding the Kingdom. And Jesus, when about to be taken away out of sight for a while of His sorrowing subjects, their King left this commandment, that they should go forth and make disciples of all nations-win more subjects for His Kingdom in all lands-baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them in their

turn to observe all things which He had commanded, and therefore to observe this custom of baptising with water every fresh disciple as a sign of admission to be a subject of His Kingdom.

The lesson of the facts thus briefly stated is

two-fold.

First of all, to those persons who may read these words being yet unbaptised, I would sayand counsel Sunday-school teachers and district visitors to say when they find such-Be persuaded by the love which Jesus has shown for men to cast in your lot with Him, to press in to the Kingdom of Heaven. Take that pledge, which is like the sacramentum, the oath which the Roman soldier took to be faithful to his leader; undergo that slight, that simple test of sincerity which He whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light saw fit to impose on all who desire to

be reckoned as His subjects.

Do not delude yourselves with the notion that it is a piece of superstition, that there is really nothing in it, that it is absurd to suppose that such a trifle can matter much, whether done or left undone. It is ordered by Jesus. It makes all the difference as to whether you are a subject of the Kingdom of Heaven or not! If you are not, what right have you to take to yourselves the promises of Christ? They are made to His disciples, to them that love Him, to them that keep His commandments. "Oh!" you think, "because it is so little, it is of small importance." Surely it will only bring you into severer condemnation because you disregarded that which you might so easily have done. The hopes of the Gospel are held out to Christ's disciples, and "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?" Death will never make you a subject of the Kingdom of Heaven if during life you refuse to become one. The ignorant will find ample pardon; they shall be beaten with few stripes, for they knew not their Lord's will. What shall be done unto them to whom Christ crucified was fully preached, who have heard the Gospel of the Kingdom and have refused to hearken, who have trodden under foot the Son of God, and have scorned to own Him as their King? I dare give you no answer of my own, but it may be you will heed the proclamation of the King Himself, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in His own glory, and the glory of the Father and of the holy angels." indeed to be disowned by Jesus!

In the second place there is a lesson for us who have been baptised. Our case is this; the outward mark which since the preaching of Jesus, and by His express command, has always been required, and which accordingly the Church insists on, of saintship, of heavenly citizenship, of being a subject of the Kingdom of Heaven, is baptism with water, and with that appointed sign

we have been solemnly enrolled.

But just as it was possible in ancient times for a Roman citizen to disgrace his citizenship, to forfeit his privileges, and to be degraded because of cowardice on the field of battle or other base behaviour; just as in the pages of history some hateful names stand out blackly as traitors to their country, so may we-like those Corinthians to whom St. Paul wrote-for all our name of saints, be guilty of wilful, unrepented sin; even so may we forget our duties as subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven, and disgrace in a very lamentable way our heavenly citizenship; even so may we by our folly and wickedness forfeit those rich blessings which will otherwise unfailingly be ours when "the Kingdom and dominion and the greatness of the Kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the most High, whose Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him." Think not that your cry "Lord! Lord!" will hereafter find favour in the ears of your King, if now you do not the things which He saith; "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?"

Keep in mind the telling words of the good old exhortation to newly-baptised persons, bidding them walk answerably to their Christian calling, and as becometh the children of light, continually mortifying all their evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness

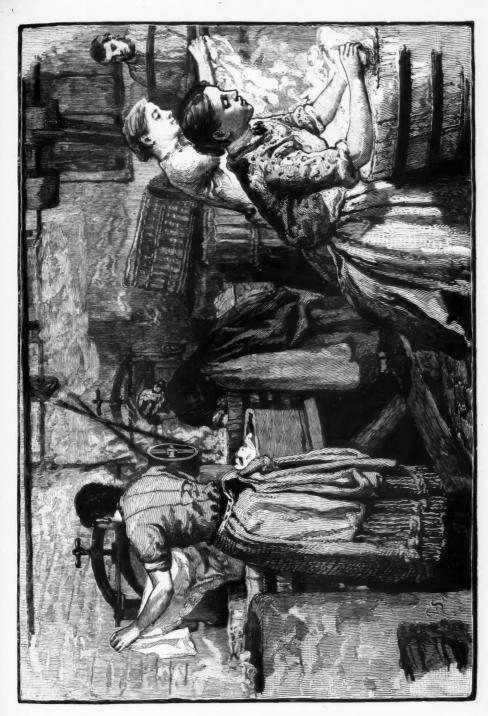
This may we do, by God's grace; may we yield ourselves servants to Jesus Christ to obey Him, and thus constantly acknowledge Him to be our King.

IN THE SLUMS OF KENSAL GREEN.

(WEST-END POVERTY.)

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

THE homes of the poor would properly form the reverse of a medal struck in honour of our national wealth, and the reflection that these are one of the developments of civilisation may well remind us that increased luxury entails increased misery, and that side by side with our boasted modern progress grows greater vice and crime. Many of the public and pri-



vate efforts, which have from time to time been made to improve the wretched abodes in which the labouring classes have to live, have been frustrated by the fact that the poorest description of house property is more lucrative than any other. So high, indeed, is the compensation to which the owners are entitled when a block, not absolutely condemned as unfit for human habitation, is compulsorily destroyed, that it cripples the resources of even the Metropolitan Board of Works in the great and good work of abolishing London "rookeries," It matters not to their possessors that these dwellings are the home of misery and vice, while the sanitary condition of many of them is notoriously as bad as is legally possible, so long as the weekly sums extracted out of the pockets of the poor form a good return for the money invested. The existing requirements of the law with regard to the possession of house property are, indeed, very insufficient to insure the very poor having abodes which satisfy the necessary conditions of health, and it certainly ought to be absolutely illegal to let many of the wretched "fever-dens," which are so readily to be found in nearly every part of the metropolis-in the West as well as in East

The neighbourhood of Kensal Green is, perhaps, better provided with decent habitations than many. Occupying the outskirts of the thicklypopulated districts of North Kensington and Paddington, and stretching out towards the rapidly-growing suburb of Willesden, it has hitherto had the great advantage of possessing a larger amount of breathing space in proportion to its population than most metropolitan parishes. Only a few years ago Kensal Green was a fashionable suburb, and, here and there, can be seen in the midst of this growing wilderness of bricks and mortar, an older and more substantial house, obviously intended for occupation by a class superior to its present inmates. Much of the advantage which the poor might thus have gained over those who inhabit neighbourhoods originally built for them, has been done away with by the necessity for making the most of every available foot of room. Except in those houses which are inhabited by laundresses in a good way of business, who require a large amount of accommodation for the purposes of their calling, there are very few dwellings in the Kensal Green district that are not let out to several families of lodgers. It is only when we are brought face to face with the realities of life in the poorer class of lodging houses that we realise how densely populated the metropolis, and, indeed, nearly every large town, really is. With rents so high that even the most careful and industrious artisan finds it hard to maintain a house of his own, it is hardly to be wondered at that a labouring man should have to put up with the accommodation

of one, or, at most, two small rooms for himself and his family. The comparative cheapness of land near Kensal Green led to its being chosen as a suitable site for workmen's cottages, and for some years these answered their original purpose. and large numbers of working men migrated to the district. The curious can here readily find for themselves some dwellings of this kind, homely enough, but with a little plot of ground in front, and a tiny yard in the rear, indicating that they were built at a time when land was not measured by the square foot, or rather, square inch, as is now too plainly the case. The exodus of the wealthier inhabitants to more fashionable or rural neighbourhoods, which now became general, was soon followed by an immense increase in the poorer population, and a corresponding rise in the value of land and in rent. The necessary result was the erection of dwellings of a very different character, constructed so as to contain the greatest number of people in the smallest possible space.

The influence of modern ideas, however, eventually led to the building of an immense number of houses, adapted for the requirements of the poor; and land, which was only very recently green fields, is now covered with streets of tiny red-brick dwellings, which might at first sight seem to be admirably suited for their purpose. The all-pervading influence of an increasing demand has, however, already made itself felt, and while these modern abodes were primarily intended to become the property of industrious occupiers, so greatly has their value increased, that they are now far beyond the reach of all but the comparatively well-to-do. The rent of a very small cottage in which one family might possibly live healthily, under thrifty and cleanly management, is seven shillings a week, and the natural result is that half is in most cases let off to another family.

The inhabitants of the Kensal Green district cannot be placed in a class. Some of the larger cottages are inhabited by mechanics, who cannot properly be called "poor," although, when work is scarce, many of them suffer great privations, Of the labourers who live in the smaller houses, or in lodgings, some go great distances to their work, while the greater part of the remainder are employed in "the factory," as the works of the Gas Light and Coke Company are locally termed. The immense building, with its huge retorts, is in itself a noteworthy feature of the district, and is interesting as indicating the enormous consumption of gas in the districts supplied from it. Since these are only a small proportion of the metropolis, we can, at the same time, roughly guess at the amount of gas required to light London, and the number of hands engaged in its manufacture.

Kensal Green has long been one of the great centres of laundry-work. Some of the women

have a large amount of mechanical appliances in use to save time and labour, and of these, some of course threw out of employment a number of helpers who did the work now performed by them. In many cases, however, a great amount of heavy manual labour is required to work the large mangles and presses, and sometimes even the husband's services are required. might be imagined that these people are fairly prosperous, but so great a hold has the terrible vice of drunkenness upon many of them that their money is no sooner earned than spent, and, when laundry-work is scarce, as is the case in the autumn months, much real destitution is to be found among them, especially among the smaller washerwomen. Among other evils, which peculiarly belong to this occupation, is the tendency which standing so much in damp wash-houses, or hot ironing-rooms, has to develop varicose veins. The nurses provided by the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission, whose duty it is to minister to the body as well as the soul, are, indeed, very fully occupied in attending to poor women afflicted in this way. They are very successful in healing these painful sores, which, under bad treatment, are well-nigh incurable, especially when the women drink. As an instance of the arduous character of the labour by which these women earn their bread, a case reported by one of the Bible-women of the same institution is a very significant one. A very cleanly laundrywoman, about sixty years of age, had from her youth worked so hard to keep herself and her mother, that, according to the doctor's report, "her right arm and shoulder were almost worn

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When one contemplates such toil as this, and the temptations to which these poor women are exposed, it is impossible to avoid being struck by the immense power for good these simple and earnest teachers so unobtrusively exercise. It is only a system of house-to-house visitation, such as this, which can possibly reach many of these people. It is, too, sympathy and a capability of appreciating the real trials of their life-a quality, it is to be feared, too often missing in benevolent ladies—that they need, and this they find in the Christian friend who is herself a hard-working woman like themselves, and is herself one of the people. The Bible-woman lives near her district, which is not too large for her to work efficiently. Thus, Kensal Green is divided into two districts. Her first duty consists in circulating the Scriptures, which she does not give, for then they would be little valued, but sells, taking the purchase money by instalments; and her next, to endeavour to improve the temporal condition of those among whom she visits, by teaching them to help themselves. Besides this agency for good, the clergymen of the district are indefatigable in their labours amongst their very poor parishioners,

but find the spiritual needs increasing so rapidly as to far exceed their powers and resources.

The question of a further sub-division of districts, and the appointment of a new cure of souls, here is, indeed, a most momentous one. The very semblance of country is rapidly disappearing. On the flat lands, here intersected by numerous railways-the huge arteries by which London is continually fed by a number of immigrants from the country, so that although its death rate exceeds its birth rate, its population is continually increasing-have arisen, as if by magic, blocks of cottages to be as rapidly filled by swarms of inmates. In this way a new town has sprung up, for which there is little or no spiritual provision, the now crowded area of the old village being more than sufficient to absorb the energies of the existing agencies. The surroundings of Kensal Green are not picturesque, the Grand Junction Canal here winds itself sluggishly along, a living record of a bygone age, and on it, the bargemen can be seen polling their heavy craft, or lazily steering as a weary horse draws them In the distance lies that most slowly by. dismal of all metropolitan recreation grounds-Wormwood Scrubs. It seems, indeed, greatly to be regretted that, while so much public money is expended in beautifying Hyde Park, and other resorts of the rich, beyond the maintenance of order, nothing should be done to remind the weary toilers round this dreary waste of some of the beauties of Nature. The Scrubs have now passed into the possession, and are under the management, of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and when we remember the marvellous results which have been achieved in Battersea Park, which was but a short time ago merely a series of swamps, we cannot but wish that landscape gardening were tried here, too; the roughest, most uncouth, and uncivilised part of the population being peculiarly susceptible to the humanising influence of flowers.

The fine old cemetery is now too often the scene of merry-making, the lowest class of Londoners often frequenting it in large numbers, and if the Scrubs were rendered more attractive, this scandal might be removed. This holy ground should be sacredly guarded. Many of those, who will never again hear the roar of this mighty city, here sleep their last sleep, and as we contemplate the mighty mass of human beings toiling and sorrowing hard by this "city of the dead," we are forcibly reminded that "in the midst of life we are in death," Yet, as we gaze upon these thickly-planted graves, and remember the poverty and pain which exist so near them, we can still be of good hope, for, although but dimly, we can still see "the light beyond," and remember the blessed promise "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

A CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

NCE on a time—I well remember,
Long and long ago,
'T was in dreary dark December,
And the drifting snow
All along the street was piled,
And the north wind, piping wild
Through the trees, swept keen and cold
Cross the white and trackless wold.

All without was bleak and lonely, In the moonless sky Lady Margaret, robed in sable, Sat beside the squire. Round the board, with viands laden, Stalwart youth and blooming maiden Sat; while whispers sweet and low Passed beneath the mistletoe.

Time in song and tale went stealing Onward hour by hour, Till at last twelve sounds came pealing From the minster tower.



Fitfully a star shone only As the secud went by, Then the leaden clouds once more, Charged with snow, began to pour All their fleecy burthens down Thickly o'er the little town.

All within was bright and cheery In the Manor Hall. Vainly snow and north wind dreary Smote on roof and wall: Vain the howling tempest came To shake each door and window frame, On the hearth the logs burned bright With a roaring, gleeful light.

Serving-men had drawn the table Nigh that pleasant fire. Reverently we rose to hear The glorious tidings of good cheer— The chimes that rang us in the morn On which the Saviour Christ was born

The clanging melody swelled o'er us, From those bells on high, Like a grand angelic chorus Chanted in the sky. When the chimes had ceased to ring. The youths and maidens grouped to sing This quaint carol solemnly, To hail the Lord's nativity—

"Noèl, Noèl! Noèl, Noèl!"
Let chant of hymn and chime of bell
To all the world the glad news tell,
Jesus Christ is born to-day.

Glory be to God on high On this holy morn, Peace on earth, and charity, Christ to-day is born.

All heaven's host in wonder own Christ their Lord that leaves His throne, White-robed angels, golden crowned, Strike their harps with joyful sound, Chanting as they move along Earthward, their adoring song,' "Nobis natus, nobis datus Jesu. Deus sit laudatus." Gloria in Excelsis! From its silver-claspèd cover
The time-honoured Book,
In whose pages all the squires
Of Hazlecroft, from sires to sires,
Had learned to find their hope and faith,
Their guide in life, their stay in death;

And he read the wondrous story From the Gospel of St. Luke, How that day the Lord of Glory His throne in heaven forsook. In a lowly manger laid, Heavenly Babe of earthly maid,



"Noèl, Noèl! Noèl, Noèl!" Let chant of hymn and chime of bell To all the world the glad news tell, Jesus Christ is born to-day. Rejoice, O heaven! O earth, give praise On this holy morn; Let every tongue glad anthems raise; Christ to-day is born. Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth, Deigns to take a human birth, Holy Child of lowly maid, In a humble manger laid. God in man! The Eternal Word Dwells in flesh, incarnate Lord! "Nobis datus, nobis natus Jesu. Deus sit laudatus." Gloria in Excelsis!

When the carol hymn was over, The old vicar took Found by shepherds, and adored,
The Saviour which was Christ the Lord,
Next, in accents grave and serious,
From the Gospel of St. John,
He read those verses most mysterious,
Of God, the Father's Son—
In the beginning how the Word
Was with God and was the Lord;
Of men the life, of men the light,
The Day-star shining in the night.

With thankful hearts, on knees low-bended,
We offered prayer and praise.
Standing then, when these were endea,
We saw the vicar raise
Gently, lovingly, and slowly
His hands in benediction holy—
Thus blest and blessing, hailed we all
That Christmas morn in the Old Hall.
JOHN FRANCIS WALLER,

THE POCKET-BOOK.



THERE'S that omnibus gone again! Another ten minutes to wait for the next, which means late at the office again."

"Now, just look at old Mr. Stone going to business; he is walking, and seems to enjoy it, too; why, he has quite the swing of a young man. I wonder

how you will look when you get as old as he is."
"Perhaps Miss Pert, when I am his age I shall

"Perhaps, Miss Pert, when I am his age I shall have my carriage, or a fine beast to ride on."

"Then if you do, I am sure you won't deserve it, for you are really a very lazy boy, and if you go on growing as fat as you are now for your age, you'll want something stronger than a horse to carry you."

"Well! of all the saucy girls, you are the sauciest. There, there's another 'bus. Be a good girl, and mind your own business."

"Do you think," said his sister laughingly, "that you can exert yourself to catch that 'bus, then sit till you reach the station, then sit in the train till you reach the office, then sit all day on your stool at your desk, then sit in the train coming back, sit again on the omnibus to this door, and then loll till bed-time on a couch or easy-chair? Good-bye; you'll lose your seat if you don't look sharp, again."

The reader is here introduced to a brother and sister whose only parent (a widow in comfortable circumstances), after giving her two children a fair education, thought she had done her duty, and took little or no trouble to form their character or correct their faults. The young hopeful of whom we have just had a glimpse was sixteen years of age; his sister, who was nearly two years older, was a very sensible girl. She had often spoken to her mother of her brother's growing love of ease, but could not bring her to see that he was worse in this respect than other youths of his age.

"How late you are!" said the senior clerk when Phil arrived at the office, "I should think you keep all the clocks slow in your part of the world!"

"No, the clocks were all right, but the bus went by just before I was ready to start."

"You don't mean to say you ride from your door to the station? Why, I walk double the distance."

"I'm not so fond of it. My sister is always preaching 'exercise' to me, but while I can afford it, I mean to ride."

"I should think you have a very sensible sister. Is she older than you?"

"Only about two years, but she takes upon herself to lecture me much more than my mother."

"No doubt she notices, as I do, that you are

growing very stout for your years; and since you walk so little, it cannot be wondered at."

"I don't believe walking would make a bit of difference; it is my nature; father was a very stout man."

"Come home, and dine with me this evening; then we can take a nice walk to your house, and you may, if you feel disposed, introduce me to your mother and sister."

"What, walk from Surbiton to Richmond?"

"Of course, I think nothing of walking double that distance; and shall certainly return the same way."

After much persuasion, Phil was induced to comply with his friend's proposition; but declared, as he threw himself on a couch at home after the walk, that he was so exhausted that they must not expect him to turn up very early at the office next morning.

"Why, what has happened, Phil? You tired with walking! Is it a fact? Wonders will never cease."

Just then she observed the stranger in the room, and having learned how the walk had come about, she heartily thanked Mr. Fielding for taking so much trouble with her lazy brother.

Time passed on with but little change till the two years of Phil's junior work at the office had expired. He was then informed by his principals that he must take a more important position, which would necessitate his being earlier at his post, to attend to the correspondence. He was greatly puzzled to know what this could mean, as his friend Dick Fielding did just this work. However, he promised to do all that was required of him, and on returning to his seat he found his friend there busy with the morning letters, as usual.

"What's this new move about, Dick? I'm told

to do your work. What 's up?"

"Why, Phil, it is just this: our senior partner is retiring, and as I have been in the office some years, it is arranged that I am to be taken in as junior partner. I knew nothing of it till this morning. The question arose as to who should take my place. I named you, and hope that you will do me the justice of trying to acquit yourself to the utmost of your power; you have plenty of ability, but you require more push and energy. I would have you remember that this is a splendid chance for a youth of eighteen, so mind you do your best to justify my recommendation. I feel sure you can do the work if you will only give your mind to it, and I shall always be ready to assist you in any difficulty."

"Thank you—sir, I suppose I must now say to my superior. Well, old fellow, I congratulate you on your good luck; perhaps some day I shall be taken in; then it will be Fielding and Robertson—not a

bad-sounding name for a firm."

For a time all went smoothly. Maggie was de-

lighted with her brother's advancement, and was indefatigable in getting him up in time. As is not unfrequently the case, when the novelty wore off the old habits returned. The books became confused. This led to mistakes in the accounts, and correspondents complained. Consequently, though Mr. Fielding interceded on his behalf, the senior partner insisted on his dismissal.

For a time Phil was scarcely able to realise the fact of his disgrace. He seemed disposed to amuse himself by loitering about at home.

Months rolled on, and still he remained at home, undecided, growing more and more corpulent, and, worse to say, dyspeptic. One day, when returning from the bank with his mother's dividends, he became giddy, and hailed a cab to take him to the station. The cabman, thinking that he was intoxicated, instead of taking him up, led him down a court to an old woman's door, asking her to look after the young man till he came to himself. She laid him on her bed, and proceeded to loosen his neck-tic, when she was startled by a noise from under the bed. Her only son had crept in unnoticed while she was talking to the cabman.

"What, you here again, Jem? I wonder you dare show your face to your poor old mother. Did you escape, or have you another ticket-of-leave?"

"No matter, old woman; you see, I'm always in time for a job. Who have you got here?"

"Leave him alone, you wretched boy! He is under my care; don't you see how ill he looks?"

"Sure enough, he do look bad. Why don't you get a doctor to him? He'll die; then you'll get in a row."

"Can I trust you to go and fetch one?"

"You go; I dusn't show face. I'm sure to meet a perliceman."

The poor woman, with some misgivings, left the house for a few minutes. In the meantime her son lost no time in possessing himself of the entire contents of the young man's pockets.

The poor woman was unable to find a doctor, and it was some time after her return before Phil showed any sign of improvement. At length he shivered, opened his eyes, and exclaimed, "Where am I?"

She told him all she knew of the matter, and he begged her to call a cab to take him to the station. By a singular chance the same man was back on the rank, and now undertook the fare. Phil was about to reward the kind woman for her timely help when, to his dismay, he found his purse was gone. He then clutched convulsively at his coat pocket with his other hand, only to discover that his pocket-book, too, containing his mother's half-yearly income, had also been stolen. He was beside himself with despair, accused the poor woman of robbing him, and threatened, if she did not at once give him up the stolen property, he would have her locked up. She protested her innocence, but knew only too well what must have happened. By Phil's order the cabman brought a policeman, who searched every nook and

corner of her room without finding anything. The poor woman was next taken to the police station and searched, but with no more satisfactory result.

Phil now felt that he was in a great dilemma. He had no money to take him home, and he did not know what his mother might think about the loss of the money. At one moment he feared she might think him dishonest. This almost maddened him. At last he thought of Maggie, who knew his character much better than any one else, and resolved to write to her. This resolve was no sooner formed than abandoned again, and he decided upon taking the very worst step, and that most likely to raise suspicion against him—viz., to wander anywhere rather than return home without the money. He sold a pencil-case which had escaped the plunderer's notice, and with the proceeds secured a night's lodging and a breakfast.

Meanwhile, his absence from home caused the greatest consternation: both mother and sister thought he was ill, or had met with an accident, Maggie went early the next morning to a policestation, giving his description, and the full account of his supposed movements. Large bills were placarded outside all the London police-stations, giving particulars as to his dress, etc., and offering a reward for information respecting his movements; and one of these attracted his attention as he was on his way to the docks, to try and secure a sailor's berth. He read it over carefully, and felt almost inclined to return home, and tell his mother all. Then he remembered his late career: the dismissal, and the idle life he had led subsequently, and shuddered to think how this last act seemed the inevitable next step to which such a life must lead. His only lodging that night was in an old barge, half-laden with coals, which was lying in the dry dock, where he had to wait till the next day to see the captain of a ship about to sail for Calcutta.

The next morning, as Phil was being interrogated as to his qualifications by the captain, a sailor came to the cabin door to say that a gentleman was waiting to see the captain.

"Ask him to walk in," said the captain.

To Phil's utter astonishment, his friend Mr. Fielding walked in, and addressed the captain as his uncle.

Turning round, he saw Phil, and told him what confusion he had caused by staying away from home, and how they all thought he had been murdered, as well as robbed.

"I came here," said Phil in reply, "to try to get an engagement. I am tired of being idle. Don't stop me going to sea; it is the only thing left for me to do."

"What nonsense you talk, old fellow! If you really mean work, you shall have it to do. But tell me first how your pocket-book, with your mother's money, got into the hands of that young thief."

"Is it found? It was lost, I don't know how, and I was too much of a coward to face the consequences."

He then told his friend all he knew of the matter.



"Maggie well remembered the day."

"Well," said Mr. Fielding, "I will tell you how we found your pocket-book. A boy who had made his escape from a prison tried to change a bank-note. He was suspected, and searched, when your pocket-book, and we thought also your purse, were found upon him. Your mother was at once communicated with, and the boy is in charge for robbing you, and suspected of a worse crime. So the best thing you can do is to come with me to clear up all the mystery."

Phil felt bound now to return to relieve his friends' anxieties, and to let the authorities know that the accused boy was guilty only of the robbery.

Great was Phil's grief, upon arriving home, to find that his mother was too ill to see him. But Maggie was too full of joy at her brother's return to upbraid him for the anxiety he had caused them.

Soon afterwards an extra clerk was to be taken into Messrs, Jones and Fielding's office. Phil was selected, and all agreed that his conduct now was without reproach, and that his duties were all faithfully performed.

One morning, a few months afterwards, Phil, Mr. Fielding, and Maggie, as was now their daily custom, went for a row up the river.

"Miss Robertson, I want to have a long chat with you. Do you remember that lovely day last summer when we sailed up the river, and you and I exchanged so many ideas, and found how much we thought alike?"

Maggie well remembered the day, and had often in solitude recalled parts of that very agreeable conversation, but now she felt almost afraid to acknowledge that she did.

"I say, you two in the stern, is this what you call coming for a row, leaving me to do all the work?" cried out Phil.

At last their time was up, and the two gentlemen, having accompanied Maggie to her door, took train for the city.

During the journey up to town the two might have been seen in very earnest conversation. Need we say the subject was Maggie? The result of all this was a formal proposal, which the postman brought next morning, and which, after consulting her mother, Maggie accepted.

After a six months' courtship they were married.

They are getting quite old married people now, and both advise Phil to follow their example as soon as he prudently can.

M. N.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

JANUARY.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation,"-2 Corinthians vi. 2.

UST like an old friend whom we miss From his accustomed place, Another year has passed away, And we—we miss his face.

'T is true he was not always bright— At times he made us sad; But then, by God's most loving will, More often we were glad.

And, now the year has passed away, We think—but all in vain— How many good things we would do Had we the time again.

We all have wasted precious hours We might have spent for God; We know we have not sought to tread Where Christ our Master trod;

And, looking back through days and months, If we to self be true,

We can but see that we have done The things we should not do.

What wonder then we grieve awhile Now the old year is dead! What wonder that we all lament The time so quickly sped!

And yet we should not weep or sigh:
The past is past for aye!
But the new year is ours to use
In better holier way.

O let us then delay no more, But use God's gift aright, Not trusting in our feeble strength, But in the Father's might!

And then, it may be, when this year
In turn his course hath run,
The still small voice at last may some
"Well done, brave heart, well done!"
GEORGE WEATHERLY.

GLAD HOURS.

I.-THE HOLY PLACE.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.



E Psalmist says, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," The Hebrews loved their sanctuary, and their service. and I think there is evidence that their children did. Let us look back, let us think, could we always say, I was glad? Not did we always feel it to be right, to be our

obligation, or our duty; but were we glad? Now matters are never well with us unless all our relationships of duty are pleasant. As Mr. Ruskin truly says, "God never sent us into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our heart." Much of indifference to religious service is not to be

put down to bad hearts! The sanctuary is sometimes dull. The service of song is lugubrious, rather than cheerful; the sermons are touched with sameness or monotony; and apart from their undue length, they may be void of humanity, or pompous, or unnatural, or destitute of intellectual suggestiveness, or void of spiritual tenderness and strength. Religious service requires inspiration as well as culture, sympathy as well as energy, and, above all, the baptism from on high Much must depend on the preparation of heart in the people as well, and that devout state of mind to which St. Paul refers when he says, "Brethren, pray for us." Now, amongst many signs of the times, there is certainly one, which not to see is blindness, and not to attend to is spiritual inertness. I mean this—that the interest of our younger people in the service itself is not always what it might be. Let me therefore speak a few words on delight in the exercises of the sanctuary. Welcome makes us glad. We feel this in our own homes—we like to be received with gladness, to meet the cheery voice, the bright smile, the cordial embrace. When a child comes home, the door is soon opened, and there is

embrace and joy. Our first thought ought to be, God will welcome me there! It is my Father's house. Consequently gloom ought to be banished from the sanctuary. No scenes of nature, no smile of home ought to be more refreshing to us than the house of God. For here the highest aspects of truth are revealed, here the silence only makes more audible the exquisite voices of truth. Here the subtle meaning of life ought to be made more clearly known. Here we joy in God, by Whom we have received the atonement. Religion is more than the forgiveness of sins. It is divine delight; it is rejoicing in God's word and works. It is thankfulness to the great Father, for all He is, and all that His dear Son

has done, and all He continues to do.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow." Was that a waste sermon of Christ's? Do we not need that? Are there not beautiful lessons about God's care and providence in all the sweet scenes of summer? God is here as your Father and Saviour to welcome you, to cheer you, to do you good. Why do you love the quiet rural church in summer holidays? I will tell you. Partly because it is often surrounded with woods, and carpeted around with greensward, and peeps out of ivy, and looks restful, and quiet, and beautiful. Is this blameable? God knows that it is not. On the other hand, I have seen churches that deaden all welcome-dim, gloomy, melancholy, oppressive, where all speaks of a merely majestic God, a God who will not welcome little children in the simplicity of their faith, or receive us to the dear communion, unless we are more perfect than we are—a sort of exclusive haughty God! Welcome, too, there should be for men and women of variety of thought and taste, and spiritual culture! A God who is inhuman and undivine is impossible to our thought. ligious worship ought to be comprehensive and uniting, not separating; and this danger is not peculiar to one church. Our religious aspirations are not to be chilled and frozen by the supposition that we must say Shibboleth, before we join the common song, or raise the wine-cup of heavenly remembrance to our lips. We want welcome. Welcome all by sin oppressed! Welcome all struggling into the light! Welcome, and it is our Saviour that says it and feels it. This is My house, My table, My sheltering pavilion. While we are criticising, or excluding each other, God is saying, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled." So God is here. Are we glad to come? Glad to come very near to Him? Glad to rest in His love? Glad to praise His name?

Heavenly vision makes us glad.

We come to the sanctuary to enjoy a quickened spiritual consciousness. United worship acts energetically upon the entire spiritual nature. Just as nature's beauties are seen with exhilarated feeling and sharpened perception, when we are together, and call one another to the glorious prospect of sea and mountain—so is it in religion. All our religious experiences are quickened and heightened in the sanctuary. Beautiful as are the scenes of earth, it is a weary world, a sad world, a suffering world, and a burden-bearing world. We need to gaze upon the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

I was asked the other day if children ever delight in the thought of heaven? and I said. Most assuredly they do. Do not think that your experiences are alien to theirs. Their sorrows and difficulties are quite as heavy as Besides, they their little hearts can bear. have sisters in heaven, and brothers there, and mothers there. I like them to think, when they come to the sanctuary, that they too will look within the golden gates and see the glorified faces of the blessed dead. For the very sanctuary into which they come is a type of heaven. Its sweet communion, its sacred hymns, its intense emotions, its entire services, are promises of the joy that is to come, when the great multitude shall be all united, and we shall praise the Saviour for ever, day and night, in His heavenly temple. We get vision herethat is, vision is quickened, consciousness an-

> "There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal dwell."

swers to consciousness while we sing-

Fellowship makes us glad. "Thither the tribes go up." Yes, different families and different tribes. It ought to touch us that others are praying for us, rejoicing with us. We are one family in Him. This is not mere figure—it is fact. Beneath all differences of garb, and taste, and culture, we are one in Christ. The enthusiasm of a common object calls us together, warfare against all forms of evil gives us a common insujertion.

The tribes "went up." It must have been a beautiful spectacle, that family gathering, when Jerusalem was crowded, and they dwelt in white tents beneath that clear Eastern sky. We cannot enter into one another's deepest feelings. No! But we can have common consciousness of life and grief, and battle and pain. There are lives harder to live than we wot of. There are open wounds underneath many a soldier's breast-plate; there are yearnings for sympathy and spiritual help. You say it is really too ideal to suppose that anything like real union can belong to Christ's Church. I cannot think so. I am sure that the joy of this to a large extent was the strength of the early Church. When we bow our hearts before God's throne, let us remember that there is somebody whose sorrow is heavier than ours, whose grave is fuller, whose hopes are weaker, whose disappointments are greater. Fellowship is a beautiful thing. We soon know if our brother is keeping away from us, or is distant to us, or does not care much. Even the strong nature of Paul was depressed when only Mark was with him, and even he was refreshed by Onesiphorus and comforted by the coming of Titus. And how glowingly he speaks of the fellowship of the saints, and of the household of God, and at last he says, "I am ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness; and not for me only, but for all those also who love His appearing."

Rest makes us glad. There is a pleasure in laying open the soul to divine and gracious influences, as the flower does to the sun, feel we are forgiven. The Redeemer Who once cleansed us from the guilt of iniquity, purges the defilement of sin away. You have one theory of the atonement, and you another, and you none at all. But you all rejoice in the fact that the Lamb was slain for you, that there is perfect remission and forgiveness. There is a glad rest, too, in the peace of God, which composes the flurried heart. We know how God satisfies the desire of the soul, as the hart is refreshed by the water-brooks; and then the fluttering heart is still, and the feverish heat passes away. Blessed satisfaction! "I will be their God." And so He communicates Himself unto us. And this is the use of any and every true Church, to bring God home to the soul. In the House of the Lord there ought to be more rest than elsewhere. Rest for the weary heart. Rest in hope. Here we ought to feel that all is well with us, that the great search is over! For we are not merely seeking for an answer to the question, "Whom say ye that I am?" But we are able to feel, "We are in Him that is true."

I am not premising that we do not know this gladness! We ought, of course, to cultivate reverence; for though God is our Father, our Father is God! We feel differently in some sanctuaries; our emotions of reverence are more awakened in some churches than others. Well! no fear is worth much that is sensuous; it must be reverence for truth as truth. No reverence is real that does not exercise conscience in daily duty, and give reverence, too, for common things. Moreover, reverence may soon merge into slavish dread, or, worse, into a despising of natural joys and experiences. The reverence that tends to superstition, and that loves crypts, is often an inhuman and undivine reverence. How beautiful at first is the reverence of a young girl whose mystic heart is swayed by the unseen world. She has seen the hollowness of society, the emptiness of flattery, the show and vanity of life. Let her take care that she forgets not that she was placed here to make the rough world kinder, the vulgar world more refined, the selfish world more sacrificial. "I pray not," said our Saviour, "that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

One might dwell long on the kind of reverence which sometimes takes the form of quenching life, and submitting to blind authority. What reverence can I feel as a scholar for a Church that rests its Papal pedigree on the forged decrees of Isidore, or the mediæval records? Once show me falsehood, and my reverence is gone. Is that reverence, which asks me to put out the beautiful eyes of the mind, that I may placidly accept a religion which eases me of all thought, and gives me the anodyne of helpless submission? Oh! but, you say, anything is better than perpetual seeking after truth. But is anything better than God's will, which is that we should follow on to know the Lord? Then truth, like a river, needs constant flow and freshening. Truth itself would stagnate like a pool if it were not for the free play of thought around it in every generation. This is the price of mental and moral manhood. This is the necessary accompaniment of the grandeur of our nature, that we should prove all things-that we should see if these things be so, or no-that we should keep alive mind and conscience by the activities of research. This is the reverence that religion gives us, not that of blind worshippers, but of the nobler way. "Come, and let us reason together," saith the Lord. It may be, that we are too ignoble to like the struggle for truth, or to bear the keen pain of doubt, or to follow on to know the Lord. It would be a fearful thing to have the scientific reverence that held on to the Ptolemaic theory of astronomy, and it is a poor reverence that makes us halt in the following of that faith which in its form varies, but which in its essence remains.

The word of the Lord endureth for ever. We reverence God's house, because there we hear God's truth, and not merely man's words. We listen with rapt attention, because in the Holy Book we hear the word of the living and true God. Prophecy makes us glad. Prophecy of what? Of "a House not made with hands "-a temple yet to come! There knowledge will be perfect and progressive too. There the soul will still have its inquiries as well as its activities. There we shall have the spiritual unity of eternal fellowship and immortal love. You say, Shall I ever be glad to enter that House? I believe so! "The Bride says, Come." That is, the redeemed and glorified ones who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb are so blessed that they too call you to the sacred rest. Let us go into the House of the Lord. Beautiful morning, that! Then we shall all meet in the temple together, and no more go out, where, with our friendships reunited, and voices re-heard, and hands re-taken, we shall be for ever with the Lord.

SHORT ARROWS.

TWO LIVES SAVED



TEN and often has it been proved that courage and heroism remain with man long after he has attained the allotted span of life; and somewhat of the same characteristic attaches itself to life-boats. THE QUIVER life-boat at Margate has done much true and good work in its generation, and its natural term of life is now well-nigh exhausted, but it still seems none the less eager to be launched whenever its services are needed. As will be re-

membered, the month of October last closed with some terrible storms at sea, and day after day, and night after night, the crew of THE QUIVER life-boat were anxiously awaiting a call to duty, until at length there came an opportunity for heroic effort. A barge which had been fighting against the gale all through the night of the 27th lay wrecked off Birchington, and to save themselves from the fury of the wind and waves the two men on board had lashed themselves to the masts. In this plight, half dead with cold, they were descried at early morn, and THE QUIVER life-boat bounded forth to the rescue; and not in vain, for in a short space of time the men were saved and restored to their homes and families, And what has this to do with the present readers of THE QUIVER? Only this: that the decision rests entirely in their hands whether a boat which has for years past thoroughly deserved the name of a life-boat, shall lie useless in its house, or whether such arrangements shall be made that it may ever be ready to go forth on its errand of mercy. Two more lives saved! Does not this fact alone constitute a new claim to extended effort? Surely every reader of THE QUIVER, without a single exception, will do his utmost to promote the success of "THE QUIVER Life-boat Fund," which aims at establishing at least one of the three QUIVER life-boats in perpetuity.

LITTLE GREENWICH DINNERS.

During the winter months a series of dinners for children is annually organised at Greenwich by some kind friends. To enable the committee to carry out their plans this year, Mr. Wybrow has been giving local entertainments, with amateur assistance also, so that the necessary funds for these children's entertainments might be obtained. For many years past the children of the poorer districts of Greenwich have been provided weekly with these most welcome meals, and hundreds have been comforted in this and other ways. It is very sad to reflect that this charitable dinner once a week is really the only substantial meal the poor children receive from one week's end to another. Although no request for assistance is made in so many words, we are convinced that help will be gladly welcomed. Not only are the children fed, but the committee are enabled, from inquiries they make of them, to discover the homes of those who need assistance in sickness or distress. Supplies of clothing can also be forwarded, and in many cases employment is found for the elder children. For next winter operations will soon commence, if they have not already begun by the time these lines are published. At the School-room, South Street, Greenwich, the head quarters of this movement are now permanently fixed, and any one interested will be warmly welcomed on Thursdays at noon by Mr. Wybrow and his committee, while any information will be supplied by Mr. F. Bambury, 75, Greenwich Road, The benefits which have hitherto been reaped are very considerable, and may be extended when the circumstances of the case are known.

OUR LONDON SAMARITANS.

The true principles of the well-known parable are daily being carried out by the London Samaritan Society,

whose offices are situated at 98, High Street, Homerton. E. The objects of the Society are to provide free meals, and supply coal and clothing to the really destitute poor in the metropolis, and no one will venture to say that the field is a limited one. During the past winter we find that more than one hundred and three thousand free meals were given to the poor, while hundreds of pairs of boots and old and cast-off garments were distributed. There is no distinction of creed or sect. The poverty of reliable applicants is the only qualification necessary, and it is sad to think that it is the only one possessed by so many thousands of our fellow creatures in this vast city-the wealthiest and the poorest in the world. There are so many deserving cases in which a little help will infuse new life into the despairing, that we trust our readers will pause ere they withdraw their helping hand, and consider the circumstances. Here we have a man out of work-seeking employment and unable to obtain it. He has a sick wife and five children, and hitherto they have only succeeded in keeping themselves alive by the sale of their furniture, and that is nearly gone. There are many even more distressing cases where the bread-winner of the family has been taken away, leaving helpless children with their widowed mother to work for them and herself. There are numbers of clergymen and missionaries, who give their valuable time to assist this Society and the Homerton Mission, and if each reader will forward a trifle to the secretary at the address given above, many a poor family will be speedily relieved. Ten pounds will pay for one thousand breakfasts, and such a small contribution as two pounds will enable some poor invalid to go and live at the Convalescent Home for three weeks. There must be many people who have articles of clothing they do not require. Let any such person send them to the London Samaritan Society at once.

THE CONVALESCENT HOME A. DOVER.

The Home referred to in the foregoing paragraph is situated in St. John's Road, Dover, and is open for the reception of respectable men, women, and children from all parts of the United Kingdom. Having had frequent applications on similar subjects, we may briefly mention the conditions under which admission is granted to the convalescents who seek to regain strength by the seaside. A medical certificate is required of every applicant, and then, the patient's case being approved, the name of the proposed inmate is entered in the books, and intimation of a vacancy is sent to the patient when a vacancy occurs. In cases recommended by subscribers a weekly payment of five shillings is required, and a similar sum for the railway journey to and fro. They can then remain at the Home three weeks, or longer if necessary, and no one be thereby excluded. There are certain exceptions as to People requiring the regular attendance of admission. a nurse, or those recovering from any infectious diseasewho suffer from fits, or with any offensive wounds, will not be admitted. The privileges of subscribers and donors vary with the amounts of their subscriptions. Thus there is an opening whereby the charitable may easily and profitably insure health to some poor and deserving one, and may also obtain free admission as well as free treatment in certain cases. Such an institution deserves consideration, and will no doubt obtain it when its claims are understood.

A CLAIM UPON THE WHOLE COMMUNITY.

The sailor has a claim upon the whole community. Not only when war necessitates his taking part in the conflict, but in times of peace we are dependent upon our sailors for necessaries and luxuries. Shall we, then, refuse him a helping hand in his old age, when the Royal Alfred Merchant Scamen's Institution appeals to us for this assistance?

Near Belvedere, in Kent, stands a Home capable of receiving about 120 aged seamen, and the Home cannot be filled, because funds are needed to maintain the inmates. A home or a pension may be obtained for many fine fellows who have passed their lives in the service, and while even our "hulks" and old ships are laid up and exhibited as proofs of England's prowess, our sailors who helped to man them, or their successors, are too often neglected by the country, after years spent in its service at sea. Many sailors get old before their time, and then what are they to do? Memory may fail, or eyesight become dim from exposure and watching, and then what is left for even the master-mariner? A venture ashore too often meets with failure, for your seaman is not perhaps a good business man, and is too good-natured to trade with profit. Then what remains? The workhouse or such a home as the Belvedere Institution, at which we may glance for a moment.

A PEEP AT THE INMATES.

At two bells-one o'clock-dinner is served, and it consists of fish, soup, mutton, or pork, with puddings, etc., according to the day of the week. After dinner, the aged mariners, or those who can read or write, may adjourn to the reading-room, or play cribbage and such games. They are all very old; some, indeed, have long passed the threescore and ten which, we are told, is the allotted number of our years. Some are blind, some deaf, some nearly helpless; and think what they would be-what misery they would be subjected to-had not such shelter for their old age been provided. Careful supervision and kindness do much for these aged seamen-cast up by the waves of trouble upon the shore of our pity; and shall we turn away without a word for them-without extending a helping hand? The general arrangements of the Home are on a par with the high aim of the promoters. The little cabins, as the sleeping-rooms may be designated, are beautifully neat, and embellished with some cherished object-a photograph, or some such thing, or an ornament carried from the ship or cottage whence the inmate last came. There is a touching appeal in the faces of the men, and no one will regret a visit paid to Belvedere, and an inspection of an institution which is so deserving of our support. These men have seen the wonders of the deep, and have been mercifully preserved in storm, and tempest, and wreck. Shall we not try to make happy their declining years, and accept the trust committed to us, and save the souls, while lightening the sorrows, of the aged and distressed merchant seamen?

"WHIFFS" AND "NIPS."

The efforts of the Gospel Temperance Mission are being successfully directed against the root of so much evildrinking; and yet until a medical journal lifted up its voice against the pernicious effects of intemperance in the use of cigarettes, no one inveighed against a habit which causes the glands to become desiccated and a thirst engendered. Scarcely less injurious than the far too common practice of taking "nips" of brandy or liquor between meals is the practice of cigarette smoking. Temperance in all things should be inculcated by those who sail under the temperance flag, and the evils engendered by excessive smoking are equally real with those from excessive drinking. Nicotine is as deadly-even more deadly-than alcohol, and though the immediate effects of the former poison are not so manifest, we believe the excessive, not the moderate indulgence in tobacco, is as injurious to many smokers as is drinking. The mouth and air passages are brought into direct contact with the smoke, and the consumption of nicotine is greater. This warning has been particularly addressed to the youths, and those who have not yet attained to man's estate. The habit of taking "nips" of raw spirits-which we are glad to believe is decreasing-is another most injurious one. The natural juices of the body are dried up by the alcohol, which has an extreme affinity for water; and when we reflect that in these wondrous frames of ours an enormous proportion

consists of water, we shall perceive at a glance how fatal such a habit must be. The health is seriously impaired, and disease has thus an open door, which may lead to dissolution, if we persist in an inordinate use of the things, which if not useful or necessary, are in a measure innocuous when not abused. It is searcely needful for us to point the moral of this. We have no more right to destroy our bodies by slow poisons than we have to take life by quicker means. There are many cases in which poisons are harmless, or even beneficial in small quantities, but while we should be rightly condemned for the administration of a heavy dose to take away life suddenly, we are equally guilty, if after a solemn warning we seek to do so by slow degrees.

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR THE POOR.

An earnest appeal has come to us from the Surgical Appliance Society, of which the Duke of Wellington is It has been organised for the relief of the crippled poor, of whom no less than three millions and a half exist in the United Kingdom. Ten per cent. of the inhabitants of the British Islands are crippled in one way or another, and therefore the importance of such societies is manifest. The difficulty of procuring the proper appliances is very great, and in many thousands of cases the sufferers would never find relief were it not for the Surgical Appliance Society and kindred institutions, by which instruments are gratuitously supplied to those at a distance, while a surgeon attends to give advice gratis every morning and evening, and even patients who are unable to attend can be visited at home. When we reflect that many a man well able to use his hands may, by the gift of a pair of crutches, go daily to work, and perhaps support his family by his exertions, or by the help of an artificial limb become a useful member of society, instead of pining at home in idleness, we shall at once perceive that the good done by such societies as this does not end with the mere supply of the article required. The producing power of the country is increased, poverty is avoided, and self-respect is inculcated. Such a gift as a pair of spectacles may make all the difference between despair and contentment, trivial as the gift may appear to many. There is really no end to the good which judicious distribution of such necessary appliances may effect, and the necessity for this and kindred institutions will be fully acknowledged when our readers have been made aware of their existence. The offices of the Society are at 28, Finsbury Circus, and some of the most influential citizens of London constitute the Board of Management, while the list of patrons includes many members of the royal family and of the aristocracy.

GOOD WORK IN NORMANDY.

The preaching, and we may add the hearing, of Gospel tidings is on the increase in France. Some time since grateful testimony was borne to the success of the missions there by a pastor near Rouen, who stated that the hearers were most attentive, and that the time had come when we ought to work with all our might in France. There are no political impediments. The local authorities in one place have granted the use of a theatre, and in another constructed a room on purpose for the preacher. The people throng to hear God's Word, and though it is possible some attend for mere curiosity, and perhaps some may even "come to scoff," yet they, with the majority, "remain to pray," for we have the pastor's assurance that "a current of truly remarkable sympathy" has been developed in connection with the services held. At Elbeuf a reading-room has been established, and in this room lectures will be given, as those already heard have been well and warmly received. A convert has been of great assistance, and the glad tidings of joy are penetrating daily into the villages, where Sunday-schools and such proofs of success are increasing. Those who are interested in the Evangelistic Mission will be glad to hear that their efforts in the cause are so appreciated and are producing such good fruit.

MRS. HILTON'S NEW HOME.

We have in former issues of THE QUIVER noticed the Crèche in Stepney, under the superintendence of Mrs. Hilton, and last September a new branch of this valued institution was opened at Feltham, quite close to the railway station, at a cottage called "The Limes." Here the children will find every accommodation, and be trained for their domestic duties as household servants. There are many families who will no doubt be glad to learn that well-trained girls can be obtained for service, as now-adays there seems a dearth of good domestics who will have the welfare of their employers at heart as well as their own. There are about a dozen children at the Feltham house, and they will be replaced, as their predecessors have been, by another detachment from Stepney, who are anxiously awaiting change of air and scene, Thus a great want has at length been supplied. The work is performed by the elder girls under a matron, and their worldly and spiritual training is carried on with marked The Limes may, we understand, be viewed by those interested in Mrs. Hilton's work, which is deserving of all assistance. Those who can realise the boon of a country house to ailing children in close London neighbourhoods, and the absolute necessity for fresh air to keep the poor little waifs alive, will understand the full value of the Feltham Home: and the thankfulness with which its opening has been acknowledged and dedicated to the service of the Master.

THE BOYS' HOME AT CLAPHAM.

In Clapham High Street is an institution which has more than once attracted our attention on our way homewards, and lately our notice has been directed to it with a most practical intention. Help is wanted, and if those at a distance will bestow a little time in considering the benefits this institution confers, and will procure the report, we think they will be inclined to assist: for the house is not merely of local use. During the twelve months preceding this date of writing, nearly one hundred boys have been taken care of, restored to friends, or put out to service or trade. Rescue work is diligently carried on, and the management is all that can be desired. The inmates are not permitted to be idle. They are almost selfsupporting, in fact, and the general appearance of the lads is good, and their conduct is reported as excellent. The means employed by the master and matron of the institution have been crowned with unquestionable success, and we have testimony to the useful manner in which the lads are employed out of doors by trades-people and others wanting assistance. The balance sheet of the report last issued shows a total of £372 earned by the elder boys, besides other sums in cases of the juniors. The work which is done cannot be permitted to lapse for the sake of a little outside employment, and we trust a friendly and unsolicited word may prove beneficial to what appears from all accounts to be a deserving charity, doing an excellent work without ostentation or undue pretension.

HOW A CHURCH WAS BUILT.

There is a very touching little story told of a young girl in Philadelphia who died at the early age of seven. She had been ill some time, and at length the physician told her she could not live much longer. When this truth was really understood, she was in nowise dismayed; her trustful heart had nothing to fear in the sentence of death. She requested that the clergyman of her parish might come to her, and when he arrived she gave him her little money box, and in it he found her savings, about sixteen shillings of our currency. "Please take this money," said the child, "and build a church for poor people with it-for poor people, mind, who sit in the back seats of our church, and do not pay anything for them. I want all the seats free.' The clergyman was much affected, and tenderly promised that with God's assistance the work should be done. The child was satisfied, and erelong her sweet spirit was at rest. When the little Christian had passed away, the minister one Sunday in his sermon put the little box with the child's savings upon the pulpit cushions, and told the plain unvarished tale we have related. Need we say how the whole congregation was moved to tears at the picture thus presented to them by their pastor? Men, women, and children responded—the wealthy merchant, the well-to-do tradesman, the gentlefolks and their wives and their little ones, all came forward, even the very poor contributed something according to their means. The result has been blessed. Two months or so ago the church thus initiated by a dying child, was finished and dedicated to the service of God.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

We have all in our day, let us hope, done something for our religion. With some the act may take the form of almsgiving or working in the parish, but few will do as much for the truth's sake as did a poor Chinaman, Low-Foo by name. We read not long ago he was converted by the missionaries at Canton, and when he was fully convinced of his error, and feeling that he ought to do something for the Saviour he trusted, he actually sold himself into slavery in order that he might go to Demerara and preach the Gospel amongst his countrymen there. We have it on the authority of St. Paul that very few persons would lay down their lives for their friends; but this was a very near approach to the great test mentioned by the Apostle. The result is most gratifying, and proves his determination, and the strength with which he was endowed. This Chinese slave has now a following of more than two hundred converts, all Chinese, whom he has won over to the Christian Church during his slavery. More than this, the converts are now supporting missionaries of their own, and thus from one tiny spring the "tide of blessing" has overflowed, and reached many who were dying without the Water of Life. If an uneducated Chinese can be so moved to do good, may not Christians born endeavour to emulate his self-denial, and do something for the truth's sake also?

"A RIBBAND OF BLUE."

Very appropriately to the foregoing paragraph comes an anecdote, well authenticated, from the Gospel Temperance Union Assembly. In the course of the meetings held during the autumn in and around London a remarkable incident occurred at Notting Hill. A gentleman present on the platform was invited to adopt the ribband of blue. He was a staunch supporter of the movement, but had not at that time made up his mind to join the Union. The gentleman indicated by the speaker expressed himself unwilling to take such an irrevocable pledge unless he could be satisfied that his doing so would do good, and that the example he set would reclaim one drunkard from his sinning. Scarcely had the implied promise been spoken, when at the outskirts of the audience rose a poor dishevelled individual, whose appearance betokened that he had been indulging not long before. But he was sober enough then. Advancing to the middle of the church wherein the meeting was held, he extended his arm, and cried out, "I'll sign if you will, sir." The feelings of the congregation were moved to the highest pitch when the clergyman advanced and affixed his name as member of the Temperance Union, followed immediately by the poor man, who we may believe is now in a fair way to recover his lost position in the world. The great force of example was here fully displayed, for the district teachers had vainly applied to the same man, and had been met by a refusal to take the pledge, which he had volunteered to sign when the example was plainly put before him.

SCOTTISH ORPHAN HOMES.

We read some time ago in a newspaper how a rich Glasgow merchant told his audience that when he was a lad he "stood bare-headed in the street, cold and hungry, wondering whether any of the passers-by would assist him," and then he resolved that if it should please Heaven to prosper him, he would do all in his power to assist poor

children when he had the means. In too many cases, such a resolution would have faded from the heart, when riches came to choke it; but in this instance the resolve has been faithfully kept. Mr. Quarrier has been the means of rescuing thousands of children during the comparatively few years he has been interesting himself in the Glasgow Homes. At least one thousand have been sent over to situations in Canada and other places, and nearly all have turned out well-the percentage of failures being almost nominal. The Scottish National Homes are the outcome of all this, and in the various institutions all comers are cared for and made happy in a "Home." The large sum of £80,000 has been subscribed for these establishments, and it is stated that no personal application for assistance has ever been made. The money has "come in" at different times in voluntary contributions as answers to earnest prayer. There are about four hundred children at present cared for in these Glasgow Homes, and yet the demand is for more accommodation. The efforts made to rescue the children have been crowned with the greatest success, and the reports from the colony to which the rescued ones have been specially consigned are of a most encouraging kind. These tremendous results are the outcome of one good will working with a thankful heart for mercies received.

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FOR DEACONESSES.

There is at Westgate-on-Sea a Convalescent Home in connection with the London Diocesan Deaconesses' Association, which, during the summer, has been very crowded. The fresh and bracing air of Westgate is found very beneficial to the patients, and it is now proposed to build a much larger and more convenient establishment, for which the sum of £4,000 is still required. This sum, though large, ought, says the Report, to be within reach of the promoters, when the immense benefit which might be secured for the sick is considered. The plans for the new house have been executed, and presented to the institution by Mr. Beazley, the architect of the Westgate Estate, and can be seen at the Deaconesses' Institution, Westbourne Park, W. In connection with this more pressing need, we may mention that candidates for the office of Deaconess are still needed, and there is plenty of room for more helpers, and the Seaside Home we have mentioned will be able to give employment to some. This Home, we should add, is intended for necessitous gentlewomen, and women of the middle and artisan classes and servants, but good character is an essential point. Children are also received on payment of 7s. a week, and annual subscribers and donors of one guinea or £5 or upwards have certain privileges of admission for patients. There are a few necessary rules which all inmates must observe, but every attention is paid to the patients, with whom the Home has always been very popular. The institution is at 12, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.

MISS WESTON'S WORK.

"Will you help us?" asks Miss Weston in the little report she sends forth, "We need donations, and especially annual subscriptions for our Gospel, Temperance, and General Work. We are £300 short this year." The past year has been one of heavy work and trial, but the motto, Onward and upward," still claims the ladies' efforts, and sailors are rested and lodged comfortably in the "Rests" which it has been a labour of love to supply. A new Sailors' Rest was opened at Landport last June, where there is a coffee, smoking, and reading-room for the accommodation of Sailors, and is also open to the public, but there is a recreation room for seamen besides. A lecture and entertainment hall has also been provided with some pianos, etc., for the use of the men. The "cabins" or sleeping rooms are very neat. There is also a recreation ground, and everything is calculated to make the days ashore as interesting and as profitable for the seamen as possible. In the Rest they can mix freely with soldiers and civilians who come in to share the benefits of the insti-

tution. Of course all these benefits cannot be given gratis, and the people of the locality should come forward and assist Miss Weston to the extent of their ability. There are other similar Rests in other places, all doing an excellent work, and the monthly letters sent out through the navy and merchant services are highly valued by all who are fortunate enough to receive them. These Blue-backs, as they are termed, are very popular indeed, and are equally prized in the United States vessels as in those of our own country. The feelings of thankfulness of the American lads who have been supplied with these Blue-backs may be judged of when we mention that they have presented Miss Weston with a handsomely bound volume of "Longfellow's Poems." So far away as Honolulu the tidings are carried, and foreign lands can boast of Miss Weston's Rests, and blue messengers of peace. Thus, with Miss Wintz, a devoted fellow-labourer with Miss Weston, the work is carried on for the Glory of God, and for the good of the Service," From ships afloat, and sailors on land comes the same gratifying testimony, and, by the means already mentioned, with the Divine blessing, the sailor is brought home, and is at rest in the haven where he would be. There ought to be no delay in supplying Miss Weston with funds, and any communication addressed to her at the Sailors' Rest, Devonport, will be responded to.

WANTED-A MISSION TO THE GIPSIES.

"I can't speak like that gentleman, brother gipsies, but I can tell you that Christ has saved me." The speaker was one of 200 gipsies, invited to an open-air tea-drinking near Wanstead Common, the vicar of the parish presiding. After many good words had been addressed to the strange looking company, five of their number stood up and told with the utmost simplicity what the Lord had done for their souls. For about twenty years past an earnest Christian ministry has been carried on by the London City Mission among this wandering race, about 2,000 of whom, some the genuine "Rommany Chals," others a mixed multitude in their train, may be found on our suburban commons and waste-grounds. Wanderers the poor creatures well may be, for there are only two spots, Chingford and Cherry Island, Plaistow, where they are allowed to encamp without payment either in their vans or their strange-looking huts, "I never met with a class sunk so low," said a London City Missionary, about fifteen years ago, after his first visit to an encampment of seventy gipsy families, in Epping Forest. "I have only met with two persons that can read a little. Whatever their professed calling may be, I fear they all believe they have a right to whatever they can get by fraud or cunning. A poor old man in this company told me he was gradually 'wipin' off his sins, and had begun to say his prayers. 'What prayers do you say?' I asked. 'How doth the little busy bee,' etc., he replied." But in spite of the ignorance and degradation still rife among this people, there are many among them who could echo the testimony of the poor gipsy mentioned above; and no one can read the deeply touching and fully authentic London City Mission records of evangelistic effort in this field and its results without feeling that the description of the gipsies, lately given at the Social Science Congress, as a race utterly worthless because utterly neglected, is not fairly applicable to them now. "I went on Sunday to the Gipsies' Service at Tunbridge Wells," said a friend to me yesterday. "Who was preaching to the gipsies?" I asked. gipsies were preaching to us; at least, the meeting was intended only for their own class, but any Christian would have been edified at that simple service. The speakers were two brothers converted to God at the same time, in different places, some years ago. One was a fiddler, and he now accompanies on his fiddle the singing of the hymns. All was reverent, and intensely real. The men pursue their humble trades, and General L.-a friend of ours living at M.-has invited them to go to his house next week to mend his chairs on Saturday, and speak on Sunday at his Mission-room."

A CRYING NEED.

We have perused with much interest a communication addressed to a contemporary concerning the need there is for female assistance in the Spanish Peninsula. The harvest is indeed plenteous, but the labourers are few, and they have to work in an openly hostile country. But thanks to earnest work the schools are prospering in Madrid and its neighbourhood; but the supply does not equal the urgent call for help. The children are frequently led away from the school by the influence of those professing the popular religion, but though these efforts are energetically made, the percentage is fairly well sustained, and the schools can return a good average of attendants. But little real good can be done unless the parents and relatives can be also reached. It will readily be understood that a pure influence should be brought to bear upon the children at home as well as when at school. There is an Evangelical Mission in the Spanish capital, and any one applying here or to Mrs. Garlick, an American lady in San Sebastian, on arrival, would receive full information.

THE REVISED VERSION.

The issue of the Parallel New Testament, which we lately noticed in these pages, has been worthfly supplemented by the publication of the Parallel Greek and English New Testament, which gives in parallel columns the authorised version, the revised version, and the Greek ext adopted by the revisers, together with a wide margin for notes. This work (excellently got-up copies of which

have been obligingly forwarded to us by Mr. Frowde of the Oxford Press, and by Messrs. Clay of the Cambridge Press) will form a vaiuable addition to every ministerial library. Smaller editions of the Parallel English versions have also been issued, some of the Oxford bindings being in exquisite taste.

THE BLOOMSBURY (BIRMINGHAM) INSTITUTE,

The report of this Institution was lately issued, and we are enabled to make a few remarks upon it, and show the useful work which is carried on in the midst of the busy and crowded town. The work is varied and comprehensive. For instance, there is the usual educational and Gospel teaching, but morals and manners may be united. So while the prime duty towards God is fully enforced and enjoined, the duty towards the neighbour is by no means put out of sight. There is a class which, called early on Sundays for men, has had the happiest results, and a woman's class on one evening of the week is well attended by females. There are other branches of the work, and arrangements are made for preaching to the masses in and around the town, and temperance work is carried on with much success. A new Home for chil. dren has been projected, and no doubt is now in working This Institution is indeed deserving of support. and if we give the address of the Pastor, who superintends the working of all this machinery out of pure love for noor humanity, we are sure many will co-operate with him, or send him needed assistance. The address of the gentleman to whom Birmingham owes so much is, Mr. David J. Rees, 63, Bloomsbury Street, in that town.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

OUESTIONS.

22. What quotation from the prophets was used on more than one occasion by Christ, teaching us to temper justice with mercy?

23. What four miracles were performed by Jesus on the

Sabbath Day?

24. What method of injuring a neighbour's crops is mentioned by Our Blessed Lord, to illustrate one of His parables?

25. What simile is used by the prophet Amos to express how heavy and grievous to be borne was the sin of Israel against God?

26. Quote some words of Jesus to show that Christianity is to be a vital principle of daily life.

27. What two strangers acknowledged Christ to be "The Son of God" while He hung upon the cross?

28. What ancient manufacture of Egypt is mentioned by the prophet Ezekiel?

29. From what circumstance do we gather that the "day of mourning," mentioned by the prophet Joel, was to be a time of special solemnity?

30. What special crime is mentioned as committed by the Klng of Moab, which brought down God's judgment upon $\lim t$

31. Who is generally understood to be referred to by the expression—"the brethren of the Lord"?

32. What parable illustrates that petition of the Lord's Prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us"?

33. In what way does Christ set forth the suddenness of His second coming?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 128.

11. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner." (Jer. xxxi. 38; Neh. iii. 1.)

12. The people of Anathoth, Jeremiah's own countrymen. (Jer. xi. 21; xxix. 27.)

13. "For while one saith, I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal?" (1 Cor. iii. 4; see also i. 11, 12.)

14. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, where he shows that the rest referred to by the Psalmist could not have already taken place, but is yet to come. (Heb. iv. 3–9; Ps. xev. 11.)

15. Moses and Samuel, whose intercessions were most powerful on behalf of Israel. (Jer. xv. 1; Ex. xvii. 11; 1 Sam. xii. 17.)

16. He speaks of the prophet sketching upon a tile the city of Jerusalem. (Ezek. iv. 1.)

17. To the sins of Gibeah of Benjamin. (Hosea x. 9; Judges xx.)

18. He declared, "Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before Me for ever," (Jer. xxxv. 19.)

19. The sacrifice of prayer and praise—the calf being emblematical of sacrifice, (Hos. xiv. 2; comp. Heb. xiii. 15.)

20. The selling of their own poor; for we read, "They sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes." (Amos ii. 6.)

21. The town of Memphis, where the Shepherd Kings are said to have reigned. (Hos. ix. 6.)

[&]quot;THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT FUND.—The publication of the Fourth List of Acknowledgments is unavoidably postponed to our next issue.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH PSALM TUNE.



MAY safely presume, at the outset, that a very small proportion of my readers are in the unhappy position of a friend of mine, to whom I recently played the famous tune we are about to consider, and who surprised me with the remark, that he "could not say he had heard it before."

friend was, of course, utterly devoid of any sense of musical perception, for it would be almost impossible to find, in our own country at least, a man or woman who has not at one time or other listened to the noble strains of the Old 100th. And not in England alone has the popularity of the tune been assured. On the Continent, in America, in the colonies, and wherever the Protestant religion prevails, it is familiar to all; and is cherished alike by those possessed of musical taste and the uninstructed in the art. It cannot, therefore, be uninteresting if we endeavour to trace to its origin so famous a melody; and without laying any claim to great originality in the matter, I yet hope to present a view of the case sufficiently clear to admit of general understanding.

The version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins was at first issued "with apt notes to sing withal;" and of these so-called "notes" or tunes, the great majority were of Continental origin. As the various editions of the Psalter came to be issued, considerable changes took place, not only in the number of tunes included in the collection, but also in the tunes themselves. At the time of the Reformation the usual number of melodies printed in the Psalter was forty; and of these only one now remains to us—the Old 100th.

The title of the tune, as the Old 100th, is confined almost to ourselves; in many of the Continental collections, the tune is allied to the 134th Psalm, versified as a long metre. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century the prefix "Old" was not applied; and it was only on the publication of the new version by Tate and Brady, that the title by which the tune is now known came into use. At one time it became the fashion to call it "Savoy," and in many tune books, up to

quite a recent date, it may be found under that name. Canon Havergal was of opinion that the title took its rise from a vague fancy respecting the Savoyard origin of the tune; but a writer in Grove's Dictionary explains that the name was derived from its use by the French congregation established in the Savoy, London, in the reign of Charles II. In America the tune is commonly and very inelegantly called "Old Hundred."

The correct text of the tune has always been acknowledged; but in many of the older versions great variations appear in the time of its notes. Leaving out of the question some very evident misprints, there seems to have been very little deviation from the original melody; only it assumed a somewhat altered character, according as the rhythm was more or less changed. The early specimens of the tune show a nicely balanced mixture of long and short notes, but most of the versions of our own day give it in notes of equal value. In his "Choral Gesang-Buch," published in 1730, Bach printed the tune in three-four measure, and several editors of succeeding collections adopted the unjustifiable alteration. So far as is known, however, no English editor copied it in this form.

The first known copy of the Old 100th is in a Genevan edition of a part of the English Psalter, dated 1561, and preserved in the Library of St. Paul's Cathedral.* The form in which the tune there appears is as follows:—



It may be remarked in passing, that the use of bars is not to be traced higher than the year 1574, and it was some time after that before they became general. The form of the tune as given above is similar to that found in all foreign psalters issued subsequent to this date; while, with the exception of the concluding strain, it agrees also with the tune as given in most of the early English collections. In order to equalise the time of all its strains, the second and third note of the last line were altered from semibreves to minims, and in this form it is printed in Ravenscroft's "Booke of Psalmes," 1621.

The symmetry of the melody as thus remodelled is strikingly beautiful, and it is certain that no tune has ever been written which will compare with it in point of rhythmic structure.

5 Since this article was written it has been ascertained that a slightly earlier version existed, but the form is similar to that given above,

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Unfortunately, this remarkable agreement of the four lines with each other has not always been discerned, else we would not now be using a form of the tune which at once deprives it of its jubilant character, and produces a feeling of

monotony.

The origin of the tune next claims our consideration. This has always been a matter of much dispute, popular opinion being divided in assigning the authorship to three individuals-Luther, Goudimel, and Franc. The principal ground for attributing the tune to Luther would seem to arise entirely from a vague report of some remark by Handel. Hawkins, in his history, states that "Mr. Handel has been many times heard to say, that the melody of our hundredth psalm, and certain other psalm-tunes, were of Luther's composition." Now, the inaccuracy of many statements found in Hawkins' voluminous work is notorious; but even if we admit that Handel did make such a remark as is here attributed to him, there is no reason why we should give it greater credence than we should the statement of any ordinary individual. In opposition to the opinion that Luther was the composer of the tune, the following facts may be given:—(1) The tune is not included in any of Luther's own collections, nor in any reprint of them. (2) None of the old German choral books attach Luther's name to the tune, but in many of these books another composer's name is attached. (3) The tune was never so popular in Germany as the tunes which were indisputably of Luther's composition. (4) No German writer has ever claimed the authorship for Luther. These are negative facts, of course, but they go far towards a positive conclusion, and some better evidence will be required before the tune can reasonably be attributed to Luther.

Then, as to Goudimel, his claim is equally unsubstantial. The musical historians, it is true, tell us that he composed tunes to Marot and Beza's Psalms, but it must be remembered that the word "compose" did not then necessarily mean the framing of melodies. It was used more in the sense of our word harmonise, for it is known that Goudinel added parts to the tunes in the Paris edition of the Genevan Psalter in 1565, and both Burney and Hawkins adduce ample proof that the melodies themselves were by Franc, or at least of his compilation. In support of this theory I may quote Ravenscroft, who, speaking of the tunes in his Psalter, says the persons who "composed them into parts" were not the framers of the tunes, for many of those tunes were framed before the composers of the harmony to them were born. The evidence as to Goudimel's claim is therefore unsupportable by

distinct proof.

When we arrive at the name of William Franc we meet with as clear evidence in support of his authorship as can reasonably be de-

We have already stated that both manded, Burney and Hawkins show proof that Franc was the composer, or at least the compiler, of the melodies which were set to Marot and Beza's version of the Psalms. Beza himself testified to this in a formal document signed with his own hand and dated November, 1552. historians further assert that an edition of the Psalms was published in 1564 with the name of "Guillaume Franc" as the author of the tunes to them, with a local magisterial licence setting forth Franc's authorship. Consequently, Franc being the author of the tunes, and the Old 100th being without doubt among the number, the tune must fairly be attributed to Franc. But although the Old 100th may thus rightly be assigned to Franc, it may probably have been but a compilation by him, made up, like many of the tunes of that time, of fragments derived from various sources. This practice of adaptation was very common, and the musicians of Reformation times being well acquainted with the Gregorian melodies, it may naturally be concluded that in their task of compilation they would make free use of them. Now, Canon Havergal has conclusively shown in musical type that the entire tune could have been drawn from even as few as four of the Gregorian hymns. The strains of the tune, looked at individually, are not uncommon; and, indeed, the first line seems to have been considered a stock phrase, so frequently used that it would be troublesome to mention all the known instances.

With regard to the melodic construction of the Old 100th, very few, even amongst musicians, may have discovered that, with one or two alterations, a rude kind of canon, two in one at the octave below, at the half-bar distant, can be made from the tune. This fact was first noted by Mr. Bonavia Hunt, and those who care to have a copy of the melody thus treated may find it given in his work on Musical History. The older composers were very fond of selecting little phrases from already existing compositions as subjects for the construction of fugues; and it is not unlikely that in compiling their hymn-tunes they would choose such fragments of melody as would be best adapted for canonic imitation of a more or less strict nature in the accompanying parts. Many examples might be adduced from the older collections of German chorales, to show how freely these devices were used, and it is certain that the melodies themselves gained much in dignity and grace from the treatment thus received.

The harmony which was formerly set to the tune was varied and elaborate, and totally different from that to which we are accustomed. The melody was not then sung as the highest part, with the others set below it, but was given to the tenor, while trained voices sang other

parts, which harmonised with it. This class of singing must have given considerable variety to the choir, because it was the practice to set three or four different harmonies to one tune. Thus, if the Old 100th were used on three consecutive Sundays, the special singers might have different parts for each occasion. The present method of harmonising the tune is slightly monotonous compared with the older plan; for whereas in the former the first and last note of each line, with one exception generally, is set to the tonic chord, in the latter this sameness was studiously avoided. Still, the almost entire use of "uninverted common chords" produces a grand and impressive effect, the progression from dominant to subdominant, in the last line, being a fine characteristic of the old massive style of harmony.

The time in which the tune is now sung furnishes quite an anomaly when considered in connection with the words to which it is set. In spite of the fact that the Old 100th was originally singled out as a tune "for psalms of praise and cheerfulness," it has, with the lapse of time, sunk, in general use, into a melody of a solemn

and even funereal character. This is caused to a great extent by the tune being taken at much too slow a pace, utterly regardless of the jubilant nature of the words which are being sung. A groundless and inaccurate notion seems to have taken possession of the popular mind that all old tunes should be sung at a slower rate than is usual with modern compositions. To such as are of this opinion, old Ravenscroft's direction may not be given in vain, "that Psalms of Rejoicing be sung with a louder voice, and a swift and jocund measure."

But we fear we have already exceeded our limit of space, and must close our sketch of this most interesting tune. Many facts and incidents of an entertaining nature might have been mentioned in connection with it, but we think enough has already been said to add a fresh interest to the time-honoured melody. May the majestic tones of the Old 100th continue to vibrate so long as the noble lines continue to rise to heaven in strains of "loudest praise"—

"All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A BREACH HEALED.



HEN Hester came home and heard of what had happened in her absence, she did not say very much: the fact being that she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, that the long postponed introduction of her friend to the acquaintance of the family had taken place. It was well that

the really inevitable ordeal had been gone through, but she shrank painfully from the lively comments likely to adorn Grace's tale, and the future references to be made by that young mocker, for Hester was not without unacknowledged misgiving that her friend had vulnerable points. But Grace was unusually sober

about the matter, and told her story in quite a matter-of-fact way. Possibly, in her heightened colour and apprehensive glance, Hester made evident her sensitiveness, and Grace never used barbed arrows.

"I am glad you have seen Hester's friends," said Mrs. Norris, "I think it is much better for us to know them."

"I am sure they are interesting people," said Grace, "though I saw so little of them, I could be quite sure they were not commonplace."

"Friends," repeated Hester, with emphasis; "and they! I know very little of Miss Denston's brother, and have no wish to know more."

"He has not the most genial of manners, certainly, but I liked his attentiveness to his sister and his evident giving up of his tastes to hers."

Hester smiled. "You do not seem to have read his character very cieverly."

"Then, is it weakness that induces him to sit without remonstrance in that stifling atmosphere, and to stay at home nursing his sister? If so, it is rather pitiable."

Hester paused for a moment before replying, as if dismissing all arguments, "I dislike him." She felt a reluctance to disclosing her friend's confidence concerning her brother's conduct and disposition. Whatever impressions Grace had formed of Miss Denston's character, on being brought into personal relations with her, and whether they confirmed or of late between the two. What that better understanding consisted in, and what had been its origin, it would be hard to say; but when our hearts of a



"They . . . were soon deep in the game."-p. 198.

corrected former ones, she was quite silent on the subject. Hester felt grateful to her for so much reticence, for it would have been painful to her to have Miss Denston discussed in the family, and the feeling gave a fresh impulse to the better understanding which seemed insensibly to have sprung up sudden turn with more loving comprehension to those who live at our side, is it generally a definite explanation that does the work? No more than it is a definite quarrel which causes the estrangement. There is a little rift within the lute, and the result is broken music, and the rift comes one knows not how. And so

too comes the mending-a glance, a loving touch, or tone, and we are at one again; thus slight and immaterial are the links between spirit and spirit, and vet stronger and more enduring than cable-chain when life's strain comes to test them. Then why should we play with our love as some of us do, humour a slight here, or a jealousy there, until we learn to doubt whether we love at all? Like chaff before the wind does all such flimsy substance fly when the storms of life beat down upon us; then we find that love is founded on a rock. Let us then in fair weather take all the sweet daily comfort of our familiar household love, and mar it by no wanton small misgivings. But in love we need much trust, or the love will be a wavering, self-tormenting thing. Hester had little trust, and Grace had much, therefore Hester required many proofs and constant signs of the love that Grace was content to know was there. And the improvement in their relations just now was due to the little awakening Hester had given to Grace's perceptions the day of the discussion concerning Mr. Waterhouse. Grace had felt for long that all was not right with Hester, but Hester herself had taken care that no one should see into her heart. But she had allowed Grace that day a little peep into that closely-shut region, and Grace, though little guessing all that lay therein, sought to atone and comfort by an unwontedly caressing manner,

A day or two after this Sunday evening, she came upon Hester seated alone in the twilight, her hands folded before her, and her face turned to the fire, obviously lost in melancholy reverie. Grace came behind and put her two hands on Hester's shoulders.

"Here is Hester, spinning her cobwebs as usual," she exclaimed, lightly. Hester imprisoned the small brown hands, whose touch was as light and quick as a bird's, in her own larger and more reposeful ones.

"And here is Peasblossom, as usual, come to blow them away," she said, smiling.

Grace broke away, and came round to Hester's side and seated herself.

"Before I blow them away, let me know what they were."

Hester sighed—"Only thoughts of nothing in particular."

"But you looked melancholy."

" Did I ? "

"You are always melancholy, aren't you, Hester?"
Hester's sensitive car caught a suggestion of banter
in the tone, and she coloured.

"And you, Grace, you are always merry."

"Which is best?"

"Something between the two, perhaps. I do not know that I would choose never to feel anything which saddened me."

There was a pause. Then Grace said, in a changed tone, "There are few people, I should think, who have nothing to sadden them; but real troubles do not make one melancholy; they are too bad for that; it is only sentimental troubles one likes to dwell on. You are only suffering from sehnsuchtkeit,

Hester, and every one has to dree that weird when young."

Grace spoke in a tone of quiet conviction, and Hester, who was given to feeling that Grace was very young, and that she herself was much beyond her sister in maturity of experience, found herself suddenly impressed, without her will, by a sense that Grace was very far beyond her on the path of life. She had before now experienced this sudden sensation, which was as if a glittering surface were to part and for a moment reveal depths below. When Hester's best feelings were called out she was very generous, and there was something in Grace's manner which did call forth the best in her, in spite of what she might have resented in it as patronage. Her criticism was disarmed. She felt, without reasoning, that she had been unjust to Grace. She leaned forward and rested her two arms on Grace's knee, and looked up into her face with a rush of emotion which she could never have expressed in words. Her usually expressionless face was beautiful, flooded, as it was, by appealing and remorseful affection. She was, at last, turning to Grace to help her against the very disaffection which had been subtly creeping over her feelings towards her. The two looked at each other for some moments, Grace's eyes compelled by the yearning gaze of the other, and though she could not understand all there was in it, she had not a nature which could be unmoved by its magnetic power. Then they kissed each other, and sat silently for a time. Not a word more was said. Two minutes had gone by, in which two girls had kissed each other. That was all that had passed in the outward world, but spiritual experience does not measure itself by the clock.

Philip Denston kept the promise he had made to Waterhouse of coming to see him. The first time, Waterhouse was out: the second call was more successful. The clock was striking nine as he was shown into the drawing-room at Number 47. He apologised for the lateness of the hour. "I seldom leave work before eight," he said.

Waterhouse stared at him. "And what time do you begin?"

"At nine. I often box the compass from nine to nine." He added, seeing considerable surprise in ... Waterhouse's face, "That's not in the routine, of course. It includes extra work—copying."

"Copying! Goodness, what drudgery!"

Waterhouse had started up, and, standing with his back to the fire, began to pull his moustaches ficrcely. The two men obviously illustrated different types. The merest glance would suffice to distinguish in Waterhouse a prosperous man, as he stood there in a posture of easy strength, with his thoroughly healthy bronzed complexion, and a face in which only pleasant lines and curves were discernible. The man in the chair probably made this observation to himself, for a shade of added bitterness fell on his face, which added another point to his resemblance to the unprosperous man, for which his spare figure,

with its stoop acquired over a desk, and dark sombre face, had already fitted him.

"My dear fellow," continued Waterhouse, "you are fit for something better than that,"

Denston shrugged his shoulders. He had taken a fancy to Waterhouse, and, stranger as he was, did not resent what he would have considered impertinent familiarity in another man.

"I don't congratulate myself on possessing wasted

talent," he said.

- "But this copying—it is merely mechanical, isn't it? Any stick could do it. But I suppose it pays?" "Naturally, since I am found engaged in it."
 - "How is your sister?" asked Waterhouse, abruptly. "As well as she ever is, thank you."
- "You're a lucky fellow to have a sister to live with you,"

"You never had one, probably."

"No; I haven't a relation in the world—no one that cares a button for me,"

"You should marry."

- "Marry, should I?"—Waterhouse laughed—"that is a matter for reflection."
- "Have matrimony and reflection much connection?"
- "Ah! you are cynical on that subject. I am not. Though I suppose the age of infatuation is gone by with me, I dare say I shall fall honestly in love some of these days."

"That is a hair-splitting distinction."

"Ah," laughed Waterhouse, "there is no method in your madness. By-the-bye, are you on intimate terms with the people in this house?"

" No."

"I settled myself here with an idea that it would be more like a home than most places. But the

people are not friendly."

"One of the daughters is a great deal with my sister, but I have scarcely exchanged a dozen words with her: the sort of girl that looks as if she 'd want an introduction to her own mother. But there's another one, small, with dark eyes, that seems cut out on quite a different pattern."

"She's as cold as snow to me. You must be a

The two men looked at each other. Denston said—
"Not I. I never was a favourite with a woman yet;" but in the presence of all Waterhouse's advan-

yet;" but in the presence of all Waterhouse's advantages, it was, in spite of his misanthropical sentiments, not unpleasant to remember Grace's expressed prejudice against rich men, which, it seemed likely, might imply a prejudice in favour of poor men.

"Do you play chess?" asked Waterhouse, byand-bye.

"When I can get an opponent."

"Just my case. Let us have a game, shall we? Ah," he said, with a sigh, as he fetched his chess-board from a corner table, and placed a chair for Denston, "I have often played with this very set out bullock-travelling at the Cape, stretched out by the fire when we camped for the night."

"Did you play with the Hottentots?"

"No, with my father," answered Waterhouse, gravely.

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They set out the pieces, and were soon deep in the game. As it chanced, they were well matched, and enjoyed a tough struggle. When Denston was going, Waterhouse said—

"Now, do come in whenever you can, Denston; never mind how late. When I'm at home, I get fearfully bored towards that time in an evening."

So it came to pass that the two spent a good many evenings over the chess-board, and found that they growingly suited each other.

Grace observed to Hester one evening, when they heard Sarah take Mr. Denston up-stairs—

"I am glad those two men have struck up a friendship."

Hester looked up, surprised to hear this unusual expression of interest in masculine affairs.

"Why so?" she asked.

Grace laughed, and nodded her head saucily.

"I have eyes," she said, "though it pleases me sometimes to be as though I had none."

"And what do you see with your eyes in this instance?"

"Would you like me to tell you, Cobweb?" Grace put her hand under her sister's chin, and turned upwards her face. On her own was a smile it sometimes wore, which was irresistibly winning, seeming half mocking and half a caress. "Well, then, in the first place, I see that your Miss Denston is rather a melancholy person."

"She has reason to be," said Hester.

"I have no doubt of that, poor thing! but, Hester, for my part, I think the world is too sad to be melancholy in."

"No one would choose to be melancholy," said Hester, calmly.

"I'm not so sure of that; but, at any rate, I am sorry for the brother. It is not enlivening for him, and he looks as if he needed sunshine. Now, Mr. Waterhouse radiates cheerfulness."

"Oh, Grace!" cried Kitty, who had just come into the room, "what a thing for you to say, when you always look as if you hated him!"

"Are my looks so unchristian? Fie, Kitty!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE BACK-YARD.

THERE is a universal principle at work according to which living creatures go through a process of adaptation to their environment, and we human beings are by no means exceptions to the rule. It came to pass that Waterhouse, disappointed of those social relations with the people at No. 47, which he had so confidently reckoned upon, was thrown back upon making the most of his opportunities for studying their characters and habits in spite of themselves. He became a veritable old woman in respect of the prying

aptitude he acquired. But it must be admitted in excuse that for a lonely and sociable man his was a tantalising position. A pleasant social atmosphere, like the dew of old, bedewed all the ground around him, while he, like Gideon's fleece, was left dry. And as time went on he did not find himself taking refuge in indifference. On the contrary, he grew more and more eager in the matter, partly because his esteem was growing as his acquaintance grew, and partly from a little admixture of pique, which gave an edge to his feelings. He would not now have been at all content to have thrown up the affair, as he had felt inclined to do at first. And that in spite of the most complete unmelting on the part of Grace, of whom he, of course, saw more than of the rest of the family. His interest in her had, in fact, grown very fast. He could not be unmoved by the fact that she was constantly at work on his behalf. Not only in his sight did she serve him with hand and foot, but he could now even imagine her at work for him in the kitchen, making his puddings and tarts in the big cooking apron he had sometimes seen her wear when she appeared in the back garden, and even hanging over the fire stirring his dishes, as was testified many a time in her scorched face when she came to wait upon him. It drove him into a state bordering on distraction that this slight tender thing should be working away day after day for him, while, by the will of the same slight thing, he was manacled so that he could do nothing for her in return-was not even allowed to express his gratitude. He even began to imagine that she was growing paler, and that she would wear herself out.

On the next day after Kitty's disclosure, he had gone to a foreign library, and put his name down for a subscription, and brought home with him a selection of French and German books, such as seemed suitable for a young lady's reading. He took the first opportunity of saying to Grace, with all the diplomacy he could command—

"Miss Norris, you read French and German, of rourse. I have a subscription to a library, which is at present lying useless. You would be doing me a great favour if you would relieve me of some of these books."

Waterhouse was standing by the fire as he spoke, watching Grace remove those very books from the table where he had cunningly placed them, knowing they would have to be moved before the laying of his dinner-cloth. His tone was unusually diffident, and was like that of one who asks a great favour, and is in fear that he will be refused. Grace caught the tone, and saw the weak place in the diplomacy. What reason could a man have for holding a subscription which was useless to him? The fish saw the hook in the fly, and wheeled.

"I am very much obliged to you, but I have no time for reading, thank you."

Waterhouse bit his lip, and reddened with annoyance, but he did not repeat his offer. Grace's tone was final, though quite gentle, but she could not resist just glancing at the books as she took them in her hands, and Waterhouse observed the action, which added point to her refusal.

That same evening Waterhouse was considerably surprised to hear a great deal of movement and noise on the floor below him. He could not imagine what the family could be doing. Then the piano struck up a lively tune, and a continuous sound accompanied it. Could it be possible they were giving an evening party? His curiosity at last reached such a pitch that he opened his door to listen; then he went a little way across the landing, to the head of the stairs; and at last he actually took off his slippers, and crept down. He was sure there was dancing going on, and he set his teeth, and determined to see into the matter, quite oblivious to any ludicrous side there might be to his conduct, and of how Grace, if she had chanced to come out upon him, might regard the spectacle of this bearded fellow creeping in his stocking-feet down the dimly-lit stairs. But fortune favoured him so far. He was not detected, but neither did he detect much himself. He saw no signs of company -no extra umbrellas or hats-and the sounds were not those that would be made by a roomful of dancers. But further information he must obtain, and after he had regained his room, he cast about as to how it was to be done. He soon hit on the plan of waylaying Kitty on her way to bed. He knew she usually went up early, and alone, and he had sometimes bade her good-night as she passed his door. Presently up she came, after a good deal of singing, and playing, and laughing, and jingling of glasses had gone off below, at which festive sounds Waterhouse ground his teeth. He was not inclined to mince matters with Kitty. He went to the door, and beckoned her in.

"Kitty," he said, "what have you been at downstairs this evening?"

Kitty's cheeks were glowing, and her eyes dancing, pale overgrown child as she was. In her excitement, she did not perceive the severity of Waterhouse's tone, which would have frightened her.

"Oh," she cried, "it is one of our party evenings."
"And who comes to your parties?" said Waterhouse, in a tone of scorn.

"Oh, nobody," Kitty laughed; "it is only ourselves. Grace and I sing, while Hester plays to us." "And who is your audience?"

"Oh, mamma, of course! and sometimes we let Sarah come up; but generally we dress up, and pretend we are all company. To-night Hester was Lady Montague, and we had to make-believe to receive her—properly, you know. Grace thinks it improves our manners."

Waterhouse released Kitty's shoulder, which he had grasped, and burst out laughing. He felt ridiculously relieved. Kitty was not put out by the laughter. She continued—

"And then we have a lovely supper, to end up."

"Oh! and what do you have for supper?"

Waterhouse had recovered his usual kindly tone.

"Grace makes all kinds of things, To-night we had lemonade and tarts—jam tarts—and biscuits, Those were from the grocer's."

Waterhouse laughed again, but this time with a difference. The fact was, he was quite affected by the thought of this gorgeous supper: there was something pathetic in it.

"You good little girl!" he said; "you must go to bed, after all this dissipation. Are you too big to

give me a kiss?"

Kitty blushed very much, but did not refuse, and Waterhouse kissed her on the forehead. He was consumed with the desire to order in a supper from the pastrycook's for the next festive occasion-a desire which he was well aware he would not dare to gratify; but, to compromise matters, he promised himself to send Mrs. Norris a couple of pheasants the next day. That would be a delicate attention which no one could object to. Accordingly, the next day he sent Sarah to the parlour with these birds, and Mr. Waterhouse's kind regards. Sarah was commissioned with thanks and kind regards in return; and Waterhouse was relieved that they were not thrown back in his face. But that, the family were aware, would have been an impossible rudeness; and even Grace was rather glad that it was impossible; for if there was any present that could have gratified her, it would have been this-some luxury that would tempt her mother's and Kitty's delicate appetite. She had not been without occasional twinges of bitterness when she sent up Mr. Waterhouse's cates, and when, perhaps, that very day the leg of mutton had been served up for the fourth time for the family dinner, or they had made their dinner off fresh herrings.

But Kitty, though Waterhouse found her an admirable channel of information, was seldom available. Sarah's visits now were flying ones, so that he could not gather much from her talk, and he did not choose to directly question her. Yet, for all the absence of direct information and personal intercourse, Waterhouse was thoroughly inoculated with that sense of Grace's supremacy, with which she impressed the rest of the household. Her personality seemed to pervade the atmosphere. He always recognised her rapid footsteps as she flitted about the house, knew the tunes that she crooned in her low vibrating contralto, and was quite aware when the front door opened and shut whether it was she that had gone out. He knew she went marketing in the morning, and used to wonder what she had bought for his dinner-not from interest in his dinner so much as in her. He knew when the girls went for their walk, and had often watched them down the street. Later in the day he was aware that the graceful figure of Hester would cross the road on her way to Miss Denston's room; and long before he made the discovery about her brother, whose outgoings and incomings were too early and late for his observation, he was familiar with the figure of the invalid, which,

on a sunny morning, would be visible in the window, sitting behind a tall arum.

But his studies at the back window were more fruitful in interest than those in the front. It looked out upon what the family dignified by the name of the garden, which consisted of a square of gravel, with a narrow border of soil running round it, surrounded by walls, on which caterwauling cats held their nightly revels. The only tree was a London poplar, growing at the bottom, to which the clothes. line was tied on a washing-day. Besides that, there was one small sickly box and two smoke-begrimed laurels. Grace every year, with great hopefulness, put seeds in, though without further results than the struggling-up of a feeble specimen here and there. She also trained ivy on the walls, and washed the leaves of the laurels. Nothing thrived except mint and London Pride. But Grace made a point of gardening, and made a great flourish with her tools, and her gardening gloves and hat, and laughed at herself for it. This garden was separated by the bottom wall from one running up to it belonging to Little Barbara Street, a street much inferior in respectability to the Barbara Street we know, and principally composed of poor lodging-houses. In this garden dirty little children played about, making their mud-pies; and Waterhouse had observed lately an older boy, who looked thin and pale, and walked on crutches. There was a slatternly woman, too, who came out to hang up her clothes, and who looked as if cares and children were dragging all the life out of her. The sounds which came from this direction were anything but pleasant. The children screamed and quarrelled. The mother scolded, and at night there had been occasionally heard sounds which indicated quarrelling of a more terrible nature. The upper windows appeared to belong to lodgersa pretty machinist owned one, and a second family of children looked out from another. One morning, soon after the "party," Waterhouse having risen very late, and having at the time just completed his toilet, saw a stone thrown over the wall by a young urchin, with evident, though futile, intent to hit his window. Waterhouse placed himself on the outlook, for, according to precedent, he knew something would come of this. Another stone. Then Grace came out, carrying a chair with her, a wooden-seated one, evidently from the kitchen. "Cooking my breakfast," was Waterhouse's inference. She marched straight to the bottom of the garden, with those peculiar steps of hers-rapid and very long for so small a person. She placed the chair against the wall, and mounted it, and began to speak to the children on the other side. Waterhouse opened the window very softly, so that he might not be discovered, in order to hear what she said. But as she had her back to him, he did not catch much. He heard her say, "You won't!" You can't! Oh dear, oh dear, I never heard such a thing! Go and fetch a chair this minute, and I'll help you over." Then she spoke in a lower key to the cripple, and Waterhouse lost that. But he was sure it was something gentle and womanly, and some lines came into his head which had been running through it a good deal lately. He had a distinctly sentimental side to his nature, as is sometimes the case with the manliest of men, and he was at home with a good deal of poetry. When he first made acquaintance with Grace, he had been reminded of Wordsworth's "She was a phantom of delight," and had applied to her—

Her eyes were stars of twilight fair; Like twilight, too, her dusky hair. But all things else about her drawn From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

But now he told himself he had got to the second verse of that lovely poem, if not to the third. But now the young delinquent, perched on his chair, was being hoisted over the wall by Grace, and, finally, was deposited on the gravel on the Barbara Street side. He was a little boy of about eight—the biggest and most riotous of the lot-a sturdy and bold rogue when he was on his own premises. But, finding himself on alien ground, and in the hands of the enemy, his spirit failed him, and he put his fists to his eyes, and began to blubber. He was very much afraid of Grace, and of what she might do to him, and had delivered himself up into her hands through a species of horrible fascination. Grace stood and looked at him, and the pause seemed, in his little consciousness, to herald some terrible punishment. He stopped crying, and stared too.

"Hester," cried Grace, who saw her sister at the back-door, "come and look at the boy who throws the stones,"

Hester came up the gravel, and stood at a little distance.

"What do you think should be done to him?" said Grace.

"He is very dirty," said Hester, in a tone of disgust.

"He is extremely dirty," said Grace. "I mean to wash him."

She said this in so awful a tone, at the same time fixing her great dark eyes upon the urchin, that he felt all his worst anticipations fulfilled, and again he lifted up his voice and wept. Grace took him by the arm, and led him toward the house.

"Grace," exclaimed Hester, in a remonstrant tone, "you are not going to take him indoors!"

"Yes I am," said Grace, decidedly; and then they all disappeared, much to the disgust of Waterhouse, who wished to see the little drama played out. Had he been able to do so, he would have seen Grace conduct the culprit into the kitchen, and when there lift him on to the table. This isolated and conspicuous position struck further dismay to his soul, and it appeared to him growingly likely that he would never regain his freedom any more. His captor having procured soap and hot water, proceeded in a determined manner to scrub his little

black face and hands, heedless of the soap which got into his eyes, and nearly blinded him, and then with a coarse towel to rub him till she nearly took off his small snub nose.

"How can you touch him, Grace?" asked Hester, who stood looking on.

"Yes, indeed, Miss 'Ester, so say I," interrupted Sarah; "I wouldn't lay 'ands on the ragamuffin, not if you was to pay me for it."

Hester moved aside haughtily; it did not suit her to find points of accord with Sarah. Grace took no notice of the criticism, but confined her attention to the matter in hand.

"I am not going to whip him this time," she said.
"I consider washing enough, and I believe he will not throw stones any more; if he does——" The threat ended in effective vagueness. When she had given the last polish to his cheeks, she surveyed him with attention.

"When I deliver him to his kinsmen you may depend upon it they will not own him, and he will be turned back on my hands. The Ethiop can change his skin. I have settled that question. Now," she continued, "we must temper judgment with mercy. Sarah, fetch me that piece of cold pudding from the larder. What is your name, little boy?"

"Jimmy!" answered the youth, promptly, seeing a break in the clouds.

"Well, then, Jimmy, can you cat cold pudding?"
"Yes!"

"Can you eat all that?"

"Yes!"

"Then you are a very good boy, a very good boy. A good child is one who eats cold pudding. Now, then, I am going to put you over the wall again; and if ever you throw stones any more, you'll wish you had not done it, that's all."

"Poor little mortal!" she said, when she returned from her errand; "I should be throwing stones every minute of my life if I lived over there."

It was not many mornings after this ere Waterhouse again had the satisfaction of observing Grace in the garden when he went into the room to fetch something after breakfast. It was a real spring morning, though in the middle of March. After a mild winter, spring was coming on apace, and the air was balmy and as fresh as it could be in a London suburb. Grace this time bore in one hand a three-legged stool, and in the other a bason, and at her heels came Pan, jumping, and wriggling, and wagging his tail, and looking as though he must come to pieces in his joy. Waterhouse stood at his open window and watched her; as before, she mounted up to the wall and called over it, "Charlie!"

The lame boy came out of the house at the call.

"Come, Charlie, here is your soup; and I never tasted anything so nice in my life as it is this morning. Drink it up, and give me back the bason. What! is the baby ill again? No, I'll fetch you some more for baby. What unlucky folks you are!"

Then Grace went back to the house to fill the bason again, and on her return there ensued a little conversation with the slatternly mother anent the baby's ailments, for which Grace appeared to be prescribing. The woman was evidently very civil to the young lady. These matters disposed of, Grace turned her attention to the garden bed, where she daily inspected the progress of some crocus and snowdrop plants of a dwindled and blossomless character. She stooped down hastily-yes, there it was, without mistake, a beautiful yellow flame! One of the crocus plants had blossomed! So often had Grace tasted failure, and so seldom success, that she could scarcely believe her eyes; the joy seemed too great, and she actually cried a little. Waterhouse saw her take out her handkerchief to wipe her eyes-an opportunity which Pan seized to burrow his cold nose in her hand. It would have horrified her no little if she had known, for if Grace professed one thing more than another, it was entire freedom from sentiment. But Grace had a passion for flowers and the country-a passion which had never been gratified, and which she was scarcely conscious of, but which sometimes would surge up uncontrollably. Waterhouse did not exactly see what she was crying for, but he was very much moved by the sight, and wished he could give her everything her heart could desire. By-and-by Grace went into the house, and returned with a hammer and nails, and the little white kitten, to which Pan immediately gave chase. It ran up the tree, and glared down at the barking enemy from a safe distance. Grace, having warned Pan away, and admonished him, again mounted the stool-this time in order to nail up a spray of ivy, which hung loose. When she had put in one or two nails, she stretched out suddenly to a point almost beyond her reach. The same moment the stool overturned, and she fell with it. For a moment Waterhouse stood fascinated; but when he saw her trying to rise, without further delay he rushed out of the room, and down-stairs. He made no pause at the bottom of the first flight, but went straight down the next, through regions into which he had undoubtedly no business to penetrate, till he found himself in the open air. Grace was now standing, leaning against the wall, and looking down helplessly at one of her feet; her face was very white, and when she saw Mr. Waterhouse her smile was rather a pitiful

"Did you see me?" she said. "How very kind of you! I called Sarah, but she did not hear. I don't think it is anything; I can't have broken my leg."

Her feeling was not one of anger at the lodger's temerity; it was rather one of amusement, as she said to herself—

"He is the kind of man who always turns up when he can be useful."

Waterhouse stooped to examine the foot,

"I think you have sprained it," he said, "but I can't examine you here; I must help you in."

"Oh, I can walk alone," said Grace, eagerly.

"Try," said Waterhouse, with dryness.

Grace tried, but turned paler still. She bit her lip. "I can't," she said, humiliated.

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"I knew you couldn't," replied Waterhouse, as, without more ado, he took her in his arms, and carried her off, as though her weight were a mere feather.

"I suppose my foot got twisted under me as I fell," said Grace, on the way. "What awkwardness! I am horribly ashamed."

Waterhouse did not reply, being just then occupied with speculations of which Grace could not dream, Probably he would not have known for some time, under ordinary circumstances, that he was in love, so imperceptibly and gradually had that malady stolen upon him; but when, helpless and in pain, Grace submitted to be carried in his arms, such a rush of tenderness came over him, that it revealed to him a state of things within which was in no slight degree startling. The flash of consciousness came and passed: he had no time to reflect on it just then. He carried Grace into the parlour, and laid her on the sofa, where the others came round her with exclamations. Waterhouse looked at the foot, and felt it all round gently. He apparently took it as a matter of course that he should do the doctoring.

"You must take the stocking off," he said; "it will swell. I have got some rare ointment for sprains up-stairs, which they use out at the Diamond Fields. I do not think it will be much if it is seen after properly."

"It is nothing," said Grace, "only I am always so bad at bearing pain. I don't think I was made for it," she added, with a laugh.

Waterhouse went off to fetch the ointment. It would not have been an appropriate occasion for him to say that he did not think so either, and if he could prevent it she should have nothing to suffer as long as she lived, and that was all he felt inclined to say just then. When he got back again Hester had drawn off the stocking, and was gently chafing the small white foot, and Kitty was crying behind the sofa, having quite succumbed during the operation, which had extorted a groan or two from the patient. Hester went forward to take the ointment and dismiss Mr. Waterhouse, but Waterhouse did not intend to be dismissed. He came forward confidently.

"I can do what is necessary now, thank you," said Hester, feeling Waterhouse to be remarkably obtuse.

"Excuse me," said Waterhouse, "I must put this ointment on myself, and if you will get me some bandages I will bind it up. I am a sort of surgeon myself, you know—it is a part of my old experience out yonder—and this cannot be done by an unpractised hand. I have been properly trained to this kind of surgical assistance."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said Grace, accepting his services frankly, and Hester fell back and made no further protest.

"You cannot cook my dinner to-day," said Water-

house, slyly, looking up from his doctoring, which was being done in cool and methodic professional style.

Grace's pale face flushed, and for a moment she lost her self-possession. How had Mr. Waterhouse learned that she cooked his dinners?

"I shall be able to walk to-morrow, I suppose?" she said, after a pause.

"I think, perhaps, you will be able to walk in a week, if we are very careful," Waterhouse replied.

Grace bit her lip. What was to be done?

"You would not let me go without dinners, I suppose, even if fasting would suit my fancy, so I shall dine at the club till you are all right again—unless, by-the-bye, you would let me cook my own. Why not? And I'll cook yours too if you like."

Grace could not laugh. Between pain and vexation and a sense of Waterhouse's kindness the tears came into her eyes. Mrs. Norris spoke for her in terms of gentle apology and deprecation. Waterhouse, after a glance at Grace's face, cast about for a means to create a diversion.

"Hullo, Kitty," he said; "I didn't see you. What are you doing behind the sofa? Come and hold the eintment, while I bind up this poor little foot."

Kitty came forward slowly, with a tear-stained face. "Why, you silly little goose," said Grace, holding

"Why, you silly little goose," said Grace, holding out her hand and smiling brightly.

"Don't you feel the better for those vicarious tears?" asked Waterhouse.

"Don't call names, Mr. Waterhouse; Kitty looks quite frightened at having such a hard word applied to her tears—poor little Miss Mustardseed."

"What does it mean?" asked Kitty, much com-

"Why does she call you Mustard-seed—eh, Kitty? She has no right to scold me for calling names, has she?"

"Oh, it is a fairy in Shakespeare."

"Ah-yes."

"And Hester is Cobweb, and we call Grace Peasblossom, though she does not like it," volunteered Kitty, who breathed freely, not being able to perceive any black looks when the lodger called her Kitty.

"There! now the foot will do," said Waterhouse.
"It is easier, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Grace; "you have done it so firmly and gently. It is a luxury to sprain one's ankle if it is to be bound up like this,"

Waterhouse laughed, and, in the midst of thanks, escaped. In a few minutes' time, however, his steps were heard coming down-stairs again, and he appeared, carrying some books. They were those Grace had rejected. He put them on the table by her side, and said, quietly—

"You will have time for these now."

Grace could not refuse to take them, but it was difficult to accept graciously, after her ungracious refusal the other day.

"Yes; I shall have only too much time," she said; "and it is good of you to wish to fill some of

it profitably; but I assure you I have only a smattering of German."

"Perhaps they may amuse you," said Water-house, gravely; "at any rate, I will leave them;" and then he took his final departure.

CHAPTER XII.

HESTER WAKES KITTY.

"IT appears we have given Mr. Waterhouse his inch," said Grace the next day, after Sarah had just brought in to the invalid some delicate hothouse flowers. And as the days passed, it appeared that Waterhouse intended to take even more than his ell; for not one went by without some fresh offering from the same source, of flowers or fruit or books; and not a day passed, also, that he did not appear personally to make inquiries after the foot, in which he may be considered as taking undue advantage of the fact that Grace could not escape from the diningroom sofa, which she managed to reach, with assistance, in the morning, and could not do other than answer, "Come in," however reluctantly, in answer to his tap at the door.

One morning, when Grace was alone, he brought with him his chess-board.

"Wouldn't it amuse you to have a game of chess?" he said.

"I am not worthy of your steel," replied Grace, being able to think of no gracious method of refusal.

"That is of no consequence at all," said Water-house, opening the board: "if you are not a good player, I will give you something. But we had better play one game first, and then we can estimate the difference between us."

But by the time one game had been played, in which, after a comparatively short struggle, Mr. Waterhouse had won, Grace had made up her mind to say what would probably preclude a second.

"Good!" exclaimed Waterhouse. "You show the elements of a good player, but you have not had much practice. Shall we have another? You are not tired?"

Waterhouse moved his seat a little, in order to place the board in what he fancied would be a more convenient position for Grace. In doing so, he had to move away from his elbow a vase containing flowers, which he had that morning sent in for her.

"Let me have the flowers for a moment," she said. "I want to smell the mignonette."

Waterhouse, with a decidedly gratified expression on his face, handed them to her.

"I am very fond of flowers," she continued, sniffing the fragrance—Waterhouse smiled, well pleased— "and yet I would rather you did not buy them for

"Why not?" asked Waterhouse, with a fallen countenance.

"Can't you see? That surprises me, for you are not dull of perception."

"Thank you; that is sheathing the claw in a velvet paw, like Pussy here."

Waterhouse spoke lightly, but he was in reality very apprehensive as to what she might be going to say.

"Can't you see," continued Grace, fixing serious eyes on the young man, "that it hurts the feelings of people who are very poor to be laden with presents every day from the hand of some one who is a stranger and—our lodger?" she added, after a pause.

Waterhouse was very seriously hurt and annoyed. He had thought that he had made some way—that he had overcome such foolish prejudices. After a hasty glance at Grace, he sat looking down and toying absently with the chessmen.

"And what about my obligations to you?" he asked at length, looking up. "Am I never to be allowed to do anything to discharge them? Is my pride not to be respected?"

"You seem to forget that my services are paid for," replied Grace, unable to restrain a smile.

"Paid for!" he repeated, starting up, and walking off to the hearthrug—the usual resort of a man out of temper—and Waterhouse was thoroughly angry now.

But Grace, with her most winning smile, said-

"Come, now, Mr. Waterhouse, don't be angry. I do appreciate your kindness. I think you are kinder than any one I know, and I don't want to be ungrateful. But these things—why, they—they simply smother me!"

Perhaps Grace's speech was not quite calculated to soothe Waterhouse's feelings, but he could hardly show resentment after it. He said, with a smile—

"Well, you shall not be smothered any more," and taking up his chess-board, added, "You have had enough of me for to-day, I'm sure," and so took his departure.

Grace received no more presents, and though Waterhouse continued to pay his little visits, they became much more ceremonious ones. Grace had effected what she intended, but whether her feelings in consequence were those of unmitigated satisfaction, I ask any student of human nature to judge.

But it was not in Waterhouse to bear resentment long, and not many days had elapsed before he came in one morning with his old genial address. He held in his hand a bunch of violets.

"Miss Norris, will you take these from me?" he said, smiling; "they cost me one penny sterling; and if you like, you shall give me the penny."

"By all means," said Grace, saucily; and with eyes dancing with merriment, she handed Waterhouse a penny. He put it into his waistcoat pocket, saying—

"That is well. You can't feel yourself under a painful obligation now."

"I don't know," replied Grace. "I daresay you have been at a great deal of trouble to get them; but I accept that gratefully."

"That is very humble-minded of you," said Water-

house; and they both laughed. And Grace was in a gayer mood when Waterhouse had gone than she had been before. As for Waterhouse, he grudged those three days that he had wasted in indulging his mortified feelings, for instinct told him that as soon as she resumed her duties Grace would freeze again. This was not a state of things which he was likely to enjoy in the future, this in which he heard her laugh, watched her tricks of gesture, saw her eyes flash fun, listened to the caressing-mocking tones in which she addressed her mother and sisters; in which also he made the discovery that she was not perfect, that she was something of an autocrat, that she had impatient ways, that she would not be advised, and that in spite of this no one could be vexed with her. She was not an exemplary invalid; the imprisonment was unbearably irksome to her, and in consequence she persisted in trying her ankle frequently to see if she could walk, though Waterhouse, as her doctor for the time being, forbade it.

"If you felt in rude health, Mr. Waterhouse, and were tied by the leg, as I am, and all your work cried out to be done," she said one day, "I put it to your honour, would you exercise the lamb-like patience you recommend to me? But, oh!" she continued, lightly, "I forgot that you don't do any work."

Waterhouse winced. "That is my misfortune,"

he said, gravely.

Grace looked up wonderingly.

"You would like to work?" she said. "Then I wonder why you don't."

"Because my work was taken from me, six months ago, when my father died."

Grace did not reply. She felt rebuked, and looked at Mr. Waterhouse with carnest eyes. When he went away, she gave him her hand for the first time, and it may be imagined that he felt the touch of that small supple hand for some time afterwards.

In consequence of Grace's wilfulness, she did not walk at the end of a week. A few days after that period, she began to get about a little, and at the end of a fortnight she could use her ankle as usual.

Waterhouse had written to Denston when the accident happened, telling him he should be out in the evenings at present. He now sent a note to the effect that he would be glad to see him any night he liked to come. It was some days before he did come. When he presented himself, Waterhouse exclaimed—

"My dear fellow! what on earth have you been doing to yourself? You look frightfully ill."

"Do I?" said Denston, walking over to the chimney-glass languidly. "Rather white about the gills, I suppose."

"You have been working too hard, haven't you? Too much of that desk work, which I am convinced in time destroys body and soul. I wish you could do something better."

"One must live," said Denston, throwing himself into a chair, and running his hand through his hair with a weary air.

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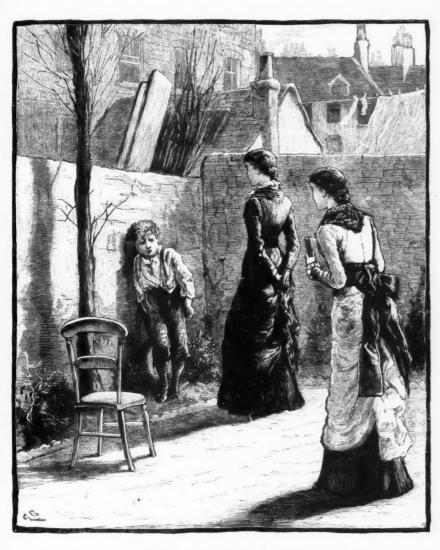
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"Does your sister support herself?" Waterhouse asked, abruptly, after regarding Denston for a few moments critically.

"Yes, I bring it done in an evening." Oh, you bring it

"Yes, I bring it home now, and get a good deal done in an evening."

"Oh, you bring it home, do you? Come, now, I'll



"Hester came up the gravel, and stood at a little distance."-p. 201.

"No-oh no."

"Not with that writing of hers?"

"She buys her own nicknacks. One does not expect a woman to do more."

"Why haven't you been in before? I suppose you've been at that dreadful copying,"

tell you what; bring some of it over here for me, and give yourself some rest, man. I have nothing to do; I should be glad of the occupation."

"Nonsense." The bluntness of the reply was softened by one of Denston's infrequent smiles,

"I'm perfectly serious," said Waterhouse,

"I never met such a fellow as you, Waterhouse. You seem to regard the world as created for the special purpose of owing you obligations."

"Bother your obligations!" Waterhouse burst out in a rage, "I'm sick of this unceasing chime,"

He strode across the room furiously, and then returned to poke the fire.

"How is Miss Norris?" asked Denston, after a time.

Waterhouse looked at him sharply, as though suspecting him of the same mental association as his own.

"Oh, she's all right again. Shall we have some chess?"

The two men were soon absorbed in their game, Denston's coolness generally acted like oil on the troubled waters of Waterhouse's impetuosity.

But on the floor below all was not right that evening. The waters there were sorely troubled, and there was no oil likely to still them. The growing sense of peace and harmony, which had deepened much of late in presence of the happy change noticeable in Hester, had been that afternoon destroyed in a few short moments.

Not many hours before Denston came to pay his visit up-stairs, Mrs. Norris, Grace, and Hester being at work in the dining-room, the postman's knock came to the door. Hester, being nearest, went to fetch the letter, but there was a little discussion heard at the door, and she came back without anything in her hand.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her mother.

"A wrong address, mamma; but, oddly enough, the letter was directed to Mrs. Norris Fleetwood at our number"

As Hester spoke, she saw every vestige of colour leave her mother's face.

"Grace!" she cried, in a hoarse, frightened voice. Grace had already risen, and was on her way to the door. She stopped, and said, soothingly—

"Yes, mother; it is probably a misdirected circular. What was the handwriting, Hester?"

"It was certainly not a circular," said Hester, looking from one to the other in bewilderment. "But how could it be for us?"

But Grace was already gone, and Mrs. Norris went after her, and Hester saw the former hurry past the window in the direction from whence came the sound of the postman's now distant rat-tat, and soon afterwards return to the house. But neither Grace nor her mother came back to the dining-room to explain the mystery, and when they all met again not a word was uttered referring to it. Grace alone looked and spoke as usual. Mrs. Norris was silent and nervous, with compressed lips and trembling hands, while Hester seemed as if turned to stone. Never had she experienced so desperate, so forlorn a situation as this. Almost as soon as she had turned with a rush of loyal feeling to cling to the love she believed she had misjudged, she had been met by a confirmation of all those judgments, nay, by a revelation which swallowed them up as utterly inadequate to gauge the truth. The sweet waters of that fountain of love which had so lately sprung up within her heart had been turned in a moment bitter as gall to the taste. She would ask no questions—no, not though she were kept in ignorance to her dying day. She moved about cold and passive and pale, and as soon as she could, bade her mother and sister goodnight, and went to her room.

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If Kitty should not be asleep! Kitty was asleep, or appeared to be, but appearances might be deceitful; so Hester took her light up to the small bed, and, shading it with her hand, gazed for a few moments on the closed eyes and parted lips, and listened to the regular breathing. Yes, Kitty was asleep. Tears rushed to Hester's eyes as she looked. and a softer feeling stole over her. Kitty, at least, was innocent of this unnatural bewildering conceal. ment and mysterious under-current of family affairs, from which she was to be shut out. Kitty, too, was in the dark, poor child! and they two ought to cling together. But bitter thoughts followed in the train of that; for Kitty was only a child, and could not be admitted to a share in Hester's experience, and she must submit to watch daily the child's devotion to Grace.

But now there was nothing to be done but to sit down, and with a sickening sense of insecurity, and a bewildered imagination, to piece out that puzzle whose separate bits were floating here and there before her in vague recollections and isolated bits of fact, and in larger conditions which had never gathered meaning in the natural acceptance of habit, but all of which now began to take shape—the occurrence of that afternoon having wrought upon them as though with some chemical action, bringing out latent meaning.

There was, first of all, the singularly isolated position which they as a family held. They had literally no friends. That could not have been always so, Was it possible that there could be no relations living on either father's or mother's side? The family life for the last fourteen years seemed to have been always just what it was now, except that the little children had gradually grown up. The mystery belonged to the time before that, which was all shrouded in darkness for Hester. Grace was the only one whose memory would be of service here, and, apart from memory, there was little to help the imagination in constructing theories. Their father's name never came into the family talk, and now the omission (which had formerly seemed natural after so many years' interval, and in the absence of any personal feeling towards her father on Hester's part) began to gather significance. Mrs. Norris would refer sometimes to some childish memory or girlish experience, but of her wedded life Hester could gather nothing from recollection of her mother's talk. She knew that they had been rich, and that at their father's death they became poor, and that was really all she knew. She guessed, too, that they had not lived in London, but it was only a guess. She now marvelled much that she had not questioned her mother in the days when such curiosity would have been spontaneous and unsuspecting: perhaps she had done so in very early days, and had been so often met by evasive answers or rebuffs, that ignorance had long ago become a matter of course.

"Mrs. Norris Fleetwood." Hester began to search in the brain-that storehouse of odds and ends-for some connection with the name Fleetwood. First she conjured up the vision of a linen wrapper, laid over the contents of a certain drawer, which she remembered noticing had that name marked in the corner, at the time supposing it to have been sent from the wash in exchange for one of their own. Then there was the monogram on the tea-caddy, which as a child she had often tried to decipher, and which was full of flourishes that might be almost anything, but which she had never been able to reduce to anything but G. M. F., the first two initials being those of her mother's Christian names, Grace Mary. The last was the crux, for it should have been N., and she had always felt vexed at her own stupidity in not being able to make it so. If the initial stood for Fleetwood, the difficulty was no longer remarkable. But what a labyrinth of conjecture the supposition would lead to! It was not the way out of, but rather into mystery. That the family should have lived under two names was a terrible conclusion to be forced to, for the explanation, be it what it might, must inevitably bear with it some disgrace, or shame, or sorrow.

Then she thought it was perhaps only her own

imagination which had thus distorted quite explicable facts; and yet, apart from reasoning, she felt an oppressive atmosphere of mystery around her which would not disperse, and she could not shake off the conviction that there was a hidden side to the family history. But, oh, whatever it might be, Hester felt that she could have borne it bravely had the knowledge come to her as it ought to have done, through the willing confidence of her mother and sister. There was the sting. If they loved her as she loved them, would they leave her thus to painful lonely perplexity and distress? A thousand times no. Hester declared to herself that it was all true that she had often felt before-there was no place for her in this home. It was well, indeed, that one person loved her, and would think it happiness to live with her: perhaps Miss Denston's wish would some day be fulfilled, and Hester would go to her friend and devote her life to her.

But this consideration did not appear to carry with it the comfort that might have been expected. Hester began to cry, and cried so long and so heartily that she awoke the sleeping Kitty. Kitty at first was only drowsily conscious of a noise in the room; and when she became aware gradually of the light, and that the sound was that of Hester's sobs, the little girl was very frightened, quite too frightened to speak, or to show herself awake. She curled right down under the bed-clothes, and listened in wondering awe to this strange outbreak of grief on the part of her dignified sister.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST LONDON SOUP KITCHEN.

BY ANNE BEALE.

"The poor ye have always with you."



HE benevolent public will be grieved to learn that the building known as the Leicester Square Soup Kitchen and Refuge, stuated in Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, W., is fast falling to decay; so fast, indeed, that last Christmas the sanitary inspector ordered a prop to the ceiling to support the building. But the public aforesaid, always benevolent, will rejoice to hear that a new building is in contemplation, if only they will come forward, with their accustomed

liberality, to pay for it. The sum of £2,000 will metamorphose one side of Ham Yard. Instead of the small kitchen now used to dine relays of the poor souls who stand shivering without till their turn comes, one will arise

large enough to seat a hundred at a time. Instead of the upper rooms, mouldering with dry rot, in which only ten of the homeless but respectable poor can now be lodged, accommodation will be provided for at least thirty. Instead of the small, uncomfortable, and even dangerous apartments appropriated to the much-enduring superintendent, Mr. Stevens, and his wife, habitable ones will be secured to them. As this is the only place where meals are gratuitously given daily throughout the year, there can be no doubt that the required sum will be at once forthcoming, so as to enable the committee to begin and finish the building during this very summer; for it must be completed before the winter sets in. As the cold intensifies, so does the poverty, and it is curious to note the difference in the number of dinners given in the months of July and January. In July one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine meals were eaten in the kitchen, ' and 4,210 carried home to distressed families; whereas in the January of the following year, 6,534 were given at the hospice, and 19,625 taken

away.

The word "hospice" recalls the founder of this institution, Charles Cochrane, who originally named it "The Mount St. Bernard Hospice," after the Alpine monastery so designated, which he visited. He is reported to have said that in the whole world there was no greater "howling wilderness" for the lonely and poverty-stricken than London. Accordingly, in the exceptionally hard year of 1846 he established this first free soup kitchen, which has been continuing its blessed work ever since. He has gone to his rest, after spending and being spent in the service of the poor; but some still remain who have been interested in the work from its commencement. Mr. Ash, who has been treasurer nearly a score of years, was present with his father when it was first mooted; and amongst the vice-presidents named in the first exhaustive report, written by the founder and chairman, Mr. Cochrane, is—Charles Dickens.

from Piccadilly Circus. We were there but yesterday. It was fine, and there was nothing exceptionally distressing, only a throng of hungry men and women pressing six deep round a strong iron rail, placed to guard the door from ingress before the stated period. Although tickets are necessary to insure admission, hundreds come in the hope of at least some of the "crumbs." At the given hour a stream of women poured in, and seated themselves before large basins of soup. They were followed by as many men, who stood to their meal. All the ticket-holders were thus served, succeeding one another as the places be-The superintendent, who has came vacant. learnt discrimination from eleven years' daily observation, picked out such of those as appeared to him most deserving from among the ticketless, and they entered at his nod. The soup was excellent. Each basin was filled, first with what appeared to be the crusts neatly cut by clubhouse domestics from the toast of the dainty or toothless; and secondly with a steaming compound of meat, rice, and German lentils. It is from the innumerable club-houses of St. James's, from hotels and restaurants, that broken meat enough comes to supply, in part, this feast for the hungry. And to judge from results, it was probably better appreciated than the repasts that

originated it. One delicate looking respectable girl said, "It has done me good. I came out of hospital yesterday, and I am staying at a lodging-house till I get work, I am a bead embroiderer. I didn't know where to turn for a dinner till I was told of this place, and the gentleman let me in without a ticket," A tidy woman, with a little girl, who sat near her, was similarly admitted. "I came from Halifax, in Yorkshire," she said. "My husband left me, and I thought I should be sure to



IN THE HOSPICE.

Were he still amongst us, a stroke of his pen would soon raise the needed sum; would that a humbler scribe could be touched with but the hem of his garment, so as to evoke substantial sympathy.

It would surely flow freely if the charitably disposed would go and see for themselves, any day at three o'clock. Ham Yard is a stone's throw

get work in London. I am a laundress, and they tell me I shall have better chance of work in a month's time." Why will everybody crowd to London? Oh! if people would but believe they are best in their native sphere! As to the men, they looked more shamefaced than the women, and a few of them had an especially hopeless, broken-down expression.

Next came the contingent that had "family tickets." These are distributed by the clergy, missionaries, inspectors, and even the district postmen, by any one, in short, who is trustworthy, and sees the distress of the poor. From thirty to fifty families are thus relieved daily. One after another, old men, women, and children

round dozen. God help them! and let man also help to maintain and enlarge an institution that does its best to keep them afloat when they seem sinking, and to land them safely where they may have a chance of embarking on a new ship. This figure of speech is particularly applicable at the moment. One of the attendants was a handsome,



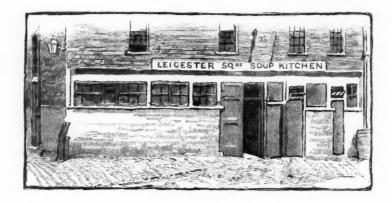
"A quantity of broken bread was shovelled into it."

passed before the distributors, who are themselves men who have been aided by the charity. Holding up apron or shawl, a quantity of broken bread was shovelled into it; while a pitcher, tin can, or other utensil was filled with soup, two quarts of which are given to each, supposing the vessel will hold that quantity. But cans and pitchers are as scarce as money in many of these poor homes. It was difficult to ascertain the circumstances of the recipients, as they passed rapidly through the kitchen; but the root of the matter seemed to be, "out of work." There was one bright-looking bonnetless child of twelve, who looked especially happy at the treasure she had found. Her father had already been, early in the morning, to crave a family ticket. He was on crutches, having had rheumatic gout, but was "out in search of work." He had, the previous day, been blessed by an addition to his family, having already five olive branches, of whom the girl aforesaid was the oldest. His case may serve as example for most of the others. Large families and no work, is the burden of the complaint. "Mother has had twelve, and father ain't got nothing to do," said a member of this stalwart sailor of the Royal Navy, who came to Ham Yard in distress, was taken into the refuge, fed, clothed, made of use, and will soon, it is hoped, be afloat again. Such sailors rarely appear there; not more than half-a-dozen having come for aid during Mr. Stevens' tenure of office; which he attributes to their having the mercantile marine to fall back upon when out at elbows. Old soldiers, on the contrary, are frequent visitors, particularly since the short service system has They spend their quarter's pension in drink, maybe have no trade, and are thankful for a stray meal until their pension comes with the next quarter. But several of these have been permanently helped, and placed in situations as commissionaires, for which service they appear to be, as a rule, well suited.

It is satisfactory to learn that not only have whole families, but individuals, been carried through periods of distress by the timely help of the Soup Kitchen and Refuge. Many young men have been rescued, by God's grace, from perdition. Only the other day one came to London to visit a girl he was about to marry, who, a few years ago, had been drafted from the Refuge to

a situation, which he kept some time, and whence he went to a provincial town, where he has now a good business of his own. Another, a clerk of respectable parentage, brought by a City Missionary to the Refuge, and clothed before he could be brought, ruined by drink, was finally reclaimed, and is now in an excellent situation which he has kept three years. He calls himself the son of that good missionary. A young German, who was eleven days at the Refuge, was lately sent back to his friends in Germany; and a youth from Montreal is about to be similarly returned to

men of all professions and trades are often reduced by circumstances to seek this refuge, which, like the meals, is free. But it is in the severe winter weather that privation and poverty become most apparent. In the week after the great snowstorm, 9,842 meals were given, and an extra fifty-gallon boiler was added to those already in use; and one hundred and fifteen tons of coal were distributed by various agencies, during three months of the inclement season, when hundreds were perishing of cold and hunger. Tickets are required in each kind of distribution.



America. Generous members of the committee are usually called upon to discharge this noble, if

expensive, Christian duty.

Enlarged sleeping accommodation will increase this useful sphere, and enable many homeless wanderers to be sheltered until suitable work can be obtained, and by the supper and breakfast apportioned to them, strengthened to seek the desired occupation. For Ham Yard is professedly a place for "the prevention of mendicancy," as well as "the relief of destitution," no one being admitted who is not willing and ready to work. It is not generally known that the Shoeblack Brigade originated here. There are two letters in Mr. Cochrane's voluminous report, dated October 21st and 23rd, 1847, which certify this interesting fact. One is written by himself to the commissioners of police, requesting their aid in establishing this new occupation for men out of work; the other from Sir Richard Mayne, promising "not to interfere with the parties, unless a nuisance be caused by them, by collecting a crowd, etc."

During the past twelve months, even with the small resources at command, 2,161 nights' lodgings, with supper and breakfast, have been afforded, and followed, in numerous instances, by the best results. It is truly sad to know that

"Melting charity" softens all hearts at Christmastide, and during that season, so lately past, those of the citizens of the greatest city in the world must almost melt away, to judge from results. To Ham Yard alone came from its merchant princes gifts of flour, rice, biscuits, currants and raisins, pounds upon pounds of tea, sacks of potatoes, loaves upon loaves of bread, onions, compressed vegetables, and meat. This in kind. Then flowed in subscriptions in money amounting to over £200, all of which enabled the committee to apportion to subscribers, the clergy, and visitors of the poor, tickets which enabled 1,118 families to partake of a Christmas dinner. To quote from the last report, "The distribution lasted from three to ten o'clock on Christmas Eve, each family receiving four pounds of good roasting beef, three pounds of plum-pudding [made in the kitchen], a half-quartern loaf, a packet of tea and sugar, and a share of biscuits, and other comforts, sent for the enjoyment of the

We can well imagine the blessings showered down on the donors of this bounty, and the thankfulness of the receivers. We can also rejoice with the superintendent that, owing to this overnight distribution, he and his family were permitted to have a day to themselves, the only day, save Good Friday, of the weekday year. We venture to assert that London is not only the greatest city in the world, but that its citizens

are the most benevolent.

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Although Christmas Day has come and gone, Ham Yard and the poor still remain, as we were forcibly reminded by that gathering of yesterday. Alas! that the good cheer is not the "widow's cruse," to be renewed hour by hour. Still we can all do something to prevent those "deaths from starvation," which startle us from time to time, and seem to become more frequent as population increases. When the boilers were empty, and the mountain of bread levelled to a plain, it was pitiful to watch many hungry souls shamble away unfed. True, most of those who thus departed were of that "residuum" of mankind who, from drink, or loss of hope, or misfortune, seem past work, and live on charity; yet some few would have been relieved had there been food left. One woman with a pitcher but without a ticket clamoured much, but the Superintendent was compelled to say, "If I do it for one, I shall have a hundred down upon me." his life is not an easy one. He is subject to much abuse from the professional mendicant, and sometimes told that he has held office too long. His reply is, "Yes; because I know you all too well.2

Here, in the West of London as in the East, drink and over-crowded dwellings are at the root of half the misery, and until the one can be suppressed, the other amended, permanent reform is difficult. And the means at hand are ill-employed. The coffee-palaces are becoming notorious for bad

coffee and weak tea, as well as for untidy and unswept rooms, while model houses are too expensive for the class that most needs them. However, we appeal for a model house exactly suitable to the class for which it is to be built, and quite within its means; inasmuch as the inmates will have neither rent nor taxes to pay, will have their meals free, and be aided to find employment which shall restore them to respectability and good citizenship. Not only the philanthropist, but the social reformer, can conscientiously help. Prince Albert both inspected and assisted this work, and we should go far to find a better example.

While winter is yet with us, then, and shivering, half-clad, invited and uninvited guests, stand, day after day, biding their time in that small "Yard," let us provide against next winter, God helping us. It is not always fine weather, as it chanced to be yesterday, in this foggy London; yet still they crowd the Yard; sometimes wet to the skin-sometimes ankle-deep in snow; sometimes penetrated to the heart and marrow by sleet, frost, or hail. Still they come! they come! each day, every day, this army of depressed, heavy-laden, hunger-driven brothers and sisters stand, like war-stricken soldiers, but never "stand at ease!" Oh! for this much-desired, long, roomy, warm, comfortable kitchen, where they may be received by the hundred, and enjoy a brief respite from the chill of the outer world. And oh! for the new dormitories, where the foot-sore and heart-broken may rest awhile, and regain courage and hope to face a world that they have perhaps found cold and unkind!

DAVID A PATTERN OF COURAGE,

(OLD TESTAMENT PATTERNS OF NEW TESTAMENT VIRTUES.)

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

"Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied."—I Sam. xvii.



HE words of our text were addressed to the Philistine chief, Goliath of Gath. This Goliath may be considered as the first duellist; and, as a man who neither feared God nor regarded man, he is no unworthy prototype of those who, in after ages, be-

came the abettors of such a barbarous usage. A strange thing, in the ethics of social life, is it that such an outrage upon religion and common sense should have survived till so lately. However, the odious practice has happily gone out now; at least as far as our country is concerned. And we wisely

hand over to the care of the police, or to a keeper, the idiot who demands an exchange of pistol shots, as a satisfaction to his injured name.

But the history of this first duel has been preserved for our learning; and from the conduct, not of the giant but of his stripling foe, there is much that we may learn. For herein does David teach us how we should deport ourselves, in our controversies with the powers of evil. And he shows to us that if, when called to the battle of life, we are careful to go forth in the right strength, to arm ourselves with the right weapons, to keep steadily before our eyes the one right end, even the honour of the Lord of hosts, we have nothing to fear from sword, or spear, or

shield; from principalities, or rulers, or powers; but that, in Christ Jesus, we shall be made more than conquerors, and shall tread the Philistines of darkness under our feet. "Thou comest to me with a sword, and a spear, and a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied."

I. Let us first glance at the circumstances of the history. Saul being practically deposed from the kingdom through a gross act of disobedience, the prophet Samuel is instructed to fill his horn with oil, and to select the future king from among the sons of Jesse. By Divine direction, the person chosen for this honour was David; who, however, after receiving the anointing oil, returned to pursue his humble calling as a shepherd.

The Providence which called him thence, we know. The nation was on the eve of a great battle. All who were worthy to bear arms were pressed into the service. Yet, strangely enough, when this conscription was to take effect among the sons of Jesse, David is left out. The anointing oil, the words of Samuel the prophet, the coming upon David, at that time, of the Spirit of the Lord, all these things seemed to have been overlooked or forgotten. The most David is thought worthy of is to be the bearer of a message to his soldier-brethren, and their captain on the battlefield. There he arrives, just as the air is ringing with the defiant challenge of the Philistine; and fear is paralysing the energies of all the soldiers of Saul; and a high reward is being offered to any stout heart, among the armies of Israel, who might be willing to go forth against the giant chief, and deliver the country from its impending shame. I need not pursue the history. David hears the challenge; makes an offer of his services, boldly enters the lists; and slays the foe. "So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him."

II. Such are the circumstances which led to this remarkable engagement. Let us gather up some of the practical lessons of the history, more especially as, in the example of David, they illustrate the nature and characteristics of true

Christian courage.

1. Thus we see, in David, a good deal of self-abnegation, and patient acquiescence in the Divine arrangements—itself a good foundation for a courageous Christian character. After his plain designation to the kingdom, and with a certain amount of military training which had gained him a reputation already, it must have been very trying to David to settle down to his pastoral calling, and that, too, when his brethren and all the young blood of Israel were being enlisted for the war. How fitting did the occasion seem for drawing forth his skill in the practice of arms. But he is kept back—thrust into obscurity, there to

remain, unknown and unseen of men. How does this voluntary retirement of David remind us of the obscure Nazareth life of Him that should come after: content to hide under a bushel for thirty years, a light whose glorious shining was to enlighten and bless the world! But the lesson is good for us all, who have any work for God to do, that we must be content to bide our time—or. rather, the Lord's time. David did not prove the worse soldier, or the worse monarch, for all those years he spent among the sheep-folds; and he who has disciplined his soul to wait, will generally be found the most skilled to rule. God will always find the opportunity, when He has any need of our services; and it is not for us to forestall His purposes. "He that believeth must not make haste."

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II. See how an opportunity is made for David when the Lord had need of him, and therewith an occasion for magnifying this chosen type of His dear Son. It is not of his own seeking that the shepherd-warrior is sent on an errand to the camp; and only through that ministering angel, which the world calls chance, is it brought about that he should hear the vaunting challenge thrown out by the Philistine. But the mere act of waiting to hear that challenge is made an occasion, by his elder brother, for casting in his teeth the most keen and bitter reproaches. The answer of David is characteristic of true courage—the courage of meekness. In the spirit of Him Who, "when He was reviled, reviled not again," he replied to the petulant and angry taunts of his brother, in those quiet words, "What have I done? Is there not a cause?" How much of misery, and strife, and bloodshed, in the world would be spared, if men would only bear in mind the power of a soft answer! Some Eastern nation has a proverb, "he who returns a blow is the man who begins the quarrel." A beautiful truth true as Scripture, and most wise for us all to bear in mind. The man who acts upon it gains a double victory. For, by a soft answer, he has turned away wrath; and that is a victory over his neighbour. And by forbearing threatening, he strengthens the rule over his own spirit, and that is a victory over himself.

III. But let me pass on to notice some of the grounds of David's courage in going forth against

this Philistine.

1. First, there was his authority and warrant for entering upon such an expedition. "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts," is his language to the giant. This was a customary Hebrew phrase for one who had to execute a Divine commission. And David felt he could lay claim to it. It was no headstrong purpose of his own, he was following: no rash usurpation of an office which did not belong to him. He was called of God. He was in the way of duty. He was acting under the influence of that Spirit which came

upon him at the time of his anointing; and, whatever the danger or the difficulties of obedience, he believed Himself designated by a Divine appointment to fight the battles of the Lord. And this is the form of confidence we are to have, when confronted, unexpectedly it may be, with spiritual dangers and temptations. these dangers come upon us in the way of duty. and in the order of the Divine appointment? Did we fall in with them, in following out the obligations of our social or providential calling? Did we enter upon this important work, or incur this grave responsibility, after assuredly gathering from prayer, from the teaching of the Spirit, from the indications of outward circumstances, that the Lord had called us thereto? Then we have nothing to fear. We are armed with one of David's smooth stones from the brook. And in the face of the crested foe, and before the shining of his glittering spear, we may say, 'The battle is not mine; the glory is not mine; I am but doing God's work;' "I come in the name of the Lord of hosts,"

2. Again, it would give courage to David, in this encounter, that his only object, in undertaking it, was to exalt the honour of the Divine name before the heathen. He was actuated by no self-seeking aims; was thirsting for no conqueror's triumphs. His chief care, as his whole address to Goliath shows, was to roll away the reproach which the permitted success of such bad men would bring upon the name of the most High God. He will indeed smite his foe; will take his head from him; will cause his carcase to be given to the wild beasts, or the fowls of the air, but all this is only that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. This is another of the smooth stones we should always provide ourselves with, "then going forth against that three-headed Goliath, the world, the flesh, and the devil. Our contest is for the glory of The honour of Christ is concerned in our successful struggles with the tempter. And it will redound to the praise of the glory of His grace, when, in the strength of it, we prevail over the assaults of the evil one, and are able to treadunder some besetting sin. We want to have it known to all the earth, to enemies, to devils, to redeemed men, that there is a God in Israel; a God of justice to do right; a God of holiness to hate sin; but at the same time, a God of mercy to help all that flee to Him for succour, and a God of might to deliver, and redeem, and save.

IV. Another feature in David's conduct to be noticed, and one always found in connection with true religious courage, is that with the most absolute trust in Divine succours, he is not negligent in the use of human means. He was conscious of dexterity in the use of the sling. And by means of it, if successful, he might hope to inflict a deadly blow upon his antagonist, before

coming within the range of his ponderous spear. Of course, this was a terrible venture to hang a life upon. By a failure of aim, even by a handbreadth, and he must stand before his gigantic foe, a disarmed and defenceless thing, to be trampled upon as a worm, and to be crushed before the host. And yet, though nobody could have known this better than David, he is all confidence. The great Swiss patriot, as the legend runs, provided himself against mischance. If the arrow smites the head of his child, he has another ready wherewith to pierce the tyrant's heart. But David makes no reckoning of chances. God will do that. If the stone from the brook miss its aim, perhaps a stone from heaven will fall, and be more successful. Enough for him that the thing proceedeth from the Lord. His is the issue of the contest. His is the honour at stake. His is the ordering of the weapons. And His will be the glory of the victory. If the foeman fall, is the thought of the stripling warrior, he will fall by no skill of mine. "The battle is the Lord's," he declares to the giant, "and He will give you into our hands."

Again is David an example to us in our spiritual conflicts. His conduct brings before us the conditions of success in striking combination -as showing how effort, diligence, the prudent and persevering use of outward appliances are expected from us, on the one hand, while, on the other, must be a simple trust in the promised grace and covenant faithfulness of our God, to bring all good things to pass. Exhorted as the believer in Christ is, to work out His own salvation, yet he knows, and is thankful to know, it is "God that worketh in him both to will and to do of His good pleasure." He prays, but it is the grace of the Holy Spirit which enables him to pray. He labours, but it is God that crowns His labours. He uses the sling, but it is God that directs the stone. His enemies may fall: his deliverance may be complete: into the streets of the New Jerusalem he may carry the trophies of an accomplished victory; but, together with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, he will take up the song, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise." Salvation is all of grace. The battle is the Lord's.

V. One more consideration which would give confidence to David in this encounter, and one which will always be helpful to the stimulating of Christian courage, is that which arose from a grateful remembrance of former deliverances. You will remember how he used this argument with the king, when reciting how a lion and a bear came and took a lamb out of his flock. "Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them." Of the five smooth stones which David took out of the brook, none

would be so precious to him as this sweet remembrance of past mercies. It would nerve his arm with new strength. It would reduce the giant proportions of the Philistine to the stature of common men. It would bring to his aid, the realised succours of a present God. The sling would fail, if God Himself could fail, if His faithfulness could fail, if variableness, inconstancy, or shadow of turning could come over the purposes of Him Who hath said, "I am the Lord: I change not: therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

Be it ours to treasure up, and look at often, these precious tokens of God's past lovingkindness. Of all the weapons we could choose out of the armoury of God, there is none to which we could better apply the words, spoken afterwards by David of the sword of this Philistine, "There is none like that"—none which to God is so acceptable, to the soul is so comforting, to faith is so reviving, to Satan is so sharp, and disarming, and terrible as this argument of a

once-achieved deliverance, this appeal to a wellremembered mercy, this plea of a kindly answered prayer. And in this way, past spiritual experiences become to us as so much permanent, husbanded, collected strength. That first conviction which revealed to us our soul's danger, that answer of peace which told us of sin forgiven, that realised presence of Christ which upheld us in the hour of temptation-all these are pledges to us of a final and unfailing victory. We know not what may be before us. We may have to contend with the giant adversary of evil, with the armed Philistines of temptation, with the farstretching hosts of an ungodly and ensnaring world; and yet, strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and in the remembrance of former mercies, we shall be able to say, "The Lord Who delivered me out of the paw of the roaring lion, will deliver me from every evil work, and keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

THE OTHER SIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE,"
"WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC.



rie! don't leave me yet!" and the hard - featured warmhearted woman, whose voice was broken by her grief, came hurrying to the porch to repeat her entreaty. "The coach doesn't pass for another hour or more; stay with me till the last moment, do'ee now!"

But the young girl she was addressing held up a few autumn flowers, and glanced at the bag

she was carrying, as she answered, "I will not be long away. I must pay another visit to mamma's grave, Margie. It may be years, long years before I see it again; and I shall pass the Almshouses on my way to the churchyard; the poor old women there will not think half as much of the little parting gifts I have made for them if they don't receive them from my own hands."

Caroline Loryton had cast one backward glance at the cottage she was leaving; but she dare not venture on another. The board with the ominous announcement, "To Let," and the trunks, containing all her worldly possessions, were too significant of the change a few months had wrought, She dashed away the moisture that dimmed her eyes, and saw, with some confusion, that she was not alone. An elderly lady, leaning on the arm of a young man, whose features bore a strong resemblance to her own, had alighted from the shabby one-horse conveyance that was known at Greycliff as the carriage from the town, and was regarding her intently,

"I beg your pardon," she said, speaking in a tremulous but pleasant voice, as soon as she perceived how much her scrutiny was embarrassing its object, "I am in want of sea-side lodgings for myself and son, and have been directed here."

"I will call Margie," stammered the inexperienced owner of the cottage, and she was retreating, when the gentleman interposed—

"My mother is very much fatigued with her journey. If she could sit down for a few minutes, and have a glass of milk or water——"

Carrie surveyed the lady compassionately. She, too, was in deep mourning; and was trembling as if scarcely able to support herself.

The bag and the flowers were hastily set down, that Miss Loryton might offer her arm to the stranger, at the same time saying, cordially—

"Pray come in and rest. Margie shall make you some tea if you prefer it, and you will find our little parlour delightfully cool and shady."

"Our parlour!" the lady repeated, looking around.

"Then you do not live here alone? Excuse the question if it seems impertinent, but the cottage appears so small that—"

"There will be no one here but Margie, who is an excellent servant," Carrie hastened to assure her. "My mother is dead," she added, in lower tones, "and I am going away."

"To friends, I hope."

It was said so kindly that the young girl's lips

quivered, as she replied-

"Our doctor has recommended me to lodge with a couple of maiden sisters well known to him. They keep a fancy shop at Camberwell, and may be able to procure me some pupils."

"I don't like to hear of young people, friendless, motherless girls, going to London to seek their fortunes," the stranger observed, as she sipped the milk

Margie had brought her.

"I have tried to get pupils here," answered Miss Loryton, sadly, "but the two or three I secured were not sufficient; and—during my mother's long illness—her annuity was so small that when she and I could not eke it out with our lace-making, and there were so many expenses, it was impossible to keep out of debt. And so when—when all was over, our good doctor advised letting the cottage as it stands, and every one has been kind, and offered to wait till the rent and my earnings will enable me to pay them."

But here, overwhelmed with confusion, poor Carrie stopped short; what could have induced her to speak so frankly to a person she had never seen

till now?

"I think this place will suit us, mother!" said the gentleman, in a business-like tone. "It is small, certainly, but the situation is excellent; we might

try for a few weeks, at all events."

Alternately hoping and fearing stood Carrie Loryton, while Margie was summoned and questioned, the upper chambers visited, their exquisite neatness commended, and the few preliminaries discussed and agreed upon. Mrs. Dynevor and her son Oswald would be Miss Loryton's tenants for the present; and a month's rent was tendered in advance.

Was Carrie Loryton glad or sorry to leave her old home in possession of strangers? Already the place seemed changed; the firm footstep of Mr. Dynevor made the boards creak, his portfolio and sketch-books—for he was an artist—were lying on the tables; and his broad-leaved felt hat hung on the peg that used to hold her garden-bonnet.

But Mrs. Dynevor was speaking.

"Must you leave here to day, Miss Loryton? I wish you could make it convenient to remain till I have accustomed myself to my new residence. Oswald will be out and away from sunrise to sunset; I am not strong enough to accompany him in his long rambles, and I have no daughter to cheer me with her society."

Carrie hesitated. After nerving herself to endure the pain of departure, and uttering her few farewells, would it be wise to linger? And yet Mrs. Dynevor's appealing looks made it difficult to refuse.

"Pray stay with me!" she pleaded. "I am but just recovering from a long illness, and need care and

kindness almost as much as the mother of whom you have been speaking,"

The coach went without Carrie Loryton, and Margie, wild with delight at this pleasant arrangement, made the most strenuous endeavours to please her new employers; and as Mrs. Dynevor, though languid and unequal to much exertion, refused to be treated as an invalid, the cottage was once more a cheerful abode.

Its young mistress frequently marvelled at the rapidity with which the days flew by; every hour was a busy one—for when she was not helping Margie or strolling with Mrs. Dynevor along the cliffs, the quiet gentlemanly artist claimed her assistance.

Still keeping steadily before her the life as a daily governess, to which she still looked forward, Carrie filled up every leisure moment with hard carnest study; but she was never allowed to over-tax her strength. Ere long her cheeks—paled by grief and long vigils—regained their bloom; her slender figure lost its sorrowful droop, her eyes their worn look of hopeless grief.

"You have been so good to me," she exclaimed, gratefully, one evening. "You have been wondrously good to me, dear Mrs. Dynevor; my mother's prediction has been verified; help has come to me when and where I least expected it. But is it not time I left you? The winter will soon be here, and then you will go back to the pretty house at Wimbledon you have described to me."

"And you, Carrie? have you no friends who could save you from the drudgery for which you are pre-

paring yourself, no relatives?"

A hard pained look came over the young face, and

the response was decisive.

" None."

"Think again, my dear; your father?"

"Was an only son; his parents died before I was born."

"Your mother; was there no one amongst her kin who would be kind to her child for her sake?"

"Ah, no, they were cruel to her; I would suffer any hardships rather than accept favours from them."

Mrs. Dynevor put her finger under the speaker's chin, and raised the flushed face, till the eyes sank shame-stricken before the reproof conveyed in hers.

"Yes, you are shocked to hear me say this; but my mother's wrongs always make me feel angry. You don't know how cruelly she was treated."

"Are you sure, quite sure, you are not exaggerating some family quarrel, some dispute in which each party, knowing themselves to blame, should have forgiven and forgotten long ago?"

"Quite sure," said Carrie, positively. "If you had known mamma, you would have seen that she was incapable of injuring or wronging any one; and this makes me resent all the more keenly the usage to which she was subjected. She was more delicately moulded, more sensitive, than I am, and it almost broke her heart when her uncle—he was a very



"'It may be years, long years, before I see it again."-p. 211.

rich man, and she was his adopted daughter—suddenly interposed his authority, and forbade her to continue the engagement she had entered into with my father."

"There must have been reasons for such an arbitrary use of his power,"

"Only this one; a report had been whispered to my father's disadvantage—but none who knew him gave it the slightest credence; and when my dearest mother nobly refused to break her troth, her uncle bade her choose between him and her lover. My mother had a grateful heart, and never forgot the happy years she had spent under her uncle's roof. She would have deferred her marriage, but my father was in ill-health—he died young—and his regiment—did I tell you that he was in the army?—was ordered abroad. She could not resolve to let him go alone, and so they were married, and she never saw her uncle's face again."

"Is this all, my child?"

"No, indeed; the worst is to come. In the first hours of her bereavement my poor mother wrote to her uncle. She thought her own days were numbered, and she entreated him to protect and cherish her orphan daughter, even as he had cherished her; but the letter was never answered. One of her consins had taken the place that used to be hers; and when she wrote again, and yet again, and still he kept silence, she was obliged to believe that the tale brought to her by an acquaintance was true—that this cousin had withheld her letters."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Dynevor. "Do you hear this, Oswald?" she added, appealing to her

son, who had just entered the room.

"And so," the young girl hurriedly concluded, "my dearest mother came here, and though we were very poor, we were content until her health failed. Then—seeing her so often in need of the comforts I could not procure—how could I help cherishing a bitter feeling towards the relentless old man who would not forgive her, and the wily woman who usurped her place, and kept his heart shut against her?"

Mrs. Dynevor leaned back in her chair, and shaded

her eyes with her hand.

"Yours is a sorrowful story, and interests me all the more because I have passed through similar experiences. When I, in the early days of my widowhood, was struggling at Carlisle, my birthplace, to support my children on a miserable pittance, a kinsman of my mother, a wealthy old man, whom I only knew by name, sent for me. 'My daughter has left me,' he said; 'she has married a man with a stain on his good name, and I will never see her again; but I am very lonely in this great house, Come and share it with me, and all I have shall be yours!'

"He was very good to me and to my children, and we did our best to make him happy. I was heartily sorry when our benefactor was seized with paralysis, and rarely left him night or day till he was in a fair

way of recovery.

"The first use he made of returning health was to put his affairs in order. One morning he sent for me, and laid before me three or four letters, their seals unbroken.

""When she left me,' he said, his voice broken with agitation, 'I vowed to myself solemnly that as long as the bad man lived for whom she had left me, I would never hold any communication with her, and I have kept my oath. I bade my servant, on pain of dismissal, destroy any letters that might be sent here in her handwriting. He dared not protest against this, but he has just confessed to me that he dropped them into a drawer of my writing-table, in the hope that some day, when God had softened my heart, I should find them, and grow more pitiful to my banished child. Will you read them to me?"

"Go on-oh, pray go on!" murmured Carrie.

"The first of those faded letters," said Mrs. Dynevor, "contained the proofs of her husband's innocence. "'She must be found,' I cried. 'She and her daughter must come here.'

"But he laid his hand in my arm. 'Stay, Marian; how can I atone for one wrong but by committing another? I am not the wealthy man I was, for the failure of that bank has crippled my resources. There is not enough to divide between the claimants on my love and my sense of justice. If I were to take back my adopted daughter, it would ruin the prospects of your son. Tell me, then, what you would have me do.'"

Mrs. Dynevor's lip quivered at the recollection.

"Ah, child, you are too young to know how terrible was the struggle to which he condemned me! For myself, I could endure poverty, but there was my boy to be considered!

"At last I went to Oswald and told him all. It was a long time before he could speak calmly, but when he did, it was to beg me do what was right, and leave the issue to Him Who knoweth all things.

"Aren't you growing tired of listening to the other side of your own story, my little Carrie? I did Oswald's bidding; our old friend and kinsman blessed us both, made a new will devising his property to his adopted daughter and her heirs, and expired suddenly but peacefully a few hours afterwards. The lawyers set on foot a search for the missing heiress, but were misled by a false report that she had sailed for Canada soon after her husband's death. It was not till a few weeks since that—too late to cheer her with the knowledge that her daughter was provided for—they learned how she had hidden herself in this secluded cottage."

"But you, Mrs. Dynevor! oh, tell me if you or your son have ever regretted your sacrifice?"

With a smile of mutual confidence and affection, Oswald Dynevor and his mother clasped hands; and it was the former who replied.

"It is hardly a fair question, little cousin; but it shall be answered frankly. When times were very bad with us, and no one would buy my pictures, I'm-afraid poor mother used to be troubled with doubts and misgivings; but the tide has turned; I can now command a ready sale for my work."

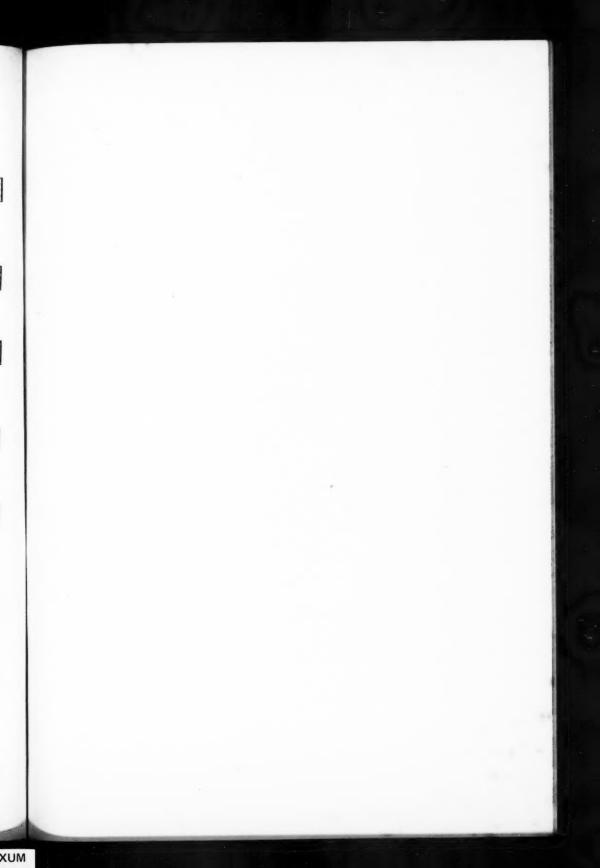
Carrie burst into remorseful tears.

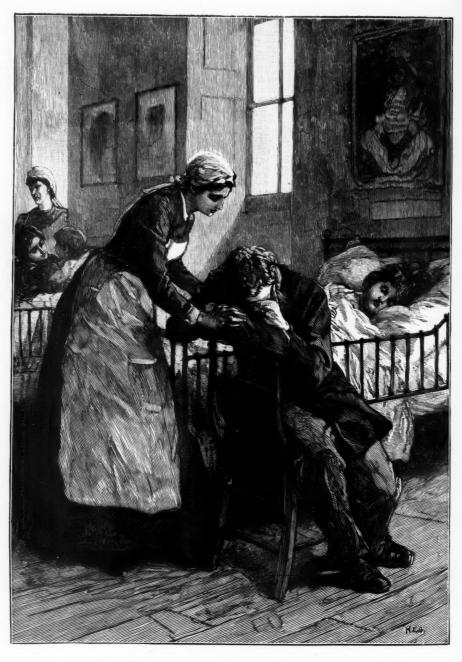
"And you came here to find and console me for the loss of my mother! Can you, will you ever forgive me for the injustice I have done you?"

Apparently Carrie Loryton did not find much difficulty in winning the forgiveness she craved. When the Dynevors went back to Wimbledon, the young heiress journeyed to the North of England to be installed in her new dignities; but perhaps she finds them oppressive, for, when the heat of summer is over, she may generally be found at her old home. There she revisits every favourite nook, leaning on the arm of a bearded gentleman who is said to be a celebrated artist; and of late years Margie's faithful heart is often gladdened by the caresses of two pretty merry children who answer to the names of Carrie and Oswald Dynevor,

Come, Sing with me a Song of Fraise.







"Human sympathy . . . how many wounded hearts has it relieved!"

See "GOD'S SYMPATHY MAN'S SOLACE,"-p. 219.

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GOD'S SYMPATHY MAN'S SOLACE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD ROBINSON.

MAN sympathy, the essence and charm of true brotherhood, inasmuch as it is ordained as one of God's instruments to give solace to man in his oft-recurring seasons of loneliness and grief, should always be highly valued, and patiently sought for. How many wounded hearts has it relieved! How many otherwise cheerless lives has it served to brighten.

lifting the cloud which was fast settling into despair, and letting in the sunlight of hope—hope in God! We may depend upon it that man never truly knows man, knows not his own position among men, knows not his own needs and their remedies, until he has sensibly linked himself, a living member of the universal spiritual brotherhood of redeemed humanity, "rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and weeping with

them that weep."

And yet we have not here all we need. We know and feel that there are passages in the history of us all, where man's hand cannot be seen, depths, so solemn and awful, that the footfall of man, ever so gentle, would only disturb, and so must never be heard. That man has not lived long as he ought to have lived, who has not over and over again felt and proved the truth of It is, as when the "wind," the "earthquake," and the "fire," earthly potencies, have all passed by and helplessly, the "still small voice" steals smoothly within the anxious spirit, and whispers the presence and sympathy of Him Who curbed the lions, and walking in their midst quenched the flames, that they should not hurt those who put their trust in Him. It is, as man, passing through the outer court, where the noise and hum of human traffic is ever sounding and vexing the soul, and entering the calm of the inner sanctuary, and bending low in ardent adoration beneath the sheltering cherubim, he pleads before the mercy-seat, a very priest with God; and it is so because the ruffled human spirit here can unmolested yield itself to the one Spirit of the universe, and can breathe freely and truly the calm atmosphere of its destined home, and feel by anticipation the silence and joy of heaven. Yes, how very many are the seasons in our lives when we know and feel that nothing less or different from this will suffice for us, that we must resolutely shut-to our door, and, away from human voices and human counsels, bend low in our chamber, and in perfect stillness and solitude talk and tell to our Father, Who seeth us in secret, of all we have done or left undone, of all we desire, and of all He has promised. Each knows best when, in his history, this has been his lot and privilege; and the particular storm which drave him to this shelter and

this trysting-place with God.

To speak generally, of us all: Undoubtedly, such are times of unusually bitter sorrow. When men are perforce driven in hither-times when we instinctively turn aside, and, in utter weariness and disappointment, feel how vain is the help of man; times when we turn away from even the priest and the assembly of the saints alike, unable to heal our wounds. Alone, as in the crowd-alone, as we shall be when our feet shall touch the waters of Jordan; the struggling, but now disentangling spirit, sick of earth, folds for rest and satisfaction on the bosom of a sympathising God. It was so, and pre-eminently so, in the extreme hour of our Lord's agonies. All solemn vows of fealty ruthlessly broken; all professed friendship the bitterest irony; the lonely, cast-out sufferer comes, and so teaches us to come, to Him Who is ever with us in trouble; and Who, when father and mother forsake, will assuredly not fail to take us up, and prays, "Save me from the lion's mouth, for Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns. Be not Thou far from me."

I believe it to be this God-absorbed life, this being in, and yet not of, the world, which is the best evidence of the full measure of the possession of the grace of God, and its cultivation the necessary training and preparation for a far richer state, when all that is human shall have passed away, and God be All-in-all. To feel that we can find God in everything and everywhere, can raise a temple for His worship, this is to me just the acme and brilliancy of spiritual life and hope. It is the having our "conversation in heaven," and the sitting in "heavenly places," and shows a ripeness and capacity for yet higher privileges and wider attainments, when even in Heaven itself, as we believe, we shall rise higher and yet higher still, for ever. Our true friends on earth are only so, as far as they are the friends of Christ, and shed forth the brightness and sweetness of the Divine Spirit; our only real human helpers are those who, from personal experience, can take us by the hand and say, "Come with us, and we will do you good;" and then lead us to the place where Jesus dwells. To say with some that man in his imperfect and sinful state is forbidden, and, indeed, unable to



"Very heartily they sang. . . Every one listening attentively."

hold direct communion with, and find sympathy from, God, means no less than, at one sweep, to deny the virtue of an incarnated Saviour, a personal God, a governing Spirit, and to mock the unerring cravings of the human soul. Will not my reason alone teach me that if God is my Father He will hear His children's cry? And does not the spiritual experience of all the saints of God abundantly verify the fact? Whence, otherwise, is that sweet peace which settles down and calms the ruffled spirit of man, and stills the horrors of the guilty conscience? Whence, otherwise, that conscious victory over sin? Whence, again, that steady, unfaltering gaze, which, caglelike, can face the sun, as sinful man disrobes himself of earth's for heaven's garments-pure and white? Has not all this come in answer to the prayer of holy worship, and come most fully and encouragingly when that prayer was the most spiritual, and so the man then the nearest to his God, Who is a Spirit, and claims alone the spiritual worshipper?

But what again is all this, and what does it mean save the sure blending of the finite with the Infinite, the sympathy of man with God, man a partaker of the Divine Nature, a veritable spiritual union? But there are special seasons when men feel God very really present with them.

I will mention one or two.

First, God is very near and real to that man who piously and lovingly peruses His Holy Word. That Word is so pregnant with the Divine Spirit, that the trusting loving heart will ever fetch forth its blessedness, and then it is so suited to the varying phases of human experience, that it meets him at every turn for either consolation or for guidance. Often so manifest and plain has been the presence of God, when duly we have read the Bible, that we have almost said with the prophet, "I stood upon my feet and He spake unto me, and the Spirit entered into me when He spake unto the spirit entered into me when He spake unto me, and set me upon my feet that I heard Him that spake unto me." Yes, very close God comes to us when we find His Word precious and life-giving.

Again, at the sad season of some more than usually severe temptation, we need very especially the presence and sympathy of God to save us from utter shipwreck. When the tempted soul is in the very grasp and coil of the evil one, sifted like wheat, where then is there hope of rescue, unless the prayer of Christ's reveals the outstretched arm of God to gird the trembler for the battle? "Get thee behind me, Satan," is still the watchword wherewith the tempted must con-

front and put back the tempter. But how so, how effectual, unless the gifted power of an unseen but present Saviour, realised by faith, is there to bruise Satan underfoot? So St. Paul, in his terrible conflict: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." So the noble youth of old met and overcame, and conquered in the power of a sheltering faith: "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

There is yet another season in a believer's history when, if God were not at hand to hold up and personally aid, the soul would utterly sink and be engulphed. It is when the pressure of acknowledged guiltiness weighs upon the sensitive and stricken conscience. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" If ever man at his best is helpless and his sympathy unavailing, it is emphatically now. How the stricken soul now hides itself with its God, and sues for pardon and pity! Bleeding, half-dead, appealing for mercy, the Levite and the Priest look on and pass away till distance has drowned the cry for pity. The wound is not for them to close, if they would. God has touched him, and God alone must heal. God has broken, and He alone can bind up the broken heart and give the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of promise for the spirit of heaviness. The good Samaritan, the travelling Saviour must himself draw near, and with His own hand pour in oil and wine and take care of him. The guilty sinner closes with the Atoner, and He gives peace. "I said I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin," (Ps. 32-5,) "I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." (Rev. xx. 2.)

May it be yours, reader, and mine, to value very highly and cultivate very carefully the sympathy of God! In this age of scepticism and unbelief, of weak superstition and womanly fear, which would fain damp down and quench the aspirations and energies of all faith and hope, and leave man the mere sport of circumstances and the slave of passion, may it be ours to assert the true dignity of our nature and measure the vastness of our resources, by an humble faith in the Fatherhood of God, through His Divine Son. And it will be well to remember that the holier and better one lives, the sweeter and fuller will be our peace, because then the nearer will be to us the consolation of the comforting Spirit, Who is God the Holy Ghost, and Whose temples are our redeemed

and consecrated bodies.



WORKING MEN'S FREE AND EASY."-F.

AT A WORKING MEN'S "FREE-AND-EASY."

BY A CHURCH WORKER.



NY one who has ever worked, or tried to work, in a church in the old town of Edinburgh, must have experienced the same difficulty as we did: How possibly to get hold of the real poor? I mean the working men and their wives, the people

who swarm about the high dirty stairs of the "Cowgate," and the low lodging-houses in the "Grassmarket." Our churches are very respectably full, but not with these ragged and bonnetless women and rough men.

How to gather such together, so as to do them any good, seemed to us a complete riddle, and we were eager to find any one to help us to solve it.

"Working Men's 'Free-and-Easy' held every Wednesday night in the Grassmarket." This, with a special invitation to ladies and clergy to come and see for themselves what was doing, was what caught our eye one morning, in the Scotsman. The very thing we wanted! Why should not we go? We were a little laughed at at first. There had been a row down there the week before. The police had to be called in. We did not know what incivility we might meet with. However, we had set our hearts upon going, and we were not easily frightened. So, soon after eight, the next Wednesday night, we sallied forth to the "Free-and-Easy."

The Meeting House, or "Wee Kirk," as the people called it, was a quiet little place over a butcher's shop, with its name, "Working Man's Church," and a notice of the different meetings, on the door.

There was a burly policeman keeping guard at the entrance, a few rough lads skirmishing about, and a working man showing the people in. "Walk up-stairs, please," he said to us; and going up, another man met us at the top, and ushered us into a room, simply crowded from end to end. Here we were welcomed by a brisk-looking man in spectacles, who turned out to be the manager and promoter of everything, "Had we seen his appeal in the paper?" he asked. we come to play or to sing for them?" We were reluctantly obliged to confess that we could do neither, that we had simply come to look on, if he would allow us. He welcomed us very heartily, and place was found for us up at the top of the room, by the secretary's table. And now how shall we describe the audience? We had thought we knew a great many very poor people, but here were quite strange faces, of a grade lower than any we had come across.

Certainly the meeting deserved its name, for working-men in their every-day "free-and-easy" clothes, and no other, were here. Ragged women

with bare heads, nursing their little pale-faced babies, induced to forget their home cares for a while; shock-headed bare-footed lads and lassies, poor little forlorn girls of twelve or thirteen, who earned their living, many of them, solely and entirely by washing down-stairs at night for their better-off neighbours, and carrying down ashes from the top flats. Poverty, want, often wickedness, were stamped on the eager upturned faces, and yet did not the very fact of their coming here to the meeting show they had a hankering after better things ? The order was, we thought, something wonderful. The manager seemed to know every one by name, and stood up on the platform and spoke to them all individually, asking if Bill Crookes had come in yet, and where Ned Thomson was? Then John Bates was told to be getting himself ready for another song, and Bessie Turner was reminded that she would be called on soon,

And very heartily they sang all, when their time came, every one listening attentively, the whole room joining in the choruses.

"Jeanie Deans," especially, sung by a redhaired lass of fourteen or fifteen, seemed to be a great favourite. Loud was the applause, and deafening the encores. How they did all join in the chorus:—

"Here's to Auld Reekie, with its bonnie Prince's Street, And here's to Auld Reekie with its glorious Arthur's Seat,"

A little, ragged, bright-faced boy sang, "Far, far from home," and the poor toilworn women joined in and sang of the garden, and the church they used to go to, and the old father's arm-chair—"Shall I ever see my ain dear hame again?"

Poor souls! maybe it brought their thoughts back to innocent days at their mothers' knee, or out on the bonnie heather, before their hearts were crushed within them, by poverty and hard work, or before they "had taken to the drink;" and the same little chap played a reel on the tin whistle, accompanied by much snapping of fingers, and dancing of babies. If sometimes they got a little too uproarious in their laughter and applause, a few words from Mr. Fairbairn soon quieted them down. He seemed very proud of the order he had them in, and very anxious to impress us favourably, and we were impressed. "He was a Presbyterian," he told us-"a staunch one; but at the same time he would like to be friendly with, and go hand-in-hand with all Christian workers. I believe in co-operation," said he. "If we are all working for the same end, we ought to be more friendly together;" a sentiment with which we heartily agreed. Perhaps he patronised us a little bit, but he seemed to have succeeded in doing what we could not, so we were in a humble frame of mind, and anxious for in-

How did he get hold of the people first? Well, just by making it what you see, a "free-andeasy"-no ceremony about it. When he first came there, three years before, he said he had found but five children in connection with the meeting. He and his assistant, a theological student, had worked it up since then. How did he keep order? Oh! he had a staff of working men under him, who did that for him! Yes, it was pretty full. There were 160 there that night, but that was nothing to what it was some nights. On Sabbath mornings he had a Bible-class of sixty men; later on a children's class, an afternoon meeting at three, and an evening one to which more always came than the room would hold. They had a temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings, which was very well attended, and a choir practice on Friday nights. This "free-and-easy" was rather a new idea. It had only been started some three months, and was very popular. "Don't they look as if they enjoyed themselves?" he asked, proudly.

He seemed very popular himself. Between the songs he chatted with the people. There was to be a cookery-class, he announced, on the Saturday afternoons, for the girls and women attending the meeting; several ladies were getting it up, and it would be held at any hour most convenient. They were to give in their names before the next Wednesday. He pointed out the advantages to be derived from knowing how to cook. a pity it was to have a "jo" and not know how to make him a good cup of broth, or to stir his porridge the right way; and of course every girl there was looking forward to be married some day; here there was the usual amount of giggling from all the women, old and young. lessons would not cost them more than a halfpenny each, he promised, just the price of the materials, and at each lesson a good nutritious dish would be prepared, of which they might each have a plate. To judge by the bright faces, appreciative grins, nudges, and whispers, of the giris, these Saturday classes will be well attended. "Just let them amuse themselves, draw them out, encourage the boys and girls to do their best-you'll find that's the way to manage these people. They have talent, and why not make use of it?" whispered Mr. Fairbairn. Once, when there was a slight gap in the performance, he stood up and called on any man or woman in the audience to sing something.

"Now, John Park," to a shy bashful-looking boy down at the end of the room, "I know you can sing, for I've heard you; and you, Maggie Conolly."

"Every one, man, woman, boy and girl here is to try and do their best for the entertainment of the company," was Mr. Fairbairn's principle, and very well it seemed to work.

"This is a Free-and-Easy," he announced, "a room for men and women—we've no gentlemen and ladies here." Here there were some grins and sly glances at us. "Yes, I have two ladies here to-night, but I have explained to them what I mean. I daresay they will not object to be called women." There was a laugh here, in which we heartily joined. "When God made Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, He called them Man and Woman. It was only after the fall people began to call themselves gentlemen and ladies. Men and women are the good old names, and we'll stick to them, and try to do them credit."

Then there was some hymn-singing. Two little girls, about ten or eleven, ragged elfishlooking little creatures, one with a swollen face tied up in an old woollen shawl, sang a hymn together, in their shrill Scotch voices:—

Raise me higher, raise me higher, Out of sin's dark dreary night; Draw me nigher, draw me nigher, Saviour, to Thy holy light. Blessed Jesus, let me see Thee. Oh, Golgotha's cross for me."

I forget the ending of the verse, but it was sung quietly and reverently, and listened to with much attention, and if the whispering and subdued laughter broke out almost immediately again, still who shall say that these poor people did not carry away with them something of the spirit of the prayer? But it was nine o'clock, and we were beginning to think of getting home. Many friendly "Good-nights" echoed through the room as we made our way down it. Mr. Fairbairn accompanied us to the door, and down the stair, kindly giving us a cordial invitation to come again, and to tell any other lady friends of ours that they would be heartily welcome. Outside, in the still September night, the shrill singing sounded pleasant and cheerful. A few rough lads were hanging about, having been refused admittance by the policeman on duty, on account of having the last night made a disturbance. They appealed to Mr. Fairbairn, and on their promising good behaviour, he consented to try them once more.

"And you'll come again?" he asked anxiously:

"a few ladies dropping in now and again, to say
a friendly word, would have great influence on the
people."

And so, with many expressions of mutual good will, we said good-night to Mr. Fairbairn, resolving that this would not be our last visit to the "Wee Kirk" in the Grassmarket. Whatever we might think as to the amount of ultimate good done, however even we might disagree as to the means employed, there was no doubt whatever that these hundred and sixty men,

women, and children, hard working, hard drinking, brutalised, degraded, as many of them were, were reached by means of this gathering, as they could not be reached in any other way. Even if they got no actual spiritual good—and I think it probable they did—were they not better in here, in the pleasant well-lighted room, listening to kind words and cheerful songs, than they would be lounging about the streets, or more probably in the public-house bars? All the temperance preaching in the world will do little good amongst these people, until you provide for them some counter-attraction to the public-house.

I saw a young couple married the other day at our church. The bridegroom was a black-smith's "striker" out of work. The bride was a hawker of rags and bones. The clergyman who married them gave them much good advice, told the girl how much was in her power, how she must try to be a good wife, and make home comfortable for her husband. It was good advice, and very kindly given, but I could not help thinking, when I went to see the young couple afterwards, in a room up fourteen flights of stairs, how difficult it would be to follow. There was absolutely no furniture in the bare attic, but a large four-post bedstead, without

mattress, palliasse, or sheet, nothing over the bare planks but two old blankets, and a pillow we had given! A small three-legged stool and a box turned over, served as seats for the two by the fireless hearth. Now how is a man, the best of men, to content himself in such a home? or how is a girl, however well intentioned, to make it attractive? Of course people will answer, "Why do they marry?" Why, indeed! that I cannot say; but the fact remains that they do, and here in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, we have to deal with people as we find them. Of this special couple I am happy to tell you that better days are dawning for them. The man has got into work, the girl has got some stairs to wash. The bare attic is getting "sorted" by degrees. Even the two, husband and wife, are coming up to me, most diligently, to learn to read; but how many hundreds of these cases are there, and worse, that we know nothing about and cannot reach?

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Let us do all honour, then, to a man like Mr. Fairbairn, who, himself a working man, tries in his own way to reach these poor neglected people, and give them some hours of rational civilising enjoyment, in these workmen's "Free-and-Easies."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE PARABLES. No. 1. THE Two DEBTORS.

Chanter to be read-Luke vii. 36 -50.



NTRODUCTION.
Last month's lessons on parables about repentance—the sheep—piece of silver—prodigal son.
This first parable to-day tells of fruits of repentance—viz., love towards God, Who, pardons sin.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES. (Read 36—39.) Two occasions on which women anointed Christ's feet—this at beginning of ministry, the other just before His death. (John xii. 1—3.) Both times at a feast, both at the house of a man named Simon—a name as common then as our Smith or Jones—both times the woman's name was Mary—also very common. First time generally thought to be Mary Magdalene—the last time known to be Mary, sister of Lazarus.

Teacher must explain Jewish customs. Guests reclining on elbow-feet turned outside-sandals removed-strangers allowed to come in. (a) See conduct of this woman. Why did she do so? Felt herself a sinner, and therefore wept. Felt Jesus to be pure, good, and holy. She not worthy to speak to Him-longed to do something-the best she might do-would do a servant's work-but would anoint Him with something better than water-so procures the ointment; has no towel-wipes His feet with her hair. Whole action showing love, humility, devotion. (b) See conduct of Pharisee. What did he say to himself? That is, despised his guest for not acting up to his professions-despised the woman for being a sinner-despised Christ also for allowing the woman's homage. Christ, knowing all things, reads his heart and speaks this parable.

II. THE PARABLE. (Read 40—50.) No difficulty as to meaning. Our sins called debts in Lord's prayer. (Matt. vi. 12.) We owe God love, duty, worship, obedience, etc. If do not pay it, it is a debt. Some sin more than others. Even one sin unforgiven enough to lose our souls; still some deeper sunk in sin. When forgiven, which will love most? Love will be in proportion to gratitude. The more

forgiven the deeper gratitude, and therefore deeper love. Christ contrasts Simon and the woman. He professed some love to Christ, as seen by inviting Him—yet gave no water for the feet—no kiss of welcome—no ointment for head. She showed every possible outward mark of devotion and love. She wiped Christ's feet—kissed His feet—anointed them with ointment. So Christ speaks to her words of pardon and peace.

Lessons. (1) Character of Christ. Shown to be God by His knowing Simon's heart, and knowing the woman's heart. Also by forgiving sins. As such He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. (2) Character of true love. It is humble, thinking itself unworthy. It is self-sacrificing—keeping back nothing. It is intense in proportion to claim upon it.

No. 2. THE TWO SONS.

Chapter to be read—Matt. xxi. 23-32.

I. CIRCUMSTANCES. (Read 23—27.) Last week of Christ's life before the crucifixion; was teaching in temple, day after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. What had He done in the Temple that day? Turning out buyers and sellers probably produced a great stir. Who came to Him now in the Temple? What question did they ask Him? Did He answer them? Put another question to them instead. This very common Eastern practice. So He gave them no answer, but spoke this parable.

II. The Parable. (Read 28—32.) May be divided into two parts. (1) The call. Who is the certain man? By what right does God call all to work? Calls as Creator, having made us; as Father, providing for us; as King, calls to His subjects when He needs them. What is the work? Whatever He has for them to do. Illustrate by Elijah being sent to Ahab (1 Kings xviii. 1), Jonah to Ninevites (Jonah i. 2), and many others. So angels were sent to sustain Elijah with food—to keep the gates of Paradise (Gen. iii. 24), etc. The vineyard is the place in the world where each is put by God. (2) The answer. What did the first say? At once refused, boldly, recklessly, unhesitatingly; preferred own ease, disdained his father's call. Yet afterwards repented, and went.

Who can be meant? Refers to open sinners—have hardened their hearts against God. Love Him not as Father, obey Him not as Master. Yet often afterwards are brought to repentance, and love Him and serve Him after all. Illustrate by publicans, soldiers, etc., coming to John the Baptist, confessing their sins, being forgiven. (Luke iii. 12—14.) So also Mary Magdalene in last lesson—Prodigal Son in lesson before. So also often now. Drunkards reclaimed, persons living in open sin reformed.

What did the second say? No doubt as to who are meant—mere professors. Many such in Christ's days. Pharisees, who made such great professions of being upright, moral, virtuous; saying long prayers in public. Yet all the while not really fearing or loving God. (Matt. xv. 3, 8.)

What does Christ say in sermon on Mount? (Matt. vii. 22.) Illustrate by Judas the Apostle, who denied Christ and committed suicide; Demas, who forsook St. Paul because he loved the world (2 Tim. iv. 10), Church of Laodiceans. (Rev. iii. 14.) Are there any such now? Alas! multitudes—regular in religious observances, prayer, reading Bible, etc., yet their heart far from God.

LESSONS. (1) Warning. Practice, not profession, is what Christ will judge. Better to be open enemy than false friend. Enemy may change. (2) Comfort. Never too late to turn to God. May have been enemies to Him, without faith, love, hope. If repent, will be received, restored, forgiven.

No. 3. Two Prayers.

Chapter to be read—Luke xviii. 9-14.

INTRODUCTION. Remind children how God has always taught men to pray, i.e., to ask Him for what they need. As a father is ready to give, but still likes children to ask, so God teaches us to treat Him as a Father, and go to Him always in prayer. Christ had many kinds of people about Him. Amongst others, Pharisees—proud, self-righteous, diligent in performing public acts of worship, etc. Also publicans, noted for extortion and avarice. Still some were seeking salvation. Hence this parable.

I. THE PHARISEE. (Read 10—12.) A Jew accustomed to service of Temple going up at appointed time—regular in religious observances—desirous of praying. So far all was well. What was wrong? The public manner—desirous of drawing attention to himself—also the style of his prayer. What was it? A boast of his good deeds—praising himself—comparing himself favourably with the publican. No confession of sin—no humbling of self—no worship of God. Self and not God was in his thoughts. Prayer and almsgiving and fasting are parts of a godly man's duty, but how are they to be done? (See Matt. vi. 4—6, etc.) What was the result? Received no pardon, because not sought. Exalting himself, would be abased by God.

II. THE PUBLICAN. (Read 13—15.) Picture him going up also—if a Gentile, into court set apart for them. If a Jew, into same court as the Pharisee—but in what a different manner! Where does he stand? Tries to avoid notice. Does not like to lift up even his eyes. Thinks of his sins, confesses them—asks for pardon—realises God as only Saviour. What was the result? He gets what he asks. Is conscious of forgiveness. Is justified, i.e., pardoned, and departs in peace.

Lessons. (1) What prayer is not. Not a mere formal attendance at means of grace. Not a recital of our good deeds. Not a drawing of comparisons between ourselves and others. (2) What true prayer is. A confession of our own sin in thought, word, and deed. A looking to God through Jesus Christ as our Saviour. A cry for mercy. Such prayer will always be heard and answered, and peace will be

the result. (Ps. xxxii. 1.) Let each ask, Why do I pray? How do I pray?

No. 4. THE TWO FRIENDS.

Chapter to be read-Luke xi. 1-13.

Introduction. Ask what prayer is always saidwhy called the Lord's prayer? Are told in this chapter where it was taught by Christ. Disciples had seen Christ retire for prayer-asked Him to teach them to pray. He probably been waiting for them to express a wish before teaching them a prayer. Now gives them His own prayer. How many petitions are there in it? Seven considered by Jews to be perfect number, and can divide these seven into two parts. First three prayers for God's name, kingdom, will to be hallowed and done. Last four prayers for ourselves-bread, forgiveness, help, and deliverance. What a model prayer! God's glory first, our own wants second. How different from the prayer in last lesson! Jesus wanted disciples to pray-so to encourage them spoke parable of two friends-sometimes called the friend at mid-

1. The Parable. (1) The friend outside, (Read 5-6.) An ordinary every-day story, such as

might happen in any family. An unexpected visitor arriving late, wants food and shelter; the master of the house, finding he is out of bread, runs to a neighbour's house. Knocks eagerly—rouses him; calls up to the window to make known his wants; expects to get request granted.

(2) The friend inside. (Read 7—8.) What answer does he get? It is too late—house shut up; all gone to bed, cannot trouble himself to help him. Does the other go away? No; case is urgent, must have help—so at last persuades his friend to open

and grant his request.

II. The Meaning. (Read 10—13.) Who is the Friend to Whom we must go? Shall we ever get refused? God more ready to hear than we to pray, Every one that asketh receiveth. But different ways of asking. Must ask (a) in faith, believing shall receive, as the friend did (James i. 6); (b) cagerly, as really in earnest want. Notice different kinds of prayer; asking, seeking more different kinds of prayer; asking, seeking of Syro-phonician woman, disciples in storm, etc. "Lord, save me, or I perish." This prayer God delights to hear, is ready to answer.

Lesson. Pray without ccasing.

"MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

A TALE OF PROVIDENCE.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XII.-FADING AND DEATHLESS.



AVE you ever nursed a flickering light which seemed ready to die out at any moment, and, as it received something especially invigorating as fresh food, and a new direction, seen it spring up into sudden warmth and strength and beauty, to be all the more quickly extin-

guished? The momentary impetus seems only to have exhausted its failing powers, which less taxed might have lasted longer, and quickly it is gone. Have you ever taken a bird from a gloomy prison and hung it up in the warm sunshine, where it sang its little life away? Have you ever turned aside the course of a stream, and found that it had dried up when you expected it to flow more freely? Have you ever transferred a delicate plant

from one of Nature's dells to a well-trimmed garden, and seen it wither in the clearer soil? So with all fair and changeful things. So with the life of the beautiful and cherished Ethel Ruthin. Could that be renewed in its grace and power? or was it to be all the more quickly extinguished for the happy influence and impetus it had received? Was it soon to be lost in the dark shadow of the grave? and was death, with its icy finger, beckoning her away from earth?

Youth and the opening rose
May seem like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee, but thou art not of those
Who wait for ripened bloom to seize their prey.

A cloud, scarcely a coldness, had arisen between Ethel and Winifred. To the latter it did not assume a tangible form; nevertheless its chilling influence was felt. It is sad when paths which have long lain in the same direction are divided; when those who have climbed "the sunny slopes and breezy heights" of life together, are separated by circumstances. Sadder still is the alienation of the heart; but saddest of all is when division or dissension arises between two who are linked in one heavenly bond, and who have eternity to pass together in their Father's house above. Ah me! as with the worldling even so with the Christian; a word, a look is sometimes enough to cause a breach which ruder words, or sullen restraint, or proud indifference but serves to

widen. There is but one remedy for this also. The poet has said—

Then draw we nearer day by day, Each to his brethren, all to God.

Perhaps it might better be, "Each to his God, brother to brother." "In Thy light shall we see light." In the light of love we shall trace excellence in those from whom we have been for some time estranged, to win our hearts once more; while envy would only detect the black spots. In the realised preciousness of the love of Christ all icy barriers between brethren thaw, and heart meets heart in glad response and full communion again.

The sunlight was glinting over the water, the wavelets dancing in gentle measured motion beneath its influence as though there was music as well as gladness in its beams. All nature looked fresh and fair, and Ethel and Winifred, each imagining they had left a secret trouble at "the throne of grace," yet each, as so many pilgrims, old and young, are wont to do, with strange inconsistency taking up the burden once more, and nursing their discontent, sat listening to the lullaby which might well soothe to rest every impatient feeling. Quietly, almost in a whisper, Ethel spoke at last, looking away from her friend, so that her face could not be seen.

"Winifred, he loves me."

No need to name him; there was but one to whom the pronoun could refer.

"I knew it," returned Winifred, gladly.

Ethel turned, and looked full into her companion's face.

"I have often thought he was more fitted for you," she said, doubtfully.

"He does not think so himself," was Winifred's ready reply. But though she gave it with a laugh, her cheek was flushed.

Yet there was not a shade of regret, not the least evidence of disappointment in the steady cheerful tones. One more suggestion Ethel's vain foolish unsatisfied woman's heart would throw out ere it was quieted.

"He might one day have thought so."

"Not likely," exclaimed Winifred, with a pretty, wilful air, which she seldom assumed, but which became her well.

Who could have guessed that a feeling such as Frank Ruthin had never awakened, was crushed down into her heart? It would not be banished with the echo of that light laugh. No, it must not stir, or assert itself. "Hers was to be a lonely path," Winifred had often said to herself; "the heritage of woe" indeed. But she was strong; yes, she was strong.

And so the estrangement was at an end, and the cloud passed away from between the friends and from Ethel's heart, and before her brightened a fair future. Winifred, too, now knew what it had been. Each thought she read the other aright. Ah, what, or whom do we read aright? A face may smile while

a spirit is heavy, and a laugh ring out while the heart is meaning. Over the troubled wave outside the sheltered bay, and over the grave of buried love, the sunshine streamed that day; but were the billows smoothed to glass by the brightness, or were the graves less there because of their surface gilding?

"Winifred dear," sighed Ethel, in such a 'tone of contentment it seemed like the cooing of a young dove, "I once thought you and Frank cared for each other."

"We may have done so a little once; it was my first fancy, but would not answer now. It is best as it is "

"I hope he won't break his heart." Winifred answered by humming—

"We mend broken china, torn lace we repair; But we sell broken hearts cheap in Vanity Fair."

"Don't be satirical, Winifred," laughed Ethel; "it is a great thing to win love,"

"A good man's love,"

Directly she said this, Winifred regretted it. She cast a reflection thereby on her friend's brother. Ethel, however, too happy in her own reflections, did not notice it, but went on, softly—

"God, make me worthy of it! Winifred, I knew Horace loved me for a long time. I read it, you know, as I think every woman can; but, still, I longed to hear it. It is so sweet to receive the assurance of what one most desires. He was a long time without declaring it in words, for he feared agitating me; and, perhaps, his anxiety magnified my illness, and made him think me more delicate than I really am. Only last night all that he had been trying to suppress came out—I cannot tell how. Oh, I am so happy!"

And for excess of joy, Ethel covered her face, and wept.

"I don't know why he cared for me," she whispered. "How can I ever keep his great love?"

Winifred said what first occurred to her-

"Ethel, darling, you know you are fair."

"But beauty will fade."

"Ay; but your love is based on what is death-

How was it that two words lingered in the minds of each in the pause that ensued? Two strange trains of thought were awakened. They were "fading" and "deathless," Even as they seemed to be sounded in their ears a voice was heard from the brow of the cliff singing the sad refrain to which we have before listened—

"Beneath the cliffs a flower grew,
None so daring—none so daring
As to pluck that flower blue—
None so daring,
But the wild winds whistled nigh,
But the wild spray dashed on high,
Come to see the flower die;
Were they daring?"

"I do not like that song," said Ethel, with a shiver.
"Do you believe in presentiments, Winifred?"

"I do," returned Winifred, evasively; "I have a presentiment of a very happy future for you."

Ethel gave her friend a grateful look, and, taking her arm, turned her steps homeward, seeking the easiest ascent. Her heart was too full for speech just then, though hope had revived.

But the light was failing, but the bird had wellnigh sung its last, but the stream of life was drying up, but the rose was fading.

CHAPTER XIII,-FOR EVER.

"IT is a foolish love-affair," soliloquised Miss Archer, "a very foolish affair. I thought Horace had more sense. The girl is certainly pretty enough for any one; no one can help loving her for the matter of that: but there is a difference between love and love—between love and marriage. What does a clergyman want with a sickly wife? How can he be without carefulness, I'd like to know, when a dear lovely creature is lying on her sofa not able to make a pudding, or sew a button on a shirt? He will have to nurse her, humour her sick fancies, inculcate patience, and even direct her thoughts aright, and that not in a short clerical visit now and then, but as an everyday duty. Dear me! as if the cares of a parish were not enough to bear! Clergymen and doctors are a sort of common property, and expected to be receptacles of their people's or patients' woes. Well, I was foolish not to have guarded in some way against this. I might, at least, have suggested that her delicacy of course precluded her from being the wife of an earnest man, whose duties carried him from home; but I thought all his care was for her soul's interests. Ah dear! there's no trusting even the best of men; and Horace certainly is the best."

And with this conclusion in walked the Reverend Horace,

Miss Archer began the attack at once.

"Horace, I am going to lecture you."

" For what, my dear Jane?"

"You have acted imprudently."

"How, my dear Jane?"

"Now, Horace, like a good, good brother, be grave. You have fallen in love."

"A grave matter, indeed! Did you think I was more than mortal?"

"I thought you were a sensible man."

"And I have proved I am not?"

"I did not exactly say that; but, Horace, is it well for a clergyman, of all persons on earth, to marry a delicate girl? A doctor might choose, for he might be able to cure her; but can she be a help-meet for you?"

Mr. Archer was grave enough now.

"My dear sister, Ethel is manifestly gaining strength every day. I never saw any one who rallied so quickly, or whose health improved as hers has done. I trust she may soon be as active and useful as even you could wish."

Miss Archer was silent. Her attack had failed,

but, like a wise woman, she held her peace, though still, as it were, standing her ground.

"Don't you think so?" her brother asked, abruptly, having waited in vain for a reply.

"I hope so," was the rejoinder, more truthful than satisfactory.

He ventured no more; perhaps he had an instinctive dread of drawing forth her real opinion.

"It is too late for regrets," he said, "and, pardon me, dear sister, they are out of place. I believe I have acted rightly before God; at all events, I tried to be true to Him in being true to her and to myself,"

Miss Archer was effectually silenced, and, if unconvinced, seeing advice was unavailing, rather regretted having spoken. As if to draw off the conversation without exactly turning it off, Mr. Archer asked—

"Now, tell me what you think are necessary qualifications for a minister's wife?"

Miss Archer mused for awhile, and rejoined-

"First—and most essential—she should be 'spiritually-minded, which is joy and peace,' able gently to lead others to the Saviour; secondly, she should have robust health; thirdly, a tender woman's heart and quick sympathy; fourthly, an active, energetic spirit; fifthly, a quiet mind."

"Stay," exclaimed her brother; "is there not a contradiction here?—say, 'manner.'"

"No," returned Miss Archer, "mind; I was coming to the manner."

Mr. Archer gave a quick nod of comprehension and assent. His sister read his approval.

Mr. Archer and Ethel sat by the sounding sea, the murmur of their voices blending with nature's monotune

"Horace," whispered Ethel, half like a frightened child, afraid of the sound of her own voice, "is not life with love most blessed?"

"In the highest sense, my dearest, yes."

"You mean love in Christ."

"I do; all other is poor in comparison. Ours is for ever."

There was a power and joy in the last words. Yes, she was his beyond the possibility of separation.

"Horace"—Ethel, with her childish timidity, had all a woman's pride in being able to use the name so freely—"1 often wonder whether you would have loved me if—if——"

"If God had not made you His own, you mean. I do not think I should."

For a moment she looked disappointed. Perhaps it was not in nature to indulge the thought that in herself she was not an object for his love. She had been so petted and admired that, without any unusual degree of vanity, she had an assurance of the power of her beauty, which only grace could soften or subdue.

He lifted the clouded face.

"I would have resisted the influence of all natural gift and charm," he said, with a smile. "I did so.

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Only when I felt that an union would not be impossible I allowed myself to love you."

"Your feelings are well under control; I am afraid of you."

"Not under my control," he replied, with a smile.
"Do not be afraid of me, but place yours under the same restraint."

"And that is?"

"The ruling of our Father in heaven. But for

His control, our feelings would run away with us like wild horses, and our judgment be lost in vain desire."

"Do you think God takes the control or oversight of everything belonging to us—even to the ruling of our secret thoughts?"

"I believe 'the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to its pilot,' and the awakening of a holy desire or heavenly affection must come of grace. Are we not taught to pray, 'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit?"

"It is a blessed faith—a blessed faith, to trust in wise ordering and loving guid-

ing," sighed the girl; "it rests one so much."

"I thought you scarcely valued—that is, longed for rest,"

"I do long for it now, more every day; for, somehow, the old sense of weariness has not quite passed away."

He looked at her anxiously, but with a sidelong gaze, which he did not wish her to perceive.

"Horace, if God had not revealed His Son to me, would our union have indeed been impossible?" she questioned again.

"No, not impossible; sin is too easy," he returned, gravely.

"Oh, you surely would not call it sin?—that is going too far!" she exclaimed, for the first time in their acquaintance a shade of real displeasure crossing her fair face.

His only reply was to draw forth his pocket Testament, and read—

"'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness?' Only in the Lord, is the rule."

Ethel was silent, but she began to perceive that

her companion had one rule of life as of faith, and this was his Father's will. She was a little afraid of him, as she had said, and yet never respected or admired him as much as she did now when, by his own acknowledgment, she would have been in herself far off from him, and deemed-no, not unworthy, but not within reach of his love. She felt how blessed it is to have some one to lean upon who is upheld by an Arm which cannot fail, and strengthened with a strength which is more than human.

Ah, without this, earthly affection is but "a broken reed," too often piercing



"His only reply was to draw forth his pocket Testament,"

the hand that trustingly leans upon it.

But Ethel Ruthin's and Mr. Archer's were not without this, and as he folded his arms around her, he whispered—

"Mine; my own for ever!

CHAPTER XIV. -GOING DOWN.

BENEATH the treacherous deep fair barks had gone down. Perhaps the warm sun had smiled upon them, glad and bright, as they started on their seaward course full of promise, and "the waves came around them with murmur and song." Who could tell that ruin and desolation were in that course? Who felt that a mighty struggle or a terrible death awaited

them? Ah, me! there are wrecks indeed, as solemn on land as by sea, and to a wide pit of ruin, the darkness of a wasted life and hopeless eternity, souls and bodies of men and women are going

And from a low alchouse, a miserable locality where were fish-wives and their mates, bronzed sailors from all ports, with the dishonouring habits of every clime upon them, Frank Ruthin, who for some unexplained reason had returned to Cliffcoole, the so-called gentleman, was also going down.

One vile passion enslaved him. He ever loved the wine-cup, and sat long at his father's plentiful board; but an affection for a pure and noble woman, more than anything else, led him to curb this taste, and hindered its indulgence. When he came to Cliffcoole he had once been overcome by it at a convivial party, but had sense enough left to keep his own room for several hours rather than appear in Miss Lorne's presence. He then sought the evil locality we have mentioned, in order to secure aid for a miserable raid on one who had offended him, and, of course, had his mistaken liberality commended, his exploits extolled. How far he must have sunk when, with his natural gifts and refinement, he could take pleasure in the flattery of the low herd who were all animal!

The only heroism their minds could conceive was a sort of rugged endurance and daring, incidental to their condition. Frank Ruthin had the elements of the latter in him, and thus became the object of their admiration; and he was willing to spend an hour or two in their company, gradually gaining an ascendency over them, of which he was to take advantage by-and-by. Yes, in more ways than one,

Master Frank was going down.

He was seldom now with the young ladies; indeed, since the days of the rencontre on the shore, he kept aloof from their society as much as possible, To Winifred this was a relief, and yet she felt sorry to remark that he was evidently changed for the worse. Invariably gloomy and sullen, he only spoke to his sisters to cavil and complain; and, disagreeable as his satire had ever been, his sneer was now almost diabolical. Scarcely with the invalid Ethel was his ill-humour restrained, and only Mr. Archer's constant presence proved her protection. Both Miss Lorne and Louic had now seen him return home evidently intoxicated, and felt that, had not Miss Freeman formed one of their party, they should have shortened their stay at Cliffcoole.

It was a dark still night. Mr. Archer had been visiting a family at the very outskirts of his parish, far seaward from Cliffcoole. Another visitor had also been there; and though the doors were closed, and though the place was lonely, the angel of death, which enters unbidden into the most crowded haunts as well as isolated homes, had called thence the head and bread-winner of the family. He was a chief officer of the coastguards, being carried off by rapid decline; and the minister of God sat patiently be-

side his bed, holding the wasted hand in his, as he told of a Saviour's love.

"Ah! but my life!" groaned the dying man, as memory tided him back over long years of selfseeking, without one thought of "the God Who rules on high," Whose wonders met him ever on the face of the deep, and Whose great mercy in the gift of His Son was revealed in the Word.

"The death of Christ atones," was the earnest answer. "'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"All! Did you say all?" was the faint but eager rejoinder.

"God says 'from all,"

"Then, let them go in a big lump—in one black heap," was the last gasp, broken by a sob of true repentance.

"At evening-time it shall be light," thought the clergyman; and when, some hours afterwards (having stayed with the bereaved family as long as he could, breathing words of holy comfort), he walked slowly home, these words kept ringing in his ears like a solemn yet happy chime. His road lay on the side of a steep incline and mere pathway, where a stumble might be dangerous; but he knew it well, and trod it quietly and fearlessly. He had some miles to go along a narrow channel into which the tide ran. It was now out, and a broad border of mud and seaweed was fast disappearing, while a dark object stood up glooming in the midst. It was a cluster of huge stones or boulders, forming a rocky islet, where the sea-birds nestled and multiplied, in spite of the raids of the boys of the neighbourhood. He gazed out into the gloom. In the uncertain light, all was bare and uninteresting, but his heart was glad. A soul had gone safely home to God; and, oh, joy! what he most coveted had been given to him-it had been led homeward by his hand.

As he advanced beyond the mud-line and reached the shingles once more, a low and prolonged whistle met his ears. There was nothing in the sound to alarm, and yet it at once arrested his attention, and, he could scarcely tell why, he instinctively drew back. At the other side of the path was a gradual slope covered with gorse and low brushwood. Upon this he threw himself, awaiting a repetition of the sound.

Five—ten minutes passed! he gazed up at the solemn sky with its dark veil covering the brilliant stars until they shone through one by one, and then between him and the horizon, where was a rising light heralding the moon's approach, was distinguishable a man's figure. A light, active figure; he knew it in an instant; he had seen it too often to be mistaken.

The figure walked past him, peering into the gloom of the gorse; but the clerical habiliments blended too well with its shade for the minister to be discovered.

Then the low whistle was heard again, and beside the light figure stood another of stouter build.

"I thought I heard a step," said the first man;

"but it can only have been the breeze getting up.
Is all right below?"

"Ay, all right," replied the second. "I wish the moon would get up."

"Better for us it did not," was the low response,

As he spoke, an involuntary movement betrayed the listener. In an instant a strong hand seized him in his hiding-place. Mr. Archer rose to his feet, and in turn grasped the arm of the younger and slighter man.

"I know you," he said, in his usual full distinct tones. "This is dangerous; it is worse, dishonour and death."

For a minute or two Frank Ruthin (for he it was) writhed in the clergyman's grasp, while the stout seaman chapped his hand on his belt in a significant manner, but was restrained by a motion from his companion.

"Mr. Archer," exclaimed Frank, at last recovering some measure of composure, and resolving to try the effect of deceit, "how dare you to insult a gentleman, and seize me like a criminal? You fancy your cloth will protect you—but beware; 'there are bounds to human endurance,'"

He had calculated on the timidity or credulity of his listener, and so began by assuming a bullying air, which he meant to follow up with a tissue of falsehood, if necessary. He miscalculated the character of the man with whom he had to deal.

"A gentleman would not be found in league with snugglers," was Mr. Archer's calm reply, "which I more than suspect is the case with you. I do not trust to my cloth for protection, sir; my life is in higher keeping."

"Snugglers!" echoed Frank, with an awkward laugh. "What put such an absurd idea into your head, man? Now your insult is explained, or, rather, trebled. Why, I was only buying a boat."

"At this hour of the night!" echoed Mr. Archer, incredulously. "Frank, for your own sake, for your unprotected sisters' sake, come with me, and, if it be in the power of man, I will get you free from this shameful connection. Let your share in it go, and more along with it. Retreat while it is possible: loss will be by continuance in, not in separation from, this unlawful business, which you have probably joined in only for its risk and novelty. Leave it, and I will never betray you; remain in it, and I cannot shield you. And for you, my man," he continued, turning to the sailor who had stood impatiently by during the somewhat lengthy speech, "believe me, the honestest course is the happiest, and ill-gotten gains can never do us good."

Frank Ruthin wavered, but not for long. It was his last chance of reclamation, and he east it wilfully away. The next moment Mr. Archer felt his arms suddenly seized on either side, and wrung violently back, where they were confined so tightly by a cord as almost to cut the flesh. He was thus completely at their mercy, but, even had he not been, would probably have offered no resistance. He did not fear

for his life; apart from a calm trust in the safe keeping of his heavenly Father, he did not believe either of the men would seriously injure him. Desirous to see the affair out, he was desperately anxious, if possible, to rescue the misguided young man at his side.

Many things were now explained—Frank's uncertain manner, and frequent absence from home. The vicar had no previous suspicion to what depths of evil the rash youth had descended, but remembered, with no little satisfaction, his having withdrawn his brother Charlie as far as possible from all baleful companionship. He was aroused by a mocking voice from his brief reverie.

"Now," laughed Frank Ruthin, "we can pay you off. Swear, by all you hold sacred, that you will not betray us, or ever hint at what you have charged us with here."

The hand of the would-be gentleman held a cocked pistol at the clergyman's head. It never trembled in the evil deed, but neither did the brave heart of the man of peace tremble. His tones were calm and steady as he replied—

"I will not."

"Come, come," put in the hard voice of the smuggler, who had stood silently by until now, "we're wasting time, and a shot would ruin us all. Let us take him to Old Mother Hubbard's, and leave him there."

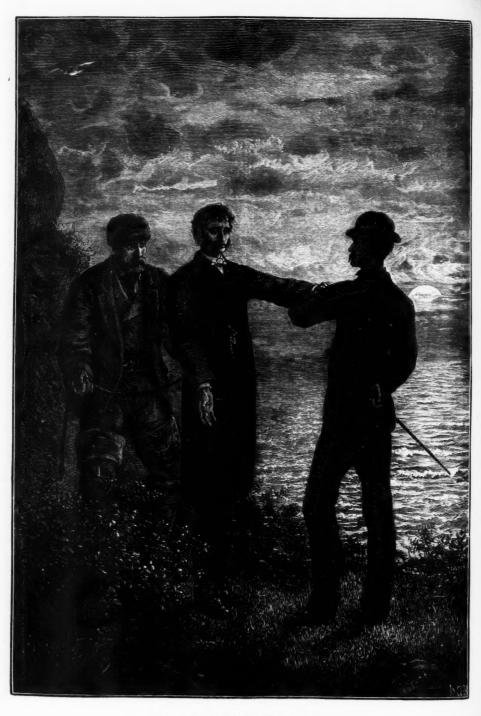
Without a word, a hand was slipped through each of Mr. Archer's arms, and he was led down a steep zig-zag path to the water's edge. Here they were joined by another man, who, at a sign from Frank Ruthin, took his place, while the latter, having unmoored a boat which lay near, jumped into it and pushed off from the shore. For a short distance the trio proceeded in silence, then, suddenly slipping behind a boulder at the foot of a giant rock, from which it seemed to have been detached by some convulsion of nature, the men took a sharp turning, and Mr. Archer found himself immediately under shelter. Here one of his guides struck a light from the tinder-box in his pocket, and, having kindled the flame of a small lantern that hung at his side, Mr. Archer began at once, by its faint glimmer, to reconnoitre what was evidently intended as his place of

It was a long low cavern, dripping with water, the floor and sides wet, showing that the tide gained full access into it. It widened as they proceeded, and seemed to branch off into many subterranean passages. Towards one of these Mr. Archer was now led, the first smuggler cursing and complaining all the way at the trouble which his unexpected charge had given him.

"My friend," said the clergyman, solemnly, "do you know that He upon Whom you call has come in here?"

The man turned fiercely towards him.

"Hold your whist," he retorted, "or I will make you."



"' My life is in higher keeping." -p. 231,

"Say to yourself as I now say in danger—'Thou, God, seest me,'" was the calm reply.

The only answer was a curse so awful that the clergyman shuddered, and regretted having spoken, while some words from an old-fashioned Book from which he ever took his life-lessons, about "casting

your pearls before swine," rose in his mind. The next moment a violent push from the smuggler's heavy hand (the man's passion having blazed beyond self-control) laid him senseless on the wet shingles,

(To be continued.)

ON GOING INTO THE HARBOUR'S MOUTH.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.

"Then are they glad, because they be quiet."-Psalm evii. 30.



HEN, when the harbourbar is passed, when the stormy days and wild nights are over, and the sweep of the last breaker carries the vessel on its white breast of foam into the dear port of home! And glad too of such a simple thing, QUIET—not because of the freight of merchandise they bear, but because they have left the hurricane and the hail, the

billow and the breaker, and are quiet. It is meant to be for us an image of holy calm within the breast. Tossed to and fro with the fortunes of life, out in the great seas of human temptation and tribulation, we, in God's good providence, sometimes have seasons of quiet—quiet harbours, when spiritually, in personal experience, we rest in the Lord. It is blessed to have and to enjoy such quiet hours! We need them, Silence in the soul makes more distinct the voice of God. It is rough work for all of us out yonder in this great ocean of life. We cannot call it the Pacific! No! Men in feeble health have to work and wait. Women solitary and delicate have to win Every profession, every trade, every calling has its competitions and its cares. Even childhood has its unspoken tragedies. And in us each and all there is the great soul, the divine soul, feeling after God and the infinite, refusing to believe itself time-bound and sense-bound, and instinctively responding to Christ's words, "The life is more than meat." And now and again God, in His gracious providence, takes us into the harbour of some gracious experience, and bids us be still and rest in Him. Life is often compared to the troubled sea; it is so easily stirred, it is so deeply moved, it is so full of unrest. But one voice, our Saviour's voice, says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I. This is gladness in God Himself. Through

Christ Jesus we become not only sons restored to the old home, but heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. When the heir surveys his restored inheritance, we see his countenance lighted up with joy. When a child gets nearest to its Father, that is the gladness of true rest.

We cannot think of gladness as meaning mirth, merriment, holidayism, frivolousness, or what is meant by amusement. No earnest spiritual man can: especially in these days, when it is so difficult to keep God's summer in the soul, when weekday life is so full of all the interests, and selfpleasings, and excitements of the present age. Even our evenings are difficult to secure in this stirring time. So much more determined should every man be to keep up his communion with God. "Then are they glad," because they are quiet in the everlasting arms of love. And how wonderful it is, how condescending it is, that God should give us rest in no inferior way; but that He should open up His own Divine Nature, that so we may rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. Our Saviour has distinctly told us, that through faith in Him we are at one with the Father Himself. "I in thee and thou in Me." Faith spreads her wings, and prepares eagle-like to beat the higher air. Our gladness is more real than when excitement thrills all our senses, for then, afterwards, comes the dull leaden weight of loss. We taste a joy which cannot be taken away, for then we experience spiritual joy, worthy of the natures God has created and redeemed. The idle reveller goes his way, but we care not for his mindless joy. The lover of ease dawdles through a little light literature, and thinks how delightful it is to indulge in sloth, and to enjoy plenty, often forgetful of the fact that the miser and the beggar are equally rich in death! both heirs to some six feet of soil. Gladness! No, not this! Shame upon it. But highwrought, heavenly gladness, gladness of children thanking God for home, gladness of the soldiers thanking God for victories, gladness of the pilgrims, that Judæa's high hills are within the vision of faith, gladness of the heir that he has

already received the earnest of the inheritance, gladness of the mariners, that Divine mercy has opened a harbour of deliverance and safety from the waterfloods of sin.

II. This is gladness connected with Quietness. "Because they be quiet." What, then, is

the nature of this quietness?

1. It is holy quiet. That makes us glad. The dark clouds and the stormy tempest of conscience are past. Black, brooding fear has gone from the heart. There is peace with God. No dark spectre of unforgiven sin haunts the pathways of the heart. Nothing is so painful as quiet to a wicked man. The places he visits must be popular and exciting. The engagements he enters upon must be quickening and stimulating through society. Not to be quiet, is his aim and effort. But the child who has come home, who feels a deepening desire for all distance to be done away between his soul and God, he loves the stillness when he can listen for his Father's voice, when he

can pray for the Saviour's presence.

2. It is a strengthening quiet. The storm-foam and the waters of guilt lie outside the harbour's We are at rest, but still we live and still we serve. We do not want the lotus-eaters' repose of forgetfulness. We need recruitmentrest that comes through thought, and knowledge, and renovated will. It seems to me that the vessel of life ought now to be fresh stored, and her keel examined, and the strain she has been put to looked after, and all be made ready for a fresh voyage. We are renewed by rest-every season of quiet should leave us strengthened in principle, better able to put away from us expediences, and follies, and varnished falsehoods. We should be strengthened in submission, and more resigned to the Heavenly Will. We do not feel now as though "some dark hand struck down through time." No! The harbour-rest gives us time to rejoice in all the great legacies of experience, and shows how rich we may become in faith, and rich in hope.

3. It is a prophetic quiet. It is heaven in miniature! Yes, and it is in essence heaven's quiet! Not dreamland. No! But elevation of spiritual nature—pure delight in God our Saviour. We love to think of the glorified dead. They are at rest in the harbour which they never leave. But by the heavenly rest we do not mean that the blessed dead are like the cathedral image with folded hands upon the breast. True, we have so much of temptation, sorrow, and conflict here, that it is natural we should suit our hym-

nology to such experiences.

No more fatigue, no more distress, No groans the conscience to oppress, No rude alarms of raging foes, No cares to break the long repose.

True! All true! Sweetly true! But there

is a positive side to it all. Rest in the Lord. What does that mean? Quietude, like time, is a condition. It is like space—something within which we move. True, it comforts us to think that we shall never grieve the departed any more, that no chill ice-waves will ever break over their hearts. But over and above all, they enter into the full life of Christ, and have the quiet which is rest in God.

4. It is an inner quiet. Peace within! There is little good in mere outward reverence and tran-We may make our quiet hours seasons for calculating, planning, and thinking about the successes or failures of yesterday. You know that the mill may go on working while the doors are closed! I may say to the manager I saw all outwardly still; but there was the white waterwash and the whirr of busy work. So our minds may be occupied with the affairs of the world in hours of sacred rest, to the complete exclusion of inward rest in the Lord. We are to think of the things which make for our peace in quiet hours, Let not the wearing stones of thought be occupied with earthly grain. The Holy Spirit is in an especial manner with us in hours of quiet, witnessing with our spirits, that we are the children of God. We have many sins and shortcomings, and in quiet hours we want to hear the voice of God saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," We may have still our lingering doubts, like clouds that have not floated away. Solitary, we come to sit under the Saviour's shadow with great delight. Conscience needs to seek fresh rest in His Word. The mind needs to be made more conscious of the authority of Christ-the one and only Authority that can give assured peace. It is the rest of tranquillity in God.

III. This glad quietude is essential to our

ivine life.

It is not a *luxury*, it is a necessity. We are not made simply to enjoy it. We are in a world where, unless we have it, all that is best in us will soon be overworn. Life brings to us ever new occasions of temptation. These temptations are not to be measured in themselves, but in ourselves! What will they make appeal to? Hearts emptied of the world and sin, or hearts with withered grass ready for conflagration at the first spark of temptation; spirits that have gazed upon the face of God, or that have been fascinated by worldly visions; dispositions that have been purified and sanctified by the Spirit of Christ, or desires that are sensual and vain? emphatically are we taught one great lesson in the sinless life of our Blessed Lord. Amidst all His vast activities, what quiet He secured! He Who made Olivet His leafy closet, and eventide His time of meditation; He Who went "a little further, and fell on His face and prayed;" He Who left the busy scenes of Jerusalem so often, and kept company with the quiet stars, amid the shadows

of the Garden. And if the "ages" alter, and civilisation in its advances gives greater strain to our toil, and greater keenness to our intellectual energy, and greater competition to our personal endeavours; if we advance literally through the pressure of antagonisms such as our fathers never knew, then how much more need have we of Quiet Hours. Yes, and then, if all be not well with us within, if the vision of the heart be a scene of disorder, or declension, then comes the great grave question-How will it all end? The barns full, the soul empty; the position more elevated, and the soul more debased. Quietude, then, is essential to all of us, and we have no reason to think that our nature is constructed upon some special plan which will make the watchfulness of others needless to ourselves. We, too, are men of like passions with all the brethren who have gone before us through the storm. And then there is the argument from present experience and observation to aid us! How fares it with men who seldom or never enter the harbour of the quiet chamber or the sanctuary, who neglect all the meditations-and devotionsof a true spiritual life? Surely we have noticed that the tree has lost its strength, the flower its fragrance, and the fruit its bloom and richness. Surely, if we look at the tabernacle of soul-life, the open gates have let in the enemy, and the unfilled granary has brought famine to the soul,

But even quiet has its dangers, if we do not associate it with God our Saviour. In itself, quietude has no value; like time and space, as I have said, it is only a condition. Quiet? A man is known by his "hours of quiet." Then the adventitious is gone, and the real remains. Professor Tyndall says in his Alpine papers that even with a few companions he failed to see the real glory and the solemn majesty of the Alps. It

was when he had stolen off to be alone amongst the grand and awful solitudes, that he felt the real influence of their mysterious heights and depths. So it is with us. Alone in quiet hours, we feel the majesty of the soul much more than . when we are dwarfed by the false magnitude of worldly interests. And alone with Christ we feel the greatness of His salvation, and the glory of Divine redemption, and the responsibilities of the eternal life. When, therefore, we have hours of quiet, let us use them aright. How delightful it is to gain, not mere outward rest, but inward repose! "You religious teachers do not understand your age," men sometimes falsely say. "You must not tax our thought too much. We are exhausted with care and toil, and if you knew the world better, you would give us mainly words of comfort, and not try to stir up minds needing repose, by energetic arguments." Oh! awful predicament! Is that-can that be true? If so, Mammon is the true God, and Christ's quiet hours furnish only a resting-place to fit men more strenuously to pull the golden car, and to worship at the idol's shrine.

"Then are they glad." How those words lift our thoughts up to the pearly gates and jasper walls. The roar of the old world's billows is behind us. Storms gather no more. There are no dark nights of storm and death. Quiet! Yes. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" But, as we have seen, even here on earth, there are quiet hours, when the water-wash of the breakers, and the roar of the storm is heard outside the harbour, and for a time it is true of us, as of the sheltered mariner after many fierce hurricanes, many dark nights, and many dangerous hours—"Then are they glad, because they be quiet."

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS," ETC.

FEBRUARY.

"He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength: . . . which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number."—Job ix. 4, 10.



HEN winter comes, the snowflakes fall
Upon the frozen land,
Each feathery gem so frail and small,
Yet, oh! so wisely planned!

For all the little flakes that seem
To fall and disappear,
Are gifted with the rainbow's gleam,
Like crystals pure and clear.

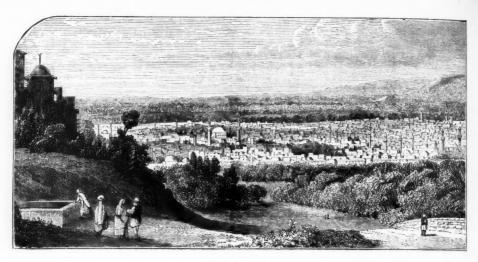
And wondrous are the shapes they take,
Perfect in form and line,
Beyond the art of man to make,
Unrivalled in design.

Like jewels in a diadem,

They sparkle in the air,
For God Himself has fashioned them,
And made them very fair.

And as the snowflakes, so are all God's wondrous works for man; For nothing is too weak or small For the All-Wise to plan.

And since Our Father ruleth thus, Shall we dare to rebel? Will He not much more care for us, And order all things well?



DAMASCUS.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD, AND ITS TESTIMONY TO THE FAITH.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND RECTOR OF
STOKE NEWINGTON.



THE STREET CALLED "STRAIGHT,"

T has been conjectured by some, not without a fair share of probability, that Damascus stands upon a portion of the site of Paradise, and that after the flood, the patriarch Noah and his family settled in the neighbourhood. The legends of the locality are picturesque and amusing. One represents Cain as wandering about with the corrupted remains of Abel upon his shoulders, until he arrived at a spot where he saw a raven digging a hole in the soil, where he placed the remains of another raven who had died while he was carrying it. Instructed by this circumstance, Cain dropped his burden, and digging a hole like the bird, he interred the body of his brother.

Damascus seems to have furnished a race of factors who acted as the representatives of great sheikhs. Such was Eliezer, that Eliezer of Damascus of whom Abram speaks rather contemptuously. Damascus itself has from the very earliest times been strongly fortified, and sur-

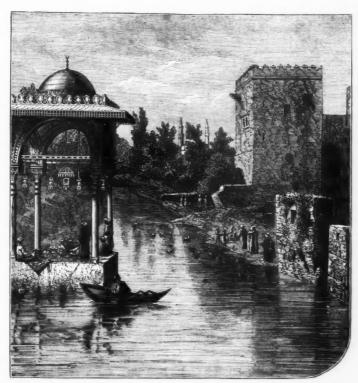
rounded with thick and lofty walls. These walls contained windows out of which fugitives were sometimes lowered to the outside of the city. Such was that which was used by St. Paul when he fled from his persecutors the Jews. Some of them may be traced to the present day. It is said that Mahomet, travelling on the way to Damascus, and arriving at a spot about two miles south of the city, was so much startled and impressed with the view of it which he beheld, that he would go no further, but returned by the way which he came, with this reflection—that there was but one paradise designed for man, and that he was resolved not to take his in this world. Whether this anecdote is true or not, it proves at least how appropriate it is considered by the people on the spot to express the exceeding beauty of their dwelling-place. "In this view, says Mr. James Silk Buckingham, "all travellers who have visited the spot, and have a relish for the charms of landscape, most cordially concur." "From this point of view," continues Mr. Buckingham, "the city of Damascus appears to extend, its greatest length from north to south being broader at the northern, and gradually tapering away to the southern end. Its extreme length appeared to be about three miles, and its extreme breadth about two. It stands on the western edge of a fine plain, and a level site, having a chain of hills pressing close upon it on the north-west, and the plain extending away beyond the range of vision to the east. The buildings of the city being constructed chiefly of

stone below, and light yellow bricks above, while the principal public edifices are painted in the gayest colours, the aspect of the whole is light and airy in the extreme. The castle, with its outer court and massive walls, and the great mosque, both of which are nearly in the centre of the city, look imposing by their magnitude, as seen from hence; and the light and tapering minarets that rise in every quarter of the town, give a peculiar character of elegance to the whole. The gardens that surround the city on the north; the fine olive grounds and long avenues of trees to the south; the numerous villages pressing the skirts of the town on the east, and the great suburb of Salheyah, with the thronged public way that leads to it on the west; added to the sombre but rich and thickly-planted cypresses, the slender poplars, the corn grounds, and the rivers and streams which so abundantly water the whole, give to this charming spot a character becoming a scene in fairy-land, and render it a fit object for the descriptive powers of an Arabian tale.'

Dr. Richardson, an eminent physician, who passed a fortnight in Damascus in the year 1818,

in the capacity of medical attendant to Earl Belmore, had a favourable opportunity of seeing the town; and he gives the following account of it :- "After entering, we proceeded a little way along the street which is called Straight, and which is so named because it leads directly from the gate to the castle or palace of the Pasha. Leaving it we turned to the right, and proceeded along a narrow street lined with houses built of unburnt brick on each hand, and we were much disappointed by their mean and even ruinous appearance. Yet, through the windows of these ruined hovels, we saw the people carrying on the beautiful manufacture of Damascus silk. One old man, bending over his web, struck us particularly. His countenance was the very colour of the clayey mansion he inhabited; his beard and turban were white; and Tithoneus himself, in becoming etherealised, could hardly have parted with less to the material world. If a spider had moved the frame of the loom the effect would not have appeared more unlikely than from the touch of his bloodless hand. This man and his work seemed the extremes of luxury and famine. But we had not long time to indulge in reflection; for a short turn to the left brought us to the door of the Franciscan convent, which is a large substantial building, as convents generally are.

"The Earl and Countess of Belmore were accommodated in the house of M. Chaboiceau, a French surgeon of eminence, and a most agreeable, well-bred man; the rest of the party were domiciled in the convent. The house of this worthy gentleman gave us the first idea of the habitations in Damascus, and taught us not to judge of them by what was to be seen in passing by. A rough lime-cast wall fronted the street; we entered by a small door that led into a court paved with marble, in the middle of which was



IN THE ENVIRONS OF DAMASCUS.

a small fountain of fresh water constantly playing. Opening into it on the one side, was his principal room; on the other was an arcade raised above the level of the court, and furnished with carpets and cushions. From the Pasha and the Bey down to the shopkeeper and the mechanic, all their habitations are constructed after this manner. The interior of some of them is extremely magnificent; yet, all of them present a dead wall to the street, and all are entered by a small door of a very ordinary description, the houses of the grandees, immediately within this door, is an outer court, which is occupied by the porter and other domestics. From this, on the one hand, an entrance goes off to the harem, which has a court appropriated to itself; and, on the other, into the principal court, which is one of great splendour, paved with marble and cooled by one or two fountains of water, and shaded by clumps of evergreens. Off this court is the principal room, which, in the lower part, is cooled and ornamented with a fountain of water, and, in the upper part, furnished with a divan for the accommodation of visitors. The interior of the walls is generally niched or provided with shelves, on which is exhibited a display of china plates, jars, basins, and bowls, such as are used at table. In this apartment the stranger is generally received on his first introduction, but the places of common reception are the large arcades that open into the court, one of which is laid round with a divan, which is moved to the other as the sun comes round, or according to the pleasure of the possessor or his company. These arcades are extremely agreeable, both from the free circulation of air, and the delightful softening of the light to the eye, by reason of the evergreens. This method of constructing houses renders them peculiarly private: each family enjoys itself apart from the noise and bustle of the town." The reader is advised to pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum, where there is , a room removed from Damascus with all its furniture and ornaments intact. It will be found to illustrate the foregoing description. "The streets of Damascus are the most noiseless possible. There are no gentlemen's carriages in it whatever, and hardly any carts: such as there are have wooden wheels unshod with iron; and the occasional step of a Christian's ass, a camel, a mule, or more rarely of a horse, has but little in it to disturb the solemn repose of a Turk. Every man's house is his castle; and, in case of an irritated mob threatening to attack any of its oppressors, he can shut himself up in his habitation, and remain till the governing power send a force to protect him.

"The streets in Damascus are narrow and irregular, and consequently well shaded from the sun. Broad streets are no luxuries in warm climates; and I felt here the full force of the re-

mark of Tacitus, that Nero spoiled Rome by broad streets. The shops abounded with fruit and vegetables. The peaches, nectarines, and apricots were excellent: a species of the latter which they called lousi, possesses the most exquisite and delicious flavour. But what we found most agreeable of all, was the great abundance of iced water exposed for sale in every quarter of the town. It is generally mixed with the juice of figs or currants, and forms an agreeable and refreshing beverage, in which the Damascenes

indulge to profusion.

"In Damascus, as in Cairo, each class of commodities has its own class of bazaars. There are whole streets in which nothing but shoes and boots are sold; others in which nothing but ready-made clothes are sold; others for the silks of Constantinople, which are by far the finest and the most valued. But the articles generally worn in Syria are of the manufacture of Damascus, and are a mixture of silk and cotton: they are extremely durable, and some of the patterns are remarkably handsome. There is one large bazaar for the goldsmiths, where we saw no fewer than two hundred of them seated together in one room, each with his anvil, hammer, and drawers before him; but this should rather be called a manufactory than a bazaar, for on entering it, a person was stunned with noise, as if he had been in a foundry. There are also bazaars for swords and military accoutrements; but the character of Damascus is much declined from what it was in former times,"

Gathering up these observations, we learn that Damascus has from the earliest times of society and civilisation followed the traditions of its forefathers. For instance, thus we read that Jacob in extreme old age blessed Joseph, and spoke of him as "a fruitful bough, even a bough by a well." Damascus was always celebrated for its fruits, especially its stone-fruits. The plums that we call damsons were originally "damascene plums "-that is, plums of Damascus-and its nectarines and peaches possessed an aromatic flavour that rendered them great favourites at Rome and Constantinople. Why a Damascus blade was so called does not plainly appear. Some say it was because the swords and cutlery were embossed over with appropriate designs taken from those which distinguished the silks woven in the Syrian capital.

The bazaars in Damascus have a more airy appearance than those in Constantinople or Cairo. If the traveller wishes to see a crowd passing in all the costumes of the country, he cannot do better than frequent the bazaars. The Turk is dressed in brilliant colours; the Bedouin Arab wears unbleached cotton cloth, he wears a leathern girdle about his waist, and a green and yellow handkerchief upon his

head

"ONLY A SEA-BIRD'S CRY."



ON'T go any further, Alice. It's so late and lonely."

"But I want to find out where that sound came from."

"Oh, perhaps it was the cry of a seabird."

"No, Florence, it was more like a child's voice; and would you leave a poor little one alone all night in such a place? If you're afraid, go

home, and tell my mother where I am.

"Yes, that's the best plan."

And Florence, after vainly entreating her companion to see her a bit of the way, turned from the rough bent-covered hillocks, and walked rapidly along the smooth greensward, which clothed one side of the dark lonely sandbank.

The evening was very still, only the ripple of the waves could be heard as they glided in at measured intervals over the beach, and the sun was setting behind the distant hills, amid gorgeous red and golden clouds, leaving a bright wake of light across the sea. But Florence heeded none of these things as she hurried on.

"What keeps you out so late, Flo? Where's

Florence started; the voice was familiar, and she tried to collect her scattered senses sufficiently to

"I don't know, father. Isn't she at home? I went for a walk with Alice Upton."

"Was Mabel in the house before you came away?"

"No, father; I suppose she was out playing with the other children. Mother was lying down, and I had no one to speak to."

"Well, Mab has not been seen since morning. I have inquired among all the neighbours. Your mother was too ill to look after her. You should have stayed at home, Florence."

"Oh, I didn't think mother was worse than usual; she's always ailing; and Mab goes in and out of the other houses continually with the children. When I came from school and got myself a bit of dinner, I went with Alice just for company, and now I wish I hadn't, for she left me to come back alone."

"Why did she do that? It's too late for either of you,"

"Oh, because we heard a strange sound. I thought it was only a sea-bird's cry, but she insisted it was the voice of a child, and so she went on to search among the far sand-hills," "Maybe it was our Mab. Go home now, and try to keep your mother from fretting, while I search for the child,"

"I'd rather go on with you, father; for I'm afraid to cross the green alone."

"Don't be always thinking of yourself, girl. What's to happen you?" And Williams turned impatiently away.

"Nobody thinks of me," Florence murmured, as with slow uncertain steps she turned homewards, and in due time arrived safely at the coastguard station, unmolested except by imaginary terrors. Mrs. Williams stood at the door, regardless of her own illness, watching anxiously for tidings of the missing child.

"Mother, mother, why did you get up? You'll be twice as bad to-morrow."

"Oh! why did I ever lie down, when there was no one to look after my poor little Mabel?"

Florence could not reply. Her mother's pale haggard face was a more bitter reproach than any words would have been. Was it possible, too, that pretty playful little Mab was lost through her carelessness? Realising this fear for the first time, she burst into tears

"Mother, I'm so sorry," she sobbed out, "but I'll tell you all." Then followed the story of the child's cry she and Alice had heard on the sand-hills, "I said it was only a sea-bird, because I did not want to go on; but now I'm sure it was our own little Mab's voice. Oh, what shall we do!"

"We can't do anything now, Florence, but sit helplessly at home watching and waiting; that is the hardest thing of all to bear," mouned the mother.

"It has just come into my mind, mother, that my teacher said last Sunday, 'every one may do something, no matter how weak they are.' We can all help by praying; 'prayer moves the Hand that moves the world.'"

"I wish you'd remember more of what she tells you, Flo. You've comforted me already, child. Let us ask God to take care of little Mab, and bring her safe home."

Meanwhile Alice Upton hastened towards the beach. All was silent there, save the dull monotonous beat of the waves, as they chased each other further and further on the strand, carrying in their accustomed tribute of many-coloured shells and delicate seaweeds.

"It may have been only a sea-bird's cry, as Florence said," thought she; "and how dark it is growing—so lonely, too."

For the first time a feeling of desolation crept over her as she gazed around. The distant hills seemed to frown threateningly through the gloom. The faroff ships, as they glided slowly along, assumed an unreal spectral appearance, and the plash of the waves took a melancholy murmuring tone, as if the voice of the sea lamented and complained over all the ills and sorrows of earth.

"Shall I continue the search? or go home as fast as I can?" asked Alice of herself.

Then, as she stood irresolute, a bright answer flashed into her mind-

"Is not God here? Why, then, should I be

afraid? If father, mother, and all my friends were round me, they could not take as good care of me as He can. For is He not allpowerful? 'The sea is His, and He made it.'

As these comforting thoughts passed through Alice's mind, she walked on slowly, close by the water's edge, and again a cry of distress reached her ear.

This time it seemed very near, but, failing to see from whence it proceeded, she stood still, calling aloud, "Where are you?" and listened breathlessly for an answer.

Then a weak voice replied-

"I's here. Oh, come quick, somebody. I'se so frightened."

The words sounded as if

from the sea, but how could that be possible?

Many marvellous stories told by old sailors, of phantom ships and voices of drowned people rising from the waves, occurred to Alice's mind, but, putting them all resolutely away, she said, "No, it was a real human voice," and, walking on a few steps, gazed steadily across the water.

Again the pitiful tones were heard.

"Come, some one; oh, come and take me away."

This time Alice could distinguish a small figure, standing, with outstretched arms, at no great distance, and apparently in the water. Then, remembering that at this part of the shore she had often observed a higher bank of sand, which the tide might not yet have completely covered, she saw, on a closer examination, that the child still stood on firm ground, though her place of refuge was quite surrounded by the waves.

With one earnest heart-cry to God for strength and courage, Alice was about to rush into the water,

> and try to do what she could, when suddenly a hand was laid on her arm, and a rough voice cried

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"Stop! show me where she is,' It was Florence's father, who had come to seek his little daughter. Alice could only reply by pointing with her

finger. It was enough, Without a moment's delay, the strong man rushed across the channel, and presently returned, carrying the rescued child in his arms. Then looking more closely at her face as he set her down in safety on the dry strand, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and disappointment-

"Why, it's not our Mabel after all!"

"Mabel!" repeated Alice.

"No, why should you think it was?"

Williams told how his child was missing, and he had been looking for her when he met Florence, who mentioned the cry they had heard.

"At all events, God sent you at the right moment to save this little one," she replied. "I wonder who she is, and how she came here?"

"There was an excursion of school-children here to-day; perhaps she was left behind. You'd better take her home, poor frightened thing. I see no use in looking any more for Mab here; I don't believe she could have wandered so far. I'll search across the bridge, landways, when we get back."



"Looking more closely at her face."

The little party accordingly returned by the shortest path to the coastguard station, Alice leading the child by the hand, and occasionally carrying her over the rough places; while Williams paced along in gloomy silence.

"Who are you, and how did you get here?" asked Alice, when the little one had ceased crying and

trembling.

"I'm Gracie. I came with the 'scursion. I couldn't find sister. She was looking for shells. Then I got tired, and went 'sleep on the sand. When I opened my eyes, every one was gone, and the great water round me. It came on and on, so I went back away from it, but at last it followed up to the top, and there was no place, just as you came."

On arriving at the station they were met by

Florence.

"Oh, father, how long you've been! I thought you'd never come home. Mother's been very ill, and I was so frightened. I'll never forget to-night. She's better now; and Mab's found!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Williams, "Where was she?"

"Oh! such a strange thing! Our teacher at Sunday-school was coming along the road late, to ask some of our coastguardsmen here to help her to look for a little child that was left behind to-day at the excursion. She was missed first when they were all getting into the train. Everybody thought she was with some one else until the last moment; then Miss French ran back to look for her; and on the way she found little Mab sitting by the road-side crying. The poor child had wandered across the bridge, and lost herself; so she brought her back here. And mother was in such a state! Oh! father, you'll find I'll stay at home, and never neglect either of them again!"

On entering the house, Williams found his wife in bed, clasping the recovered child closely in her arms. Miss French, overjoyed at seeing Gracie safe and well after the perils she had escaped, was not long in restoring her also to her anxious mother.

Every one was pleased with Alice's conduct on the occasion. And ever since, when Florence is tempted to think more of herself than of others, her father has only to remind her of "the sea-bird's cry."

S. T. A. R.

THE BOOK OF ENOCH.

"AND Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them, of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him."—JUDE 14, 15.



EARLY a century has elapsed since Mr. Bruce, the distinguished Abyssinian traveller, brought with him, on his return to England, a copy of the Holy Scriptures in the Æthiopic tongue. The volume contained many features of interest,

but the chief, to the theological student at least, was the appearance of the "Book of Enoch" amongst the Scriptures. It stood immediately before the Book of Job, that being its proper place

in the Abyssinian Canon.

Notwithstanding that all traces of the Book as a whole had been lost since the eighth century; that the fragment discovered by the illustrious Scaliger in the "Chronographia" of Georgius Syncellus, and published by him in his notes on the Canon of Eusebius, had led to a desire for further supplies of a similar kind; notwithstanding that, early in the seventeenth century, a rumour, to the effect that a Capuchin monk had seen the Prophecy in an Egyptian monastery, excited German scholars to such an extent that one of them, Peirex, never rested until, after infinite labour, and no little expenditure of money, he had transferred the presumed treasure from its monastic retirement to his own

possession, when, alas! he discovered that the much-coveted prize was a forgery; and that from that time for many years there was much debating and investigation going on in studies and libraries, yet, when at length Mr. Bruce had brought the genuine work to England, having left a copy in the Paris library, the Book, save as regarded certain small portions, remained untranslated into any modern language, until, in 1821, Dr. Lawrence, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christchurch, gave it to the world in an English rendering. Prefixed to his translation was an able dissertation, to which we are, in this paper, not a little indebted.

The Abyssinian alone, of all the Churches, ancient and modern, regards the Book of Enoch as inspired and genuine. Tertullian, however, amongst the Fathers, would seem to have held the same view, although occasionally he shows signs of wavering in his belief. The Jewish Canon rejects it. But the mystical Cabbalists, who frequently cite it, held it to be the genuine production of him whose name it bears. They, moreover, refer to it, as being written in Hebrew or Chaldee, an important fact, when we come to consider its real authorship. How the work was preserved during the Deluge, the Cabbalists do not undertake to say; but Tertullian presumes

that it was either preserved in its original form by Noah, or rewritten by the great Patriarch,

after the Flood, from memory.

It is, we opine, scarcely necessary to point out that the fact of St. Jude's using the term "prophesied," in referring to the Book, no more proves him to have believed it Scripture than St. Paul is to be credited with a similar conviction in the case of that heathen poet, whom he quotes for the benefit of the Cretians, and whom, at the same moment, he dubs "a prophet," saying—"One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretians are alway liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." (Tit, i. 12.)

Nor yet need we be "offended" by the Apostle's expressly assigning the words which he quotes in his Epistle, to Enoch, as though this must bring him in convicted of a belief in this lofty authorship of the reference. For, to give one instance in disproof of such a presumption, the writer of the Book of Wisdom introduces his sage meditations to the favour of the public by borrowing the name of the profound monarch. But no Jew was, or is, thereby deceived into thinking that Solomon wrote the book. The name is looked upon as simply a nom de plume. But to proceed.

Internal evidence points to a Jew as the author of the Book of Enoch. And the citations of the Cabbalists, before referred to, lead to the belief that it was written in Hebrew or Chaldee. Afterwards came a Greek translation, from which St. Jude and the Fathers made their quotations, The writer was evidently a deep and earnest student of the prophecies of Daniel, the great original Apocalyptist. And here is one of the real and solid advantages to be derived from a study of these apocryphal remains. We learn hereby how learned and pious Jews interpreted and expanded the sublime revelation of the Ancient of Days coming to judgment with the Son of Man. We shall have occasion to refer to this matter again; now we pass on to examine into the time when probably the work was composed.

It appeared, of course, antecedently to the coming of Christ; but how long before that era? Here, again, as we have only internal evidence to go on, so this evidence is very helpful, and, it is scarcely too much to say, reliable. We have already observed that an examination of the work shows its author to have been well read in the writings of the prophet Daniel. He is not only a student of the prophet, but a copyist. In some instances he adopts the very expressions and descriptive ideas of his illustrious exemplar. In others he expands his revelations. Therefore the Book of Enoch must have been written subsequent to the commencement of the Babylonian captivity. But, furthermore, the evidence proves that it must have appeared long after the termination of that disastrous judgment of God upon His rebellious people. In fact, a date must be

fixed for the first issue of the Prophecy, that brings it very near to the beginning of the Christian era.

For towards the close, there occurs an allegorical description of the leading events of Jewish history, beginning with the reign of Saul, the Son of Cis. The first three kings are mentioned by name. Then come seventy shepherds who are referred to as comprising three distinct and different groups. First, we have a series of 35. The number in the text is 37, but this is easily seen to be a mistake. Then comes a set of 23; and then one of 12. Now, when we examine the sacred record we find that the kings of Judah and Israel combined, omitting those petty princes, usurpers for the most part, who held their power for a couple of months only, or even, as in some cases, for a few days, amount exactly to 35, from the death of Solomon to the Captivity. From this period till the recovery of their independence through the patriotism and valour of the Asmonean House the Jews were subject to Babylonian, Persian, and Macedonian tyrants in succession, These, when counted, are found to be 23. Then followed the bright and glorious era of autonomy, when native princes exercised welcome and liberal sway over them. Matthias was first in this series, Herod twelfth. King Herod's reign was, as we know, a long one, lasting upwards of thirtyfour years. It was, in all probability, early in this reign, that a Jew, resident somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Caspian and Euxine seas, deeply versed in Holy Writ, and having studied with patriotic zeal and earnestness the changeful history of his race, gifted, moreover, with a rich and glowing imagination, saw, or fancied that he saw, in ecstatic vision, things hitherto hidden in the council of the Most High, and published his vision to the world for the encouragement of the righteous, and the conviction of the wicked. To his dreamings he attached the name of Enoch, for of him it was recorded that he "walked with God," and that "God took him" to Himself. It seemed to the mystic that in that walk thus companioned, and in that presence thus shared, the ancient patriarch and saint had witnessed marvellous sights, and had been entrusted with high commissions. He, the mystic, had in vision caught a glimpse of these sights, and heard the giving of these commissions. He would reveal them to man, to his comfort or confusion.

This seems to us the origin of the Book of Enoch. For the comparatively recent date of the work there is further internal evidence. The writer, for example, makes mention of the Parthians, and by name. With mingled terror and admiration, he celebrates their prowess and might. They seem, to his excited and fearful imagination, to "spring as lions from their dens, and like famished wolves to dart into the midst of the flock."

Moreover, with his national sympathies awakened and aroused, he cries out, "They shall go up, and tread upon the land of the Elect." Now it was in the year 40 before Christ that the Parthians, then at the very height of their power, entered Jerusalem in triumph, and raised Antigonus, the last scion of the Asmonean race, to the throne, in opposition to Herod, the nominee of the Romans, their hated foes, whom thirteen years before they had so signally defeated and crushed. It was about this period, moreover, that the Parthians, previously known as and numbered amongst "Persians," acquired, by their continued exercise of power and valour, the right to bear the distinctive appellation of their race.

We have already cast out a hint as to the locality that was the scene of the composition of this work. Our intimation was suggested by an examination of the Book. In the seventyfirst chapter the writer divides the day and night into eighteen parts. He gives twelve of these parts to the day, and only six to the night. Now such a division points to a locality between the 45th and the 49th degrees of north latitude. This will bring the country from which the visions first issued as high up as the northern districts of the Caspian and Euxine seas. And hence we are induced to form the idea, that the author of this strange and interesting work was a member of one of those tribes, which Shalmaneser carried away, and, as the sacred narrative says, "placed in Halah and in Habor, by the river Goshan, and in the cities of the Medes," and who never returned from captivity.

It has been already suggested that, although the Book of Enoch is apocryphal, yet it may be perused with advantage, as throwing light on Jewish theology. And we have already given one instance of this advantage. But, in addition to this, there are two very important and cardinal articles of faith held by Christians, about which cotemporary Jewish opinion becomes, through the medium of the Book of Enoch, These are the Eternal voiceful and eloquent. Divinity of the Son of Man, and the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. It is difficult to read the following extracts, without coming to the conclusion, that the former of these was an article of Jewish belief at the time this book was

written:-

"Before the sun, and the signs were created, before the stars or heaven were formed, His name was invoked in the presence of the Lord of . . . Therefore the Elect and the Concealed One existed in His presence before the world was created" (xlviii. 3, sqq.). again, when foretelling the alarm that the Son of Man's coming to judge the world shall cause, we have such language as this :-

"They shall be astonished, and shall humble

their countenances. . . For from the beginning the Son of Man existed in secret, Whom the Most High preserved in the presence of His power, and revealed to the elect (lxi. 8, sqq.).

These passages, it seems to our humble opinion, might have been written by a Christian seer. Once more, There are many and deeply interesting traces of the doctrine of the Trinity scattered throughout the work. We give one which appears to us to contain a plain and distinct allusion to this doctrine, we had almost said state-

ment of it :-

"Then the Lord of Spirits,"-throughout evidently the First Person-"seated upon the throne of His glory, the Elect One,"-apparently the Messiah of the work-"Who shall judge all the works of the holy, in heaven above, and in a balance shall He weigh their actions. And when He shall lift up His countenance to judge their secret ways by the word of the name of the Lord of Spirits, they shall all speak with united voice; and bless, glorify, exalt, and praise, in the name of the Lord of Spirits. He shall call to every power of the Heavens, to all the holy above, and to the Power of God;"—this, from numerous allusions, appears to be the Third Person—"the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and the Ophanim, all the angels of power, and all the angels of the Lord's, namely, of the Elect One, and of the other Power, who upon earth were over the water on that day, shall raise their united voice," etc. The words, "were over the water on that day"-that is, the day of the creation-are plainly an allusion to Genesis i. 2, "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Now it seems to us-we may, of course, be wrong—that we have here a declaration of a distinct Trinity of persons, the "Lord of Spirits," the Lord the "Elect One," and the Lord the "other Power," each of whom is moreover represented as bearing an equal part in the formation of the world. And may we not reasonably conclude that Jewish belief, before the promulgation of Christianity, recognised a Triune God?

In conclusion we would earnestly call the attention of our readers to this very attractive composition. They will find in it, we are convinced, like ourselves, much to interest them, and not a little to instruct. They will appreciate the deep reverence of the writer. They will be especially charmed with his imagination, whilst, in his marvellous and engaging vision, he "transports the reader far beyond the flaming boundaries of the world, displaying to him every secret of creation, the splendours of heaven, and the terrors of hell; the mansions of departed souls; and the myriads of the celestial hosts, the Cherubim, Seraphim, and Ophanim, which surround the blazing throne, and magnify the Holy Name of the great Lord of Spirits, the Almighty Father of men and of angels." F. L. Meares.



THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.

(PARABLES IN THE LIGHT OF OUR EVERY-DAY LIFE.)

BY THE VERY REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A., DEAN OF DENVER.

(Luke xvi. 19.)

HIS, the most remarkable parable ever spoken by the Lord, is well worth our closest attention. And first bear in mind our Lord was not compelled to speak it, and therefore, since He did, the truths which lie at any rate on the surface must be true to fact. Of course,

He had to use language which His hearers understood, "Abraham's bosom" was their way of saying "heaven." Perhaps, too, the tormenting flame conveyed to them a different notion than it does to us. Those Eastern people had a mode of conveying ideas to each other in symbolic language, which is but little used by us matterof-fact Anglo-Saxons. So that, although the literal meaning of the words will not bear rendering, yet the clear tenor of the phrases is not to be mistaken.

"There was a certain rich man"-the Masterhand drew the earthly side of the picture so true to nature that it would excite no criticism. He was a Jewish nobleman; his clothing told his rank; fine linen the merchants had bought for him in the marts of Corinth, They had weighed for its price its weight of silver. The Tyrian dyers had enriched the costly fabric with their ever brightening purple, and now this rich man arrayed himself in robes worn by emperors and all the nobles of the earth. How splendidly he lived! It was not now and then that he gathered his friends and sycophants together and feasted them with the good things of the season; but what most men reached by unusual effort-at this high level was his ordinary life. "He fared sumptuously every day."

But note him further. He was not one of those grandees who ride rough-shod over all beneath him, with no care, no sympathy for any but what attracted a passing fancy. This rich man had a kindly heart. At the entrance-gate of his court-yard, which black Ethiopian slaves guarded-clad in silks of the rainbow's hues, there lay, day by day, a pitiable sight, a man in great need-in need of everything. He had no money, no friends, no health. And it is proof positive that that rich man had a kindly nature, that every time he issued forth, or entered in his chariot, he allowed himself to see so loathsome a sight as "a beggar full of sores."

There were no hospitals in those days to which the rich man might liberally subscribe, and to which as a life governor he might have sent Lazarus to be tended by lady nurses and the best advice the city could afford. All these things were to come in the train of Him Who was speaking the parable. The Greeks, the Romans, the Mahommedans, have no hospitals; only they who follow the steps of Jesus Christ go about doing good, and healing the sick.

But all that the rich man could do he seems to have done. Lazarus had a cool place under the battlements of the gateway, and he had enough to eat, "The crumbs which fell from the rich man's table " does not sound a plentiful allowance, but the table was not covered with decorated china and elegant glass. Slices of bread, perhaps biscuit cakes, did duty for plates, and of these, soaked with rich gravies, Lazarus had no doubt as much as he could eat. True, they might be cold, and not always palatable-but he had enough. Perhaps, too, the great man saw all help was helpless, and so others seem to have concluded; for only dogs, the unclean scavengers of the Eastern city, offered what they could; for want of other sympathy, the poor fellow had enticed and gradually made friends with one or two of the better of the "curs of low degree," by sharing with them some of the slices of bread which were brought him after the daily feast, And, perhaps by instinct, they began to lick the cancerous sores, a licking which eased and soothed the gnawing pain.

I remember a poor woman with a cancer in her cheek, and the only comfort she could findfor anodynes do not stop the constant aching of a cancer-was from the tongue of her lap-dog, which for hours would sit upon her pillow and lick the surroundings of the wound, and so give the

dying woman ease and sleep,

So day followed day: the rich man enjoyed himself every day, and Lazarus suffered every day. He must have suffered patiently, for had he raised complaint, the very slaves would have declined to tolerate a noisy, as well as a loathsome beggar. At length, the one and the other reached the end: the rich man of his self-pleasing, Lazarus of his suffering. The one was buried-buried, as he should be, with great pomp. His five brethren and a crowd of followers and retainers followed the bier-all the professional wailing women in the city headed the procession; the chief rabbi himself chanted the Psalm to the slow measure of the Levites' lute. He had lived in accordance with his income and position, and he was buried in befitting state. Men talked only of his virtues; and if the eternal state of the man was to have been fixed by what men said of him, he would

have been far up upon the steps of the Throne of God. Only it was not. Lazarus died; whether any friendly hand closed his eyes, I know not; where and how he was buried, I know not; but, for more reasons than one, a society which ignored his presence buried his body out of its

sight.

And now that august Hand which wore the signet of the King of Kings, though it had worked a carpenter's saw at Nazareth, lifts for one moment the veil that hides from mortal view the abodes of the departed, and lo! the easy-going rich man is in torment, and the beggar in peace. Is it as if in vengeful mood the Great Being had reversed the conditions of these two men? Was it wrong, then, for the rich man to enjoy the things which his money gave him? Would not Lazarus have done the same, if only he had had the chance? Doth the Lord deal with men as a fretful nurse would with children, trying to strike some kind of balance, lest there be shown favouritism? And if one receive good things in this life, to have his reckoning he must have "evil things" in the life to come? Is it not the will of God that we should all have "good things," and have "good things" for ever and ever? Nay! Hath He not sent His emissaries out into the highways and byways of our rolling world to cry, and never cease to cry, "Come, ye hungry, ye thirsty, ye heavy burdened. Come, for my oxen and my fatlings are killed. Come to the feast, for all things are ready "?

It was no will of His that the rich man "lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torment."

He might have had the "wine of good things," the rich luscious wine of God's own vineyard, but he has it not; the mantling cup was once to his lips; he once stood with the treasures of the universe spread out before him-once the voice of his Maker had said to him, "What wilt thou? ask what thou wilt, and thou shalt receive." And he, poor fool, had asked for the passing moment, the greed of his eyes, the comfort of his perishing body, the pleasing of his stomach, and for the vast stretchings of his eternity he had not provided; and now, here he was, at the beginning of endlessness, without so small a thing as a draught of water. No wonder God called another rich man who did the same thing-a fool!

But hearken to his cry: - "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue." His tongue? Where was his tongue? Still and motionless upon a shelf, in the cave in his garden, over which thick cypresses cast a shade as deep as the night-time, what was once his body and still is his body, lies. The perfumes of Araby and the ointments of Laodicea, have lost their precious odours, for corruption hath now the dominion. Unwind the napkin that is about his head, unloose the linen band which binds his jaw,

force its stiffness, open it once more, and there, dry and shrivelled and putrefying is-his tongue, And yet, hearken, "That he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue." Surely his tongue is cool enough in the cave at home, Then why cries he out about his tongue? This is why. He brought nothing with him into the world that night when the runners sped from the castle to tell the neighbourhood that to the lord of the manor had been born a son and heir. And, now that he had left the castle and all his broad acres, nothing of it had he taken away. As far as his estate was concerned, he had gone as he came—empty-handed. He brought nothing to enrich his father, and he took nothing away

to despoil his successor.

Then, did he start in the other life, as he had started in this? No, not so. He came into this world a seedling, a mere germ of life; years had developed him; and he had gone into the next world, not an unconscious infant, but a full-grown man. A man with a character. A man who liked and disliked. A man with longings for what pleased him, with tendencies well developed, with gratifications well defined. Whatever his body demanded of him on earth, that he gratified. He relished no other sort of pleasure. Those things which satisfied his appetites, and gratified his passions were to him "good things." "Thy good things," as Abraham put it-the things which he called "good"—his good—his God. And now those things he had not, and could not have, because they were material things, which ministered to a material body. But—and here is the centre of the matter-he had the cravings all the same. Is it the body which thirsts? No, surely! It is the soul which feels. The peculiar state of the body appeals to the soul, and we say we If the attention be riveted, and the whole soul fastened upon that which is intensely interesting, we are oblivious to the dryness of the tongue. The body is in that condition which would under other circumstances have produced thirst; but the soul has other occupation; it has not time to be affected, and therefore we do not thirst.

How many a student, absorbed in his research, is wholly unconscious that his body demands either meat or drink!

A tired Traveller, in the noontide heat of an Eastern day, was so absorbed in the saving of a sinning woman's soul, that when they came with the food they had gone to Sychar to buy, He said unto them, "I have meat to eat that ye know

Not so the rich man. The training of his lifetime had made his soul keen to regard the wants of his body. He knew no other cravings than those of his body. He had heard a thousand times in the synagogue his father had built in the village, the song of the great King, "As the

hart panteth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." He too, had often sung that very verse, but his soul did not long after God. He sung what so many other churchgoers sing-a lie; his soul longed after his dinner and his friends, and his pictures, and his horses, and his pleasures. His soul did not long after God. And now he was in another world, where none of these kind of things were, and yet he was there, just himself as he was a few weeks ago in his mansion. He was liking and disliking the same things. He wanted what he used to want before—when he felt thirsty, he asked for a drink; and now he feels thirsty. And in the old wayin the old words-he knew none other-he asks for water to cool his tongue. Is the language of the parable merely imagination? Surely it is real and true to fact !

What a gulf was fixed between him and Abraham, the friend of God, and Lazarus the godly but suffering beggar—and all the people who have passed through this life not ministering to their bodies, not pleasing themselves, but with faces, and eyes, and thoughts, and yearnings fixed on God—lived not unto themselves, but unto Him Who died for them—Who lived for the future and not for the present, for heaven and not for earth, for eternity and not for time, for Jesus Christ and not for self. How could such as these give of the oil of their lamps to feed the flame of another kind of lamp? What water, what draught, have they which can satisfy the material thirst of an immaterial spirit?

Can the cravings of a drunkard be quenched by a draught of the water of life which Jesus gives? Can the lusts of the sensual be cooled by meditating upon God? Can the wants and the pride and the ease of the selfish be appeared by showing them the liberty wherewith Christ doth make us free? Or can the attention of the poor frivolous worldling be distracted by bidding her set what she calls her affections on things above? You can as soon do these as charm the beasts by music, or stay the spring of a tiger by quoting to him pathetic poetry. There is a gulf fixed, and they who would satisfy the wants of the body by the food of the soul cannot; neither can they who are accustomed to find their joy in God, fill to satisfaction their cravings by ministering to the wants of the body.

"A great gulf," which it is impossible to bridge, for there is no material in the universe wherewith to build the bridge.

Reader, you know all this; it is evident enough; and the rich man had known it all his lifetime. The rabbi who was his tutor had taught it to him when he was a boy; but he could not resist the trivial indulgences of his hourly life; he would not deny himself in the little things of every-day life. He would not trouble himself to pray. He would not be at the pains to study his Bible and

meditate upon it. He would not make his life follow the example of some of God's saints living around him. He would not lend all his heart to love the Lord his God. He would not at all cost seek first the Kingdom of Heaven. When his mother died, he said he would attend more to these things, and for a day or two he did set himself to live more piously; but the old round soon closed about him—he put off the convenient season, and joined his world again.

He did not live wrongly: he was no glutton, no drunkard; he only lived up to the station in which God had placed him. But here was his sin: he lived to himself, and not to God. God was not in all his thoughts; he was therefore what the Bible calls "wicked;" and of course, when he went into the other world, he did not "know God," and "God did not know him;" therefore he was not in "the presence of God;" and to be away from God is to be in hell.

Oh! the horrible doom! He would not wish his bitterest enemy to be tormented by the burnings of unappeasable appetites, ever growing in intensity; and he had five brothers. If he could not be helped, perhaps they might be warned. But the answer came to him-and if he had thought a little he might have answered himself :- "The God Who wills not, Who desires not the death of the sinner, would surely provide that which might best lead the sinner to life." And what has He provided? "Moses and the prophets." His Own Word, with the stimulant of expectation and the sustaining grace of His Holy Spirit. If a man be not led by these on the way to heaven, neither would he be "if one rose from the dead" to preach to him. If this would do it, God would send the preachers. But it will not. Suppose some well-known Christian who is now with his Master were to stand in the church pulpit next Sunday. Straight from the Master's presence, filled with the joy of "just men made perfect," and clad in the yet undimmed light of the glorious city. Suppose, with all his experience, he stood up to preach the Sunday sermon. Could he say more than St. Paul said? Could he say with more certainty, "I know Him Whom I have believed "? Could he say more than David said? What! more than Jesus said?

Everybody would be astonished; some would be affrighted, some be filled with inspiring awe; but many would deny it were here; and some of what is called a scientific turn of mind would set themselves to explain the illusion on scientific grounds, and in a few Sundays the congregation would have sunk down to its old level, as if the celestial visitor had never preached. "Nature abhors catastrophes," In nature, God works by gentle and continuous forces; and so He does in Grace. In all probability, there never will be brought to bear upon you any greater influences

than those to which you are now subject; and if these influences are not so utilised as to train and mould the character for appreciating and enjoying the life of higher, that is spiritual, existence, when you are called by the necessities of an unredeemed body to quit this world—for a world which, whatever else it may be, is certainly

not a world of matter—you will be unfit for the life they live there, and you will find yourself on the other side of a "great gulf"—a natural chasm of separation—unable to enjoy, because incapable, those joys which so brighten the city of the saints, that "there is no night there."

GOOD WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

MARGARET BAXTER.



BAXTER'S CHURCH AT KIDDERMINSTER.

HE early days of Margaret Charlton were spent at Apley Castle, the family seat, under the shadow of the old Wrekin, and near the ancient Uriconium. The Charltons were influential and wealthy, and figured prominently in the Civil War.

Margaret was left fatherless while still very young. A startling incident in her life was the siege of Apley Castle by the Parliamentary troops, at the instigation of her uncle, who sought to become the guardian of his brother's children. The castle was stormed, the surrounding buildings set on fire and destroyed, and

many slain on both sides. Margaret and her mother and brother were so badly used that they had to borrow clothes to cover them. The uncle took forcible possession of the children, but by a stratagem their mother recovered them.

Mrs. Charlton, like her deceased husband, was a person of strong common sense, religious enlightenment, and genuine piety, and she spared no pains to train up her children in the fear of God.

Margaret, however, was thoughtless, fond of gaicty and dress, proud of her station and family, and ambitious of shining in the world. She felt an aversion to serious things, and doubted alike whether there was any truth in religion or any hereafter. Little fitted was she to be the wife of a saintly man like Richard Baxter. But so it was.

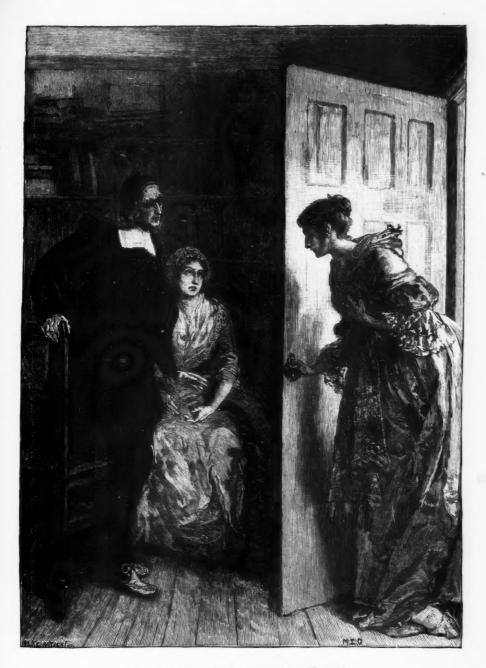
Baxter was in the full tide of his popularity and usefulness when Margaret and her mother removed to Kidderminster. The two ladies were among the few wealthy persons in his congregation. Margaret was about seventeen years of age. She had no love for Baxter's preaching, any further than his simplicity, earnestness, and eloquence attracted her attention. But what at first she did out of love to her mother in going to hear Mr. Baxter, she soon came to do from choice, and with no small degree of serious concern for her soul and eternal things. The once gay, frivolous girl threw aside her romances, and became possessed with the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?" The change was the result of a series of sermons on Matt. xviii. 3, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven." The character of these discourses may be ascertained from his "Treatise of Conversion."

The reality and thoroughness of the change were more manifest to others than to herself. They rejoiced over her as a wandering sheep brought back to the fold, but she could only struggle with her fears, and catch now and then a gleam of hope. Like a wounded hart, she sought the shade and panted for the cooling waters; but comfort was slow in coming.

Baxter wrote her letters, by means of which her difficulties were at length removed, and she was enabled to write in her diary:—"When I read the evidence of my self-resignation to Christ I should, as it were, see Christ standing over me with the tenderest care, and hear Him say, 'I accept thee as My own.'"

Margaret was now twenty years of age, when her health seemed to be failing. There were fears of consumption. The probable near approach of death and eternity revived in part her doubts and anxieties. Too much looking within, and too little looking off from self to the glorious Person and complete redemption of the Lord Jesus Christ, had their usual effect. Baxter knew how to apply the healing balm to a wounded conscience. His efforts were, by God's blessing, effectual.

But the care of the body and its languishing condition were not forgotten. A day was set apart for prayer and humiliation, and after about a year Margaret recovered her wonted health. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, and many who had prayed in faith and hope now gave thanks for prayer answered and hope fulfilled.



"Entering the room, she made her own appeal." - p. 250,

The frequent letters and pastoral care of Baxter produced an effect in Margaret of which she at first had no idea, and he no thought. Profound respect for his character, reverence for him as her pastor and spiritual teacher, admiration of his abilities, and, not least, gratitude for his thoughtful and tender ministries to her in her trouble, produced a feeling of another kind. A personal love was kindled in her breast. At first it lay hid within her heart; but it gradually gained possession of her, so that her health suffered severely. Baxter, unlike most men in similar circumstances, had seen nothing to awaken his suspicions. He was taken entirely by surprise, therefore, when one day a lady friend of Margaret's sought an interview with him and made known the secret.

Baxter was more than double Margaret's age, and he had both spoken and written strongly in recommendation of single life for the ministers of the Gospel in that age of frequent persecution. What would his brethren say? What would the world say? His answer was, "That since he had passed his youth in celibacy, it would be reputed madness in him to marry a young woman."

He little thought that Margaret was at the door listening for his reply. She could not take a denial, so, entering the room, she made her own appeal. "Dear Mr. Baxter, I protest with a sincere and real heart, I do not make a tender of myself to you upon any worldly account, but to have a more frequent converse with so holy and prudent a yoke-fellow, to assist me in my way to heaven, and to keep me steadfast in my perseverance, which I design for God's glory and my own soul's good."

What could be say after that? The appeal was irresistible. He did the only thing be could do, and it was the right thing, and the best every way—he surrendered. He was convinced that with a good conscience he could not despise so zealous a proffer, springing from so pure a fountain of love.

Baxter was shortly after called to London on matters in connection with the restoration of Charles II. His pieces, known as "Poetical Fragments," were written to Margaret during the courtship, but they contain no allusion to earthly love, though they are not wanting in many passages of true poetry. Margaret and her mother followed, where the elder lady died of a fever. In less than two years Baxter and Margaret were married, the former being in his forty-seventh year. They never returned to Kidderminster, for the operation of the St. Bartholomew Act of Uniformity excluded him from his charge.

Margaret possessed a competent income, so Baxter was relieved from pecuniary cares. But if he had a fortune with his young wife, he had a greater fortune in her. No marriage could have been happier, no husband more affectionate, no wife more kind and devoted. But they did not live for themselves. As is well known, Baxter preached and wrote as opportunity served, and Margaret was a true sister of mercy to the sick and poor.

Several years they lived at Acton. Baxter and his wife attended the parish church, and when the law allowed, he preached twice a day in his own house. Crowds attended his ministry. The incumbent of the parish, who held three or four appointments besides, was angry that Baxter and his wife made his profligacy a reason for their not communing at the parish church. His resentment led to Baxter's apprehension and a sentence of six months' imprisonment. It was altogether illegal, but he submitted.

Even their enemies must have admired the heroic devotion of the young wife. She would not be separated from her husband, so she shared his confinement, and brightened the gloom and cheered the tedium of the prison with her sunny presence and loving ministry. Of this incident Baxter writes in his "Breviates of Mrs. Baxter's Life":—

"When I was carried to the common gaol for teaching the people, I never perceived her troubled at it. She cheerfully went with me into prison; she brought her best bed there, and did much to remove the removable inconveniences of the prison. I think she had scarce ever a pleasanter time in her life than while she was with me there."

The trials and changes of her married life served to develop the Christian character of Margaret Baxter. There was a danger then, as there is an opposite danger now. Then, Christians often looked after their own vineyard to the almost total neglect of that of others. Not so Mrs. Baxter. Her husband's feeble health and frequent suffering called for her watchful care, but beyond her own household, she took care of the "household of faith," and the poor and needy around her. But their spiritual necessities had her first consideration. After a residence of three years at Totteridge, the Baxters removed to London. The parish of St. Martin's contained a population of 40,000 beyond the existing church accommodation. Mrs. Baxter hired the rooms over St. James' Market-place, and had them converted into a meeting-house at her own expense. Eight hundred people were assembled one Sunday morning, listening to Mr. Baxter's sermon, when certain sounds were heard as of timbers cracking. With admirable presence of mind, Margaret quietly left the meeting, procured a carpenter, and had props placed under the joists. The noise disturbed the worship, but a terrible accident was prevented, and no one was hurt. A permanent place of worship was afterwards built, but Baxter was too prominent a figure to be allowed to labour unmolested. The

building was afterwards, at the suggestion of Dr. Tillotson, used as a place of worship in connection with the incumbency of St. Martin's. Margaret shared her husband's open-hearted charity, if she did not partake of that asperity which marks some of his controversial writings, and not the slightest trace of sectarian narrowness disfigures the beauty of her Christian character.

How different a character was Margaret's now from that of the former Margaret Charlton, the vain, dressy damsel of Apley Castle! And how her piety was mellowed and brightened since the time when she almost refused to be comforted! She was the same Margaret, strong-minded and perhaps a little self-willed, but "polished after the similitude of a palace." There was not less selfscrutiny, but more faith and hope and love.

She had no children to rise up and call her blessed, but her works praised her, and her husband blessed her, while her inward experience of Gospel truth made her path to shine with calm and holy brightness. There was scarcely a cloud or a fear on her mind. She drank in the doctrine of the cross, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

At the age of forty-two she died, her reason impaired and her death hastened by the injudicious use of medicine. Baxter had to walk the last ten and a half years of his life, the victim of painful disease and bitter persecution, without the cheery presence of his Margaret. But at length his Master called him to his reward, to his "everlasting rest." The whole Church owes a ceaseless debt of gratitude to him, for his example and his writings; but while we think of him, plying his busy pen amid constant weakness and suffering, or recall the life like statue which ornaments his beloved Kidderminster, pointing with steady finger to that "rest" for which he longed, let us not forget the chaste and loving Margaret, his "ministering angel," nor fail to honour her for her heroism, her fidelity, her high Christian principle, which made her the fitting wife of so good and great a man.

AN OLD PARABLE IN A NEW DRESS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S SOUTHWARK.



THEY were two earthen vessels; but they were called by different names, and that, somehow, made all the difference.

One was called a vase, of choice design, china, porcelain, and what not. It was quite regal in its profusion of names; and its abode was in the drawing-room of a wealthy mansion.

The other was called a pitcher, a jar—in a word, "crockery;" it belonged to the kitchen of that same house, and having got cracked by going so often to the

well, it was sent to the scullery; and by-and-by, through extra wear and tear, a piece was broken from its rim, and it was sent to the gate-keeper's lodge.

The ornamental "vase" never did any work; it was by far too grand for that. It was for ornament, not for use. It had never gone to the well for water; had never conveyed a drop of cool refreshment to any one's lips. Its ostentatious life was spent in a grand repose; it was above and beyond the reach of ordinary test and trial, and so had no wounds or scars or marks of noble warfare.

The "pitcher" was, in all its phases of life, ever in active use. It went to the well, and came back from the well, many times a day, and never came back without its precious draught of living water. And in this long and useful service, it sustained wounds and marks of a useful and active life.

And the magnificent "vase," with its beautiful colours and devices all round, like phylacteries of old, and with its vine leaves drooping like frontlets over its brim, and with its rich-cut crystal coverlid, congratulated itself, on its purple-velvet mantleshelf, and was heard to say, "I am so thankful I am not as others of my kind; I bask here all the day, am admired by the friends of the house, have no flaw or a fracture in my whole body, and am not even as that poor cracked old crockery jar, below stairs, or at the keeper's lodge!"

And, meanwhile, the poor old "pitcher" had gone once more on its errand of mercy to the well. It was so humble, it went down to the lowest deep, where the water came bubbling up in the depth and the darkness. Its contents were poured into many a cup of cold water—each having its blessed mission and its consequent blessing—and yet it thought nothing of itself, and was very lowly.

Verily, I say unto you, that poor bruised and broken vessel, without fringe, without phylactery, and with all its scars and wounds of useful service, went down to its house and lowly habitation with a character and fame more worthy than the other; for he that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted!

POEMS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.-111.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

Throughout the ages as they run,
And ancient dynasties have all
Grown old and perished one by one;
Strewing around their wrecks sublime
Upon the surging seas of time.

As in the ages that are past,
So, too, in those that are to come,
The mightiest empires shall at last
Obey the inexorable doom.
'T is God's decree that day by day
What man has wrought shall pass away.

And is it so? And is there then No kingdom that shall still endure? No Zoar wherein fleeing men From ruined homes may rest secure? Shall nothing through earth's wide domain That man has founded, still remain?

Yes; there's a Kingdom all unseen
Whose power shall nevermore depart;
God is its founder, Christ its King,
Its place is in each Christian's heart;
And glorious temples it can boast—
The temples of the Holy Ghost—

Temples that living stones compose, With Christ Himself Chief Corner-stone: Temples that God the Father chose Wherein to place His glorious throne; Precious, elect—a meet abode And habitation for our God.

No shouting of triumphant hosts,

No blare of trumpets, roll of drums,
No outward show, no jubilant boasts,

Tell to the world that Kingdom comes.
There is no cry, "Lo! here, lo! there"—
Christians, 't is in you everywhere.

Founded on righteousness and truth
That Kingdom stands, nor knows decay;
Abiding in eternal youth
When earthly realms have past away:

When earthly realms have past away; Its conquests spread throughout all time, In every age and every clime.

There is a Kingdom still to be
When earth and time are past and gone,
We pray for, wait for longingly,
When Christ shall come, and on His throne
As King in all His beauty reign
Triumphant o'er that blest domain,

Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day Which all Thy people long expect, Accomplish speedily, we pray, The number of Thine own elect, When all Thy saints shall reach their home: Father, we pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

SHORT ARROWS.

A PLEASANT SUPPRISE.

PRITUAL as well as physical destitution was at one time, and is still to a certain extent, a prominent feature of the coasts and islands of Ireland. But for many years the efforts made by the Coast Society have been gradually successful in removing the burthens, and lightening the darkness in which the poor inhabit tants have been dwelling. Not long ago, a clergyman who had been very active in the work in the west of Ireland, met a young man in the capital. He was well-to-do, and holding a good appoint

ment. To his surprise, the clergyman recognised in the young man one who had, some years before, been an attendant in the Society's school, which had been situated off the coast of Mayo, on a small island. Many similar instances could be adduced of the practical results consequent upon the self-denying and persistent efforts made by the Society, concerning which we will now give a few particulars, gathered from the reports of the superintendents which have been forwarded to us.

THE SCHOOLS ON THE COAST.

Take the county of Donegal for instance; there we find that the Ballyturrin School is doing a needful and very

successful work. But for the school thus established the children of these poor farmers would be without any Scriptural education, and perhaps without any knowledge of their religion at all. In addition to this, the first aim of the schools, a good secular education is bestowed, and thus the children are firmly grounded in the Gospel truths, while fitted to become respectable and useful members of society. Testimony is not wanting that even those whose religious tenets do not agree with Church principles, are benefited, and many have gone forth into the world, and are now holding good appointments after leaving the Coast schools. The work is being done in a quiet and unobtrusive way, but, adds the report, "not the less effectually on that account." The Island and Coast Society is endeavouring to bring home to the people the blessings of education, and we trust that all who are interested in the welfare of the sister isle will unite in supporting one of the most useful agencies for her welfare.

THE RAILWAY MISSION.

We daresay every one who reads these lines has travelled, whilst some maybe are daily travelling upon one or other of the many railroads in the United Kingdom or abroad. Yet how few of the millions thus engaged annually on business or innocent pleasure bent, realise the hardships and the dangers encountered by the railway servants who manage and work the lines and locomotives. The incessant strain

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upon the attention and the great responsibility, with exposure, age the engine-drivers prematurely; and consider the risks run every hour by porters, shunters, and platelayers! There are thousands of people on our railways -employés, we mean-who are daily employed in attending to us, and they are a hard-working class of men. Has it ever occurred to any reader to think how many grades of railway servants are employed about each train? There are thirteen grades—porters, guards, drivers and firemen, etc. All those are in daily risk of sudden death, in the course of daily duty. The soldier is not so constantly facing death as the engine-driver and shunter. Shall we not, then, endeavour all the more to teach these men the path of their soul's safety, and lead them to the light? We should all be prepared for the call, but none of us are so liable, humanly speaking, to sudden death as the railway men. It is for us, then, to support the Railway Mission, and to see that every effort is made to impress the great truths of the blessed Gospel upon the heart, so that duty may be well and fearlessly performed, with the conviction that if fatal accidents do happen, eternity will not be suddenly entered upon without preparation.

LIGHTS ON THE LINE.

Let us glance again for a moment at the manner in which the Mission work is performed at Camden Town, Southville (Wandsworth), Stamford Hill, and other places daily. At the Mission Halls are held Readings, Bible Missions, Educational classes and prayer meetings at certain times to suit the men. There is scarcely a rest-day in the week. Some get "off" on Sundays, and those who do cannot get to church, perhaps in oily clothes, in time. There are many Christian friends who can help by visiting, and personal encouragement, and we are happy to state that great and increasing success is attending the Mission Halls. The treasurer of the Railway Mission is Mr. S. Gurney Sheppard, 28, Threadneedle Street, E.C. The success of the Mission is already great, and is increasing. "A short time ago," we are told, "there were only a few Christians in the yard" at a certain station. Now there are many; and in four months no less than sixty men have been influenced for good, and have embraced willingly the truths explained to them. Surely such good work deserves every encouragement which it is in our power to give.

"FAITHFUL IN A VERY LITTLE."

One Sunday morning the attention of some red Indians in the heathen territory of Alaska, N.W. America, was attracted by a sight most novel and curious in their eyes; a little company of strangers, Indians, like themselves. were on their knees, speaking with one accord, and then standing up to sing. These were Christian men who had been sent from Fort Simpson to cut wood in the forests of Alaska, and they had resolved, at the risk of offending their heathen neighbours, to hold a Christian Service every Lord's Day. The natives around, men sunk in the most degrading depths of idolatry, and, as yet, unreached by any Christian mission, began to inquire about the strangers' religion, and some were even expressing a wish to lead "the new life," when there came a travelling missionary to hold services for a short time at a Fort not far off. He took up the cause of this poor benighted people, and raised a collection among them, in which several white friends joined, for the building of a little wooden meeting-house for their use. Some of the items in the subscription list-on which seven Indian tribes were represented-were quaintly touching: "Sarah, two blankets, blue and green : George, George's wife, George's boy Sam, five dollars," etc. But the missionary had to return to his distant work, and what was to be done? Three of the Christian wood-cutters obtained permanent work in the neighbourhood, and between them they carried on a dayschool, which sixty or seventy Alaskans attended, and Sunday services where the congregation always numbered

two hundred at least. Forty of these soon renounced heathenism, and many more gave up the most horrible practices of their dark creed. And when, a little later, a Presbyterian missionary visited this infant Church, he wrote: "As I landed I heard the school bell ring, and found twenty scholars, mostly women, in the little meeting-house. A mother and her three children were of the number. As they took their seats each scholar bowed the head in silent prayer, then all sang in English," What a Friend we have in Jesus!" "These people," says a traveller who lately visited Alaska, "are crazy to learn, but they are badly off for books, having only four small Bibles, four hymn books, three primers, thirteen 'First Readers,' and one wall map. Last night I heard an Alaskan girl sitting on the beach spelling out English words of one or two syllables. I found that, unable to obtain a book, she was learning from a scrap of newspaper." In a burying ground where, not long ago, these Alaskans buried with shocking rites the bodies of their dead, may now be seen flower. wreathed marble head-stones, bearing such words as these: "There is hope in his death," "Jesus, take my hand, and lead me to the Father," "He died trusting in Jesus," Little thought those few Christian foresters of the wide and eternal blessing that would follow when, in their simple service on that their first Sunday morning in a heathen land, they confessed their Saviour before men.

NAVAL SCRIPTUBE READERS.

Under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, the Royal Naval Scripture Readers' Society spreads the tidings of the Gospel amongst the seamen and marines of the Royal Navy. The Readers affiliated to the Society are permitted to enter the ships with the sanction of the chaplains, when there are chaplains appointed. But in many of the smaller vessels there are no clergymen to teach and preach the Word, and it is in these circumstances that the Scripture Readers find their harvest, though the evidence at hand distinctly shows that the efforts of the Readers are welcome even in the first-class ships which carry chaplains. Sailors are often represented as a careless class of men, but the progress made by them, and the grateful manner in which they welcome these efforts for their spiritual benefit, will convince doubters that they are easily brought to have a regard for eternal things. Unfortunately the number of Readers in the service bears a very small proportion to the men afloat, and attempts are being made to increase this number. society lately despatched a Scripture Reader to Alexandria, and sympathising friends are requested to aid the good cause. Rear-Admiral Campion is the secretary, and may be addressed at 4, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross. There are 60,000 men in the Navy, and it is absolutely necessary to make an effort to assist them. We are glad to learn that the habit of drinking is rapidly disappearing from the service.

A FAITHFUL "FRIEND."

An interesting glimpse of Church life and Christian work among the Society of Friends is given in records lately published (under the title "A Young Man of God") of one Stanley Pumphrey, whose last years were devoted to Christian ministry in connection with that religious body. His youth and manhood were spent in trade as an ironmonger; and the description of the struggle which it cost him, conscious as he was of superior mental gifts, and a distinct call to preach the Gospel, to remain for many years, in the path of secular toil at the call of duty, is deeply instructive for any who may be similarly tried. During these waiting years, while finding many opportunities of public speaking for Christ, he made the men in his employ a special charge, and fully won their love and respect. At length his way was made plain wholly to give himself to Christian ministry. Left a childless widower of thirty-one, with a small secured income, he yielded himself to a settled conviction that he was called to labour among the Christian churches in America.

Cordially encouraged at the Friends' Monthly Meeting in Worcester, where he dwelt, he sailed from Queenstown, September 25th, 1875; and during the five following years travelled 600,000 miles, including a short visit to England in 1877. He found in Canada, New England, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Western Iowa, Kansas, Tennessee, 644 meetings of Friends, 440 of which he visited, his Christian sympathy and earnest exhortations being everywhere gratefully received. Many of the Friends' meetings are centres of missionary work among the coloured tribes, especially in the matter of schools; indeed, so much have the Indians themselves been stirred up concerning the teaching of their children, that the Chickasaw tribe spend 46,000 dollars yearly on education, the largest average per head of any state in the world. In somewhat grotesque contrast comes in our traveller's experience of an outlying district of settlers, where school was held four months in the year, and the schoolmaster inquired of the English stranger, "Is it a king or queen that rules over thy country? What is her name?" adding, naïvely, 'Thee sees we don't know much, but we wish to learn. "Our meeting for worship with the Wichita was very solemn," writes Stanley Pumphrey. "The Indians, much decked with finery, stood or squatted round the room, children with well-combed long black hair filling the centre. Wahloop and Black Beaver offered fervent prayer, and gave short addresses, the latter concluding, 'Why are we now so few? for our sins, my brothers; now I see our children well taught I hope again; let none say it is too late, or too soon, to turn to God." The simple biography before us gives us a pleasing picture of the readiness of the Friends to give the right hand of fellowship to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. One of its most striking incidents is Stanley's earnest effort to help the Moravian Church to remove the heavy burden of debt (£4,254), which in 1874 pressed upon its mission fund. Very touching is the record of the young Quaker's visit of sympathy to the mission secretary, the Rev. H. E. Shawe. "It is on my mind," the former quietly remarked, "that the Lord will give me £2,000 for you. Shall we kneel down together and ask Him?" He collected so perseveringly among friends of his own Church, that by the following year these two Christian brethren were once more on their knees together, thanking God with deeply moved hearts for an overflowing answer to their prayer. To the deep sorrow of many of his fellowservants on both sides of the Atlantic, this true man of God was called home in 1881, in his forty-fourth year, to the perfect service in the Master's presence, to which he ever looked forward as " one of the brightest joys of heaven."

A STEP FORWARD

At the corner of Gravel Lane, in Southwark Street, in the busiest part of transpontine London, stands a large building for the reception of homeless boys. institution has been removed from Deptford, where Mr. Fegan has hitherto been carrying on his work, but it had so outgrown the original proportions that removal was found necessary. The result has been the movement up to Southwark. There are obvious advantages in this new arrangement, and no doubt, now that the new scheme has had a fair trial, it works well. Visitors can more readily reach the Home, and employers need not travel to Deptford to find lads they require in their business. The change is manifestly for the better, and the premises are worth inspection. The interior is well arranged in five floors, of which the uppermost is the kitchen, according to approved modern usage, with the dining-room etc., adjoining. Underneath are the sleeping-rooms and baths, and the next floors are used for various trades, store-rooms, and schoolrooms. From half-past five in the morning until half-past nine at night there is more or less activity in this hive. The days are well divided, and lessons, with religious services and recreation, are judiciously alternated as experience has dictated. The lads are taught printing, shoe-making, and other useful trades, and are recruited from the vast assembly of homeless wanderers in the great metropolis. Many a "missing" lad has been found employed in the

Southwark Home, while the friendless ones obtain employment and situations. The boys are allowed out of bounds for a certain time, and though the experiment of permitting them to "run loose" was regarded as a bold one, it has at any rate proved successful, and the privilege has not been yet abused. A half-holiday is given on Thursdays.

THE RECRUITING GROUND.

We might adduce numerous interesting cases illustrative of the manner in which the Home is kept constantly filled, Many lads finding that their parents cannot support them, come "tramping" up to London in the hope of obtaining immediate employment. Others have been deserted, and left to find any way they could out of the world or in it; but it is encouraging to read that nearly every one of the boys have made some effort to do something for themselves. It appears otherwise with the runaways or "missing" boys, who have run away for comparatively trifling causes, and found idling, have been taken in, and restored to their relatives. The "Little Wanderers" Home at Greenwich, and the Convalescent Home at Rotherfield are kindred institutions, which also deserve attention. A very touching anecdote is recorded by the Superintendent as having occurred at Greenwich. He was asking a little fellow about his relations. The lad said he had none. "And no friends?" continued the Superintendent. "Please, sir, I 've got you!" was the confiding answer, and this speaks volumes for the manner in which the waifs and strays are cared for. We need scarcely remind our readers that the expenses of the work are great, and some assistance is urgently needed. Any contributions may be sent to 95, Southwark Street, S.E., and a visit to the Home will repay any one desirous of personally looking into the working of the establishment,

A COLDEN REAPING.

We have lately had accounts of religious intolerance from Austria, but on the other hand it is satisfactory to peruse the record of the spiritual awakening in Germany, particularly in Baden. Some time since we noticed that the work of Dr. Somerville had been attended with much success in the midst of an unsympathetic population, and the Young Men's Christian Association has since then increased its influence and members. The efforts are still being increased. There is great room for improvement, no doubt, but when we look back upon the last few years we have much cause to be thankful for the steady progress made. Though there be few believers, the destroying hand will not be extended over the cities, and the gathering in of the faithful is reported to be satisfactory and encouraging to the labourers in the great harvest field, who are already reaping fruit in good measure.

"ALL THE WORLD SENDS PATIENTS."

We have received an appeal from the secretary of the Seamen's Hospital, late the "Dreadnought" which appears to us deserving of attention by all readers of THE For many years the old line-of-battle ship QUIVER. was a well-known object in the Thames, but the removal of the patients became necessary, and now, in a wing of Greenwich Hospital, rented by the promoters of the hospital, however, the seamen are lodged. It may perhaps, be imagined that the Government interests itself in this almost national undertaking, but it does so to a very small extent. The duties or management devolve upon local inhabitants, who seldom have too much time to spare, and the onus of maintaining this universal institution falls upon English charitable sympathisers. There are many hundreds of foreigners resident in London, cwners of ships, and who make large sums by the instrumentanty They have no responsibility concerning of the sailors. them when ill, they may say, but surely it is only humane to assist the servant who has been taken ill or injured in your service! The United Kingdom, of course, figures

most of all in the list of sailors relieved, and next Scandinavia, then the United States of America, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Italy, and Russia. If the numerous representatives of these nationalities would subscribe even a small sum towards the Seamen's Hospital, the promoters of the Institution would be relieved of a great burthen, We feel confident the English reader will bestir himself, but we also trust the foreigner who reads these lines will not turn away. The committee invite inspection of the Hospital and its arrangements, and they earnestly hope the passengers of ships, who, under Providence, owe their lives to the skill and courage of the sailors, will also contribute to the relief of the crews who cannot plead for themselves. We would suggest that collecting boxes be placed in all passenger steamers and ships, with a brief statement of the claims of the institution, and we are sure that travellers would willingly contribute. As a writer has said, "All the world ought to contribute, for all the world sends patients." Any subscriptions sent to our care, we shall be delighted to forward to the proper quarter.

A WANT TO BE SUPPLIED.

There is a cry arising from the Tower Hamlets. The Mission there wants a new hall, for the sufficient reason that the existing room, though of good size, is not sufficiently large to accommodate all who wish to attend, There is plenty of space available for the desired building, and as far as we can ascertain the attendance would reach the larger number desirable to fill the bigger hall. At present, or at present writing, we believe hundreds of people are turned away every Sunday at least, because there is no room for them. The existing buildings are inadequate to the work done. There are many arms radiating from the head quarters, such as a Girls' Home, a Shoeblack Brigade, and other useful branches of industry. The Mission is quite unsectarian, and the work is conducted in a quiet and unostentatious manner. The author of the appeal we have seen is satisfied of the necessity for the improvement, which on inspection will be found to be very desirable. The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer of Trinity College, Cambridge, will, we understand, receive any cheques for the purpose of building the new hall, and for the other requirements of the Tower Hamlets Mission.

TWO ORPHAN HOMES.

We have before us some particulars of two homes for orphan children-one at Wolverhampton, where Mrs. Parsons has for some time carried on a very excellent work; and the other at Dover, which is a seaside rest for children sent down from the various Homes in London for a little fresh air. During the summer last past, nearly four hundred little orphans have been received by the Dover Institute, and here these recovered health and strength. It is hoped these hired "Homes" will eventually develop into a permanent Institution, and many more children will then be accommodated. The first Home referred to above is in excellent hands, and has already been the means of doing much good. The testimony we have already seen gives us hopes that the special needs of the inmates will not be neglected. The orphan children who are received at Cumberland House, Walthamstow, are trained for domestic and other useful service. When we seriously consider what we, as householders, and as a nation, are likely to gain from the rescue and education of the poor orphans of our great cities-when we consider that every little waif rescued; and trained in good is a distinct gain to the community, and means also the rescue of an immortal soul from untold sin and misery, we should feel thankful that an opportunity is given us to invest a little in such a national work, by means of which we increase the producing power of the country, and lessen the burthens upon the rates. We put the question thus plainly, feeling assured that our readers will, without needing any reminder, perceive the higher and more enduring good which appertains to all such well-directed charitable effort.

ENGLISH COVERNESSES IN FRANCE.

We have received an interesting communication from Miss Heath, respecting the institution superintended by Miss Pryde in Paris. The Home and Institute is designed for resident English Governesses, who go over for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the French language, and for whom a kind and sheltering influence is necessary and desirable, under the peculiar circumstances of their stay in the French capital. The Institute is independently doing an excellent work in relieving the destitute, visiting the sick, and providing situations, under Miss Pryde's direction. The testimony of the value of the assistance given, and the rescues from poverty achieved by these means, is voluminous, but unfortunately funds are still needed. We are asked to use our influence in directing a stream of pure goodwill upon this welldeserving object, as Miss Pryde is unable at the present time to visit England and plead her own cause in consequence of her manifold duties. Miss Heath, who writes from 23, Fitzroy Square, London, will receive any subscriptions for the Home, or the contributions may be sent direct to Miss Pryde, 16, Rue de Tilsitt, Paris. We feel assured that the assistance offered will be very gratefully received, and any visitor to Paris may call and inspect the arrangements, and so satisfy himself, or herself, that the institution is being carried on in a manner which deserves support.

THE ADVENT OF OUR SAVIOUR.

"Physicists smile at the story of His birth as an impossibility, and as being in direct violation of natural laws, Surely this is the weakest of all arguments; for if God, Who instituted these laws, designed this scheme of redemption before even the creation of man, could He not make a special law to apply to this particular case? With all the infinite wondrous arrangements of creation before us, and the wheel within wheel of the machinery of the Universe, it seems really puerile to speak of any event as being contrary to law, knowing so little as we do of the Almichty's laws.

"I hope to be able to place these pages in the hands of my friends on Christmas Day, and whilst offering them a most kind and cordial greeting, would ask them mentally to revisit Bethlehem; where they will see, wending along towards Jerusalem, a cavalcade of camels bearing on their backs some important personages, who, when watching the heavens in their own country, had noticed that the bright star, 'Spica Virginis,' in the constellation Virgo, was shining more brilliantly than ever, and that it continued to do so even at midday. They enter the city and immediately proceed to the court of Herod, to which their high rank and learning give them the right of access.

"'Where is He,' they say, 'that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen *His star* in the East, and are come to worship Him.'

"Calling in the Jewish priests and Rabbis, and inquiring 'where Christ should be born,' Herod is told 'at Bethlehem;' to that village he sends these princely men, who proceeding at once on their journey, are filled with exceeding great joy, for again a star appears and goes before them till it stands over that part of the caravanserai, where the young child is. Dismounting immediately from their camels, and carrying with them rich and costly gifts, they enter the house, where they find the babe and Mary his mother. Instantly they fall down and worship Him, and, as noble representatives of the scientific world, pay the first tribute of adoration to the Son of God. They present their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and now depart to their distant home with the glad news of a Saviour's birth.

"It is growing dark, and in the fields a band of shepherds are watching their flocks, every now and then casting up their eyes to the brilliantly bespangled sky, when suddenly they see an angel winging his flight towards them; then, standing in their midst, he tells them the good tidings of this advent of 'Christ the Lord.' Whilst

speaking, a multitude of the heavenly host fill the pastures, and sing forth in sweetest music, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.' Ravished with these revelations the shepherds

hasten to Bethlehem, and also pay their devout adoration to the infant Jesus: let us join our praises with theirs on this anniversary of that glorious natal day."—From "Moses and Geology," by Dr. Kinns, F.R.A.S.

"QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

FOURTH LIST.

Being amounts received up to and including December 18, 1882.

Erratum.-In Second List, for "Muncy" read "Murray."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

- 34. What is meant by the expression—"The Day of the Lord"?
- 35. For what is the first chapter of the book of Ezekiel noted?
- 36. Where was the river Chebar situated?
- 37. In what year did the captivity of the children of Judah commence?
- 38. What god is mentioned by Ezekiel as being specially worshipped by women?
- 39. What prophet mentions the rainbow, and uses it as an illustration of the glory of God?
- 40. What reference is made by Ezekiel to the blindness of Zedekiah? Quote passage.
- 41. Quote a passage from the book of Jeremiah, which seems to contradict this.
- 42. In what words does Josephus refer to these two prophecies?
- 43. The ancient gate of the city of Thebes has the remarkable emblem of a "Sun in the centre with two long out-stretched wings on either side" carved upon the top cross-stone. Quote a passage from the book of Malachi in which reference is evidently made to such an emblem.
- 44. "O poor Anathoth." Who is it uses these words, and to what city do they refer?
- 45. What is the meaning of the proverb "Every man shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer"?
- 46. What Proverb does St. Paul quote in his Epistle to the Romans as illustrating the power of kindness?
- 47. To what practice is reference made in the words, "Behold, I am against your pillows, and I will tear them from your arms"?

- ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.
- 22. "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." (Hos. vi. 6; Matt. ix. 13; and xii. 7.)
- 23. He healed the "man with a withered hand," the "woman who had an infirmity," the "man with dropsy," and "restored sight to a blind man." (Matt. xii. 9–13; Luke xiii. 10–15; Luke xiv. 2–4; John ix. 6–15.)
- 24. The sowing wild wheat or tares among a neighbour's corn. (Matt. xiii. 24--28.)
- The pressure of a load of corn upon a cart or wagon. (Amos ii. 13.)
- 26. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (Matt. xxv. 40.)
- 27. The penitent thief and the Roman centurion, (Luke xxiii. 42; Matt. xxvii. 54.)
- 28. The manufacture of "fine linen and broidered work." (Ezek. xxvii, 7.)
- 29. The *Priests* were commanded to mourn and put on sackcloth, which was most unusual, as even on the Day of Atonement the priests were not to wear sackcloth. (Joel i. 13; Lev. xxi.)
- 30. The burning of the bones of the king of Edom into lime. (Amos ii. 1,)
- 31. Either of the children of Joseph by a former marriage, or our Blessed Lord's cousins, the sons of Cleopas. (Matt. xiii 55.)
- 32. The parable of the "unmerciful servant." (Matt. xviii. 23-35.)
- 33. By a reference to the manner in which the flood came upon the world in the days of Noah. (Matt. xxiv. 36-40.)

WHEN THE BISHOP WAS A CURATE.



OME time ago, a paragraph appeared in several newspapers, having reference to a drought which was prevailing in the colony of Victoria. The Bishop of Melbourne had been requested by some of his clergy to issue a special prayer for rain. This the bishop declined to do, but said that

the form of supplication which is found in the Prayer-book might be used. Then he said, that if he did issue a special prayer, it would be as follows:—"Forgive us, O Lord, that we have so indolently and irreligiously broken Thy natural laws, and despised the indications of Thy Will, in times past; and give us grace, we beseech Thee, to lay to heart Thy present grievous and most just chastisement, that we may bestir ourselves to conserve and employ Thy precious gift of water—to the fertilising of our fields, the relief of our necessity, the replenishing of our land with prosperous and happy people, and the glorifying of Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord"

It would be difficult to imagine a form of prayer which would more sharply bring home to the supplicants the fact that they had neglected to make the best use of God's gifts, and were asking that nature might supply their own lack of system. But it is not probable that any further request was made for a temporary addition to the Liturgy. Let us hope that steps were taken to prevent a recurrence of water famine, and that the Victorians will profit by their bishop's rebuke, and will, for the future, lay up in the times of plenty, that they may have a store in the times of want.

More than twenty years ago, the present Bishop of Melbourne was one of the curates at the parish church in the town of Sheffield. He belonged to a Sheffield family, and exercised a wonderful influence in the town. Not only was he popular as a preacher, but as a lecturer on various social and historical questions he gained the attention of large audiences, consisting mainly of the artisan classes.

An old Church of England Instruction Society

was, mainly through his influence, revived as an educational institute. One of his favourite topics was to point out that Educational Institute meant something more than Instruction Society, because education is a greater thing than instruction. He did not want the institute to be a mere night-school, but in the best sense of the word an educational agency. It is probable that no effort of the kind was ever more successful in drawing out the minds of the people connected with it than that Institute was, for some years, at least, after its revival under the new name.

There are many men and women, whose memory must often revert to the classes which were conducted by the Rev. James Moorhouse, the gentleman who is now Bishop of Melbourne. I was connected with the Institute for five years, and during that time I attended three or four nights each week, so that I am in a position to give an account of the kind of work which was done. I have never known any other effort which was exactly like that. The charge was a nominal one, just two or three shillings a quarter; and for this sum it was possible to learn almost anything, under the care of thoroughly competent teachers. At that time nobody was paid for any services rendered in the form of tuition, and the fees were devoted to the working expenses. The classes which I attended did not cost me a halfpenny each per week, yet they included Latin, Greek, English History, English Literature, Political Economy, Logic, Definition and Derivation of words, and Elecution.

The Institute met in a large national school, and the members occupied the places which during the daytime were occupied by children. Subsequently, a special building was erected, and is in use to the present time; but I am referring to the earlier and rougher days. In the building which now belongs to the Institute, there are separate class-rooms, and many facilities for teaching; but I do not think that in after years there was ever anything like the vigour which characterised the workers who occupied the children's seats in the national schools.

There were facilities for those whose early education had been neglected. A class in which reading was taught to beginners was conducted by Dr. Sale, who was then vicar of Sheffield. All elementary subjects were taught, and some of the teachers were men who had graduated at the universities, and taken good positions there. But an account of the more advanced classes will doubtless prove interesting to the reader, though there were many things both said and done in the other classes which would well bear repeating. Dr. Sale was fond of describing the changes which came over the face of a cutler who was

asked to describe "wire." The man almost scorned a question which was so easy. Then he began to perceive the difficulties of his task. He felt in his waistcoat pocket for a specimen of the article, and ended by declaring that wire is wire.

No persons were admitted to the Institute under the age of fifteen. The majority of the members were much older than that; some of them had reached middle life, and I can remember several who were advanced in years. To many persons the classes which Mr. Moorhouse taught were the chief attraction. He was well known as a powerful public speaker, and it was rightly supposed that he would be equally effective as a lecturer in class. He was the secretary of the Institute, and was present most nights in the week, but Tuesdays and Thursdays were his special days. On both of these evenings he had two classes, each of which lasted for an hour.

There was some change made in the subjects from year to year, but I believe there was no diminution of time and interest on the teacher's part, until, to the sorrow of a vast number of people, he left the town. I joined the Institute as soon as I was old enough, and for some time was a teacher in connection with it. I saw it undergo many changes, but nothing about its history is as dear to me as the time of my boyhood, when I sat with many others listening to the lectures of the Rev. James Moorhouse.

The building in which we met was called Queen Street National School, It consisted of two large rooms, one over the other, and one or two small rooms. The upper room could be divided into two, by sliding doors; and it was here that most of the classes met. In one corner of the first half of the room was a small gallery, which looked as if it was erected for the convenience of infants. Mr. Moorhouse's classes usually met in that corner, and many full-grown men endured the discomfort of the seats, that they might hear the brilliant teacher discourse on the various subjects which were set down for consideration. Political economy was not very popular, but English history was attractive to a large class. There was no text-book, and I do not think many notes were taken. Mr. Moorhouse sat beside the fire, and talked for an hour about the topic which had been selected for the night's lesson.

One class was for studying the definition and derivation of words. A similar subject is often taught in schools, under the name of etymology. But that usually means spelling, with Latin and Greek roots added. But this class which Mr. Moorhouse taught was conducted very differently. His plan was to take three words, generally words which were associated in meaning or in use, and he would devote the hour to the explanation of these words. Sometimes they were connected with astronomy, at other times with geology, and

at other times with logic and philosophy. The history of a word would be traced, and its varying meanings shown, and then a clear statement of its signification at the present time would be given. There are few subjects which are more interesting and useful than the history of words. Most people are satisfied to use them in a conventional sense, just as sounds signifying something. But a word has what might be called its geology; and I know more than one enthusiast in this branch of study who received his first impulse towards the pursuit in the class which Mr. Moorhouse held for the investigation of words,

He held a class for the study of English literature—I think it must have been in place of one of the others which I have mentioned. We went through Macheth and Bacon's Essays. These were not lectures, but the pieces were read and commented upon. There was a strange mixture of students in those large rooms. I have seen a small group of young men studying trigonometry in one room, and close to them were full-grown men laboriously endeavouring to form simple

letters and words in copy-books.

There is another class which I must mention, and that always met on the second hour on Tuesdays. The nights were divided into two portions, half-past seven to half-past eight, and half-past eight to half-past nine. During the second hour on Tuesdays, Mr. Moorhouse taught elecution, and this class was the most popular one of the whole week. It was even more popular than the singing-class. The lower room at the school was not used for many subjects. It was chiefly devoted to the noisy classes. On Tuesday nights the forms were arranged round the room, so that the floor might be free and open for the reciters, as there was no platform or stage for their use. It was customary to have three recitations during the hour, and the rest of the time was devoted to criticism. As far as I can remember, the class must have been attended by nearly two hundred persons. Some of the reciters were very clever, and rendered the pieces with great skill. A large proportion of the selections were from Shakespeare, and it was understood that comic subjects were not to be chosen,

It has not been my intention to give a detailed account of the Institute, but to say something about the classes which Mr. Moorhouse taught in the years 1858 and 1859. I do not remember when it was that he left the town. His classes were taken by others, and the good work went on, but the place was never quite the same again, at least, to those who knew him.

I have not said much about the kind of persons who were my class-fellows at that time. There were nearly all sorts and conditions of men—manufacturers, clerks, teachers, and artisans. A very large proportion were Nonconformists. In some of Mr. Moorhouse's classes, perhaps the

majority were Nonconformists. A fair number became ministers, some in the Church of England, and others of us in our different denominations. So we went our several ways, and are now apart

in opinion as well as in locality; but we carry with us grateful recollections of the work done for us by the Bishop of Melbourne when he was a curate.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

POEMS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER-IV.

"THY WILL BE DONE."



'ILFUL children, Lord, are we, Full of sin and vanity; Ever given to go astray From the right and perfect way. Seldom doing what we should,

Loving evil, hating good; No will choosing but our own— How hard to say, "Thy Will be done."

Father, let Thy Spirit come
In our hearts to make His home.
With Thy love and with Thy rod
Win and chasten us, O God.
Bend or break our stubborn will,
Every sinful longing kill,
Till we love but Thee alone,
And gladly say, "Thy Will be done."

As in Heaven the angels bright Ever to do Thy Will delight; As Sun, and Moon, and Stars obey Thy Will that guides them in their way; As, in His agony, Thy Son Submissive, said, "Thy Will be done," Let man Thy sovereignty own, And meekly say, "Thy Will be done." Make us, O Christ, like Thee to be;
No other will but God's to see.
Teach us to say, in heart and word,
"I come to do Thy Will, O Lord."
The cup that may not pass to drink,
Nor from the Cross or death to shrink;
But let Thy holy Angel still
Strengthen us, Lord, to do Thy Will.

Bondsmen the despot must obey; God's Will let's do as children may; Constrained, yet in the liberty Wherewith the Christ hath made us free. Constrained by love, the Will to do Of Him, the holy, just, and true— The merciful and loving One Who smites to save—"Thy Will be done."

Lord, grant our wills may be subdued To seek things holy, pure, and good; To know Thy Will, O God, and make Thy Will our will, for Jesus' sake, Then shall we like the angels be That do Thy Will rejoicingly, Then shall we say, with Christ Thy Son, In earth and heaven, "Thy Will be done."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRACE'S FAILURE.



ITH the morning light Hester awoke from a troubled sleep. Morning did not bring with it, as it often does, the feeling that the fears and griefs of the night before were unfounded or even exaggerated. She went downstairs with a heavy heart, which was not lightened by the

sight of her mother's face. The conclusion inevitably was that the letter, whatever it had been, had

brought trouble with it. Her mother looked abstracted and pale, and so haggard that it was evident she had not slept. Grace was cheerful, as usual, but she gave many an anxious glance towards her mother, and soon announced that they two were going out for a time, and would not be back till afternoon. Hester's heart gave a great jump when this was said. She had not before connected these journeys, whose object was never announced, with the mystery of the letter, and the connection seemed further evidence of its importance. Grace and Mrs. Norris gone, lessons began, and then came a walk and a lonely dinner, during which Hester was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she almost forgot Kitty was present, and bestowed very few words upon her. After dinner Hester felt herself relieved from the care of her pupil, and leaving her to amuse herself as she pleased, she took up a book and sat down by the fire; but the book was not read, for Hester's thoughts were employed in turning over and over again the problem to whose existence she had just awaked. She did not think of confiding in Miss Denston, as might have been expected. Was it

pride that forbade the discussion of a problematical family disgrace; or was it that her confidences with that lady had been rather on sentimental matters that her position of ignorance was due to Grace, who seemed at all points to meet her with a determination to keep her subordinate and to treat her as a child.



"'You can't think how glad I am you are come back."-p. 263.

than real? This was, indeed, the first time that Hester had faced practical troubles or difficulties, and the experience was surprising as well as unpleasant. Her principal sensation was that of indignation at the injustice that kept her in the dark. She had every right to know, and she felt no doubt

But the afternoon was wearing away, and a visit to Miss Denston, who would most certainly expect it, must be paid; yet she did not proceed to pay it with the usual alacrity. Since that memorable afternoon, when Miss Denston had drawn from her her confidence, she had been less and not more ready to confide her feelings to her friend, one reason being that she had latterly been more in accord with Grace; but besides this, without being quite conscious of it, a slight element of dread had that day entered into the relationship, and since then she had had an occasionally recurrent sensation of being tied in a way that no free-born creature relishes, with whatever docility they may submit to it. Miss Denston had on that occasion drawn the bonds just so much tighter as that Hester had felt them for the first time, and though, afterwards the fetters had been silken and ungalling, it could not be quite the same with the girl as though she had never felt them.

When Hester reached Miss Denston's room, to her great surprise she found that lady was not alone. Her brother was at home, and not in his usual seat far away from the fire, but sitting close to it in an easy-chair. Miss Denston was on the sofa.

"You are not alone, Georgie," said Hester, bowing to Mr. Denston, "and you will not need me. I will come in to-morrow."

But Mr. Denston rose, and placed a chair for her. He even smiled as he said—

"Pray, take compassion on my sister, Miss Norris, I am boring her to death. I am not an amusing companion at any time, and to-day I am less so than panel."

Hester looked at him for the first time in their acquaintance as if he were a living man and fellow-creature, and not a stock or stone. He had never before addressed her with so much interest and cordiality in his manner, and that he should do so now was a surprise. And then there was that about him this afternoon which will excite any woman's interest, for it was evident to even a superficial observation that he was suffering.

"I am sure Philip is ill," said Miss Denston. "I have been urging him all day to see the doctor, but it is of no use. I think he ought to give way, if only to relieve my anxiety."

"If you can bear your anxiety to-day, Georgina, I promise to relieve you of it to-morrow at eight o'clock, by taking myself out of sight, and by that means out of mind."

Miss Denston at this only sighed, and Hester felt an access of indignation against this ungracious brother.

Denston continued, turning to Hester-

"I have never been ill in my life, Miss Norris, and it is too late to begin now—don't you think so?"

"I am afraid that is not logic," said Hester, gravely.

"Logie! Do you believe in logie? You surprise me. The most illogical things are the truest."

"Philip," said his sister, "pray don't talk so wildly, or I shall certainly think you are in a high fever."

"I believe I am feverish, by-the-by," said he; "but I shall be all right to-morrow. I think I must take more sleep for a few nights, I have been burning the candle at both ends lately,"

Hester, with disgust, thought of the continual pleasure-seeking of this young man, and hardened her heart against the little creeping-in of sympathy which she had been experiencing, as she observed his flushed face and languid air, which convinced her that he ought to be in bed, and that he needed care and aersing, which he was not likely to get.

Hester rose to go, having sat for a few minutes for mere form's sake. But Miss Denston said—

"Sit down again, and read something, Hester, for pity's sake; the day is so unutterably long."

"Cheer up, Georgina; it will be shorter to-morrow, for I shall be in town."

Through the usual dryness of Mr. Denston's tone Hester's ear caught an undeniable ring of bitterness. She looked at him. He was leaning his head on his hand, and looking down; but, as if attracted by her eyes, he lifted his, and their eyes fairly met for the first time. "However worthless he may be, he is clearly very unhappy," was Hester's instant reflec-Was it possible that he, too, felt himself isolated and unloved? Hester shuddered: the world seemed made up of such unhappy creatures. Miss Denston forbore any answer to her brother's speech. She handed Hester the book she held in her hand in Hester had blushed when the request was made. She disliked reading before this young man, but to refuse a request from Miss Denston was not to be thought of. To hurt that lady's feelings was a proceeding not lightly to be entered upon. So, without any protest, she took the book, and began to read where Miss Denston directed her. When she had read for half an hour she stopped,

"Do you hold that philosophy yourself, Miss Norris?" asked Mr. Denston, who had been leaning back in his chair, listening.

Hester was somewhat startled by the direct address, but she replied, coldly—

"Certainly I do."

"Pray, do not let us have any of your sceptical opinions, Philip; I would rather Miss Norris should not hear them."

"That is a word which is badly used, Georgina. Your use of the word to imply a wicked disbelief in whatever you yourself happen to believe is essentially a woman's use of it."

"You know that when you rail at women, Philip, I never answer you. A misogynist only expresses his exaggerated opinions for the sake of being contradicted."

"On the contrary, though it is sport to you, it is death to us. I should be glad enough to have faith in women if I could know them worthy of it. Goodness knows men are bad enough, but, on the whole, there is more possibility of worth in them. At any rate, there is some certainty: one knows where one is with men."

"I should think you know very little of women, Mr. Denston," said Hester, quietly. "Oh! that was what your sister said; but if you had the personal acquaintance of a rattlesnake, would you think it necessary to extend your acquaintance with the tribe in order to form a just opinion of it? I put an extreme case."

"You do," said Hester, drily. "I am sure you

must feel your argument unanswerable."

Denston looked at her with some interest, and, with a woman's susceptibility, she felt that he did. She hoped that he felt ashamed of himself, and the idea just flashed across her that a woman's influence might reclaim this young man.

"Shall I justify myself? I warn you that I should

be very rude," he said.

"If you like," said Hester. "The rudeness is

quite your own affair."

"Very well. Since you incite me to it, take what we started from. You and my sister profess to believe that the lower classes are—as you have been reading—as a mass, in a state of ignorance and vice, and that they are, in fact, though living in a Christian country, worse heathen than African negroes, because they have the vices of civilisation in addition to those of the savage. You also believe that they are in danger of punishment hereafter. Is it not so?"

Hester bowed.

"Well, what do you do to make one among them better? Does their condition even distress you? Not it. You lead your rose-water lives, and go to church on Sundays, drawing away your skirts from the very poor wretches you profess to commiscrate. The glib prayers repeated, back you go, and shut yourselves into your comfortable homes, and go to sleep all Sunday afternoon."

"Your mistake, Philip, is in supposing that the work of reclaiming the lower classes belongs to all equally. There are many spheres of labour in the world," said Miss Denston, in a tone of calm su-

periority.

"My intention, Georgina, was to point out the insincerity of a woman's nature—that she can profess so much, while she in reality feels so little."

Hester had not been so entirely proof as Miss Denston against the dart thrust at her. She was a person that desired approbation, and could not calmly sustain reproof, however unjust. And was this entirely unjust? But at least it was unjust coming from this man. She said—

"I think those who bring such charges against women should be very sure of themselves."

"Well said, Miss Norris. Do I live in a glass house? Well, not so far as profession, certainly. No one can accuse me of professing too much regard for my fellow-creatures." And he laughed drily. "My sister calls me a sceptic, which, with her, I believe, means an infidel—but it is of things on earth that I am infidel."

"I am not aware what your beliefs are, Philip. You know you do not give me your confidence. I can only judge from your cynical way of talking."

"I would rather," said Hester, "feel much and do

nothing than I would have neither the feeling nor the doing."

"I have no doubt you would; but give me honesty before all other virtues."

Hester rose, feeling it was quite time to go. She had heard enough of this kind of talk. She feared that after all she would not be able to influence Mr. Denston, and felt that she had been rather presumptuous to think of such a thing when his sister had failed. She had always treated this brother very haughtily, but that was quite a different thing from his treating her rudely. She had always supposed that men regarded girls with veneration and admiration, and that if the girls stepped down to them they would receive such advances with gratitude. From which it will be seen that if Mr. Denston knew very little of women, neither did Hester know much of As Hester bowed her adieu to him, Mr. Denston smiled, and a singularly pleasant and frank smile it was, which lit up his dark face astonishingly.

"I have been very rude, I am afraid," he said; "the fact is, I ought not to talk to women—I have not the knack of it. I am too great a bear. But I fancy now that your sister would not have been offended. She would have annihilated me with some epigrammatic remark or other, wouldn't she?"

"I dare say she would," said Hester, smiling in her turn. "I think Grace is more like a man than a woman."

"That was how she struck me."

When Hester reached home, she found, on reverting to her train of thought before leaving it, that it no longer possessed all her mind. She was no longer absorbed by her difficulties. She had in fact passed through that happily commonplace process of having her thoughts diverted, than which there is no tendency of the human mind more useful in everyday life, though when we are young and sentimental we are inclined to rebel against it. When Hester began to brood over her troubles she found that images and thoughts suggested by her visit over the way would persistently intervene between her and This was natural enough in one used to so secluded a life, in which the entrance of a new personality was an event; and Miss Denston's brother, hitherto merely a lay-figure, had become that to-day-a disagreeable personality perhaps, but still a personality. Of the images and ideas which her mind retained there were two which were most vivid-one was the look of sadness which she had surprised in Mr. Denston's eyes-the other, that new idea, that men could criticise women-could be even harsh in their judgments, and unsparing in expressing them. It was a shock to the romantic theory of the relations between men and women which girls who have not been enlightened by brothers are likely to construct from their readings in prose and verse. No doubt Mr. Denston was exceptionally rude in expressing his views, but still there must be others who thought, if they did not speak, as he did. She

was so absorbed by her new sensations that even the return of her mother and Grace hardly restored all the old ones, though it was not to be expected that she should greet them with a smiling face, or any little offices of welcome. This was left for Kitty, who was more than usually glad to receive Grace home again, and who went up with her when she went to take off her outer garments.

"Oh, Grace," she said, "you can't think how glad I am you are come back."

"Are you, little midge?"

Grace put her forefinger under Kitty's chin and smiled at her.

"Hester has been so sad all day, and oh! I have wanted to tell you something so—I am quite frightened to go to bed, for last night I woke up, and, fancy! Hester was crying—sobbing and crying. I didn't know what to do—it was so dreadful."

"Did she say what was the matter?"

"No; I did not speak a word. Do you think it was because she does not like me to sleep in her room? because I know she doesn't."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know-I feel."

"Well, it is evident you don't like it, at any rate. Would you like to sleep in the box-room if I made it nice for you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I should! Anywhere but where I do."

"Well, we'll see what can be done."

And the two went down-stairs hand in hand.

That evening Grace took the opportunity of saying to Hester, when the rest were gone to bed—

"Do you know, Hester, I have discovered one of the things in which I have ridden rough-shod over your feelings?"

Hester coloured painfully, and could not lift her eyes to her sister's face. She imagined that something was coming out concerning the letter, and it was a critical moment.

". You do not like to have Kitty in your room," continued Grace.

Hester lifted her eyes slowly, and fixed them on her sister. In those calm hazel eyes there was wonder, and something like scorn, and Grace saw it. Still, Hester did not speak, and Grace said, with an unusually timid utterance—

"Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is so," said Hester. "But is that all you were going to say to me?"

Grace went quite pale under Hester's look. She stood as if fascinated for a moment, and then she turned and went out of the room with quick steps, and Hester heard her go down-stairs, but she did not hear the passion of sobs into which Grace broke when she was safely alone. Hester wondered why she did not go up to bed, and by-and-by went up herself, not sorry to escape bidding her a formal goodnicht.

There were no traces of tears on Grace's face when the family met in the morning, but it wore a graver, more pre-occupied look than was natural to it. After breakfast, when Hester and Kitty had retired into the back dining-room, Grace went up-stairs to examine the adaptabilities of the box-room as a bedroom for Kitty. It was a kind of task which suited her, for it taxed her ingenuity, and gave scope for clever contrivance. With the lumber piled together on one side, and an old curtain furbished up to hang in front of it, a piece of carpet put down, and a table contrived out of boxes, and cunningly draped, she thought the room would do very well, and Sarah was summoned to supply the physical force necessary to the bodying forth of her mistress's ideas. Grace for a time forgot the trouble that had been weighing on her in the interest of her occupation. "I only hope Kitty will not be frightened by the curtain," she said to herself, as she contemplated her work; "it would be a perfect horror to me. To have a cupboard in the room is bad enough, but how much more room for imaginary ghosts here! But I don't believe Kitty is superstitious enough to think of being frightened, if the idea is not suggested to her." Kitty, as soon as she was released, ran up-stairs, having a suspicion of what was going on, and the result of Grace's labours met with a delighted reception. It was all so charmingly novel. Hester also went up-stairs to her room, but with more delay and slower steps than Kitty's. When she got there she stood in blank amazement the corner in which Kitty's little bed had stood was vacant. She could hear Grace and, Kitty talking to each other. For a moment she stood astonished. Then she called-

" (Frace ! "

And Grace heard at once, and came into the room.

"What have you been doing?" asked Hester. Grace told her, adding—

"I thought you would be pleased."

"I think I ought at least to have been consulted," said Hester, coldly, moving away to her toilette table.

"I was intending to ask you about it last night," Grace said, hesitatingly.

Hester would know why that intention had not been carried out, without further explanation.

"I extremely regret this," continued Hester: "it will not have a good effect upon Kitty. I did not wish her to think that I would rather be without her in the room."

Grace did not quite know what to say. She had calculated upon the acquiescence of both parties in the new arrangement, without any questioning. She did not wish either to know that the other disliked the old one.

"I had no need to tell Kitty that," she said; "she was delighted with the novelty."

But Hester was not of an unsuspecting temper, and was not to be put off easily.

"Has she told you she dislikes to be with me?" she asked, turning round sharply.

"She told me that you wake her when you come to bed at night," Hester's face had flushed, and tears of mortification started to her eyes.

"She might have told me that," she said; and she turned away with a heart heavier even than it had been before.

Kitty, like all the rest, was against her. It seemed as hard to Hester that the child did not want to be with her, as if she herself had been very very anxious for it; and it did not occur to her that her own distaste might explain the other.

Grace did not see that she could make better of the affair by further speech, and so no more was said. Grace, in fact, soon forgot the affair altogether, for her mind was burdened more seriously. When she walked out with Kitty, Mrs. Norris and Hester following, her gravity disturbed her companion's views of the fitness of things; but when Kitty asked her what was the matter, Grace was cross, and said—

"Don't tease me, Kitty, pray!" quite sharply.

In the evening Hester went over to see Miss Denston; so that when Kitty was gone to bed, Grace and her mother were left alone. Grace rose, and shut the door, and then came to a seat close to her mother.

"Now, mother," she said, in a decided tone, "I have something very serious to talk to you about."

Mrs. Norris met her daughter's earnest gaze with an apprehensive glance, and then turned her eyes again upon her knitting.

"Indeed," she said; "what is it?"

"Have you noticed, mother, that Hester has been sadly out of spirits lately? And not only that, but I am quite sure now she is not at one with us—this mystery lies between us, and prevents confidence."

"If that is so," said Mrs. Norris, still engaged with her knitting, though her fingers trembled, "it is

only part of our misfortune,"

"Put down your knitting," said Grace, taking hold of her mother's hand, and looking at her with a pitiful softness in her eyes. "No; this is not a part of our misfortune, mother. It is in our own hands. If Hester had our confidence, it would cure her."

Mrs. Norris snatched her hands away from Grace, and covered her face with them.

" No! oh no! I will never consent to that, Grace. I have told you so over and over again."

"Mother, I cannot bear it any longer."

Mrs. Norris was too much absorbed by her own feelings to heed the note of pain in Grace's voice. She began to cry, and moaned—

"The children must not know. You know that I have always kept it from the poor little children."

"But Hester is not a child now," urged Grace;
"she is a woman. You know that I think it should
never have been kept secret; then we should all
have grown up to it, and helped each other to bear
it. It will be too terrible a shock when it comes."

"So it would," exclaimed Mrs. Norris. "You see it can never be told. You reproach me, Grace—you—and I thought you could not have done that,"

Grace dropped on her knees, and took her mother's hands again, by force, and chafed them gently, and kissed her on her lips and cheeks.

"My own mother," she said, smiling tenderly, how could Grace reproach you? What a foolish thing to say! What a dear old foolish mother!"

"Then you will not tell them, Grace?"

"I cannot if you will not let me; but I am sure it should be told."

"Grace, you must not blame me. It is for your father's sake."

Mrs. Norris spoke in a low appealing voice, and turned a pathetic gaze on her daughter's face.

"Mother, our lives must not be sacrificed to him. That is not just. It is positively cruel to shut Hester out of our confidence now she is a woman, and is beginning to question things for herself."

"You are cruel to me, Grace, to go on torturing me like this. Have I not suffered enough pain? You should give way at once when you see that I cannot bear it."

Mrs. Norris began to sob again.

Grace rose from her knees sighing heavily. The struggle seemed hopeless, and yet she knew that the very urgency of her mother's refusal arose from the fact that she knew herself in the wrong. But Grace's silence, which her mother knew did not mean yielding, effected more than speech.

Mrs. Norris said, with a pitcous accent-

"Give me time, Grace. Don't do it yet. Perhaps if I thought about it I could bring my mind to it—in time."

With so much of victory Grace was obliged to be content for this occasion. Her heart sank as she realised that many another painful contest probably lay between her and final success.

CHAPTER XIV.

HESTER RESPONSIBLE.

Some mornings after, soon after breakfast, Miss Denston sent a message over to No. 47 :- "Will Miss Hester Norris kindly come to me at once?" Hester was just settled at lessons with her pupil, but any summons from Miss Denston must be obeyed, and this one could only mean that she was ill. Hester hastily gave Kitty some work to prepare in her absence, and went over without delay. Miss Denston was not accustomed to rise till late in the morning, so Hester went straight to her bed-room. But she was not there, neither was she in the sitting-room. However, as Hester was standing in some perplexity, Miss Denston appeared, clad in a dressing-gown of the finest pink flannel, embroidered in silk. She looked disturbed and anxious. She caught Hester by the arm, and exclaimed-

"My dear Hester, how thankful I am to see you! I thought you were never coming."

"I came directly I got your message, Georgie; but what is it—what is the matter? I feared you were ill." "No, I am not ill—I wish I were; I am accustomed to that. It is Philip; he is terribly ill. I don't know what can be the matter; I have sent for the doctor."

"How it has agitated you, dear! You must lie down. Come to the sofa." Miss Denston allowed herself to be led to the sofa. "He has not seemed well lately, has he?" said Hester, sympathetically.

"No, he has looked wretchedly ill, and I have urged him to nurse himself and get medical advice. I have told him it is selfish to neglect his health, but he will not see it. He went to town yesterday. In the evening I thought he seemed decidedly depressed, and this morning Eliza came to tell me he was ill, and quite unable to rise!"

"My dear Georgie, what a shock for you!"

"It was still greater when I got up-stairs, and found him in a burning fever, and apparently half delirious. Oh, dear! what shall I do! It is a most terrible situation. You must go to him at once. He must not be left alone like this."

"I, Georgie?" exclaimed Hester, in indignant sur-

"My dear Hester, I dare not go up and down those two flights of stairs. It would bring on an attack, and there would be two people to nurse. No; I am fatally debarred from the privilege of nursing my own brother. I felt as though I should die when I got to the top just now, and it is quite possible, as you are aware, that I might."

"A nurse must be got," said Hester, coldly.

"And is Philip to die in the meanwhile? Where can we get one at a moment's notice? The doctor will be here in a few minutes, and some one must go up with him to receive directions. But I will not press you, Hester. I had expected better things of your love for me. Do not detain me; I must go to Philip at once."

Miss Denston, very much agitated, strove to free herself from Hester's detaining grasp.

"No, stay!" said Hester, "you shall not go, whoever goes! If there is no one clse it must be I. Would not the landlady take charge of him till we can get a nurse?"

"Hester! that fat mercenary creature, who has all her morning business and cooking to see after."

At this juncture the sound of wheels was heard outside. They stopped, and a smart rap at the door ensued.

"This is the doctor: I will go up with him," said Hester.

"My dearest!" murmured Miss Denston, putting her arm around Hester, and pressing her fondly. But Hester did not respond. She had yielded, but she could not do so graciously. As she preceded the doctor up-stairs every fibre of her being revolted from the errand. But while the two flights of stairs were being mounted she had time to reason with herself, to remind herself of the many women who cheerfully undergo the horrors of hospital nursing, and to begin to despise herself for her reluctance to nurse the

brother of her dearest friend. She must thrust all personal feeling on one side, and cleave to stern duty. At the top of the second flight she found herself on an attic floor. She knocked at the first door she came to, according to directions. There was no answer, nor was there any to a second and third rap. The impatient doctor opened the door, and Hester found herself in a small and comfortless room, with a sloping roof. It was a cold day, with a keen east wind blowing, and the attic was bitterly cold. Mr. Denston was asleep, with a flushed face and laboured breathing. The doctor-a grey-haired man, of professional aspect -went up to the bed and put his hand on the wrist of the arm which his patient had thrown over his head. Denston started and opened his eyes, which had the languid troubled look of sickness,

"How are you feeling this morning?" was the professional question,

"Why, what is this?" asked Denston. "Are you the doctor? There's not much the matter; no need for you."

He ended in a short laugh, which went to Hester's heart,

"Have you any pain?"

"When I breathe; but that's nothing new."

"Kindly hand me that stethoscope," said the loctor,

Hester took it from the table, where the doctor had placed it, and handed it to him.

"Shall I leave you, and await your instructions down-stairs?"

"Are you this gentleman's sister?" asked the doctor, looking at her attentively.

"No; but I am acting as nurse till we can get some one."

The doctor thought her very young and inexperienced, and wondered how she came to be here. "An engagement, perhaps," he reflected. Hester, however, did not look so young as she really was, and had a quietly reliable manner and air. Denston, who had closed his eyes again, roused himself, and looked round, but sank back again, without making any further remonstrance than a nearly inaudible murmur, of which Hester caught only the words, "too bad."

"If you are the nurse," said the doctor, "you must stay here, if you please. I shall probably have to show you how to put the poultices on."

Hester went to the window and stood looking out. It was much the same outlook as that from their own back rooms; there were the same gravelled back yard, and the same general look of squalor and dinginess. But Hester did not see much; she was too absorbed by her inner consciousness and the task that had been thrust upon her. By-and-by the doctor spoke.

"A touch of inflammation in the upper part of the lungs, Mr. Denston, which we must speedily subdue. A mustard poultice back and front, up here, if you please," turning to Hester. "And now," he said, with a glance round, "the first thing to be done is to

get him into a suitable room; there is no fire-place here, and there should be a fire kept up night and day. We will go down now, if you please, and I will give you further directions."

When the door was shut behind them, Hester said-

"Do you know of any trustworthy nurse, Dr. Black? If you could send one, we should be under great obligations to you."

"I know one or two respectable women," replied he, "but they may be engaged, and there would be delay. Your best plan will be to send to one of the institutions. I will give you the address. But, you know, a nurse will not take night and day duty too."

"Is he very ill?" asked Hester, apprehensively.

"Very seriously ill: he has been overtaxing himself, I fancy. Is there any one here who knows his history?"

"His sister is down-stairs. Is he dangerously ill, Dr. Black?"

"Dangerously! Of course he is, my dear young lady. Pneumonia, when it has taken hold of a man to this extent, is very serious. But we are going to grapple with it now, and we must hope for the best. Let us go down to his sister."

And the doctor began to descend.

"But you must not tell her he is so ill—indeed, you must not. She has heart-disease, and might die from any shock."

"Dear, dear; that is sad. But this affair upstairs must not be trifled with. There must be no waiting for any nurse. He must be got into a warm room, the poultices applied, and the further directions which I shall give you attended to immediately. I shall come again this evening."

By this time they had reached the drawing-room.
"What is it, Dr. Black—what is the matter?"
asked Miss Denston, nervously, as soon as they

enfered.

"It is a touch of inflammation of the lungs, Georgie," replied Hester. She was very pale, but calm and self-possessed as usual. "And there is a great deal of nursing to be done."

The doctor wrote a prescription, and the address of two or three nursing institutions, questioned Miss Denston as to hereditary disease, and the past physical history of the patient, to which he received answers which were very encouraging, and gave fuller directions about treatment. Then he took his departure, and the full realisation of her responsibilities fell upon Hester.

Miss Denston was scarcely less upon her hands than her brother. She was in a state of great aritation.

The first thing to be done was to run home, and get auxiliaries; for it had suddenly struck Hester that her mother would come in and do what was necessary till the nurse could be procured. Grace would go for the nurse, no doubt, and Hester could return and help her mother and take care of Miss

Denston. Miss Denston, meanwhile, had better see the landlady, and make arrangements with her concerning the bedroom which must be got ready.

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This plan she sketched rapidly to Miss Denston, as she put on her hat and jacket.

But when she reached home she learned, to her dismay, that her mother had just gone out. Grace was at home, and quite ready to set off at once in search of a nurse.

Then Hester hurried back again, having given Sarah directions to let her know as soon as her mother returned. She found that affairs had progressed in her absence. A room was happily vacant on the floor above the drawing-room, and a fire had been lit there. Thither Hester repaired, to find a smoky fire in a very small grate. This she coaxed and tended, and then bethought herself of what ought to be done to make the room suitable for an abode of sickness. Was the bed aired? She had better see the landlady about that, and, in any case, it should be warmed—the servant must bring a warming-pan.

Hester pressed her hands to her temples as she stood looking round the room. She had never had such responsibility upon her shoulders before. And there was involved in it more than responsibility. These petty details of arrangements were invested with something approaching to solemnity. Mr. Denston was dangerously ill—that meant in danger of death. There was no personal feeling in Hester's mind towards the patient, to distract by any keen pain or desperate anxiety from the sense of awe which enveloped him with a strange mystic interest.

Hester experienced a kind of exaltation of mind as she moved about the room, clearing the table and the mantleshelf of superfluous ornaments, and arranging the furniture as it seemed to her would be most convenient, which inspired her movements, usually characterised by a slow grace, with vigour, and brought fire into her calm eyes.

Then she went down to the drawing-room, and said she must see the landlady. Miss Denston feared that personage would object to be sent for twice in the same morning; but in the end the bell was rung, and a message sent to her. She appeared puffing and panting from the ascent of the stairs—a fat elderly person, with a gay cap, and hands just rubbed out of flour.

"May I trouble you to come up-stairs with me for a few minutes?" said Hester; "I am very sorry to disturb you."

The landlady was struck with Hester's manner. It was dignified and condescending, with a touch of graceful apology, which contact with a practical world obliged Hester to substitute for her usual hauteur. Mrs. Wilson had been cook in "good families," and was sensitive to a lady's manuer. She said—

"Certainly, ma'am; don't mention it," and the two went up into the bed-room.

"Now I must tell you, Mrs. Wilson," said Hester,

"that Mr. Denston is dangerously ill, much worse than his sister imagines; and we must not let her know this, because of her own delicate health."

"Ah, poor lady! certainly not: though, at the same time—you'll excuse my sitting, ma'am, as the stairs are too much for me nowadays—I may say that I ain't sure but what it might do her good, in a way like; for she ain't, to my thinkin', as considerate as she might be to the poor gentleman upstairs."

"Well, Mrs. Wilson," said Hester, ignoring the insimuation, "you will help, I am sure, to do the best we can for him now. His claim on you, as on me, lies in the fact that he is helpless, and has no one but us to help him. My mother, I hope, will come in by-and-by, to do what is necessary till the nurse arrives; but in the meanwhile he must come down into this room, and you will help him, will you not?"

The landlady agreed willingly, and arrangements being made as to warming-pan and blankets, she repaired to the floor above to conduct the removal of the patient. Hester had given urgent injunctions that he was to be well wrapped up; but waiting below through what seemed to her an unaccountably long interval, her anxiety grew to impatience, and she went part way up the stairs to listen, and finally running all the way up, she inquired at the door if Mrs. Wilson wanted anything she had not got. "No, miss, thank you; we'll be down in a minute, now," was the reply; so Hester went down a little way, and waited at the staircase window. Probably she had never felt so anxious, so full of care, in her life as at this moment. And yet it was not exactly a painful experience. Her form seemed to dilate with a new vitality.

In a few moments the door opened, and the two appeared. The landlady, fair and florid, with her gay cap-ribbons, offered a curious contrast to the cadaverous patient she supported, who, muffled in blankets, walked with uncertain feeble steps. On the way down he staggered. Hester, who was watching from below, sprang to his side, and placed his hand on her shoulder. At the same moment a curiously tender sensation passed through her, by which experience she only offered confirmation of the received theory that pity unallied with contempt is in a woman's breast closely allied with affection, and is a chord that can searcely be struck without the other vibrating also. Denston smiled faintly, and said—

"Thank you. I am engaged in realising for the first time the rotatory motion of the earth."

"Ah, poor soul! he's wandering," said the landlady to Hester, under her breath.

Denston gave a short laugh, which resulted in a cough, which made Hester tremble, and caused her to be doubly thankful when the patient was safely established in the room below. When Hester went into the room, he was shivering very much, and with a beating heart she piled on blankets and stirred the

fire, fearing that she had done badly, and that he had taken a chill. But he soon began to seem comfortable again, and then Hester poured out a dose of the medicine, which had just arrived. He had been watching her, silently, as she moved about, and now, when she held out the glass to him, he said—

"Oh, dear, what trouble I am giving! Is all this necessary?"

Sick people are supposed to have re-entered child-hood for the nonce, and women instinctively speak to them maternally. Hester, who had never been nurse before, spoke so to the sick man.

"You must not trouble yourself about anything. Just do all that you can to get better. That is what we all want."

Denston looked at her with a languid surprise in his eyes, which brought a faint flush into Hester's face, but did not reply otherwise than by drinking the medicine Hester held out to him.

"How is Georgina?" he asked, as Hester took the glass, "not worrying herself, I hope."

"She is, of course, anxious about you," said Hester, quietly.

"I believe I am very ill," said Denston, dubiously, adding quickly, "but you need not tell her so."

"She knows you are very ill, and means to take great care of you. But I think you must not talk."

The blood rushed to Hester's cheeks, and her heart seemed for a moment to stop beating at the next question.

"Does the doctor say I am likely to die!"

How ought she to answer? She felt that her face was being examined.

"I really don't know what Georgina would do," continued Denston, as though he had gathered his conclusion. He had contracted his brows painfully, like one possessed by anxious thought. This would not do. Hester rallied her forces.

"But you will not die. We will nurse you well, and you will try to get well."

Denston smiled so mournfully that the tears which were near the surface in Hester's excited mood rose to her eyes.

"Shall I?" he said.

The tone was faintly humorous, but in some way there was implied, or so it seemed to Hester, an indifference in the matter born of a joyless life.

"For your sister's sake, at least," she said, gently.
"Yes, yes," said Denston, with a weary accent.

He turned away his head and said no more. For her sake a good many things had had to be done,

Hester went away to report the progress of affairs to Miss Denston, and also to find out if her mother had returned. As she did so, she was conscious of the growth of a new pain at her heart, whose birth dated from the early morning, when her friend had greeted her, but which at present she had no time to heed.

Hester met her mother at the street door, and explained to her what was needed. Mrs. Norris entered into the affair with gentle alacrity, and

expressed kind feeling towards the brother and sister, though perhaps regret that she had not been on the spot earlier to relieve Hester from her trying position predominated. But kind as her mother was, Hester was conscious of an importance in the experiences of her morning, which her mother did not enter into. It seemed as though a very wide interval stretched between the meeting with her mother and the last parting, though in point of time it was represented by an hour or two. She had felt the throes of a fuller life, startling her, rousing her out of the subjective habit which had become second nature.

CHAPTER XV.

DISILLUSION.

WATERHOUSE, who had been at home during the early part of the day, and had observed the doctor's carriage drawn up opposite, had drawn the natural conclusion that Miss Denston had experienced an access of illness. When Grace came to wait upon him at dinner, he asked—

"How is the lady opposite?" smiling in expectation of Grace's surprise at his acuteness. But her face did not afford the response he expected. It was unusually grave as she replied—

"Not as well as one could desire under the circum-

stances.

Waterhouse stroked his beard with a puzzled air.
"Oh!" said Grace, a sudden illumination flashing
over her face; "perhaps you do not know that it is

the brother who is ill; Miss Denston is only alarmed."
"Denston ill!"

Waterhouse rose from his seat by the window, and came nearer.

"Why wasn't I told before? Upon my word, that was too bad."

Grace spread out her hands deprecatingly, and retreated with the faintest of mocking smiles on her lips.

"Pray don't slay me, Mr. Waterhouse, I have

been out all day seeking a nurse."

"I beg your pardon," said Waterhouse, retreating from his rather defiant advance, "but I am really so annoyed that I did not know of this. I ought to have asked when I saw the doctor's carriage, for I suspected the man was on the brink of breaking down. Here was I at home all the morning, and never stirred a finger on his behalf! But I have not heard yet what is the matter. Low fever or brain fever, I shouldn't wonder."

"No, it is inflammation of the lungs, and I believe, from what my sister says, the doctor considers him

very dangerously ill."

"And you have been out seeking a nurse, you say?" Waterhouse continued, after a moment's

grave pause.

"Yes, I have been to I really don't know how many institutions, and have returned only a very short time ago, and my mother and sister have been over the way all day, so you see there was really n_0 one to give you the news, which, as you know M_{R} . Denston, would, of course, interest you."

"Interest me!" Waterhouse looked rather fierce again. "That is a rather mild expression, considering that this good fellow is lying between life and death. I put it to your good feeling, Miss Norris, whether you were not to blame in not giving me the chance this morning of sharing in the services you were all so ready to give him. At least you might have allowed me to go for the nurse."

Grace, after a moment's reflective pause, folded her hands meekly before her, and smiling with a mixture of frankness and sauciness, said—

"If penitence be made a test of my good feeling, the virtue is of course not difficult to practise. I am very sorry I did not see my duty in the right light this morning. Considering my experience of your kindness and capabilities in such-like emergencies, I ought to have thought of you, but I assure you I never did once."

Grace, looking at Waterhouse's face, did not see the cloud clear from it as she expected under the softening influence of her speech, the fact being that Waterhouse was conscious in the concluding idea of the administration of a slight cuff at the same time with the pat. Lovers of all ages of the world's history have regarded such obliviousness on the part of their mistresses as the worst possible index.

"But I will tell you what you can do," continued Grace—an idea striking her—"if you would like to help now. My mother and Hester have been on duty all day, and must remain so until the nurse comes this evening. You might go and relieve them. It would be a great boon. I am afraid my mother will get over-tired."

"I will do so gladly," said Waterhouse. "In any case, I should have gone over directly after dinner to see Denston. Why, Miss Norris, he is one of the best fellows I ever met, and, at the same time, one of the most unlucky."

Grace opened her eyes wide, but said nothing.

"Why, he supports that selfish old sister of his—But I beg your pardon! I believe she is a friend of yours, and I really don't know her. I only judge from the facts of the case. I don't think a woman has a right to hang upon a brother, and he a poor hard-working fellow, as she does. He has not an altogether amiable exterior, I suppose, but I have liked him from the first."

Waterhouse spoke in an argumentative tone, as if combating Grace's objections, which, as she had not advanced any, caused her to make a quiet expostulation.

"I did not contradict you, Mr. Waterhouse."

But Waterhouse was too full of his subject to heed this little check.

"I have never—if you will believe me, Miss Norris—felt more sorry for any man than I do for him. He deserves a better fate than the sorry one that has befallen him. It reproaches me now that I have done nothing all this time for him; but, for the life of me, I couldn't see what to do."

after his first hasty glance, refrained from looking at her for some time: in doing so, like many another modest man, neglecting the good that had been sent



"'Why wasn't I told before?" -p 268.

"I think you have already given him the cup of cold water."

Grace spoke in a softened tone, and Waterhouse glanced at her in wonder. She was looking at him seriously and sweetly. But, instead of improving the opportunity, Waterhouse coloured violently, and,

him; but, perhaps, after all, not thereby damaging himself in her eyes.

So it came to pass that Waterhouse spent his evening with the sick man, and Mrs. Norris returned home. But Hester did not return that night. When the nurse had been established, and all things

arranged for her vigil, and the door finally shut on her for the night, then, and not till then, did Hester think of relinquishing her responsibilities. Her desire to be alone was mixed with a certain dread of the feelings and thoughts which she was aware would then clamorously thrust themselves upon her. Yet the craving for solitude was uppermost. It was not possible that the kiss with which she proceeded to bid her friend farewell could be what it would have been at any previous time. She was conscious that there was a lack of the usual heart-wholeness in it: for a moment she trembled lest her friend should feel the difference-which at such a time would have been doubly disastrous. But the fear was unnecessary —the embrace, the same in form, was not recognisably different in spirit from usual, and Miss Denston remained happily unconscious of the speek of disloyalty which was eating its way into the core of the fruit. She clung to Hester, and would not let her go.

"You must not leave me, dearest; I cannot be alone to-night. You will stay and sleep with me, will you not?"

This was perhaps the sternest claim which duty, the "stern daughter of the voice of God," had made upon Hester that day, so urgently did the claims within her cry out to be heeded. How did her bare room in the roof appear at that moment to be a veritable sanctuary—an unattainable sanctuary! The vision passed, and Hester, with her usual deliberate calm, replied—

"Certainly, Georgie, if you wish it, if I can be of service to you."

"Can you ask it? My dearest girl, you can always be of service to me. Your presence is the only consolation I have."

Hester turned pale under the stress of feeling, which was for the most part a kind of terror, which these words stirred up in her—a terror only emotional as yet, springing from the mere sensation of fatal bondage—a sensation the meaning and source of which her intellect had not yet seized upon. She made no reply, but sat down passively by the side of the couch, and hardly responded to the clasp of Miss Denston's hand on her own. Her abstraction was not unnoticed.

"What is it, Hester?" asked Miss Denston, quickly. "Does it trouble you to stay with me?"

Hester turned her face to her friend, with what she was conscious was a merely mechanical smile.

"I am tired," she said.

"Of course you are, my poor child. Forgive my thoughtlessness. You want food and sleep. Will you ring the bell?"

Hester secretly hoped she was tired, being conscientiously afraid that she had told a falsehood, for she did not feel tired. The mental excitement of the day was still running high within, and eclipsed bodily sensations. But Miss Denston was very kind to her on the strength of that falsehood, if it were one, and made her eat and drink, and petted her till Hester felt ashamed. But when all was dark and

still, and the two lay side by side in bed, Miss Den. ston's composure gave way.

"Hester," she cried, suddenly, "I cannot bear the darkness; get up and light a candle, and give me another dose of the sedative medicine."

Hester did as she was directed. She brought the light to the side of the bed, and gave Miss Denston her medicine. Her face was convulsed with dry and silent sobs, a piteous sight to see, but she took the medicine and drank it, and after a while sank back on the pillow quieted.

"Come to bed, Hester, but leave the light," she said, "I shall be better with a light; the darkness

is terrible."

Hester, whose nerves were quiet, was not overcome by this scene. She lay down in silence, and the strange aspect of things struck her attention. Miss Denston lying on her pillow, her black hair framing her pallid face and translucent blue eyes, seemed, with her intense mournfulness of expression, weirdly out of place in this gaily caparisoned bed-room, with its blue hangings and silken cider down bed-cover. Miss Denston the while grasped Hester's arm tightly, but did not speak. But at last she broke the silence by an urgent whisper.

"Oh, Hester, Hester! he will die, and what shall I do? He is the last left of them all, and he is going too,"

"No, oh no;" said Hester, with an assurance she was far from feeling; "he will not die; he is young, and will have the best of nursing. Do not even think of such a possibility."

"Oh, Hester! it is easy for you to talk so; you do not know what death is—what it is to have those who love you wrenched away. One after another they have gone from me, my mother, and father, and sister. My life was not always as it is now, lonely and uncared for. I was loved and eared for, and they were all proud of me, and now there is only

one left, and he is going."

Hester could find nothing to say. The thoughts that came uppermost she felt were not such as could be expressed. Foremost among them was a great surprise that Miss Denston should now express herself so about the brother whom Hester had been taught by herself to consider something of an alien and a reprobate; but it was clearly impossible to offer the heartless consolation suggested by Miss Denston's former complaints, Mixed with this wonder was the uneasy feeling that religion ought to have something to say in this matter. Miss Denston in her distress did not seem to refer the dreaded event to the will of God, and to seek consolation in doing so. Yet at other times such considerations had appeared to afford great comfort to her, and she was particularly fond of hymns referring to the subject. How often had she repeated with intense feeling that one beginning-

> "I worship Thee, sweet will of God, And all Thy ways adore,"

emphasising especially the words-

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"Thy will is sweetest to me when It triumphs at my cost,"

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while Hester had felt with awe how saintly was her friend. Should she suggest to her that high consolation now? Hester shrank from what appeared presumptuous; and instinctively, also, she felt it would be useless. The truth was that Hester was having her first lessons in the distinctions between sentiment and reality, between profession and practice: and she was to learn it in a harder way than fortunately do most of us. But Hester's silence had not lasted as long as I have taken to describe the cause of it when Miss Denston resumed her agitated speech—

"You do not speak, Hester. Then you, too, know that he will die."

"How can we, any of us, know anything about it, dear Georgie? I have told you that I feel assured he will not. God alone knows. He is in His hands, is he not?" Hester added this tremblingly.

"Of course," said Miss Denston, looking at Hester with a terror-stricken face, "but God does not always spare, and I know he will die."

Hester shuddered, and felt she must make any effort to soothe.

"And if he did die, Georgie, you could bear it, couldn't you—you, who are so good? God would help you."

"Bear it! You don't know what you are saying, I should have to go to the workhouse,"

Hester all through this night was experiencing mentally a kind of double existence. Her affection for and desire to minister to her friend was constantly hampered by the new ideas and feelings stirred up by the conversation.

"The workhouse, Georgie!" she repeated, with slow amazed accent.

She had hitherto supposed that it was the unsuspected depth of her friend's attachment to her brother which caused the poignancy of her distress, But there was evidently something more than that, Miss Denston caught the significance of Hester's tone. The appealing gaze of her eyes turned to a momentary keen scrutinising of Hester's face.

"You knew, surely," she said, "that your friend was penniless, that she had nothing in the wide world except what she received at the hands of her brother's charity."

Hester looked Miss Denston full in the face, and answered after a pause—

"No, I did not know that."

More than that she could not say. At this moment her soul revolted from her friend. A scorn consumed her, all the more intense because it had been, though only half consciously, fanned in secret depths throughout the day. Poor Hester had awakened at last to that snake of egotism which twisted itself about the very roots of her friend's character. But she had to fight her feelings down for pity's sake, and continue her task of trying to soothe and calm the poor creature at her side. At last Miss Denston fell asleep, and then Hester met the full brunt of

her own troubles. The character of her one friend, now glaringly illuminated for her, stared her in the face, mocked her affection, which still clung desperately to its object, and tore away the shreds of loyalty which still remained. Pity should have sided with affection, and together might have shielded Miss Denston from that pouring out of scorn. Do the rest of us always hold to our best selves through such crises when the terror of the future hangs over us? And Miss Denston was ill, and had been bred in luxury, and she was in mortal terror of being left to face the world helpless and alone. But in her young hardness Hester could make no excuses, see no exonerating circumstances, but rather piled up for herself the stones which hurt herself in the casting. She saw and felt nothing but that her trust and love had been given in vain, and were come to naught. How had the mighty fallen! The one who had appeared above all others to be good and admirable had become in her eyes most ignoble, selfish and mean, and because religion failed to influence her now, Hester condemned her as a religious hypocrite. For Hester in her inexperience of life had not learned that men and women are not altogether good or altogether bad, but that each has a lower and a higher self, and that the best of us do not always cleave to the higher. And Miss Denston was not outside the pale of struggling human nature, She had a better self.

Some time had elapsed when Miss Denston stirred and awoke. By-and-by she spoke.

"Are you awake, Hester?"

"Yes."

"I have been dreaming, and want to see something. Will you get it for me?"

Miss Denston's tone was quieter and softer. Hester rose, and fetched, according to direction, a small mahogany case from the table, with the key belonging to it. Miss Denston unlocked it, and took out some old-fashioned daguerreotype portraits.

"I have been dreaming of my mother and of Philip when he was a little boy. Here they are both of them."

Hester looked, and saw two faces much alike—the one a delicate refined woman's face, with black hair and dreamy blue eyes, which were repeated in the other, a boy's face, of a sensitive cast, not to be guessed at now in the man Philip Denston.

"Philip was the youngest, and her pet," said Miss Denston, "and she told me to take care of him; but how can a delicate woman take care of a man? I am thankful that my mother died before her heart was broken by the blow that fell on us all. It broke my father's heart, and it has spoilt our lives—Philip's and mine. The man that ruined us has it all to answer for. We heard that he put an end to himself, and killed his wife too. I should have been a different woman, Hester, and Philip would not have gone near to kill himself with over-work, but for that wicked wretch. Poor Philip! Oh, Hester! it reproaches me now that he has had me to burden him,"

The tears were running down Miss Denston's cheeks, and Hester, when she lay down again, fell to crying too; for that redeeming touch had come, which softens the hardest heart towards the blackest sinner. Miss Denston was "sorry," to use the old childish word; and though she was only sorry a little, it stole some of the bitterness from Hester's heart. And then it was that she knew she could go on loving—that her love would outlast her bitter disappointment—would take to itself a new form, and live on in the heart of pain and pity.

When Hester went home in the morning, she received a hearty welcome, and much kissing, from her family, and, softened by her new trouble, she felt humble and thankful. She had not any great news to convey of the patient's condition. He seemed no worse, and that was, so far, cheering. The nurse had performed her duties, to all appearance, satisfactorily. This, and not much more, the family ascertained in answer to questions; of Miss Denston Hester spoke little. The idol had fallen in the house of Dagon, but over the fragments there should be sacred guard kept, Mrs. Norris was preparing to go over at once to relieve the nurse, while Grace was lightly laughing at her mother's zeal, though in reality somewhat anxious lest she should be overstrained.

"My dear," said Mrs. Norris, "you are quite right. The young man has really touched my heart. I could not forbear talking to him as though I were

his mother, poor boy!"

"There is plenty of pity going round for him," said Grace, with a smile, putting her hands on her mother's shoulders. "I think my treatment may be profitably a little more tonic when my turn comes. Good-bye, dear," and she kissed her mother on both cheeks; "mother him as much as you like, so that you have a little left for us when you come back."

They were all standing in the front passage, and,

when Mrs. Norris was gone, Hester went up to her room.

Grace followed her, chatting.

"This sick man of yours seems to steal everybody's heart. Here is my mother feeling maternally towards him, and Mr. Waterhouse declaring he is the finest and most devoted of characters—'no one like him, I assure you' (and Grace mimicked Waterhouse's hearty tones), and now this morning from what quarter under the sun do you suppose I hear the chorus repeated?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Hester, busying herself about the room, that she might not meet her

sister's eyes.

"Why, my little cripple at the back has heard of his being ill, and sends his love and duty. It seems he was office-boy to Mr. Denston's firm, and Mr. Denston has been very kind to him since he has been lame."

"Indeed," said Hester; and her voice was not quite as neutral as she could have wished.

"You will give the little fellow's message, Hester,

if you have the opportunity?"

"Oh, yes," replied Hester, as she came forward, heing world be longer to find protect for conceeling her

being unable longer to find pretext for concealing her face from her sister.

Grace was struck by its look.

"Hester, don't you want a rest?" she asked.
"Have you slept properly? You look so pale."

"Oh, no; I am quite rested, thank you, and I must go back to Miss Denston now. She is not fit to be left alone."

"You are a good girl," said Grace, putting her arm caressingly through her sister's; "but we must not let you wear yourself out."

"Oh, no," said Hester, smiling faintly, and stoop ing to kiss Grace's forehead.

(To be continued.)

AN EVENING WITH CREE INDIANS.

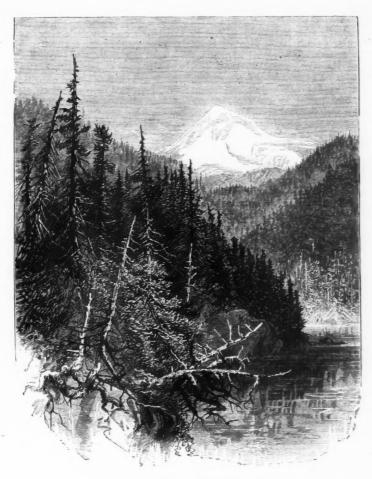
BY A CANADIAN CLERGYMAN.



T was my lot, two years ago, to be residing in the country inhabited by the Cree Indians, viz., that part of North America which lies around Hudson's Bay; and it has occurred to me that a brief narrative of an evening spent with an Indian family in the forest may interest the readers of this magazine.

These Indians, I may notice in passing, differ widely from their brethren of the tomahawk and scalping-knife farther south, They belong to a section of the race known as the Swampy Crees, and are a quiet inoffensive people. Each family leads an isolated existence, never meeting in large numbers except once a year, when they take their furs to the trading stations. They are, moreover, all nominally Christian; and, instead of bedecking themselves with paint and feathers, are content with ordinary European dress.

It was towards the end of January that I paid the visit I speak of, when the Indians are scattered—a family here and a family there over their extensive hunting-grounds. The rivers and lakes had long been securely frozen up, and



"A bit of the genuine forest primeval."

it was possible, with the help of snow-shoes, to traverse the deep snow in any direction. The cold was so intense that, walking against the wind, one's face felt as though it were being held close to a fierce fire; for-strange to say-intense cold produces a sensation very like being scorched. I had been on foot all day, in company with my servant, going from one settlement to another; and as the sun was now setting, we had begun to look around for a suitable spot on which to make our "barricade" for the night, for the nearest house was some twenty miles off. I thought I had discovered a sufficiently sheltered spot, when I heard my servant, who was a little way off, calling to me. On going up, I found that he had come upon recent tracks of an Indian's snowshoes, and some cuttings made with an axe on

the nearest trees. We examined these closely, and concluded (rightly, as it proved) that the Indian's tent was not far distant. We decided, therefore, to follow the track, and ask for a night's shelter.

The track led us into a part of the forest where the tall pines stood so closely together as scarcely to admit of our threading our way between them. Overhead their branches formed a thick canopy, only leaving an opening here and there through which we could see the cold grey sky. Presently we crossed a small frozen stream which gave us space to admire the splendid proportions of the huge trees under whose shade we had been passing. There they stood lining the banks of the stream, heavily festooned with snow, and towering into the sky—forming a bit of the genuine

"forest primeval," of which Longfellow sings. Before long we found ourselves making a slight ascent, and suddenly came to the edge of a steep bank, overlooking a small lake. Here we found the tent we were seeking—so placed as to enjoy the shelter of the trees, and also command a view of the lake. The snow around was so deep that the tent seemed half-buried, and might almost have been passed by unnoticed, but for the hard-beaten path that led up to the entrance, and the blue smoke that issued from the top. It was round in form, constructed with several tall poles placed on end in a large circle, and brought together at the top. Over these were stretched several pieces of coarse canvas-a hole being left at the top to serve as the chimney. On the side facing the lake an opening had been left for an entrance, over which hung an old blanket weighted with a stick, which you pulled aside to enter, and allowed to fall in its place again.

The inmates of the tent heard the clatter of our snow-shoes as we approached, and soon the blanket was pushed on one side, and the bright firelight gleamed forth, and several faces peered out inquisitively into the twilight. We were soon recognised and warmly welcomed; and, creeping through the narrow doorway, we took our seats with the rest, cross-legged around the fire. The floor of the tent was thickly strewn with pine-brush, which formed quite a comfortable carpet; and in the centre roared a huge fire, which flung its yellow glare all around, and sent a shower of sparks up through the aperture

at the top.

Two families occupied this tent. Instead of mixing indiscriminately, they took up their position by mutual arrangement on opposite sides of the fire, the space between them being apportioned to my servant and myself. On our left sat an old Indian and his wife, clad in garments of English make, but considerably tattered and worn. As far as appearance went, they might have passed for English gipsies, except, perhaps, that their skin was a shade too dark. They were both probably over seventy years of age, and their fast-whitening hair seemed by contrast to deepen the brown of their wrinkled faces. The old man was examining some steel traps, and his wife was watching the roasting of a beaver that turned on a spit before the fire. Opposite to them, on our right, sat a young woman of about twenty-five, neatly dressed in a cotton gown and red shawl—the latter thrown over her head and shoulders, and serving as a cape and bonnet in one. Her jet-black hair was carefully parted, and her expression was rather pleasing. As we entered, she was busily engaged in washing the family linen, but, out of deference to us, put her tub aside, and, taking one of her fat children in her arms, sat listening attentively to the conversation. Her other child, a boy of five, did his best to hide himself beneath his mother's shawl, where, ever and anon, we detected his pair of coal-black eyes stealing a glance at us.

Contracted as the space was for so many, it seemed sufficient for the habits of the inmates, who squatted contentedly side by side, with their goods and chattels stowed away behind them. A stranger would have smiled on glancing around, to have observed what a miscellaneous collection of articles the tent really contained. Every available nook and corner seemed filled with something or other. Several small articles, such as knives, spoons, etc., were stuck up between the ribs of the tent and the canvas. Here, one noticed a roll of beaver-skins already dressed and waiting for barter. There, lay a pile of dried meat. A little farther on stood a small bag of flour, and several tin plates and dishes. Then there were besides, guns, axes, kettles, steel traps, fishing nets, canoe paddles, a frying pan, some blankets, and one or two bags full of spare clothing. Overhead was a wooden rack, on which lay some beaver flesh and fish, placed there to dry, while, suspended from the rack, hung two large kettles that boiled over the fire. Immediately in front of us on the ground was the family oven, in the shape of a frying-pan tilted up to face the fire, and containing a flat cake.

The old man had been expatiating on the ill success of his day's trapping, and was showing us two steel traps, the springs of which had snapped from the extreme cold during the previous night, when we heard footsteps outside. The elder of the two boys issued from beneath his mother's shawl, and pushing the blanket on one side and looking out, informed us that his father was coming. Whereupon a tall young fellow of about thirty entered, clad in corduroy trowsers and a blanket capote, the hood of which was drawn closely over his head. He had evidently returned from a day's hunting, for a brace of grouse dangled from his belt, and on his back he carried a bag containing larger game. He seemed a good deal exhausted with the day's exertions, and tossing his game-bag down at his wife's feet, he sat down and began loosening his frozen shoes. Indian etiquette resigns all game, when once killed, to the charge of the woman. So the young mother, in the exercise of her right, opened the bag, and drew forth with evident pleasure one full-grown beaver and two young ones, a marten, and some three or four rabbits—the latter, which had been snared, frozen stiff in most grotesque postures. The old man's face lighted up with natural satisfaction as he surveyed the results of his son's hunting, and felt they could once more bid defiance to hunger for at least a few days. One needs to know the precarious existence these poor creatures lead, to appreciate fully the delight they feel at the sight of food.

The time had now arrived for the evening

meal, which accordingly the elder of the two women began to serve up. A roll of birch bark about a yard square was opened out, and spread on the ground before the old man to serve as a dish, and on this was laid the roasted beaver.

Grasping the beaver with one hand, and a knife with the other, the old fellow, with much dignity, proceeded to divide it into portions of about a pound each, which he distributed to the company. He courteously offered to help myself first, and requested my servant to produce my plate, etc., from the bag we carried with us. It was with difficulty that I suppressed a smile at the huge portion handed to me, but I understood Indian etiquette too well to expostulate. Each member of the party was then served in turn, the adults receiving their portions on tin plates, the children taking theirs in their hands. Tea (the common beverage of the country, intoxicants being excluded by law) was also served out in tin pans from one of the large kettles on the fire. The pleasure of the meal was materially increased by my requesting my servant to deal out to each a slice of the loaf we carried, leavened bread being to them a delicacy not often indulged in. The meal was partaken of, according to Indian custom, almost in silence—eating being considered by them too serious a business to be interrupted with conversation. When all had finished, the bones remaining on each one's plate were collected, and

thrown into one of the kettles on the fire to serve as the basis of the next day's soup, for sharp experience in the form of hunger has impressed upon the Indian mind the necessity of utilising every scrap of food that comes to hand.

A half-hour's pleasant conversation succeeded, which the old man almost monopolised, with a long account he gave us of his hunting experiences in his younger days. By that time we felt it necessary to prepare for rest, as we all expected to be astir betimes in the morning. At my request one of the women produced a New Testament (printed in their own language in syllabic type), from which I read a few verses, and then gave a short exposition of the passage. We then joined together in singing the evening hymn, after which we knelt in prayer before our common Father in heaven. We had no need to bid each other good-night, as we were not going to retire to separate apartments. Going to bed was the simplest possible operation; for it merely consisted in each one wrapping a blanket around himself, turning round, and lying down on the spot, with the most convenient article he could find at hand for a pillow. Thus ended the evening with my friendly Crees. A stranger in my position would probably have passed a restless night; but the situation to myself was no new one. I slept soundly, and in the morning proceeded on my journey.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

III.-THE FOES OF THE KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. PHILIP T. BAINBRIGGE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. PHILIP'S, REGENT STREET.

"Whom resist, stedfast in the faith."-1 St. Peter v. 9.

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HEN, at his baptism, a person is solemnly received into the congregation of Christ's flock, and becomes a subject of the Kingdom of Heaven, he is pledged to fight under Christ's banner against "sin, the world, and the devil."

These, then, are the Foes of the Kingdom, whom the Sub-

jects of the Kingdom are called on to renounce, disclaim, disown, and whom they must resist, stedfast in the faith, if indeed they desire to do loyal service to "another King, one Jesus"

The word "sin," thus used, refers particularly to "the sinful lusts of the flesh." At once, therefore, in their efforts to yield themselves servants to Christ to obey Him, in their zeal for His glory, in their efforts to extend His sway, the subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven are brought face to

face with themselves as their own opponents. The fact may puzzle us, yet we know perfectly well that St. Paul spoke truth when he said, "in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing," we feel, exactly as he did, that we are carnal, sold under sin, brought into captivity to the law of sin, which is in our members. Some things which tempt us to transgress God's laws we can cast off and get rid of once for all; some perils which threaten us we can at least avoid; but our bodily nature, such as it is, with its weaknesses and with its passions, we must carry with us all through our earthly life. We cannot escape it; but we must face it, we must oppose it, we must walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.

His bodily nature man has in common with the animal creation; in his spirit he is like to God, Who is a Spirit, and upon that spirit-nature of ours it is that the Holy Spirit of God works, and enables us to bring forth the fruit of the spirit, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."

It would be false to say that no desire of the body is ever to be gratified, that everything which gives pleasure to the body is sinful and must be always shunned. No such doctrine is found in the Bible; and if it were, few would ever accept it! The narrative of the earth-life of our King is one long record of unwearying ministration to the bodily wants of men. It contains several notices of His presence at their feasts, and once it narrates how He provided an abundant supply of means for making merry. The thing which we must learn, and which we must act upon, is that our nature is twofold, and there is a kind of antagonism between the two; our spiritual nature soaring God-wards, with noble longings, with high resolves, with an intense scorn of everything base, with admiration and fervent love for unselfishness, and truth, and purity, and for all things beautiful with the beauty of goodness; our bodily nature too often dragging us down, tempting us to self-indulgence, to give way to the cravings of the flesh, to gratify without restraint the lowest passions, till, according to that trenchant line in "Faust"-

Than the brute beast, man is a beastlier brute.

The subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven must treat the sinful desires of the body as their foes; and must resist them, stedfast in the faith. Our duty is to keep watch and ward lest they obtain the mastery, and lest the lower fleshly part of us overcome the higher spiritual nature.

It is our hope that our bodies will be glorified some day, and be brought into complete subjection to the law of Christ; but meanwhile, now, as things are, during this life here, we must be upon our guard lest our bodies obtain the dominion, and enslave us with their domineering lusts; and whenever and wherever sin appears, to use the picturesque imagery of St. Paul, we must rigorously crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts; we must keep under the body and bring it into subjection the very instant that it begins to show itself rebellious to the law of God, and a foe to our crucified King.

A second foe whom we must face is "the world." The language of Scripture in this regard is pointed and forcible enough. St. James declared, "Whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God;" whilst St. John, accounted the most tender and gentle of all the apostles, wrote thus: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," and could even make this sweeping statement, "The whole world lieth in wickedness." Read the most favourable historical accounts of the life and manners and customs of the period in which these words were written,

and you will not wonder at the unmeasured terms in which "the world" is denounced.

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Much of this is changed now; let us recognise the fact, and let us thank God that it is a fact. The subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven went forth in the might of their Master to war against the ignorance, and the lusts, and all the ingenious refinements of cruelty which then prevailed, and to a very great extent they have overcome "the world" in the name of their King, and have won the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. The stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands is smiting the nations! Words which were appropriately used by the Apostles and other writers in the early ages of Christianity, to describe the Pagan world around them, do not fittingly apply to the Christian world in which we dwell. They do apply to many peoples and tribes who still lie in darkness and death-shade, and by our foreign missions we attempt, stedfast in our own faith, to resist the Christless world which is a foe of the Kingdom; and no subject of the Kingdom is doing his duty unless he takes some interest in this warfare, and endeavours somewhat to help on the final triumph, until all the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

But this is not the whole of our duty. In spite of a general outward allegiance to our King, true subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven cannot fail to see in the actual world close around them much that is contrary to the laws of the Kingdom, and hostile to the King thereof. The line between Christian people and "the world" is not so sharp as it was in old days, as it is now in heathen countries, because here "the world" professes to be Christian, and in some sort really is so. The tone, and tenour, and general colouring of the laws which regulate life and property, which control the rites of religion, which permit or prohibit public amusements, are in accordance with the main principles of Christianity. Converts in heathen countries nowadays, like the first Christians, have to renounce pretty well entirely "the world" which surrounds them, its religion, its amusements, the very habits of its daily life. And hard as it must be to do this, cruel suffering as it often entails, it is actually easier in such cases "to know what were good to do," than it is for us with our Christian surroundings.

"Worldly" and "wicked" are not quite so nearly synonymous terms as they were, but even in the "Christian" world wickedness will exist, and when it does it must be treated as a foe.

When pomp and glory are vain, employed for selfish ends, for self-aggrandisement, when they do not usefully tend to enhance the authority of the law, to elevate our feelings and ideas, then such vain pomp, such vain glory is forbidden, and "the world," so far as it employs them,

is a foe of the Kingdom. So with the covetous The wish to succeed, desires of the world. the effort to make a place, to win a name in the world is natural, and not in itself evil. But once let the word "covetous" be truthfully tacked on to such desires, let us once perceive that we are striving to better self for self's sake only, and with no desire that we may have a wider influence for good, with no intention of using increased power to help on the interests of the Kingdom, let it once be seen that in our pushing for a place we ruthlessly sacrifice others, and trample them under our feet, careless of everything save only that we should succeed, when these symptoms, these covetous desires are displayed-and they exist very often among so-called Christians—then truly there is opposed to us a world which we must renounce, a foe whom, stedfast in the faith, we are bound to resist.

Again as to the pleasures of "the world;" if they conduce to recreation in its rightful sense-a recreating, a renewal, of mind and body worn with toil, strained by over-tension; if they serve to distract the thoughts for a while from anxious care, then they need not be avoided because they happen to be worldly; then, they are not vain, they are innocent, they are useful, they assist us to discharge the better our duties as subjects of the Kingdom during this our earthly life. But on the other hand, the sights and scenes that dazzle, the amusements that cause mirth, the literature that engrosses us, the companionship in which we take delight, these all must be forsaken directly we discern in them anything which leads us to suspect that we are making friends with a "world" which is estranging us from God, and which is a foe of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The third foe is he against whom St. Peter warns us in the text, saying, "Be sober, be vigilant; be-

cause your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. Whom resist, stedfast in the faith." Without insisting on the new revisers' rendering of the doubtful phrase in the Lord's Prayer, it is quite clear from other passages (St. John viii. 44, St. Luke xxii. 31, St. Matt. xxv. 41) that Jesus adopted, and by His approval stamped as true, the belief in a personal evil one, a Satan, a powerful adversary of God, a tempter of men. He pursues men with malignant hate, he is the head and chief of a vast confederacy of fallen spirits who have rebelled against God, and are for ever plotting the ruin of man; it is he who marshals against us those other foes "the world" and "the carnal desires of the flesh," and who cunningly directs their attacks. We may doubt this doctrine if we doubt Scripture, but accepting Scripture we cannot disbelieve it nor explain it away. The devil is said to be continually about our path, watching, laying snares that we may become entangled, and fall and perish. Thus did he compass the way of Job to perplex him, thus did he work on the vanity of David, thus did he beguile the boastful Peter, thus did he fan the covetous desires of Judas, and lure him to betray his Lord, thus did he fill the heart of Ananias to lie to the Holy Ghost; thus, as prince of the power of the air, doth he now work in the children of disobedience. Let us not give place to the devil, but let us, Subjects of the Kingdom, count him as the mightiest Foe of the Kingdom, whom our King thrice vanquished, whom we must resist, stedfast in the faith, and against whom we must ever pray, "O merciful God, grant that we may have power and strength to have victory and to triumph, against the devil, the world, and the flesh;" "from all evil and mischief, from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil, Good Lord deliver us!"

THE MAJOR'S SECRET.

I.

ON'T you think, dearest, that husband and wife should have no secrets from each other?"

This remark was emphasised by a tenderly appealing look, from such exquisite blue eyes, that few men would have had strength to refuse the inquiry contained therein. But Alick

Forbes was strong-minded; and although he kissed the fair white forehead very lovingly, his answer was decided enough.

"No, my dear. There are many things which are best forgotten. Perfect confidence between man

and wife should begin from the day they marry. As it was with us," he added, softly.

Flora was disappointed. She was only nineteen; and while she worshipped her stern grave husband, she longed to hear from his own lips that he had never loved till three months ago, when he met her.

Flora was utterly unsophisticated, or she would have known that few men reach thirty-five without some history; and she might have guessed that the lines on Major Forbes's face were not all from hard work or ill health. What would she have thought if she had heard the Colonel's remark when her marriage was announced?—

"Forbes? Ah! well, I'm glad to hear it. He's



a good fellow, and it's hard on a man to be single all his life for a girl's sake."

Major Forbes was very fond of his girl-wife. He loved her dearly; but sometimes her very sweetness was almost too much for him. Men who have lived, sometimes find perfect ignorance in their wives a little trying, and now and then the dark face would grow hard and set as he thought—

"What would this child think if she knew all my

"I'm all right, dear, only I want to be alone for a little while,"

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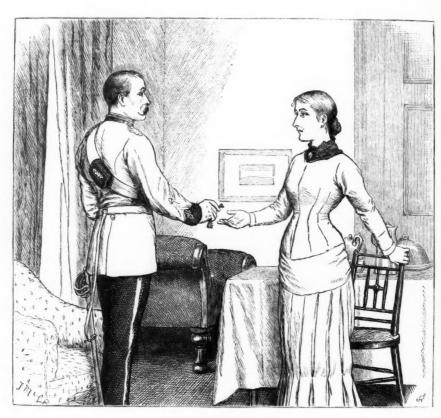
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So the days grew into months, and Flora grew very dear to her husband. Her very childishness made him love her the more; he could hardly have borne with a more companionable woman, but his childwife was the very sunshine of his life, while his brother officers remarked that "Forbes was getting quite like other people,"



"'There is the key."-p. 279.

history?—all that I must keep back from her? If she knew how I learnt to do my duty, what would she think? No; I must never mention Nan to my wife."

As time went on, Flora grew more accustomed to her husband's ways, and learned to understand that at times he was happier without her. She did not know what his special trouble was, but there were days when his face would be stern and sad, and he would lock himself in his room for hours. Then if she asked him what was the matter, he always answered quickly, though not impatiently—

II.

"Flora, are you ready to pack?" Major Forbes came running into his wife's pretty morning room one hot September day. "You must mount the baggagewagon, child; we are ordered to Gibraltar in three weeks."

"Gibraltar! Oh, Alick! that will be nice. We shall miss the winter. This is much nicer than going in January. But it's very little time to get ready."

"So little that I am going to pack you off to say 'Good-bye' to your people while I do the packing."

The move to Gibraltar had been expected for some time, but the last idea had been that the regiment would not go till January, so the bustle incident on the sudden start was great.

Mrs. Forbes had, however, very little trouble; for her husband was firm; and, in spite of her desire to stay, and help in the move, he sent her home for a fortnight, while he and his experienced soldier-servant dismantled the pretty house, and packed all the belongings that could be taken to Gibraltar.

Mrs. Forbes enjoyed her visit home. There was a charming dignity in appearing as a married woman among the old friends, who had known her as Flo! True, she had been there for a week as a bride, but now she had been married nearly a year, and had proportionately increased in importance. Altogether, she had a happy time, though she often found herself longing for Alick.

On the last day of her visit, she was at a large garden-party, and, while waiting in a shady corner for a friend to bring her some tea, she was startled at hearing her husband's name.

Two ladies were discussing him on the other side of a sweetbriar hedge,

"Major Forbes? Do you mean Alick Forbes of the—th? a tall dark man, the hero of that story at Plymouth, five years ago?"

Flora felt that she must listen. Alick had been quartered at Plymouth, she knew.

The other lady laughed, and answered-

"Five years ago! why, he was on and off with Nan Wilde for years! He was a fearful flirt, you know, and about the fastest man in the regiment, till that sobered him."

"I think it ought to have sobered him," was the answer. "I consider that he was entirely answerable for that girl's life, though he may have gone as far with a dozen other girls. You never know what to be at with these men. He was horribly cut up when she died, but I don't believe he cared a bit."

"Cared! not he; why, he married a girl here a year ago, and goes in for being a devoted husband now. He has quite forgotten that poor Nan ever existed."

Just then some interruption occurred, and Flora heard no more, but she had heard more than enough. "This was what he meant by telling her that there were many things best forgotten. Of course there were. He had been a fearful flirt; he had certainly broken one girl's heart, perhaps others. Oh, why had she married?"

Poor Flora! she was very grave and unlike herself the next day, when she met Alick in London and went down to Portsmouth with him, and all through the voyage she shrank from him. He, however, never guessed that there was anything wrong. Of course, she felt leaving England, he thought. It was only natural that she should be grave and dull on leaving her country, and being parted from all her old friends.

Mrs. Forbes, in the meanwhile, was constantly thinking of one thing; her great and absorbing desire was to know something about "Nan Wilde." Who was she? How had Alick got to know her? Did every one know about her? Alas! she had no means of finding out. She would not ask Alick, and she could not ask any one else.

At last chance threw an opportunity in her way. They had settled down at Gibraltar; and Major Forbes was just starting for parade one morning, when an orderly came to the house, with a note from the Colonel. Major Forbes just glanced at it; then turned to his wife.

"The Colonel wants a paper from my desk. Will you get it, dear? I shall be late for parade if I go and look for it. It is a blue paper in the lower compartment; there is the key."

He started, and Flora found herself for the first time in the possession of her husband's keys. She looked out the paper and sent it off by the orderly, then she went back to Alick's room and looked at the desk; nothing to look at, an ordinary rosewood affair, with two compartments, and a secret drawer. For a moment she paused half ashamed, then she thought, "He has no right to have secrets from me;" and hastily opened the drawer.

It was almost empty. A photograph lay there, and a small shabby book. Flora took up the photograph first, a cabinet, of a fair smiling girl, once doubtless a good portrait, but now faded and spotted. One look was enough for Mrs. Forbes; she threw it down, thinking bitterly, "I am better looking than that." Then she took up the book; it had been a very handsome one, but was worn and shabby with use; on the fly-leaf was written, "Dear Alick, from A. W." "A. W., Anna Wilde of course! and he keeps these things here, and looks at them and cries over them."

Those tear-stains on the little book did not make Flora's face any less hard and angry, as she put it back and locked the desk. She should never trust Alick again, she thought, as she went downstairs and made a pretence of doing her usual morning duties, housekeeping, arranging her flowers, and so on. All the while she was making up her mind to leave Gibraltar. "I'll go home in the next P. and O.," she thought. "I can't stay here with him now."

When the Major returned from parade there was no one to meet him, no wife looking out for his approach; but he naturally concluded she was out, and went up-stairs to take off his uniform. When he entered the room the first thing he saw was the photograph lying on the table where Flora had dropped it. He took it up with a very stern look, then his face grew sad as he stood looking at it. "Poor child," he thought; "so this is the key to her dulness and quietness since we left England. I did not think my little wife would have been jealous. I had better tell her everything now. There is nothing to be ashamed of, only—only

one does like to keep some precious things to one-self."

III.

"HAVE you got my keys, Flora?"

Major Forbes's voice was very gentle, but there was a ring in it which his wife did not understand. She gave him the keys, and went on with her work, with a coolness he hardly expected from her. He had hoped for a word of apology, but none came. At last he said, quietly—

"You made good use of them."

Flora looked surprised at his manner, and blushed crimson as she read in his face that he knew what she had done. He sat down by her and took her hand.

"My dear little wife," he said, "it was not honourable of you to look at my private affairs."

"How did you know?" gasped Flora.

"By your carelessness in leaving Miss Wilde's portrait on my table. Why did you look at it, child?"

"I—I—wanted to know. They told me—I mean, I had heard——"

"What?" as Flora stopped.

"That you broke her heart, and then you came and made me love you, and never told me."

"No, dear; it was better not then; but I am going to tell you now. I was a careless good-for-nothing young fellow, idle and thoughtless—ay, and with sins on my conscience which you, child,

know nothing about. Then I met her. She was the very essence of everything pure and good, and, bit by bit, she taught me what life meant—that it was not given me to play in, but for work and duty. So I began to work for her sake, and have gone on —well, I like my men, now that I know them, and they trust me; and I have found out, too, that one cannot be a good soldier of the Queen unless one is a soldier of Christ as well."

He was silent for some moments; then went on-"Well, the years passed on, and I loved her; then my uncle died, and I was in a position to marry. But her father would not hear of it. He had known about my life before I met Nan, and would not believe that I had reformed. So we were parted, and I went out to India for five years. When I returned, I was quartered at Plymouth, and Mr. Wilde had taken a house in the neighbourhood, He made no objection to my going to his house as often as I liked. But Nan was terribly altered. I had had change and work and fifty things to keep me from pining; while she had had to stay at home, and bear it all. She lingered three months after my return, and then "-his voice shook-"I believe I nearly went out of my mind when she died. It was so hard to find her, and lose her again. After that time I cared for nothing, till your face reminded me of her, Now, darling, do you know enough?"

"Forgive me, Alick," was all Flora could say, as she nestled close to her husband. "I will never, never be jealous and distrustful again."

SUNDAY EVENING IN COMMON LODGING-HOUSES

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.



MONGST the poorest classes regular attendance at any place of worship is not very But we are not common. justified in inferring from this that the abstaining majority never hear the sound of the Gospel. Open-air services increase every year in number and efficiency. Nor are they the only means. The following details will indicate the way in which the message is made known to one very numerous class, namely, the dwellers in some of our common lodging-houses. In the by-streets of Spitalfields and Whitechapel such houses are

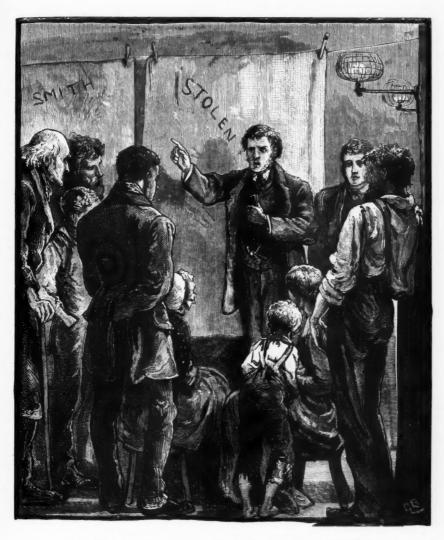
to be found in profusion. Their capacities, like their appearances, are various. In some the beds may be counted by the hundred. In two notable instances the totals are, respectively, three hundred and twenty, and three hundred and one. Others accommodate no more than two or three dozen lodgers. In the aggregate, however, they shelter some thousands of persons, amongst whom you may find some of the most desperate and degraded of our poor, together with many who have fallen from higher estates,

As a preliminary to our Sunday visit, let us walk through this district upon an evening in the week. Its appearance is hardly inviting. We may drop the euphemism, and pronounce the general scene repulsive. Still we shall be within the truth

At every step one scans a face that protests against your mistaking it for an honest one. Here and there are countenances distigured by brutal usage. It may be getting late, but still the crowds of men and women loll idly at every corner; dirty children tumble about on the footpath; foul and hot are the gusts that come from every doorway; and the frequent public-houses

are noisy with their crowds. Policemen are nustranger, and their post is obviously no sinecure. Brick Lane, and presently turns down the only

The clock at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, points merous here, greatly to the consolation of the to seven o'clock, as our guide leads the way into



A SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE IN A COMMON LODGING-HOUSE. - See page 282.

Were we all unknown to them, we should scarcely be allowed to dive into these streets without a word of caution as to their character.

Our week-night inspection is soon over. Let us now visit the same neighbourhood on Sunday evening.

too notorious Flower and Dean Street. The larger thoroughfare is crowded with men and women, who stand about in groups, or indulge in the roughest horse-play. In this by-street the passengers are few, but men and women are seated on most of the door-steps.

We have not gone far before an unusual sound strikes on the ear. Blasphemy and the foulest language have constantly forced themselves upon us by the way. This sound is of another order; in some room, not far off, cheerful voices are singing:—

singing :—
"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,"

We continue in this direction, and enter the kitchen of a large lodging-house. It is a broad low room, and some forty or fifty lodgers-men, women, and children-are now in. Some are cooking food at the huge fire, others are eating their evening meal. As the service is just commencing, most of the mothers have called up their children from gambols on the dirty floor, and are hushing them into something like attention, Away in the background hang a number of sheets drying. Across each is printed in broad unflinching letters, "Stolen from J. Smith's." But even this precaution is insufficient to prevent their theft. They are sometimes stolen and made into garments by the lodgers.

With his back to these stands the conductor of this service. His assistants, male and female, stand around or sit on a long form placed for that purpose. They seem to be chiefly members of the middle and upper working classes. But clergy, doctors, solicitors, and others sometimes appear in their ranks. Hymn-books have been distributed amongst the lodgers, and many join in the singing. A group of men in a corner are clearly malcontents. They turn their backs on the service, and apply themselves to their Sunday papers with redoubled energy. One ventures disparaging remarks in a loud tone, but is roughly called to order by some of his fellows.

The hymn is over. Now a short prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer. In the latter many join, and the children's voices come out very distinctly. Then another hymn, "Rock of Ages." Old favourites are chosen in the hope that the familiar sound may touch some chord, and lead a hearer to think of happier times in the past. When the last line has been sung, a portion of Scripture is read, and we listen to a short address. A passage is read from the prophet Ezekiel, and the words "Why will ye die?" form the text. The speaker is careful in adapting his pleas and arguments to their capacity. He labours to remove from them the feeling of despair one sees in many faces, and to this end falls back upon facts; he recalls to their notice the case of a man who was brought to a knowledge of God whilst he stood on London Bridge contemplating suicide; of another who had spent seventeen consecutive Christmas Days in prison, and was now known to be living a changed life. As he tells of these some raise their heads and look at the speaker. Their eyes ask the question, "Is there hope for me, too?"

We leave him in the middle of his discourse,

and set out for another kitchen. We find there but a small party. Three workers are singing their first hymn, and the inmates number about a dozen. From the first our attention is fixed by a young lad. His clothes, the open face, the fresh colour on his cheeks, all bespeak a stranger. The service over, our leader quietly questions him. "Come up from Colchester to find work," is his story. He left the lodging-house that night, and before long was placed in a good situation.

From this small house we pass to another street, and descend several steps to a long, low, and narrow apartment, which must once have been a cellar. It is now the kitchen, and nearly a hundred men are in it. The heat is tropical, but close to the huge fire stands a solitary worker, who is having a little meeting single-handed. The men around are listening with some attention. Farther off groups are bending over papers or games of chance. In one corner is a man of magnificent proportions, who is ironing for himself an ill-washed shirt. We talk for a few moments with him and a neighbour. They speak with perfect civility, and are apparently not unused to the sight of visitors.

Another house for men only. The kitchen is very full, and the lodgers seem to be of a higher class. The workers are not yet arrived, so we

pass on

We are in the worst possible locality now, and enter a most repulsive doorway. The interior is equally uninviting. There is more squalor and misery here than in any kitchen we have yet entered. Here, too, there is absolute indifference on almost every face. The lodgers loll sleepily on the benches, or talk in undertones. When we leave, there is quite a rush after us, to decide who shall beg first.

But it is now time for our tour to end. It is striking nine from the tall steeple of Spitalfields Church when we say "Good-night" to our

guide.

What have we seen? Some of the lowest haunts in London. In the midst of them many meetings, at which the Gospel has been faithfully made known to not all unwilling hearers. The question naturally rises to one's lips, "Can any permanent good be traced to these services?" The answer we subsequently receive to this question is, "Much." Not only are lads and young girls frequently taken from these houses, and placed in or on the road to good situations, but entire families are not infrequently brought out through the instrumentality of these lodginghouse services. In altered lives and open confession of a faith in and love of God are seen tokens of another and yet greater change. Not until that day "when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed," will all the results of this work be known.

g God, of Good the Infathomed Sea.

Music by JAMES TAYLOR, B.Mus. Words by REV. C. WESLEY. (Organist to the University of Oxford, and of New College.) O God. good Who un - fathom'd sea. would hill. 2. High throned on heaven's ter - nal In num good. all flows From Thee: 3. Foun - tain bless - ing 0 Who would not Thee with might, give to Thee? love hia all atill Thou sweet - ly or - derest that weight, and mea - sure is: Thy What but Thy - self canst Thou de ful - ness knows; 0 Who 0 Je su, Lov of kind? would not er man And Thou deign'st to come to me, And guide my yet fi -Thou Thou dost de -Yet, self suf cient art. 88 his strength, to his whole soul and mind, With all Thee with Thee En - throned, may reign in end steps, that my worth - less heart: This, on - ly this, dost Thou sire

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE PARABLES.



No. 1. Faithfulness. The Unjust Steward. Chapter to be read—St. Luke xvi. 1—12.



MTRODUCTION. Difficult parable—
great many different interpretations been
given. Confusion arisen mostly from
misunderstanding of English version of
ver. 8—the lord being thought to be God

—whereas means the "steward's master." So also "wisely" should be "prudently," while mammon of unrighteousness simply means money, and "ye fail" means "ye die." The point of the parable is, "make such a prudent use of your good gifts (money, etc.) that at your death those benefited by your means will welcome you to heaven—in other words, "be faithful stewards."

I. The Parable. (1) The Steward blamed. (Read 1—7.) Explain office of steward. Rich man unable to see to all his property; would want an overseer. Remind of Eliezer, Abraham's steward; or Joseph, Potiphar's and afterwards Pharaoh's. What

is required in a steward? To be diligent in business (Rom. xii. 11); faithful to trust (1 Cor. iv. 9). Was this man so? Let property be wasted—debtors get backward in paying debts—so master would lose. One day is found out.

Some one informs against him. Master at once gives him notice to leave -must give in his account first. What can he do? Is unfitted to earn living by manual work-too proud to beg -only fit for similar office-but lost his character-who will employ him? Must make friends somehow. What does he do? Makes the debtors enter a smaller list of their debts. What good would this do him? They would become his friends-would not have to pay so much-would feel kindly disposed to him-would give him a home when turned off. (2) The Steward commended. (Read 8.) Who heard of it? What did the master do? Was cheated by the steward, and yet commended him. Seems strange.

Let children understand what he praised was the man's eleverness in making friends to himself in time of need. He thought about the future, and prepared for it.

II. THE MEANING. (Read 9-12.) Jesus Himself gives explanation.

(1) We are all Stewards. What has been given us? Money to spend well, time to use for improvement, or helping others, influence to win others. Must make friends of all these things. Use them so as to get good return. Live not for ourselves only. (Phil, ii. 4.) God's best gift His Holy Spirit

—how do we use that? (Eph. iv. 30.) Do we make the most of our opportunities of prayer, worship, etc.? (2) A day of reckoning is coming. All must give account then. (Rom. ii. 14.) Must look forward to it, be prepared for it. How? Be as earnest about spiritual things as this steward was about worldly things. Then will not be afraid—will have good account to show at the resurrection of the just.

Lessons. (1) Be faithful now. (2) Be prepared for judgment.

No. 2. Forgiveness. The Unmerciful Servant. Chapter to be read—St. Matt. xviii, 21—35.

INTRODUCTION. (Read 21, 22.) Our last lesson spoke of a day of reckoning. This parable also refers to such a day. Was spoken to disciples (ver. 1) that they might teach others. Christ told them what to do to a brother who had done them wrong. (Ver. 15.) Were three pairs of brothers among the dis-

ciples—which were they? Remind how Andrew first brought his brother Peter to Jesus (John i. 41); but sometimes they quarrelled, like many other brothers. So St. Peter began to think. Supposing Andrew was clearly in the wrong, how often was Peter to forgive him? Old Jewish Rabbis (or wise men) said "three times." What would Christ say? Seventy times seven means an infinitely great number—i.e., always.

I. THE GREAT DEBT. (Read 23-27.) Question on the facts. King of great country, many districts, reckons with servants-i.e., governors, or overseers of provinces. How much does one owe? 1,000 times £7,200, or £7,200,000. He had collected these taxes and not paid them in. Had spent them. Could not now possibly pay. What did the lord do? Would get as much as he could—the man and his family all to be sold. What did the servant do? Confessed the fault and asked for mercy. With what result? Was at once forgiven, and set free both from the punishment and the debt. Meaning quite clear. God the lord, and we the debtors. What do we owe Him? Remind of last lesson. He has given us all we have, and expects love, worship, reverence, obedience, fidelity. Have we always paid these? Do we pay them now? If not, are debtors to God. Debt infinitely great, can never be paid. What can we do? Cry for mercy. Such prayer never in vain.

II. THE SMALL DEBT. (Read 28-35.) What happened next? Servant meets a friend who owes him money-how much? Only about £3. What does he do? Surely he must listen to his cry for mercy? No! Shuts his heart and casts him into prison. Who cry shame upon him? Who else hears of it? What does the master do? Recalls his pardon, and gives him up to the same fate. Is this an unlikely story? How often people offend usboys at school do some harm to one another, and are told, "I will never forgive you." Is that the way Joseph acted? What did his brothers do to him? And he forgave them. What did Christ do for his murderers? (Luke xxiii. 34.) Very difficult sometimes to forgive-have been wronged not only by those who dislike us, but even by seeming friends. Yet we must forgive, or cannot be forgiven. How are we to forgive? (1) Fully-i.e., all offencestreat the person afterwards as if had never done itjust as God blots out our offences. (Isa. lv. 7.) (2) Daily. St. Paul says, "sun must not go down on our wrath" (Eph. iv. 26), because otherwise cannot say Lord's Prayer, "Forgive as we forgive."

LESSON. Forgive others, or never be forgiven.

No. 3. Prayer. The Unjust Judge. Chapter to be read—St. Luke xviii. 1—8.

INTRODUCTION. Last lesson on forgiveness. Being forgiven by God, and forgiving others can go to God with confidence and pray to Him. But different

ways of praying. Some only pray formully—i.e., at a regular service, or at a regular time, or in a regular way. Others only pray occasionally—i.e., when they happen to think of it, or are in any trouble, or specially want something. This parable spoken to teach us always to pray.

I. THE PARABLE. (Read 1-5.) Remind how Moses appointed judges to try cases. (Ex. xviii. 25.) How afterwards there was one in every city-used to sit in public place at gate of city. (Judg. v. 10.) What sort of judge was this one in the parable? How unlike Solomon, who gave righteous judgment! Remind of Samuel's sons, who took bribes and perverted judgment. (1 Sam. viii. 3.) So this judge feared not God, and was not afraid to do wrong. Who came to him for justice? Probably would have attended at once to great or rich man, but cared not for troubles of poor widow. How unlike Christ, Who at once had compassion on widow of Nain. (Luke vii. 13.) Picture the widow going every day, never getting tired-had such a strong sense of need-must get judge to attend to her at last. Did he? Why? Simply to get rid of her! Was tired of seeing her day by day-at last attended to her case-judged the cause, gave her redress. What would not do for right he did for sake of ease.

II. THE MEANING. (Read 6-8.) Who is the Judge of all the earth? What sort of a Judge is God? (Gen. xviii. 25, Ps. xlviii. 9.) Does He delay? Does He refuse to hear? No; before they call, God answers. (Isa. lxv. 24.) What then does the parable teach? (1) Earnestness in prayer. God always willing to hear, to answer, to help, yet people slow to ask. Pour out tale of troubles and cares to each other, but are slow to pray to God. For instances of prayer quickly answered remind of Eliezer at the well (Gen. xxiv. 12, 15); of Nehemiah (Neh. ii. 4), and many others. But another thing quite as important is (2) A sense of need. This was why widow kept on. So did Jacob, when prayed all night to be delivered from Esau. (Gen. xxxii. 11, 24.) So did Peter on the water, when he cried, "Lord, save me." Unless this realised, prayers of little avail. Must also be (3) Faith in God to answer prayer. Widow believed judge could help her, and so went on asking. See what Christ says. (John xiv. 12, 14.) Therefore must not only pray, but expect an answer. Is this the way we pray? Perhaps want to be cured of some sin-hasty temper, pride, indolence, etc. Believe that God can and will help-pray earnestly, feelingly, faithfully, and answer is sure. LESSON. Pray without ceasing.

Special Lesson for Easter. Resurrection. Chapter to be read—1 Cor. xv. 1—26.

INTRODUCTION. Have been going through, during Lent, the sad scenes in the life of Christ—His fast, temptation, sufferings, and death. Left Him yesterday lying at rest in Joseph's grave. Was His soul there? No! With the thief in Paradise. (Luke xxiii 43.) To-day a joyful day, because of Resurrection.

I. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION A FACT. (Read 1-11.) Remind of pains taken by Pilate to prevent it. (Matt. xxvii. 65, 66.) Stone laid in front, guard of soldiers placed. All in vain, At early dawn great earthquake, and angels roll away the stone. (Matt. xxviii. 2.) Christ's body rises. His Spirit comes from Paradise, and He lives Who was dead. But how was this known? Who saw Him? First, Mary Magdalene, who was so early at the grave, and knew Him by His voice (John xx. 16); then the other women, on their way home from the grave; then Peter alone (ver. 5), that he might be forgiven; then two disciples going to Emmaus, who knew Him in the breaking of bread (Luke xxiv. 35); then all the apostles without Thomas (John xx. 19); then all, with Thomas, who saw the wounds in the hands, feet, and side, and believed (John xx. 27); then 500 brethren in Galilee; then James, first bishop of Jerusalem (ver. 7); and last of all St. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles. Could there be any doubt? So apostles in all their teaching insisted above all on Christ's resurrection as centre of all their hope.

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II. Christ's Resurrection a Pledge. (Read 12—26.) What has it to do with us? If Christ be not raised, we shall not rise. He is the First-fruits of the dead—i.e., the first Who rose with a resurrection body. Lazarus, and others raised, died again. He dieth no more. (Rom. vi. 9.) We are His members—parts of Him—joined to Him by faith—therefore we shall all rise with our bodies. What a blessed hope! When our friends die, are not stort for ever—are not annihilated—all will rise—shall see bright smile, loved face, hear voice, hold communion once more.

But this is not all. Christ's death was paying penalty of our sin—penalty now paid in full—law and justice satisfied—price paid, cannot be demanded again—therefore He rose to show we are justified—i.e., acquitted or pardoned. He rose to new life—we must do the same. (Col. iii. 1.) Must seek and love heavenly things—must seek God's Will, God's ways—seek holiness—then at last day shall rise to glory.

LESSON. Set your affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at right hand of God.

THE SEAL WITH A TWO-FOLD INSCRIPTION.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His, And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—2 TIM. ii. 19.



HIS occurs to us at first as a somewhat remarkable utterance, very full of comfort on the one side, and addressing to us words of much-needed and salutary caution on the other.

With all the traths with which we are here presented, we are perfectly familiar; they are truths which in various forms we are continually meeting with in the pages of sacred Scripture, but they are here grouped and combined in such a manner, that the passage as a whole seems to appeal to us in a novel and unexpected way—in such a way, indeed, as to arrest and compel attention.

We can easily gather from the context what it was which called forth this statement. It appears that certain persons of eminence and note in the Church, having fallen away from the faith and truth of the Gospel, had drawn many after them into the ways of destruction, and the consequence of this lamentable apostasy was the discouragement and unsettling of many sincere and genuine believers. Nor is this to be wondered at. Those who had fallen away were persons of consideration and influence; persons who had been occupying prominent places in the Church, and rendering valuable services to it; persons who had been held in much honour by their brethren, and who had apparently deserved all the honour

they had received. We can easily understand how the open apostasy of such, while the occasion of sorrow, and regret, and disappointment to all, would tend to the serious disturbance and unsettlement of those who were less firmly rooted and grounded in the faith and truth of the Gospel. Witnessing the defection of those whom they had been accustomed to regard as the very pillars of the Church, they-so weak, so immature, so unlearned-would not unnaturally deem themselves in danger of being overthrown in, or of being seduced from the ways of righteousness and truth; they would fear whether after all they might! not prove castaways, yea, in times of deeper depression they might be tempted to inquire whether even a more general apostasy might not occur, leaving the visible Zion desolate and without inhabitants.

The Apostle here deals with this difficulty; he administers to these weak but sincere believers just that form of consolation which they so much needed. He does not underestimate the importance of the crisis; so far from doing that, he seems very fully to admit its gravity. But while allowing that the defection and apostasy of those who have long been associated with the Church, and have been filling prominent and influential positions in it, must be regarded

with regret, he strongly maintains that there is no ground for those feelings of discouragement and despondency to which many were so readily giving place. Though all this has happened, and it is a very sad thing that it should have happened, yet, nevertheless, the firm foundation of God standeth, and on it we have this two-fold inscription:—"The Lord knoweth them that are His; and, Let him that nameth the name of Christ

depart from iniquity."

Here we have just those truths exhibited which correspond most exactly with the requirements of the case. The Apostle says, with all these distressing fluctuations, know that the firm foundation of God standeth, and on this irremovable foundation-stone you may read a two-fold inscription, which explains all that has occurred. "The Lord knoweth them that are His; and, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." It is as though he said, You have seen Hymenæus and Philetus and other prominent professors fall away. Well! if they have slipped off the foundation to which they were never vitally attached, the foundation itself is as firm as ever. The Lord knoweth them that are His. You do not; you cannot distinguish between those who are the Lord's, and those who are not. You are not required to draw such a line of distinction; there is no need that you should, for the Lord knoweth His own. There is, however, this test which may be safely applied both to yourselves and others; the true Christian may always be known by this sign, that every one who really nameth the name of Christ as his Lord and Saviour departeth from iniquity.

The Apostle would have these believers, whose faith had been so rudely shaken, think of what the Lord engages to do for His people individually and collectively, what promises He has made to them; what great and glorious things He has spoken concerning them, and into what engagements He has entered on their behalf; and then, remembering how faithful and unchangeable He is, they are to think what little room there is for alarm and anxiety. It is this unchanging faithfulness of God upon which the Apostle would have the weak and trembling faith of these believers lay hold. You have no reason to fear, he says, for He cannot deny Himself, in the sense of failing to accomplish for you all that He has undertaken, or to bestow upon you all that He has promised. This is the sure foundation. He in whom we trust, on the engagements of Whose covenant we build our hopes, He cannot deny Himself.

This foundation is distinguished by a two-fold inscription conveying to us on the one hand a gracious assurance, on the other a salutary caution.

The first inscription is, 'The Lord knoweth them that are His"—words which declare the character of those who are built into as well as on this foundation; and there these words remain,

bearing testimony to the faithfulness of God, no matter who falls away in unbelief and apostasy. The question has been raised as to whether these words are introduced as a quotation from the Old Testament Scriptures. We have this truth declared in a variety of forms, but not in these exact words. The Apostle wishes us to understand that this is one of the fundamental truths of our religion—that the Lord knoweth His own; He can distinguish between His friends and His foes, and does thus distinguish between them by His dealings with them respectively.

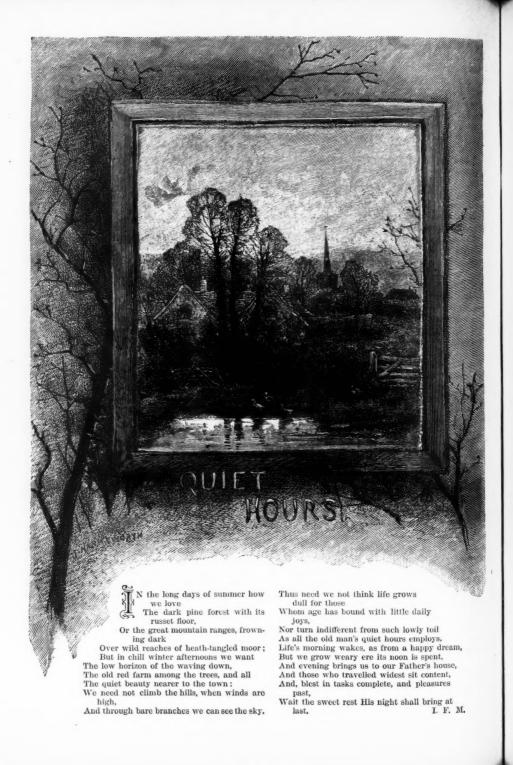
He knoweth them as belonging unto Himself; they are His property, His purchase and peculiar possession. He knoweth them by name. His is an individualising and personal regard. He knows all, He knows each. He knows them so that He will not lose them, will not even lose sight of them. He knows them in all their circumstances, their trials, their difficulties. In times of general and almost universal apostasy, in times of popular and empty profession, the Lord knoweth them that are His. And at last, in the great day of discrimination and account, the Lord will make it manifest that He knoweth them that are His; not one will be overlooked or

forgotten.

The other inscription on this foundation stone addresses to us a salutary admonition:—" Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." We are evidently required to understand, by those who name the name of Christ, those who profess Christ, who profess to believe in Christ—to be His disciples and followers, to accept Him as their Saviour, their Lord, their Master. The word Christ does not carry with it the charm of a spell or an enchantment. There is no merit in the repetition of His name—no advantage derived from the mere enunciation of it. Much more than merely naming the name of Christ must be here intended.

The caution—the admonition—is a very plain one. Let every one that nameth the name of Christ as his Saviour, his Redeemer, depart from iniquity. No one must claim an interest in the one inscription who is not giving heed to the other. We must not flatter ourselves that we are known of God as one of His people, if we are not known among men as departing from iniquity.

Many are the things still occurring in the Church and around it, which must be the occasion of regret to all believers, and which must tend to discourage and unsettle those who are of weak faith. Let us not be unduly troubled by such things, remembering that, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."





"Thus need we not think life grows dull for those Whom age has bound with little daily joys."

THE CITY OF CORINTH AND ITS TESTIMONY TO THE FAITH.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

UBLIC attention has lately been called to the Isthmuses of the world, more especially since the memorable campaign of our army in Egypt. The Isthmus of Suez is a thing of the past; the Isthmus of Panama will, it may

the Isthmus of Panama will, it may be presumed, shortly disappear. The energy of our brethren in the United States will not long allow a narrow breadth of useless land to shut out from them the mighty future of the Pacific Ocean, the shores of which

are inhabited by teeming populations. fathers rather despised the idea of the road from England to India being shortened by the Suez Canal, but already our merchants begin to discount the advantages of the shortened route to New Zealand and Australasia. It may be presumed that before many years are over, the various Isthmuses that prolong more or less the voyage to China will be cut through and destroyed. In the meantime, let us go back and consider what Corinth was in the days before it was captured by the Romans. It was then at the height of its riches and power. As Dion Chrysostom informs us, it was at once the prow and the stern of Greece; the emporium of its commerce, the home of its cleverest ship-builders, who first produced galleys with three benches of oars, as Thucydides informs us. By its port of Cenchrae, it received the rich products of Asia, while by that of Lechæum, it kept up intercourse with Sicily and Italy. Prior to its barbarous destruction by the Romans, in the year 146 B.C., it must have been an extremely magnificent city. Pausanias, we are told, mentions in and near to it the remains of a theatre, an odeum, a stadium, and sixteen temples. That of Venus possessed upwards of a thousand female slaves. Lucius Mummius, who commanded the Roman legions, allowed the captured city to be destroyed; the inhabitants were sold as captives, or put to the sword. Exquisite and famous pictures of the Greek School were thrown neglectfully to the ground, and the legionaries played on them with dice. For centuries after a new alloy, consisting of gold, silver, and copper, obtained by melting these metals together, was known by the name of Corinthian brass, and was very

Before the time of the Apostle St. Paul, Corinth had recovered much of its prosperity, and though

shorn of its original magnificence, it was, like London at the present day, a large mart for commercial enterprise. Its docks and quays were the resort of foreigners, who imported each the luxury and license of his own land. Whatever science and literature, trade and the arts, could furnish was theirs, and in proportion to their self-adulation and success, was the difficulty of bringing home to their hearts the principles and the practice of the new religion which St. Paul preached.

Amongst other institutions, Corinth was famous for its Isthmian games. No one was allowed to compete who was not of pure Hellenic descent. A candidate was disqualified by certain moral and political offences; he was obliged to take an oath that he had been ten months in training, and that he would violate none of the ancient and established rules of the contest. There were in all four great national racing festivals; the Olympian and Pythian were celebrated every fourth year, the Nemean and Isthmian every second, the latter in the third and fourth year of each Olympiad. No complete topographical delineation of the Isthmus exists.

St. Paul altogether lived at Corinth for eighteen months, at first in the house of Aquila and Priscilla. In all human probability, it may be presumed that he was present at the celebration of one of the games.

The ancient Hebrew rabbis had a proverbial expression of "words on the wheels," that is, such as found their way easily to the heart. We are irresistibly reminded of this form by the vision which St. Paul beheld at Corinth, and the thought which our Blessed Saviour Himself condescended to report to him. Rising, as it were, from His throne of everlasting glory, He said to His disciple, "I have much people in this city." We have already stated that the Apostle had become acquainted with a pious Jew of the name of Aquila, a native of Pontus, in Asia, with whom he lodged, working at the same trade.

During his sojourn in the splendid but wicked city of Corinth, St. Paul reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath day, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks. With a close and severe logic, he first convinced, and then won men over to the truth as it is in Jesus. But he appears at this time to have been greatly discouraged in his ministry. The Jews worked with a fierce and factious industry to spoil the good effect of his earnest preaching. The Gentiles, borne along on the high tide of worldliness, beheld the efforts of the Holy Apostle with infidel scorn. Their

dissolute habits, which they were not prepared to give up, formed an impassable barrier against their acceptance of the truth. The magnificent shrines, the costly worship, the luxurious apparatus of heathenism, were adapted at once to their vices and their refinements, while the painful doctrines of the Apostle, the discipleship of a crucified Saviour, the plain but absolute dictates of Christian morality, were accounted too fanatical or too frightful to deserve serious consideration. Paul at the same time was conscious of his own insufficiency and infirmities. Though gifted with marvellous intellectual endowments, he felt that of himself he could do nothing; that he had no might nor power within himself by which he could withstand the banded enemies of the truth, Jewish intolerance combined with pagan infidelity. At this crisis, the Lord Jesus condescended to appear to him in a vision; He obviated the fears of the anxious Apostle; He gave him fresh courage to blow the trumpet in Zion, and to summon the sleeping heathen from the lethargy of ages. "Then spake the Lord to

Paul in the night by a vision," says the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, who was a personal friend and companion of St. Paul, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee." My protecting presence shall accompany thy word. Amidst the violence and hatred, the contention and animosity of the luxurious capital in which he dwelt, St. Paul was assured of the working of a higher principle. First he was made certain that no injury should be permitted to overtake him; that underneath and around him were the everlasting arms; he was then informed that his toil for souls should not be in vain. "I have much people," added Our Blessed Redeemer, "in this city."

A church was founded in Corinth by St. Paul, whose successors were his friends Aquila, Apollos, and Sosthenes. To the members of this Church the Apostle addressed two eloquent letters, the former of which contained his wonderful account of the Resurrection of the human body, which is used to this day in the Church of England and

other services at the burial of the dead.

"MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XV .- IN THE CAVE.



HEN Mr. Archer came to himself, he lay alone in silence and darkness. Not at once did he recover consciousness, and only bit by bit, instrangedisjointed patches, did the events of the last few hours occur to him. His head swam round, his mind was bewildered ; he seemed to be thinking and

breathing in a dream, and even began to doubt his identity. He felt as though absent from the body, and in some way looking down with a sort of wondering pity and amaze on the poor creature who lay on the ground, and whose plight he could not fully understand. It may be even so that freed spirits look down on the houses of clay which they have quitted, and which lie in the dust of death, yet having in [them the elements of life. Then, as

with a sudden flash, memory regained its dominion, and he knew what had happened, and how he came there.

As far as he could judge, he was the only occupant of the cave, for no breath came to his ear, or sigh of human voice to tell another shared his lone retreat. All was stillness.

And darkness, "darkness which might be felt." Cold, profound, hopeless darkness.

He moved his limbs to test alike his identity and freedom. At least he was at liberty to stir; and, wonder! his arms were not tied. The smugglers had loosed his bands before quitting the cavern. He looked upwards to the roof of his rocky prison in thankfulness to the God Who had spared his life, and doubtless influenced them to leave him, so far, some hope of escape. As he did so he sighed involuntarily to think of the blue sky and pure fresh air without.

But he must bestir himself; he must reflect, examine, and grope his way out of this dismal place as best he might. It was a difficult task in the dark, for he might take a wrong direction; but it must be attempted.

Hush! What was that? A strange sobbing and gurgling, not human, but the sound of rising water.

The tide was coming in; advancing upon him like

a subtle but irresistible enemy. How far might it come? Was there a possibility of retreating before it to a safe place where he could pass some hours until it took its usual turn and rolled back again to its former boundary? or could he wade through it now to open air and freedom?

As the latter thought seized him he crept along to what he judged to be the mouth of the cave, but, like one who rises at night dizzy with sleep, and cannot find his bed again, he had not the faintest idea of his true position, and found after a few paces that he was actually retreating from the water instead of advancing to meet it. Stop by step he backed towards his former position, and then stood once more to deliberate.

He was a brave man and a Christian, but he shrank for one moment from the idea of death in that out-of-the-way dismal hole, with no eye to pity him, no hand outstretched to save; perhaps even where his lifeless body might not be discovered. He felt what Shakespeare has so finely described by one who met the fury of the storm, "A thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground! Let me die a dry death!" Would his sister, brother, and Ethel ever learn what his fate had been? Ethel, she would never know that he had perished in seeking to warn and save her brother. Better—far better—she should not.

But he was not alone; oh, weak and faithless heart to feel so! Did not martyrs of Jesus suffer for His Name's sake "in dens and caves of the earth" before now? and was not their God his God, their Saviour his Saviour, though not for the confession of that Name had this wrong been done him? And yet it may have been; he remembered his stern words to the snuggler — words which provoked the lawless man to violence —and felt more glad than sorry now for having spoken them.

As he thus thought, his spirit grew calm and strong, and there came to his feet the dark water creeping on. As it washed around them it seemed to him the very flood of death, and he looked upward again and smiled.

Upward to heaven, upward to God, to the mansions of the blest, to the great company of the blood-bought with the Lord Who redeemed them. His father (an aged minister, whose grey hairs were a crown of glory) and his mother were there. He dwelt long on the thought of the latter, until her mild face appeared to be shining like a glory in the gloom.

Then he retreated quietly and steadily; as the water gained upon him, he gave way before this awful unseen foe.

How long it was he knew not. It might have been hours, but they dragged so slowly on—this advancing and retreating, this stealthy raid and secret withdrawal came to an end. He stood for a few minutes motionless: the tide had reached its limit.

Then but a few paces further, and, wearied by the automaton motion so long kept up, as well as by the

previous excitement, he cast himself upon the ground, to wait for the morning—for the going out of the tide.

Six hours it might be ere he could make a further effort. He did not feel hunger, though not having tasted food for some hours previously, but very, very cold.

But soon this sensation was lost. In six sleepless hours, without any external object to draw off the attention, the mind could not fail to be turned in upon itself—that wondrous principle which makes "a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." What could he do but "commune with his own heart"? As the gay and thoughtless Frank Ruthin had done, so did the sober-minded pastor—he faced himself.

He "thought of the bygone desert land"—he reviewed his life. Can the holiest man on earth, the most devoted to God's service, do so and not find every page blotted in the opened volume? Not one. Mr. Archer saw the failures and shortcoming, as well as dire stains of his, pass in dread array before him; but he saw too, what Frank Ruthin did not see, the hand of mercy stretched over it all, and blotting it out for ever, so that the black catalogue could not be charged against him.

"There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." He looked up in full assurance to his reconciled Father in heaven, and felt the "Brother born for adversity" stood beside him in his hour of need. A revelation of His love, such as he never before had known, filled his heart with gladness. He seemed to hear "unspeakable words," and have a vision of glory, which rendered him insensible to the miserable surroundings.

Long afterwards Mr. Archer recalled the experience of that night, and many a time prayed that, when death did indeed draw nigh, he might be found calmly triumphant as then. He understood thenceforth how the martyrs rose superior to all bodily suffering, and even in death gained a victory.

Despite the failures and mistakes in life which he saw clearly in the light of God's presence, and deplored, he was thus serene. Some had been committed as a man only; more as a minister. The first should have been merged to a greater extent in the latter—the natural impulses of his heart subdued. Had it always been so? Always—always had he first sought the glory of God and the furtherance of the charge committed to his trust? Here the poor imprisoned clergyman fidgeted and was uneasy, but he felt the pierced Hand which held his tighten its clasp as he whispered—

"The desire of my soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee."

" Hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

Then the cloud passed from his mind, and he could exclaim again—

"When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."

He prayed for Ethel-for Ethel in her young

beauty, her delicacy and inactivity-his Ethel; that if it was God's will, she might be made strong, and useful, and good, and happy. He was not cold now; his heart was very warm. Was not the blessing which afterwards came to her an answer to this earnest petition?

"Out of the deep have I called upon Thee." He remembered Jonah, and began to fancy his experience in the darkness of his rocky fastness must be

similar. Only he thanked God he could not think his imprisonment had come upon him as a punishment for an act of wilful disobedience. Grace had kept him from this.

"There shall be no more sea." Often these words had awakened a sort of regret, but now, with the cruel water crawling in in its awful darkness upon him, he began to think of the broad ocean in its mighty unrest, and of the desolation and separation it caused. The sigh that echoed through the cavern might be the wail for the lost who slept beneath its depths. Yes, he thanked God that in the

brighter world to which he was hastening there would be "no more sea."

Then the sighing grew more, but the sobbing less; the monotone of the wave was fainter, and he knew the water was going down.

Almost with a moan, for he was conscious of physical weakness now, he rose and followed it as it had followed him. There was a rush as of many little rills from hollows in the rocks on either side, and a continual splash. It would have been soothing at another time, delicious in another place, but here it was irritating in the extreme, and set every nerve quivering.

No funeral march was slower than Mr. Archer's weak tramp back to life.

At length the outlet was reached; thank God, it was reached! Without waiting for the last wave to recede, he grasped the edge of a jagged rock beyond. and dragged himself forward.

The keen morning air blew upon his face, the water swayed up and down around him, so that he could get no further. His body seemed to sway with the undulating tide; he was sick and faint, and clung tightly with both hands and feet to his place

> of refuge, or he would have fallen, closing his eyes for a long time.

> When he opened them again, he was in comparative safety: beneath him was a narrow strip of wet shingle, with a border of tawny foam like a light fringe around it. Soon he might descend; but how?

At the very notion he turned sick again, but

just at that juncture heard a voice above him crooning some words which he could not distinguish. The strange wild tones were unmistakable; he tried to shout, to utter Danny's name, but only a faint discordant sound arose. Again he tried

-the singing suddenly ceased; perhaps Danny had not heard. As the last disappointing thought arose, strange mutterings reached his ear descending from above.

"Sure, it are nivir a bird, nor a whistle, nor a tune, nor spakin'. Maybe it 's him, after all."

" Danny!"

In another moment the liberated clergyman might quit his hold of rock and boulder, for Danny's long arms were around him, and Danny's strong frame supporting his.

As he was half led along, half lifted up the easiest path the poor lad's ingenuity could devise, Mr. Archer offered but little explanation of the state in which he was found.



"He was half led along, half lifted."

"He had got into the cave," he said; "the water rushed in upon him, and he was forced to remain in his uncomfortable position until morning."

Danny might be half-witted in other things, but he was too wholly-witted to receive this story unquestioningly. His quick instinct told him Mr. Archer would not have sought the refuge of the lonely cave at night for mere pleasure. Danny might have done so, but Danny was very different. He glanced furtively at the gentleman's pallid face and disordered attire, and was troubled. Mr. Archer had lost his hat, and never missed it; but more—far more, on his hair, the collar of his coat, and usually spotless shirt-front, were drops of blood!

Yes, he had received a severe wound in falling against a sharp piece of rock, but was still unconscious of it—still oblivious of the pain it must have agained

"He has been hurted," muttered Danny Connor to himself; "an' who has done it? There's nivir a soul in the barony would hurt the parson, as I knows on; but Danny will watch—Danny will see who's out at night to scare the folks like this."

"Danny," said the minister, "I will go first to your mother's cabin. I must not frighten my sister, you know. I suppose she thinks I stayed at a friend's house last night."

Even as he spoke his heart misgave him; for he felt his sister would not have rested satisfied all night without a search being made. She knew he would have acquainted her, if possible, with his whereabouts and safety. This opinion was too quickly confirmed by his companion.

"'Deed, she's throuble-minded enough already, yer honour. There's yer brother a-tarin' about the country like a madman, an' she with a face as white as the little pool with the moon upon it, knockin' at me door, an' cryin', 'Get up, Danny, an' search everywhere.'"

"And Miss Ethel?" asked the clergyman.

"Sleepin' like a baby, sure," was the low and almost reverent reply.

Mr. Archer's answer was a fervent "Thank God!"

CHAPTER XVI .- BACK TO EARTH.

MRS. CONNOR asked no questions and manifested no curiosity. She simply helped her visitor to remove all traces of disorder, bathed his wound, etc., and induced him to lie down on an old settle near her cabin fire. He was in haste to reach home, and yet felt this delay was best. He had not lain there long, however, when light but hurried footsteps came to the door, and his sister's white face appeared. Her arms were around him at once, and she quite lost self-possession, for the first time to his knowledge, as she sobbed—

"Oh, Horace! Horace! where have you been?"

"We will talk of that again, dear. Here I am still in the body, needing your care."

Miss Archer saw the latter was too true, so, without another word, induced him to resume his position on the settle, while she sat beside him on a low stool, content only to hold his hand. Mr. Archer was greatly touched by this deep but quiet affection, and felt the blessing of a sister's love.

She had known of his visit to his distant parishioner, and, when it drew near midnight without his return, Charlie mounted his brother's pony and rode off to make inquiries at the house of mourning.

There he learned of the death, and of the clergyman's having left some hours previously. When he reached home again, the anxiety of both brother and sister at this novel proceeding led to the latter's visit to Danny, and his consequent search. Whether the poor lad, after the manner of a minstrel of old with a captive king, had sought to carry out his purpose by means of one of his wild strains, we cannot tell; at all events, it proved, as we know, effectual.

While Mr. Archer rested, but could not sleep, his sister and the poor widow conversed in a low tone, in a way which gladdened his heart. He learned what a treasure the Book he had given had proved to Danny and his mother. It was "as a light that shineth in a dark place," telling of a Saviour's love. In this love they simply rejoiced,

"I've been very near death to-night," the clergyman said at last. "I have been, as it were, in the gloom of the grave, and it was not terrible."

Mrs. Connor drew near to listen.

"I now understand as I did not before that 'dying grace is not given to living people,'" he continued. "'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

His sister understood this, but the widow Connor did not, and ventured to remark—

"'Deed, then, sir, if I may be bold to say it, I think death must be terrible to any one."

"To those who are safe in Christ?" he asked.

"Ay, even to them. Though their sins may be forgiven, they feel they are sinners still, and it must be an awful thing to stand right in the sight of a holy God, with His eyes looking through and through you."

"Yes, it would indeed be awful if we stood before Him in our sinful selves; but sin has not only been pardoned, but put out of God's sight for ever by the atonement of His Son, and when we drop the poor old body we leave its principle and power, as well as guilt and shame, behind. Then, again, we stand in God's presence in the righteousness—the positive merits of another; so that we are 'perfect through His comeliness which is put upon us.'"

"Yer reverence," said the poor woman, "I have asked God to forgive me on account of what His Son has done (here she made a low inclination), and not for any doin's of my own; and the good Book says, 'Whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish.' Many a time I says, 'Lord, make me believe! Lord, I believe!' an' I do; for what else makes me glad an' sure like, when I reads them words? But I have a dhread of death still; the

Lord betune us and all harm! An' what if I don't feel so sure at the end?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Archer, "death is an enemy, but Christ is a Victor. It is Christ we need in life and death. Do you think He forgives your sins here and keeps you by His power from day to day, to desert you at the last? Would you wrong by this thought an earthly friend?"

"God pardon me for misdoubting Him," groaned the widow. "An' He provin' His love on the cross,

an' His care of us every day."

In that hour was the dread of death removed, and all her lifetime "subject to bondage," her soul now found deliverance. When called a few years afterwards to pass through the dark valley, she found she had not to tread it alone, for there stood by her in the shadows a kingly Guest—the veiled form of the Master. From thenceforth she might sing with the other frightened soul in the beautiful lines—"Through the flood on foot"—

The great and terrible land
Of wilderness and drought
Lies in the shadows behind me,
But the Lord hath brought me out.

The great and terrible river
I stood that day to view
Lies in the shadows before me,
But the Lord will bear me through.

Mr. Archer now hastened to get home, and sincere was his brother's joy at his return. To use a common phrase, Charlie's "heart was in the right place," and though always thoughtless, and sometimes a little wild, to give him his due, he honoured and admired the vicar more than any other man on earth. His brother was Charlie's Bible, and he seldom if ever read another. Day by day he scanned the life opened to its own discomfiture in the cave, and at least it told no sad tales to him. It was, indeed, "a living epistle known and read of all men." Charlie had almost come to the conclusion that his brother had no faults save in being "righteous overmuch;" that if he laid aside his religion sometimes like a warm cloak in the sunshine, taking it up again when the cold winds of adversity blew, or he needed it for exhortation or counsel, it would be better. Still, he respected the strict adherence to a principle. Had he known that the pure and pious vicar of Cliffcoole found in the opened volume of his life (besides which, the younger brother's was blotted and blurred as with mire) only matter for self-condemnation, he would have regarded it as the maddest of mad ideas, and probably laughed heartily at its absurdity.

Once outside the Widow Connor's cabin, of course, Mr. Archer had to answer a host of questions. It seemed, in truth, the more he answered, the more he had to answer. He did not in any way implicate Frank Ruthin when telling of his encounter with the smugglers and detention in the cave. Little his auditors guessed that one who had free access to their society, on terms of intimacy, was amongst

their dear brother's assailants, and, therefore, to be accounted their enemy. Charlie burned with anxiety to bring the perpetrators of the outrage to justice, and longed to take the whole law concerning them into his own hands at once, as detective, prosecuting counsel, and judge. He was scarcely restrained from rushing off in a vain and idle pursuit by his brother's determined desire that he should not interfere with their counsels, or seek in any way to discover their retreat.

"But you mean to search into the affair?" questioned Charlie.

"I do," was the quiet answer.

"And bring the villains to justice?"

"Or mercy," returned Mr. Archer, with a smile.

" Perhaps justice would be mercy."

" Quite so. I don't doubt it."

Charlie looked at his brother and thought if he was good, at least he was peculiar—decidedly peculiar.

"Have you seen Ethel, or Miss Lorne since?" he asked turning to his sister.

It seemed to him that such a long time had elapsed since he left home the two families must have met. It did not appear like one night.

"No," Miss Archer answered; "having ascertained from the servants that you were not there, it was not likely we should needlessly alarm them."

Mr. Archer was silent, but there was a great longing at his heart to know how it was with the family at Coolum Lodge, and to look upon the face of his betrothed once more. He would fain learn whether Frank had returned home, and when? or if he was still absent, and how that absence was accounted for.

He had been given back to earth, from the bottoms of the mountains, from where the earth with her bars was about him; he had been brought up from the pit and come back to his Ethel. Had she also in renewed health been given back to him, or could his strong love bind the weak one to earth?

Oh, human love, so strong, and yet so weak! So strong to will, so powerless to attain; so mighty in its inward tenderness, so unavailing in its flow. If but the mind to conceive, the arm of strength were given to it, what might it not accomplish? As it is, we may each prove, to our sad complaining, that earthly love is a broken reed.

CHAPTER XVII,-WAIT AND WORK.

Whether "absence quickens love into consciousness" or not, we know it quickens—or, rather, freshens—our observation. When Mr. Archer met Ethel next, it seemed to him a change had passed over her, and a change which he most dreaded to see. The hectic hue had faded somewhat from her cheek; her eyes were heavy, while an increasing languor marked every movement.

"She had slept little the previous night," she said, "and felt weary all day."

He took her out with him into the warm sunshine; but neither the song of birds, the glory of day, the sound of the water, nor the evidences of tenderness sufficed to brighten her into animation. Then they went back to the lodge, and she rested on her enshions once more, while he read aloud some selections at once grave and gay. As he looked at her, he felt strangely carried back to his musings in the lonely cave, and again a sense of failure and mistake oppressed his spirit. He crushed it down with a sigh, and the great love which had filled his heart and gladdened his life reigned, as before, above all disappointment.

"You know, my dearest," he said, "that I go to

town to-morrow to meet your father."

"Yes," she replied, "I know it. I, too, have had a letter."

"Your father has engagements which prevent his leaving town?"

"Ah, poor papa; his country is his home; the people his family."

Mr. Archer thought these limits might be narrowed with advantage.

"What about Frank?" he asked, a little anxiously.

"I am afraid Frank's disappointment about Winifred has soured his temper," she returned. "He is seldom at home now. I suppose to walk off his displeasure he scours the country alone, as Charlie cannot leave Louie."

Mr. Archer wished he was alone, or only tried to get rid of his discomfiture by simple exercise. Unfortunately, he knew better—or worse.

"Horace," questioned Ethel, in turn, "I have often wished to ask you what you think of the attachment between Louie and Charlie?"

"I think if it is to endure it must be tried."

"How do you mean—by absence?"

"That may be one way."

"Which of them do you doubt or fear?"

He looked into her eyes.

"May I tell you?"

"Yes, anything."

"Then, Louie," he said. "The very sameness of their courtship will make her get tired of it. If she married Charlie now she would be miserable, or make him so. Even the partial agitation of their little quarrels is not sufficient to clear the atmosphere; it only causes a petty diversion when a stiff breeze would be required. Both need strength of purpose and endeavour, and she must learn the value of the love with which she trifles—drops to-day and takes up again to-morrow."

"You are hard, Horace."

"I would never be so to you, my own."

"Ay, but to mine," she returned, smiling. "Is there no room for improvement in your brother?"

"Much," he said, gravely. "Charlie must learn self-control to command respect. He has to study and work hard to gain an independence before he can hope to win your sister." "That would be a trial," sighed Ethel; "a weary

"But true love can bear that test. It is what the Lord asks of us,"

"It is so different."

"Perhaps in character, but not in kind."

This was rather beyond Ethel's comprehension, whose intellect was not of the keenest; and she still invariably put aside whatever required a mental effort. Her mind only received the idea of the tedium of waiting.

Lord Lytton says, "Strong is the patience that is born of Hope." Ay, with a bright end in view, a glorious promise, the heart can bear, the mind sustain; but without it life would be a dreary waste the future a blank. How terrible to have no hereafter! to have lived our all, and have nothing left on earth but to suffer and be still! Instead of gazing down a brightening vista, to see a high black wall bounding our despair. Oh! well it is for those to whom the rolling years must bring but added joy, for on them will be stamped fresh records of tenderness and care.

Well is it for those to whom death itself is but the opening of the portals of life. A gloomy portal it may be, but beyond is a radiant space.

Waiting is, indeed, one of the hardest tests that Divine love can ask; one of the hardest things for human nature to bear. How slow we are to learn that lesson, "In your patience possess ye your souls;" yet, truly we have need of it, for the way home is ofttimes dreary, and our feet pierced with thorns and briars as we tread it, sadly and alone. But "truth in absence" will have its reward—the sympathy of the unseen Friend here, and the full fruition of His presence hereafter.

Mr. Ruthin gave his consent to his daughter's union. He was glad of it, in short, for directly he was awakened to his responsibility he desired to shuffle it off, and he was as proud as he could be of any movement that was not for the public benefit. If it had been well that Mr. Archer should merge the man in the minister, it would have been, also, well that Mr. Ruthin should, in some measure, merge the politician in the father. Each duty might have been fulfilled.

Mr. Archer had a long conversation with his brother. Charlie chose to enter the Royal Irish Constabulary, for which, indeed, he had been already studying.

For his sake their only sister, Jane, resided in town, and spent her slender means freely, though she would have much preferred keeping house for her elder brother at Cliffcoole. Still, they judged it would not be well to leave a young man so easily led as Charlie was, wholly to his own resources, and without a home. It was, therefore, arranged (though, of course, with much regret from all the parties concerned), that Charlie and his sister should return to town immediately. Miss Freeman, who had outstayed the allotted time for her visit, resolved to

accompany them; but Winifred could not leave her

"If you are really attached to Miss Ruthin, you will prove it by a steady endeavour to win her," Mr. Archer said to his brother. "You know you have little else but your profession to depend upon. Her influence over you will be for good, and even in absence you will act and feel as though she was still There can be no real separation to by your side. those who are one in heart."

Charlie received the good advice, backed as it was by a cheque for a fair amount, very gratefully. was under great obligations to his brother, and his better nature was thoroughly aroused. He resolved to set to work in downright earnest, to render himself independent, so that he might, as Horace had done, be able to ask Mr. Ruthin for his daughter. He longed to take her away from her father's uncertain guardianship into his earnest care.

It gave Mr. Archer great satisfaction to think that his brother would be wholly removed from Frank Ruthin's companionship and influence. A week had now passed since the adventure in the cave, and they had not met. Frank was absent for some days on an exploring expedition, it was said, with a casual acquaintance. Mr. Archer shrewdly doubted the truth of this story, and believed the expedition was other than his sisters thought.

Louie's bright eyes were dim with tears at the thought of her lover's departure. She felt it very hard of Mr. Archer to insist on his brother's going back to town before the summer was over. The early autumn months would be the finest and most beneficial at the seaside; health should be the first consideration; and had not Charlie the whole winter long to study? It must be admitted the young man bore these childish complainings very patientlyperhaps softened by the tears.

"Louie," he said, sadly, "will you not tell me to go for your sake-to work and be strong?"

For one moment the childish nature of the girl was touched, and she said-

"Work and be strong for me."

He thanked her-we will not say how!

It was their last evening together. At Charlie's request, Louie went to the piano, and sang to him. Never had she sung more exquisitely, and when she ceased tears stood in many eyes unseen in the dying light. Strangely the minds of the three girls went back to a somewhat similar scene, when Louie had idly boasted she would "charm the natives" in their projected visit to Cliffcoole. Ah! the charm had wrought deeper, and recoiled until it wound around herself.

'Oh, Louie," whispered poor Charlie you have sung that?

It was not calculated, indeed, to impart the strength he needed, and as Miss Ruthin left the instrument, herself for once overcome, Winifred took her place.

Winifred could not sing, but was an accomplished instrumentalist. She now played a grand march. It

was solemn, yet inspiriting; every note, after the first hesitation, seemed a steady advance, until it reached the triumphant chords of victory. As Danny Connor had once said, after listening to these strains through an open window, "It was like spakin'." In some way Charlie Archer felt strengthened and refreshed, and the saddening influence was in a great measure dispelled. He resolved anew to work brayely and wait.

And so the first gap in the happy party at the sea. side was made, and so the first parting came. Hearts which had bounded lightly as the foam upon the ocean with every changeful emotion and varying circumstance, now grew heavy and depressed. None knew how much Louie's vivacity and ready wit contributed to the general amusement until they missed it. For a whole week-a whole week-an age for her, Louie's rich voice was silent, and her light laughter failed to wake the echoes around Cliffcoole,

CHAPTER XVIII, -TEMPTATION.

DANNY CONNOR and Will Joyce were tossing in their boat on the water. The lines were out, but the fish were not rising; they had toiled long, "and taken nothing." Will was silent and dissatisfied. Of late his brow had been gloomy, and his smile less frequent, except when with Minnie-pretty Minnie, on whom one could not choose but smile. Danny. who rose superior to adversity, and was generally in an equable frame of mind as of body, sang to himself, as usual-

> "'Ding-dong,' sounded the bell, An' 'ding-dong,' sounded the sea; For both rang out the knell Of the lad who was comin' to me,"

"Did you ever sing anything pleasant in your life, Danny?" asked Will, testily.

"Ay," returned the lad; "it's all pleasant."

"Like our work," replied the young man, sulkily; "pleasant to them as likes it; an' that ain't me."

"Don't you like fishing, Will? I loves to be on

"An' I'm sick of it in this way."

"Would you like to be aboard a schooner?" asked

This was the summit of his ambition, but there being no response, Danny resumed his singing and muttering.

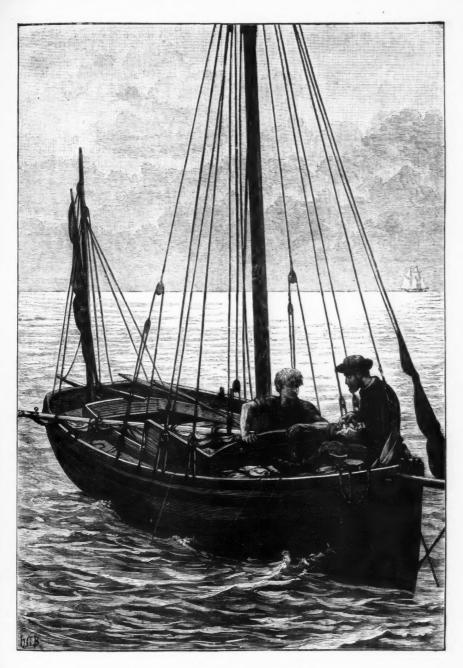
"The fish in the sea, and the birds in the nest, The day is for toil, and the night is for rest."

"Heigh-ho! well, God knows what's best for us all."

"Danny," began Will again, after a pause, "there's a lot of fellows at Dirty Jemima's now, and they are all flush of cash."

"Ay !"

"It's hard on a fellow like me, that's young an'



"'What's "temptation?"' asked Danny."-p. 298.

strong, that he must toil an' toil an' a week's airnin's only go for a day's grub."

"Ye haven't my arms," put in Danny.

"Arms or no arms," retorted Will, as he hauled in a fish, baited his line anew, and threw it out with a jerk; "what's the good on 'em?"

"A day's grub ain't a bad thing," said Danny, reflectively; "there's mother an' Minnie to be fed."

"Minnie!" replied Will, with a very audible sigh.

"It's all for Minnie."

"What is? Will, have you any money?"

"No, but I mean to get some; more than I have had yet."

This did not produce any wonderful effect upon Danny's mind: though ready enough to take money for his mother's sake, he did not value it for his own.

The truth was, Will had been tampered with. Smuggling was then being practised on the coast to an alarming extent, and there were few in the country round who were not engaged in, or in some measure interested in it. Will saw his mates with well-lined pockets, despising poor trades, engaging in hazardous expeditions, and venturing on contraband exchanges with grand results, and felt jealous and abashed. He was abashed at his own weakness and insufficiency, envious of their success; and had almost resolved on joining their league, but did not know how to break off his connection with Danny. Again, Danny would prove a most efficient helper, could he be won over. No arm more bold, no eye more true; while every nook and corner of the coast around was known to him. Danny could never be in danger of arrest, for no one could dare to follow where he might lead. Then, again, he was wholly trustworthy, and would rather die than betray a secret committed to his keeping. At this thought Will had almost determined to interest his companion in his doubtful schemes for their mutual

In the long silence that ensued, Danny, as was his wont, interspersed his songs with prayers.

"'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

Will dared not tempt him then,

"What's 'temptation?'" asked Danny.

"I don't know; don't bother me with it," was the rough reply.

The next moment Will asked a question too.

"What's 'deliver us from evil?"

"I knows that," returned Danny, proudly. "It's from chatin' or stalin', or throuble of any sort,"

"Do you think God troubles Himself about watching every little thing we do?"

"Yes," said Danny, "mother says so." (Mother with him was infallible.)

No, Will could not tamper with the lad's simple faith. God had indeed kept him in "the hour of temptation."

Danny had not forgotten his purpose of watching for, and, if possible, discovering Mr. Archer's secret assailants. Night after night, when not out on the water, he had lain concealed, until bit by bit all the smugglers' ventures and schemes became known to him. He received several allusions to the clergy. man's detention, in the cave, and knew as well as that gentleman who had taken part against him. Danny hated Frank Ruthin for troubling Minnie; he hated him yet more for his attack upon an unarmed and unprotected man; and yes, with strange inconsistency, he resolved to shield him to the utmost from the consequences of his evil conduct. For his beautiful sister's sake, Danny would undo the wrong he had once done, and save the life of his enemy.

He was called upon to do so sooner than he thought. A few nights after the above conversation, Will having refused to join him on the water, Danny was forced to remain on shore, and hailed the time as a golden opportunity for adding to his stock of information.

He knew there was to be an attempted landing that night, and was acquainted with all the details almost as well as those concerned in it. One thing, however, he did not know—that his mate Will Joyce was pledged to take a share in the hazard and gain.

A vessel in the harbour was suspected; the coast-guards had boarded her without result. The captain's wife lay ill in her cabin, but offered no objection to the strict search that was instituted. She only looked round feebly, and it was evident from her pale cheeks and languid eyes could make no effort in "this world of efforts." Neither custom-house officers nor coastguardsmen knew that beneath her night-cap, ay, within the plaits of her abundant hair, were folds of costly lace, while round her body were coils of finest silk, and for her bolster a roll of tobacco. So on through the ship, loose planks and hollow panelling had been constructed with singular ingenuity since the schooner left the docks and had a dishonest commander. Her crew were picked men.

More than Danny had some inkling of the intended landing. Two coastguardsmen turned into his mother's cabin to light their pipes. Danny followed their quiet patrol, and as they returned and seated themselves under the shelter of a rock stood listening to their yarns with eager interest. All knew and trusted him. One story especially delighted him, and so engaged his attention he was quite unconscious of what was passing near, until roused by an exclamation from one of his companions, met by a still more startling reply—

" Hark! what was that?"

" A pistol-shot!"

(To be concluded.)

SERMONS THAT HAVE BORNE FRUIT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALTERS.



MONG the agencies of the Christian Church honoured and blessed by God, "the ancient ordinance of preaching," as Edward Irving terms it, occupies the most distinguished place. From the sermon of Peter and the conversion of the three thousand on the Day of Pente-

cost, down to the present time, the preaching of the Cross has proved itself the power and the wisdom of God. Some instances of fruitful preaching in modern times deserve special record.

Sometimes the good seed lies long in the ground before it springs up and yields fruit, This should encourage faithful preachers whose success is not commensurate with their desires. The Rev. John Flavel of Dartmouth preached one Sunday evening from the text, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." In the congregation there was a youth about fourteen years of age, who sailed the next day with his father and mother for America, where they settled. He grew into manhood, and his life was lengthened out long. One day, when upwards of ninety years old, he was sitting in his garden, reflecting on the past, when all at once the service he attended the night before leaving England came to his mind. The text, the sermon, the preacher's earnestness, the whole scene—all returned with the freshness of yesterday. Conviction of sin immediately followed. He felt that he had no love to Jesus Christ. He dreaded meeting Him as a Judge, till he knew Him as a Saviour. Without delay, he sought and obtained forgiveness; and from that day till his death, several years after, he could say in truth, "Whom having not seen, I

Some of the most striking instances of success in our Lord's ministry were in connection with the smallest audiences. So is it with His servants now. In the early part of his career Dr. Lyman Beecher once engaged to preach for a brother minister, whose church was in a remote district, peopled by a sparse and scattered population. It was in mid-winter; the day was unusually stormy

and cold, and the snow lay so deep in some places that he could scarcely proceed. On his arrival, although he saw no one, he took his seat in the pulpit. Presently, one man came in and sat down, and at the appointed hour the preacher began. The service was closed with the benediction, when the solitary hearer departed, and left the preacher alone. Twenty years after, Dr. Beecher was travelling in Ohio, when a stranger accosted him by name, and, much to his surprise, said they had once spent two hours together in a house "Do you remember preachalone in a storm. ing," said he, "twenty years ago, to one man?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "that I do; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man," was the reply, "and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!"

Instances might be given where the text has arrested attention, and prepared the way for the sermon. Who can refrain, in such cases, from admiring the providence and grace of God, in so adjusting the agencies of salvation? One Sunday, while Dr. Bedell of Philadelphia was preaching, a gay and profane young man who was passing by, entered the church just as the preacher was beginning his discourse. His attention was instantly caught by the text, "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding." conscience was smitten by the power of truth. He saw that he was the young man described. A view of his profligate life passed before him, and for the first time he trembled under the sense of He became a constant attendant on Dr. Bedell's ministry, forsook his sinful life, and gave himself to God.

God sometimes employs a trivial circumstance to arrest attention and give efficacy to the truth. Dr. Robert Newton was once preaching near Manchester at the anniversary of a Sunday-school. A number of the scholars were placed on raised seats on each side of the pulpit. made an appeal to the congregation for the school; and putting his hand on the head of a girl who was near to him said, "This child has an immortal soul which must either be saved or lost. The design of our Sabbath-schools is the salvation of these children." Many years after, when he was stationed at Manchester, a middle-aged respectable woman said to him one day, "Do you remember, sir, that when you preached at Middleton for the Sunday-school many years ago, you laid your hand on the head of a little girl, and gave a solemn address to the congregation?"

He answered, that he remembered the case distinctly. "Blessed be God," rejoined the woman, "I was that little girl, and such was the impression then made on my mind, that it never left me, nor could I rest till I gave my heart to God,

and joined His people."

A rich fruit of preaching was the conversion of John Williams. It should encourage not only preachers, but all who speak for Christ. One Sunday evening, his master's wife, on her way to the Tabernacle, recognised his features by the light of a street lamp, as he stood waiting for a companion with whom he was going to a place of amusement. She spoke to him, and, ascertaining his purpose, succeeded in dissuading him from it, and inducing him to accompany her to the house of God. The Rev. Timothy East of Birmingham was the preacher, and his text, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The powerful arguments and appeals of the preacher were blessed to the young man's conversion. He became a disciple of Christ, a missionary of the cross, the "Apostle of Polynesia;" and, subsequently, as "the Martyr of Erromanga," sealed his testimony with his

The history of sermons shows, at times, how preparedness of soil helps the labour of the sower. Many years ago, the Rev. John Ely of Leeds preached a sermon on "Consecration to God." Speaking of the consecration of money, he said: "It seems to me, that in calculating the appropriation of property and of income, every Christian should take his rank, and regulate his expenditure, so as to allow the unembarrassed dedication of a given proportion for God's cause. A blessed consecration it would be of what is left, as well as of what is given." Three brothers in the North of England, who had just entered on a religious life, and also into partnership in business, heard the sermon, and were impressed by it.

They discussed its teaching; and resolved that there should be a column in their ledger for God, and that one-tenth of all they possessed should be consecrated on His altar. As they gave, they prospered. The proportion of one-tenth was left behind. They built places of worship; founded and endowed almshouses and orphanages, schools and places of resort for public recreation; freely contributed to religious and philanthropic purposes; sowed their wealth broadcast for the good of their fellow-men; and provoked the liberality of others by their generous example. They rest from their labours, and their works follow them.

In the "Life of Dr. Marsh," two instances are given that illustrate in a striking manner the power of preaching. When at Reading, he preached a course of sermons on the Decalogue, at the week-day morning service. One morning,

owing to heavy rain, his congregation consisted only of the boys of the national school. The subject for that day was, "Thou shalt do no murder." Speaking of suicide, he said, "If any man, in the full possession of his senses, take away his own life, his last act is an act of sin." Many years after, he was stopped in one of the streets of Weymouth by a stranger, who, looking earnestly in his face, said, "Thank you and bless you, sir, for saving my life." He then went on to say that he was one of the boys present when the sermon was preached on the sixth commandment. On reaching manhood, he began business in Weymouth, and, after some years of prosperity, was unfortunate, and brought to the brink of ruin, In his despair, he resolved to drown himself. Just as he was about to jump from the breakwater into the sea, the words, "If any man, in the full possession of his senses, take away his own life, his last act is an act of sin," flashed across his He drew back, returned home, found comfort in the Bible and in prayer, and that night heard a sermon which wrought in him repentance and faith in Christ. The next day, his circumstances began to amend, and now he was as prosperous as ever. "And I owe it," he said, in conclusion, "under God, to you."

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The other case occurred at Colchester. An infidel lawyer was walking one evening for pleasure near Dr. Marsh's church, when a friend, meeting him, rallied him with the words, "What, are you turning Methodist-going to St. Peter's ?" In a spirit of opposition, he replied, "Why not, if I choose?" and turned into the church. The preacher saw him enter, and had some thought of changing his subject—the "Inspiration of Scripture "-for another. However, he resolved to preach the sermon he had prepared. The lawyer was arrested by the truth: he sought repeated interviews with the preacher; and the result was, by the blessing of God, his complete conversion. From this time forth, he endeavoured to spread that Gospel he once sought to destroy.

One of the great secrets of fruitful preaching is earnest desire for usefulness, accompanied by directness of aim and skill of address. We have an illustration in George Whitfield. Hear him saying to a listless congregation, "I have not come to you in my own name. No! I have come to you in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and I must and will be heard." There was a general start. Every eye was fixed on the preacher, and every ear open to receive his words. See him, as he preaches his last sermon, standing on the stairhead, with the candle-stick in his hand and the light burning in the socket, pleading with his last words for Christ. We can understand why the ship-builder who said that at his parish church he could build a ship from stem to stern, also said, "but under Mr. Whitfield's sermons I cannot lay a single plank."

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And then, the connection of prayer with fruitbearing sermons is an established fact never to be overlooked. A week of united prayer preceded Peter's sermon and the first-fruits of Pentecost. One night, John Livingstone and his brother Covenanters spent the whole season from sunset to the break of day in earnest supplication;

church to save themselves; there was a general conviction of sin, followed by repentance and faith in Christ. One of the greatest revivals in Wales followed a sermon, preached by Mr. Griffith of Carnarvon, in a farm-house. Before the sermon, he shut himself up in a private room to pray. The congregation waited long. At



"See him, as he preaches his last sermon, standing on the stair-head."-p. 300.

and when the day came five hundred persons were converted under Mr. Livingstone's discourse. A similar thing occurred at Enfield, Massachusetts, during the spiritual awakening in America, in the eighteenth century. One evening, a number of Christian people met to pray for a revival; they prayed all night long; next morning, Jonathan Edwards preached on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." Such was the effect of the sermon, that the audience, moved with fear, actually grasped hold of the pillars of the

length, a servant went for him; and, standing outside the door, heard him saying, "I will not go, unless Thou come with me." She returned, and told what she had heard. "It is all right," said the farmer; "he will be here by-and-by, and the other with him. We will begin the service." Presently, the preacher came; and, though the other was invisible, He was there too. The word was with power, and the revival began. Successful pleaders with God, will always be successful pleaders with men.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF FAILURE.



OR even failure has its bright side; and in trying to see it we naturally lose sight presently of the dark one, and probably come besides upon many a treasured thought or experience.

And first: What is this "failure"

which we all so dread?

Ah! it is something very bitter! No one will dispute that. It is something which shames us deeply; something which causes us to shrink, in our pride, even from the gaze of those we best love; something which for the time makes us feel all alone in the world, as though none before us had ever gone down to such depths of humiliation and disappointment.

It is to have it displayed to the cold, hard world, that we are not so strong, not so able, not so wise, as we vainly imagined. It is to discover that we have not done—that we cannot do—something upon which we had set our hearts; and then to suffer the pain and anguish of spirit which

seizes upon us with the discovery.

But why did we not reach our aim? Why has failure come? It will do us no harm, but rather good, to search out causes. If failure came by a fault, then we must, as soon as may be, set to work to mend that fault; and in the simple endeavour to do this, we may be led to the bright side of failure sooner than we think.

Perhaps we failed in patience: stretching out our hands to snatch the fruit of our labours before it was ripe, and so, in our ill-considered haste, losing all. "The longest way round is the shortest way home," says the proverb; and, "forgetfulness of the truth embodied in this precept," observes Mr. Power, "is the cause of many a failure."

Perhaps we failed in steadfastness of purpose. "Of the many causes which hinder men from attaining success," it has been remarked, "indecision is undoubtedly one of the most potent." Perhaps we aimed too high, instead of being satisfied to do well what we could do. Perhaps we undertook too many things at once, instead of bringing all our powers to bear upon one point till that was conquered, and then, and not till then, turning our energies upon another.

Perhaps, again, we made an idol of Success, and it was good for our inner being, the wonderful soul that has to be educated for the life immortal,

to see its idol cast down.

Possibly, also, to apply the thought of another, while we worked, we looked over the edge of our work too often, wishing for our playtime to come, so measuring our devotion to our task, instead of giving earnest and painstaking labour, freely and without limit, and all for love.

But suppose we can honestly aver that, so far

as we know, our failure did not come through any fault of ours, what then? Then we may even give thanks for it: for it is certain to be the fore-

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runner of a blessing.

Moreover, the Lord, Who seeth not as man seeth, reckons not our failures from any human point of view, and He may one day show us that what we thought our greatest and best successes, were in reality no greater, no better, and perhaps less helpful to us, and to others, than some of the failures over which we in our short-sightedness mourned so despairingly, and that failures and successes alike were but as steps on the pilgrim's journey to the better land.

But many a man will say, "Ah, but my failure did come by my own fault. I can see it plainly enough now that it is too late. And that is just what makes it so hard and bitter. As I look back I can see exactly where I might, so easily, have taken the road that led straight to success. But the golden opportunity is past for ever now, and what can I do but bewail my own blindness

and stupidity?"

Perhaps it is a Christian who, in a moment of despondency, and forgetfulness of the wise overruling providence of his God, says this. If it is, he will soon lift the eyes of his soul once moreabove the "tyranny of second causes," and press forward with renewed hope, journeying with the sun, so that the shadow of his burden falls behind him, looking at the bright side of his failure, and making use of the new experience which it has most probably given him. He has the love of his Lord for his guard on his right hand and on his left, and in his secret heart he knows that he could not have failed had not that same dear love allowed it—for his good.

Every failure, it has been said, is a steppingstone to success; but if, instead of bravely mounting the stepping-stone, we sink down beside it in despair, the cause of our non-success is surely simple cowardice, rather than want of skill, or

power, or opportunity.

Also this failure which we are lamenting may be, after all, but as "a narrow swamp that we have to pass in a long journey," and are we to allow it to engulph us? We cannot reasonably expect pleasant paths all the way. "Nothing worth doing is really easy." And, "great works are performed not so much by strength, as by perseverance," and through, we may be sure, many failures. Why, then, should we expect to be exempted from the general rule?

And where, if we are Christians, is our faith! Directly, in our stormy sky, a streak of light appears, and we begin to see a meaning in our trials, and a reason for our failures, we are cheered, and ready to go contentedly on our way once more.

But we cannot trust the Lord Who loves us, and Whom we say we love, in the dark. We do not, so often as we might, say from heart and soul—

> "In sweet belief I know Which way my life doth go, Since God permitteth so, That must be best,"

Perhaps our failures may do more than any success could towards strengthening this weak faith.

Take heart, then, Christian, even though you have failed; be sure there is a blessed needs-be for it, which shall one day help to swell your

song of eternal praise.

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Take courage, and go forward, like the Israelites of old. You may be nearer success and deliverance than you think; and at least nothing is to be gained by standing still. Remember, too, that "there never yet was a night that was not followed by a day, nor a storm that was not followed by a calm," and that "the clouds which sometimes obscure the sun's rays, are sure to break and disperse, no matter how dark and threatening they may be for a time." Serenely, happily, then go on your way, in simple dependence upon your God. You cannot do what you wish, perhaps; nay, certainly, whatever it may be, you of yourself cannot do it, but the Lord can.

And this same dear Lord may be keeping success from us here, in order to develop within us a power and capacity to receive and enjoy it in how far fuller measure in the life to come!—in a

world where we shall never lose it, and where its lustre will never be dimmed by tears, or tarnished by sin, or dulled and clouded by disappointment. If so, how happy are we! And in that day we shall indeed see the bright side of many and many a failure.

But in what will this heavenly success and triumph consist? First, in this, and if not in this, then of nothing:—That we have not failed in the day of His grace and mercy, in making the Lord Jesus, the Friend of sinners, our Friend: for with His blessed friendship, which signifies His guidance, and teaching, His constant care and companionship, His love, we shall have all beside. But, however dear to us may be the countless blessings which He will shower upon us—blessings which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive—He will still be ever first and dearest; King in every heart; light and joy of every eye; fullest, sweetest satisfaction of every soul.

And if we only do not fail in this—and we need not—we have only to come to Him, and He will in nowise cast us out—never mind all other failures; they are not worth a single passing thought in comparison. Put them all together, heap them up, and make the most of them, and even then what are they but as a light affliction which endureth but for a moment, and which yet cannot be looked upon as wholly affliction, since it is ever working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

C. R.

MILDMAY AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.



OME eight years ago it fell to our lot to be summoned unexpectedly to London, and to find ourselves, ere a fortnight had elapsed, and much to our own surprise. located permanently in the neighbourhood of Mildmay

Up to that time—albeit the name was familiar to us as a household word—we had formed but the vaguest idea of the nature of the work carried on at Mildmay; and still less of its extent. That a great annual "Conference" was held there—that, of course, we knew; and some faint rumours had also reached us of a sort of "Sisterhood" of Deaconesses who lived in the place; but here our knowledge ended. Of the real magnitude of its organisations, and of the variety of agencies employed, we had not the least conception; indeed, months had elapsed after our settlement in the district, ere we reached any adequate notion on either of these points.

It is possible that some, at least, of the readers of The Quiver, may be as much in the dark concerning Mildmay as were we ourselves. In travelling through the provinces, as well as in longer tours through Wales and Scotland, we have sometimes been met by the puzzled query from friends and acquaintances, "What is Mildmay?" varied, perhaps, by the more practical question, "What do they do at Mildmay?" And with this in memory, we are inclined to think that a few



facts concerning the noble work carried on at this great religious centre may not be unwelcome or out of place.

What is Mildmay? Let the reader imagine one of the Moravian "settlements" abroad—shall we say Neuwied?—to be taken up bodily, and dropped down, with all its dependencies, in an everyday London suburb; and let him imagine further, that the various buildings—Schools, Hospital, Orphanages, Training Houses, and the like—finding no room wherein to dispose themselves around their proper centre, have ended by making the best of circumstances, and settling quietly down in adjacent streets, one here and one there, as the exigencies of the case permitted—and he will have a sufficiently correct notion of what "Mildmay" means.

Of course, the illustration is imperfect, but for the moment it will serve our turn. For the sake of clearness, we shall speak of the Mildmay Institutions under two heads: first, the Conference Hall itself, and the work carried on in connection therewith; and second, the Deaconesses' House, with all the branches dependent upon it.

First, then, the Conference Hall. It was founded some thirteen years ago by the well-known and much-loved William Pennefather, the "Enoch of his Church and day," as he has been aptly called. It was intended, not only as a centre for Evangelical operations, but as a basis also for benevolent agencies of all sorts. Beneath the large hall, which seats 2,500 persons, and is in constant use throughout the year

for Gospel services, public meetings, lectures, etc., is a basement floor, divided into many large rooms, all of which are in constant requisition for the benefit of the poor, the sick, and the ignorant, around Mildmay. We should like to introduce the reader to these basement rooms, about eleven o'clock on some winter's morning. On one side of the central corridor he would find the "Invalid Kitchen" dispensing soup, puddings, roast mutton, or jelly, to rows of pale-faced ticket-holders; on the opposite side, a room filled with orphan children at their studies. In one quarter, a large "Dorcas room," occupied by a group of Deaconesses busied in cutting out garments for the poor. In another, a party of poor widows employed at needlework, for which they would receive payment before returning to their needy homes. If the reader's visit should be repeated in the evening, he would see a yet more interesting sight. Hundreds of working men crowding the basement rooms to overflowing, and all intent upon self-improvement; divided into more than forty classes, each of these under the tuition of Christian ladies. The Mildmay "Night-school" has, we believe, no rival in England. More than six hundred names were on the books last winter, and as many as 550 men were frequently present at the roll call. The scholars are exemplary in their conduct and work, regular in attendance, and warmly attached to the school.

But it is on Sunday that the Conference Hall presents the busiest scene. An early meeting of the Open-air Mission commences the day. Then comes a service for the deaf and dumb, in one of the attached buildings. At 3.30 Mrs. Pennefather meets her large Men's Bible-class, in No. 4. And at the same time, or shortly after, all the remaining apartments are thrown open

for lads, for young girls, for ladies, and for servants; whilst in the large hall itself, an evangelistic service is conducted by Mr. Badenoch. It i a curious thing to watch the streams of people rassing into the yard about three o'clock, and then diverging in various directions, right and left, up-stairs and down, according to the goal for which they are bound, and still more curious is it to stand in the entrance hall of the building a little later, and listen to the sudden bursts of singing that rise above and beneath you, and on either hand-first from one room, and then from another, in a way that bewilders the ear. A snatch of "Hold the Fort" on one side, broken in upon suddenly by "Jerusalem the Golden" on the other, or "Rescue the Perishing" from beneath, responded to by "Crown Him, crown Him," from the big hall.

The present director of the work at Mildmay is Mr. James Mathieson, whose residence, a pretty semi-rural dwelling, called the "Garden House," stands on the left-hand side of the Conference grounds. Adjoining it are the "Gentlemen's Offices," a square block of buildings, where all the official business connected with Mildmay is transacted. Each member of the staff has here his own private room. One occupied by the Lirector himself, another by the Rev. Townsend Storrs, Superintendent of the Outlying Missions; a third by the Secretary of the Hall, Mr. Bagter.

Dr. Gauld, formerly of Swaton, who is Physician to the Mildmay Hospitals, occupies a

neighbouring house, and close to him lives Dr. Burns Thomson of Edinburgh, the honoured founder of "Medical Missions."

We must not omit also to notice particularly one work of deep interest "affiliated" to Mildmay—viz., Mr. Wilkinson's mission to the Jews. It has a staff of seventeen workers, weekly meetings for Jewish inquirers—street preaching—house-to-house visitation by missionaries, itinerant mission work carried on in the provinces, and in Scotland a large Medical Mission, a Home for Converts and Enquirers, etc., etc.

But it is time we turned now to speak of the deaconesses' work, which is much more extensive than that immediately connected with the Conference Hall. In the "Centre" or Deaconesses' House, which is attached to the hall, reside some forty or fifty deaconesses; most of them are engaged in the outlying missions, supported and worked from Mildmay. These ladies are bound by no vows, expressed or understood; and they are free to marry, or on any other ground to leave the work when they feel inclined. They are of various religious denominations, but all attend the district church of St. Jude's on Sunday morning. Candidates who desire admission to the deaconesses' work, and who are judged suitable in point of gifts, health, etc., by Mrs. Pennefather, are received for a month on trial in the Probation House, which is near to the Hall, and where they have an opportunity of seeing the various institutions, selecting the branch they prefer, and having their powers tested. If at the end of a month they decide to remain, they are drafted on



IN THE NIGHT-SCHOOL.

to the Training House, which is in Ferntower Road, about five minutes' walk from Mildmay Park. Here they remain for a year, eighteen months, or more, as may seem desirable; and are trained in the practical knowledge of all branches of laundry work, of domestic management, cooking, housework, cutting out clothing, book-keeping, etc., etc., in order to fit them for taking the post of Mission Superintendents, or other positions of trust, later

Bible-classes for men, for boys, for women; social evenings for the young; Robin dinners; prayer meetings—the agencies of every sort, secular and spiritual, that are brought to bear on the poor inhabitants around.

These agencies are varied according to the neighbourhood and its needs. In some missions factory girls' classes are added, in others hospital work, in others, again, a coffee house, a lodging

house for men, a "Girls' Home," etc., will be set on foot. Relief is given in sickness, counsel in difficulty, and the mission-house becomes a sort of general resort for the troubled and needy ones around. Accurate accounts are kept and submitted weekly to the authorities at Mildmay, who also direct the mode of working, and decide all points of debate.

We have spoken so far of the "Mission Deaconesses" only; but the "Nursing Deaconesses" are a
body scarcely less useful
and important. They reside in a large house in
Mildmay Road (adjoining
Mildmay Park), under a
lady superintendent of
their own. There are about
seventy sisters and nurses
now on the staff, all of
whom have received hospital training, and are be-

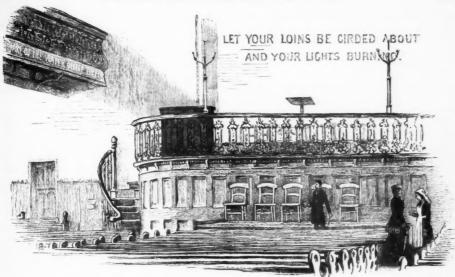
lieved to be Godly Christian women. Few of their number are at home or "off duty" at the same time; for the Mildmay nurses are in great requisition. They are sent to all parts of the United Kingdom, and sometimes even to the Continent. Some are always on hospital duty; the Doncaster Hospital is entirely supplied by Mildmay nurses; there is a station also on the Island of Malta worked by members of the staff; and at Jaffa is a Medical Mission and hospital carried on entirely by Mildmay deaconesses. In addition to these, we must mention the admirable Medical Mission Hospital in Bethnal Green, connected with the "outlying mission" in Turville Street. This hospital is under the care of Dr. Gauld, mentioned above, with a resident house surgeon to assist him, and a large staff of deaconesses. The "Cottage Hospital" in Mildmay Road must not be forgotten in this connection. It has been greatly blessed of God to the souls as well as bodies of hundreds. And we may just add that another and much larger hospital is also in course of erection close to the Conference Hall itself,



TEACHING IN THE ORPHANAGE.

on. They also assist in teaching the children of the Mildmay Orphanages, 2, Newington Green. When their period of probation has expired, the ladies thus trained are passed on to the Deaconesses' House; either the "Centre House" attached to the Hall, or the "South Deaconesses' House," at Brixton, which is a branch of the same, and immediately commence mission work, at one or other of the out-stations belonging to Mildmay.

There are some eighteen of these outlying missions now in operation, in the north, south, and east of London. We wish it were possible, in short compass, to give the reader an idea of the admirable organisation of these mission outposts: of the bright clean orderly Mission House itself—a model for the surrounding poor—of the devoted staff of workers that occupy it—some sleeping on the premises, others coming down daily from the centre at Mildmay—of the systematic visiting of every street, court, and room in the district; of the Gospel services, night-schools, temperance work, clubs, and savings banks, mothers' meetings, day schools for children,



THE CONFERENCE HALL.

which it is hoped will be ready for occupation by the coming spring or summer.

Space warns us that we must draw to a close; but many branches of Mildmay work remain still unnoticed. We can but rapidly enumerate them. The "Orphanage" on Newington Green, receiving about five-and-thirty children. An educational Institute in a neighbouring suburb, where some eighty young ladies are brought up under Christian influences, with every secular advantage in the way of teaching. A "Home for Invalid Ladies," near to the Deaconesses' House. The "Girls' Institute" in Southgate Road, for young women in business. A "Home for Servants out of Place" on Newington Green, etc. There is also,

under Mrs. Pennefather's presidency, a remarkable "Association of Female Workers," numbering more than 1,500 members; amongst them are some of the foremost names in the ranks of Christian women, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. Eli Johnstone, Miss Macpherson, Miss Whately, Agnes Weston, and others too numerous to mention. This Association has branches scattered not only over our own land, but over the Continent also, as well as in America, India, Madagascar, West Africa, and Algiers.

Any of our readers who may wish to learn more of the Mildmay Institutions, may do so by addressing Mr. J. E. Mathieson, Garden House, Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, N.

THE BIBLE AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," "HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN," ETC.



FRIEND of mine whose knowledge of Sunday-schools is superior to that of any person I know, told me the other day that he thought it impossible to say anything new about Sunday-school

teaching. The subject, he said, had been so thoroughly discussed, and all questions connected with it so carefully considered from every conceivable point of view, that no stray ideas were left in any odd corner for any one to pick up. At the same time it was his feeling, I could see, that a very great amount of good might be expected to arise from the repetition of old truths, and the resuscitation of old ideas, and if it were possible to present them in a fresh and novel way, why, then so much the better for all parties concerned. With this opinion of my friend I heartily coincide, and I am emboldened by it to handle in this paper the well-worn theme of the Sunday-school teacher's employment of his Bible. I

do not, of course, entertain the vain hope of saying anything original, but I cherish some sort of slight expectation of deepening impressions already produced, and of strengthening resolu-

tions already formed.

Let us begin with this simple thought. A workman must make himself familiar with his tools; a sower must understand-to a certain extent, at least—the properties of the seed which he casts into the ground; a fisherman will have but little success, unless he is acquainted with the nets and the bait by which he hopes to capture his prey; a soldier will come off very badly in single combat, if he enters into it without having learnt how to wield his sword; and we, who are spiritual workmen, sowers, fishermen, soldiers, ought, before most things-indeed, before all things but the all-important thing of having secured for ourselves a personal interest in Christ and His salvation—to learn the use of our Bibles. Starting, then, from this point, let us consider in a simple sort of fashion-first, what we ought to avoid, and then what we ought to do, if we would be successful students of Holy Scripture.

I. Among the things to be avoided, I would first mention one-sidedness. Scripture has a twofold way of putting the truth before us; it presents two sides of a question-inviting us to the contemplation of both, without caring at all to adjust the two, or, as we sometimes express it, to "reconcile" them. Take, for instance, the subject of faith. Men are called to believe, as to a duty which they are competent to discharge; and yet equally explicit is the assurance of the Word that faith is a Divine gift, a blessing not to be obtained by us unless it be sent down from above. Or take the question of repentance. "Repent ye, and be converted," cries the Apostle. Whilst, on the other hand, we are told that Christ has been exalted to the right hand of the Majesty on high, "to give repentance to Israel, and the forgiveness of sins." Or, place side by side the statements of our Divine Master Himself, "No man cometh unto Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him;" "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." Or, again, turn to the language of the Apostle, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." In fact, throughout the whole of the sacred volume. we see these two grand pillars, Divine sovereignty, and human responsibility, rising up majestically unto the heavens, but not meeting at any point within our ken. That they are not antagonistic, we feel; they are only set over against one another; we can accept both, and act upon both, without putting any strain upon our intelligence. Indeed, there is a witness to their truth in the conscience of men; for, whilst the child of God attributes all that he is and hopes to be to Divine grace, and to that alone, the unconverted,

unspiritual man knows well enough that he is himself resisting the pleadings of the Spirit, and judging himself unworthy of eternal life,

Do not let us, then, be one-sided.

Neither let us import our own ideas into Holy Scripture. You know how this is often done with sermons. Some years ago, in a certain parish at the seaside, a young fellow, a notorious profligate, got drunk on a Sunday, and being flung from a dog-cart, was killed on the spot. The poor people of the district, who knew the man well. made up their minds that the curate would preach upon the subject on the Sunday after the funeral. and flocked in the expectation, in unusual numbers, to the parish church. The curate, of course, had too much sense and good taste to do such a thing. He felt he had no right to pronounce upon the doom of a fellow creature, however bad his life might have been, and in order to avoid all suspicion of handling the subject, preached a dry, somewhat controversial Trinity Sunday sermon (for Trinity Sunday was the Sunday which followed the funeral), full of texts, and with a short practical application at the end in which was pointed out the greatness of the Divine love, shown in the joint action of the three persons of the ever-blessed Trinity in the work of man's Nothing could be much more reredemption. mote from the subject which was uppermost in his hearer's minds. But these hearers, at least many of them, went away convinced that the preacher had preached about the poor sinner's death; the fact being that they had come determined to find the subject in the sermon, and therefore did find They put it in, and then took it out.

Well, that is just what you and I may do with the Bible. We may put our own ideas into the sacred page, and then take them out again. Whereas it should be our aim, God helping us, to throw away all preconceived notions, all theories of our own, and to come with a submissive and teachable spirit to hear what the Lord our God has to tell

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In the next place, do not let us be guilty of favouritism in reading the Word of God. Some portions of Scripture must be, of course, especially suitable to us, especially palatable, for the Tree of Life bears "twelve manner of fruits," for the express purpose of accommodating itself to every spiritual constitution; and we shall naturally like some fruits better than others. Yet every portion of Scripture has its use, and it is well for us to move from one portion to another, until the whole of the field be traversed. In the driest 'and most uninteresting portion of the Word of God there is something for us to learn, and something which we ought to learn.

Lastly, don't let us allow ourselves to tremble for the Bible. Fear for the future of the Book is about the most unworthy feeling that a Christian can entertain. The infidel, any time

these two thousand years past, has been going out to squirt at the stars, but none of the stars have come down, so far as I know. Every generation—nay, every ten years or so—we hear of a new squirt being manufactured. "Now you'll see," cry the infidels, exultingly. "We have got a new squirt-a squirt on improved principles-a wonderful squirt, that will carry a larger volume of water much farther than has ever been the case before; and we have got wonderful men to manipulate this wonderful squirt. The stars are bound to come down!" But they do not. Some foolish people may be blinded by the fall of the water, and say that the stars are put out, but there the stars are shining as calmly and serenely as ever, perfectly unconscious of what the pigmies on earth are doing. Remember that the Bible merely tells us of things as they really are, and that you cannot alter facts. You may throw your physic to the dogs, and kick the doctor out of the house, but you do not thereby alter the fact of disease. You may pitch your chart overboard, on the ground that it is troublesome and annoying to be always consulting it, and submitting to its direction; but the shoals, and quicksands, and reefs, and other dangers, remain there just the same. No! you cannot get rid of the facts of human life.

So much for what we ought not to do in reading the Bible; now what ought we to do?

Study the Bible as well as read it. The truth is like a treasure hid in a field, and will not yield itself up except to a careful and diligent search. Mere surface-skimming is not enough. mind should bend itself to the task of ascertaining the thought of God-there should be a concentration of the intellect upon the text, in dependence, of course, upon the Divine blessing and teaching of the Holy Spirit. "If thou thirst after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." Now this diligent and earnest study will lead us of necessity to be systematic and regular in our work. We shall adopt some plan of reading. One will have one way, another another, but every one will have his plan, and when it is formed after due deliberation, will stick to it, and carry it out. Nor shall we despise helps in our study. It is well that we should strive, as far as possible, to be our own commentators, but it is extremely absurd to affect to

despise the assistance which we may gather from the thoughts, the views, the information, the intelligence of other men, and these, in all probability, older and better instructed than ourselves. Use commentators—not as a court of final appeal, but as auxiliaries in the task of forming your own judgment; listen to what they have to say, and yet decide for yourself; then you will receive real benefit from these expounders of the Word. Your ultimate dependence, if you are to be really profited by Bible study, must be upon your own thought, enlightened and guided by the promised Spirit of God.

And this study of which I have spoken will soon lead you to perceive that the Bible is not a heap of fragments, beautiful and useful in themselves, but an organic whole, a body pervaded by one Divine life. As it is with your outward frame, wonderfully made as it is-so with the Scriptures. Its several members are not pitched together anyhow, but fitted one into another, each having its meaning, its use, its relation to the rest, and its adaptation to the final result. It may not be easy to perceive exactly the purpose of every book of the Bible, but the conviction will surely grow upon us that such a purpose there is—that the fabric was produced and moulded by one Divine mind, to express His own thoughts and intentions concerning the children of men.

And what more remains for me to add, except this-that our value for the Bible grows with our study of the Bible? The book has a wonderful self-evidencing power. Let the man who has been a thoughtful Christian for twenty years step forward and tell us what advance he has made in his feeling in this respect; will he not say something of this kind: "I had little idea when I started of what I should find in this wonderful volume; I little thought of the treasures which would open up before me; and of the depths of instruction, of thought, of consolation, depths below depths, that I should become possessed of in possessing it. I am like a man who, twenty years ago, landed on the shores of a mighty continent. Then he saw that it was rich and fertile; but now, after advancing towards the interior, and exploring as far as he might, in every direction, he stands just amazed, overwhelmed, almost confounded, at the wealth of beauty and grandeur, at the infinite profusion, at the inexhaustible riches, which, every way he turns, display themselves to his view."



"WHAT SHE COULD."

BY M. S. MAC RITCHIE.

"Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love, The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary."



OLEMNLY and sweetly the hymn rang out through the chill of the winter night, and the drifting mist of rain. It was too cold for passers-by to linger; only for an instant did their steps slacken near the lamppost, where was stationed the open-air preacher, and then they

hurried onwards to Christmas warmth and light, followed by the echoes of a woman's cultured voice, which rang through their hearts for many a day to come—

"Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love, The love of God to me."

The hour drew on to midnight; the prosperous shops in High Street were closed and silent now, and in restful homes little children were dreaming the blessed visions of Christmas Eve.

Within the glow of a baked-potato stall there crouched a shivering woman; thrice had the stall-keeper ordered her thence, and thrice had she crept away in the pitiful rag which served her for bonnet and shawl, to quiver up and down the High Street at the bidding of the stalwart policeman, who allowed no loiterers. But now the stall-keeper was trading briskly with a party of engine-drivers returning from work; and finding herself unnoticed, she moved nearer and nearer, to share the comfort of the stove, and the fragrance of the food.

Another moment, and the man turned round indignantly.

"You let me see you here again, Lizzie," he cried, threateningly, "and as sure as my name's Morgan Griffith, you'll find yourself locked up."

"I ain't after no harm, master."

"You ain't after no good, for certain. The looks of you keeps away decent folk from the stall; and wasn't it your pal as made off with a lot of these 'taters last Monday night?"

"She's only just a young thing, master."

"Well, you ain't a chicken, anyway, and it's as likely as not you set her on to take them. Now then, are you off?"

She rose with an effort, and stumbled wearily away.

Yes, the man was right; she was old enough now! Almost too old to creep about with that terrible cough, and the sharp pains cutting her limbs like knives, or deadening them into icy cramp. She felt that she was growing old, though as to years—she had forgotten to reckon them through the eternity that had dragged by since she ran away from the seaside home where a mother's good-night kiss was her last memory.

"It's too far to the market-place," she thought, feebly. "Bella promised to look me up, and get me a bit of supper. Maybe she have found another

pal."

Down on the steps of All Saints' Church she sank, her elbows on her knees, her face hidden in her thin cold hands. A bitter sense of loneliness swept over her as she realised that in her sickness and helplessness she was forsaken for some livelier "mate," by Bella, the prettiest, youngest, best-dressed girl in their lodging—Bella, to whom she clung, and over whom she yearned with the great heart that even now had strength to love. What would become of her, friendless and penniless? Would she die of cold and hunger on the steps of the church? She wondered, dimly, if the children had been out to get holly for the old grey church beside the sea; and then she looked up to the winter sky, starless, and threatening storm.

"Oh! 't was love, 't was wondrous love, The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary."

"Why, it's the street-preaching!"

She listened wonderingly, as verse after verse, sung in a clear, sweet, reverent voice, rose on the midnight air. She almost hushed her breath to catch the lingering refrain; and as the music died, the sound of speaking floated to her ears. Just then the policeman's step drove her, frighted, from the church. Half uncertainly, she faltered towards the light of the street-lamp, and hung on the outskirts of the little group surrounding it.

A young man, with a tender, earnest face, was telling the story of Bethlehem and Calvary. Lizzie knew not how it came to pass, that with the name of Jesus there rose before her poor dazed memory the vision of her mother, and the old home Bible, and a bunch of sweet dark wallflowers nodding in through the open lattice, at the time of evening prayer.

A respectable working woman, returning with her husband from late and generous marketing, drew slightly aside as the tattered gown edged towards her; Lizzie, too used to the movement, turned slowly to pass on, but the preacher's words seemed to hold her within hearing. "'And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus

sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment." He told of the poor healed heart overflowing unto Him, Who had stooped down to her in all her misery; and Lizzie, hearkening in her sore extremity, felt that had Jesus been there, she could have crept to His feet to die.

If only Bella knew—if there were pity for Bella! "Sister," said a woman's voice beside her.

Was the lady out of her senses? Lizzie laughed the mirthless laugh of old street-habit, but as a gloved hand touched her shawl, she cried out, almost fercely—

"Don't touch me, young lady; I'm not for the

likes of you."

"Do you know," said the same voice of infinite yearning that had led the hymn, "do you know the Lord Jesus has given me a message for you?"

"Young lady—I tell you—you don't know——"

"But Jesus knows," said the other, "Jesus knows, my sister; and this is the message He sends you—
'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!' Oh, if you only knew how Jesus longs to save you!"

"Me ! I ain't worth saving ; Bella ain't near as

bad, but I 'm reg'lar lost."

"Jesus came to seek and save the lost; oh, try to turn to Him to-night!"

"I can't-I can't, young lady."

"Won't you try? Lord Jesus, help her—help this wanderer, whom Thou lovest," said the young disciple, earnestly.

And Lizzie, seeing the tender face wet in the lamplight, felt as though He were there indeed—felt as though something heavy rolled off her heart, and said, in a half-frightened whisper—

"Tell me about Him, miss."

"Come home with me," she said; "we have a refuge close by that is open all night; there you will hear every day of Christ, your Saviour, and we will find you a respectable place."

"Oh, lady, who would take me to work?" and the racking cough told the tale of far-advanced disease.

"Are you so ill, poor creature? But come with me, and we will give you coffee and bread to-night; you will get better with nursing and care. Come home with me, won't you? I cannot leave you in the street."

"Indeed, I'll come, lady; I've had but a halfpenny loaf this day. But let me bring Bella in too. She'll come for me, I know, and she's so smart and pretty; she hasn't one friend in all the world, lady."

"We will take her if we can," said the lady, very sadly, "but we are overcrowded, and we get so little money."

Here she went over to the gentleman who had been preaching; and Lizzie, with a beating heart, heard her pleading for the two. She caught the words, "It is Christmas Eve," and then something about "my watch and chain."

But the gentleman slowly shook his head, and came up to Lizzie, as she stood there, trembling.

"My sister did not know," he said, kindly, "that many new cases were sent to our Refuge to-night, and we have neither room nor money for more—the space is over-filled already. But as she has promised you shelter there, we will take you in; we must make room for another, and you are too ill to be shelterless. This is the address, and here is my card; I have written down, 'Admit one,' and you will be cared for to-night."

"God bless and help you," said the young lady, softly. Lizzie caught up the border of her long fur cloak, touching it with her chill blue lips, and it fell about the girl again like an angel-garment.

Then Lizzie sped away out of sight, her limbs threatening every moment to fail; but two golden thoughts strengthening her helplessness, and making a heaven of the midnight streets.

No clear, no definite feelings had shaped themselves in the benighted heart; Lizzie did not understand the newborn softness that dewed her eyes with tears, but she did realise that somewhere, where Love was infinite, Jesus had thought on Bella—and on her. Oh, for Bella to know shelter and friends, to see the lady with those tender eyes, to feel the touch of that pitying hand!

"Why, Lizzie! don't you know me? You've run

yourself out of breath."

"Oh! Bella, dear, I thought you were in Market Street."

"I haven't a penny, mother, and if I had, all the publics is shut up. I know I said as how I would treat you."

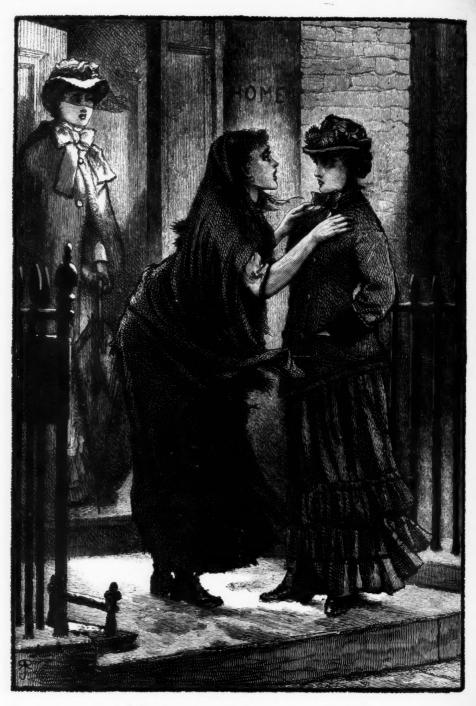
"I don't want nothing, Bella, girl; it's you as I'm after. There's a real grand place, where they'll give you a supper and a bed—all free, mind—and I've got a ticket, and I'll take you there. There's a lady belongs to it as will look after you, and set you into the way to earn your living."

"I know I'm sick of this," grumbled the girl, tossing her feathered hat disdainfully, "as tired as a dog, and the wind like a knife. But none of them preaching folks for me: I reckon they means kind enough, but it's a deal too late; I'm a deal too bad."

"I expect it ain't never too late for Jesus," said Lizzie, hesitatingly, as though she scarcely dared to utter that holy Name. And yet He had let that woman—a sinner—pour out her wealth of love.

Bella turned and looked at her wonderingly, then took her arm, and went on slowly towards the Refuge. Lizzie knew how soon the grt suncertain mind might change, and hurried her on so eagerly that her own frame shook with exhaustion. A rush of sleet came down, piercing them to the bone. The thought of food and warmth lured Bella forward, and when they came in sight of the lamps of the Home, she needed no further persuasion to take the card and ring the bell; for, as the preacher had said, the rooms were over-full, and the door was shut.

She looked back into the storm, and saw the other's face, with a light upon it that made it seem utterly changed.



"'They won't cast you out. God won't cast you out." -p. 311,

"Kiss me, Bella," and she held out bare thin arms; "they won't cast you out. God won't cast you out."

"But you come in too with me, Lizzie; you are

ill and starving.

"I think I'll see you, dear—you and the lady—by-and-by."

Their lips met, for they loved each other as those love who share their last crust for a meal; and then the door was opened, and Lizzie saw the lady standing within, and the tender eyes turned on Bella.

Whilst a distant church chimed faintly for the

Christmas dawn, two policemen found a shutter and carried a helpless woman out of the driving snow to the ward of a neighbouring hospital; but the doctor, lifting her head, laid her gently back upon the pillow.

"Can you hear me?" he asked, close beside her. "Try to tell me your name."

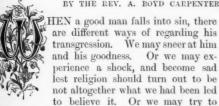
The warmth and the chafing roused her a little. Her lips moved slightly, and then she fell quietly asleep

But the nurse, bending over her to catch the words, heard only—

"Oh! 't was love, 't was wondrous love, The love of God to me!"

HOW GOD DEALT WITH JACOB'S SIN.

BY THE REV. A. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, HULL.



make light of the sin, try to persuade ourselves that because he who has committed the deed is a good man, that therefore his act cannot be so very bad; and thus attempt to justify the sinner at the expense of our conscience. But there is another and a more excellent way of We may approach the viewing the matter. whole subject from the standpoint of the mixed character of human nature. Regarding no man as perfect, alive to the weaknesses that exist in the best, we shall be prepared to find faults in the lives of the holiest. We shall thus be shocked and grieved at the fall. But we shall not be tempted to make light of it, or to shift it off on that religion which is designed not for "the whole," but for those who by reason of their sin-tainted nature require its aid.

Let us look at this act in Jacob's life. How shall we regard it? Shall we sneer at Jacob, and take this one act as decisive of his whole life and character? It certainly was a terribly characteristic act. But that Jacob was simply a dishonest trickster, no true reader of human nature, no faithful interpreter of Scripture can affirm. With all his failings, notwithstanding the meanness and dishonesty of this act, Jacob was a good He had fine sensitive feelings, he had a deep affectionate nature, as his unforgotten sorrow for his beloved Rachel showed. He had aspirations after something more than the creature comforts of life. Above all, he had faith in God, and a desire to serve Him.

Shall we, then, make light of his sin?—try to excuse it because it was done by Jacob and not by Esau?—take our stand upon the fact that Jacob was one of the saints of the Old Testament, and from that try to explain away this deed of his? God did not make light of it, neither does the narrative. In all its naked reality it stands out without the least attempt to disguise or tone down its real character. God did not think lightly of it, for He punished him severely enough.

Shall we allow it to shake our faith in religion? See how Jacob triumphed at the last over his sin, and how God did not cast him off. Better far, then, to view it from that standpoint of mixed human nature, of a man full of like struggles as ourselves, of one in whom there is good as well as evil. Then we shall understand the narrative better. And it will speak words of hope, as well as of warning, words above all of hope in God.

Let us then look at-I. Jacob's sin.

(1) In itself, it was an act of conscious deliberate deception, accompanied by an equally deliberate lie. It was a cruel advantage taken of his father's infirmities and his brother's absence; while it had a dash of selfishness running through it, as he sought out his own ends, regardless of the means he employed, or the way in which he treated others.

(2) What it implied. It implied something good, no doubt. His care for the blessing and to be the inheritor of the Covenant between God and his father showed no doubt an aspiration which raised him spiritually above his brother Esau. But there was something bad also implied by this act. It implied the very thing we might have least expected—the very thing which his eagerness for the blessing might have seemed to have contradicted—viz., his want of faith in God. God. he believed, intended the blessing

and leadership for him. Here was Isaac preparing to bestow it upon Esau. He thinks that God's promise and intention are about to be thwarted; and so distrusting God, he must needs meddle to patch up what he deems the failing councils of God. See how Jacob's very desire to be God's servant overleaps the limits of faith and duty, and drops into unbelief and disobedience, "doing evil that good may come." But besides this absence of real faith, there was a dishonouring of God. Jacob dared to support and carry out, as he thought, God's plans by dishonest and unholy means. Not only distrust, but unholy aid, does he thrust upon God, forgetting that these two-God's plans and Man's evil, can no more mingle than light and darkness. But shall we say that because he acted under the direction of his mother, that therefore he was excused? True, much of the blame falls to the lot of that mother, who, in her turn, received her punishment. But the whole narrative shows Jacob to have been a willing cooperator in his mother's directions. It was just one of those cases wherein interest appears to harmonise with the advice of others. humble-minded and subservient we become Tell us to make some great sacrifice, and how ready are we then to fall back upon our own superior judgment. But let us be urged to some line of conduct that will "pay," and how ready are we to find excuses for quieting our conscience, and acting on the advice of those who know better than we do. And so this act of Jacob's displays, not merely deceit, unfaith, a dishonouring of God, but a moral weakness ready to submit itself to the direction of others in matters in which that direction ought to have had no influence at all.

II. God's dealing with Jacob. Such was Jacob's sin. How did God deal with him? Did He act from any one-sided view of his character? Did He treat him with favouritism, passing lightly over his sin? Did He regard the evil only, and seizing upon that as proving him to be utterly bad, fling him off in contemptuous scorn? No; God acted with a view to the two sides of Jacob's character. He saw the good, and He saw the evil, and He dealt with him accordingly. And so we find in that dealing both judgment and mercy, and these two as parts of that Fatherly correction which seeks the good and not the destruction of the erring.

(1) The punishment. Here we may detect three consequences of Jacob's sin that fell with retributive force upon him, and left their marks

upon all his after life.

(2) Separation from his father's tents. Away from the home circle, away from the rest and quietness of that comparatively comfortable life, to the rough uplands of Palestine, a stranger, a wanderer, with nothing but his staff, on to a strange land and strange people. Observe the complete change which thus falls upon his

Separation from that circle in which he had hoped to move as the heir of the covenant, the leader and the head.

From being a son, he became practically a servant, even a slave, to the grasping Laban.

For the peace and kindness, he had to encounter the hard, thankless, perilous labour by night and by day in the fields of Laban; an experience so fraught with bitterness and toil as never to have been eradicated from his recollection, but that recurred again and again as the great

type of all his woes,

Nor was this separation without its distinctive teaching. It taught him that God would not have the aid of dishonest means. It was as if God had for the time flung off his presumptuous servant, flung back and cast aside the proffered aid of impurity. It taught him also how woefully disastrous his crooked devices had proved-how the evil schemes whereby he had expected to help forward God's purposes had had an opposite effect, not only delaying them, but also bringing himself into circumstances very different from those which he had anticipated.

But the keenest pang to Jacob's heart in thus being driven out from his father's tents, must have been caused by the separation from his mother which it involved. The gentle tie which bound the mother and son was interrupted, and they parted never again to meet. This separation must have been no ordinary grief to Jacob. There was that in Jacob's character which seems to have made him lean more to woman than to man, His was one of those gentle sensitive natures, to whom the tenderness, the care, the sympathy of the love of woman, is almost a necessity. This comes out at different times in his life. comes out in the very influence which his mother had over him. It comes out again when, after the long tedious solitary journey, so full of sad musings, his heart leaps out at once to Rachel when he meets her at the close of that journey. And once again it breaks forth in the tender pathetic sorrow which never seemed far off from the old man's memory, and which rises again and again in few but tender, expressive words, the sorrow for the loss of his beloved Rachel, on whom he had learnt to lean, and who had become a very part of his life. "As for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan." The sorrow is still there. Time has not healed the wounded heart, that harps back upon that which struck away the chief earthly prop of his life.

By all these we can measure somewhat of the pain and loneliness of Jacob's heart, when forced to part from the tents of his father, from the presence of his mother, and to go forth an exile to a strange land,

Another result of Jacob's sinful impatience was the long and weary toil that he brought upon himself. Banished from his father's tents and the care and sympathy of his mother, he had to take refuge with Laban and to work for his living. No easy master did Laban prove himself to be. Through the heat of the day, and the chills of the nights, for many a long year had Jacob to toil ere he could claim his beloved Rachel. Craft more unscrupulous and violent than his own, had he to encounter without daring openly to oppose it. While as the years passed away he saw the prospect of his taking the place of Abraham and Isaac pushed further and further into the future. Not till the baser nature had given way to a nobler faith, till he had become a Prince with God, was he fitted for so great a responsibility and so high a position.

Such, then, was one way in which God dealt with Jacob; not making light of his transgression, but allowing him to experience the full

and bitter consequences of it.

But because God thus punished Jacob, did He therefore cast him off? No. There was mercy mingled with judgment. The very judgment was in itself mercy veiled, while side by side with it were to be seen from the very first encouraging

tokens of God's mercy.

God revealed Himself to Jacob soon after his departure. As the tents of his home disappear, God appears. As the wanderer begins to find himself alone he begins to learn that there is no such thing as absolute loneliness, for God is near Him. And as the first consequence of his sin in driving him from his home, may have filled his heart with despondency, he finds that God has not cast him off. There was something wonder-

fully reassuring and strengthening in the appearance of God to Jacob at the time, and the promise, so faithfully fulfilled, "Behold, I am with thee, and will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

God gave him the love of Rachel from the time that he reached Laban. This love was what the heart of Jacob craved, and without which he might have sunk into despondency. It gave him something to work for, and something to lean upon. It gave him an interest and encouragement in his new life, so that the seven years of his toil "seemed unto him but a few days for the

love that he had to Rachel."

The discipline of toil and patience corrected Jacob's faults, and developed the nobler side of his character. Through all his suffering God was with him, supporting him, and by His Fatherly goodness overruling and adapting everything for his good; until at last the better nature broke out in victory at Peniel, when he ceased to be Jacob, and became Israel, and showed itself as his permanent character in that splendid outburst of prophetic large-heartedness with which his life

closed in the Land of Egypt.

Such is an example of God's dealings with His servant; an example full of warning and of encouragement. Of warning because it teaches us that God will not lightly regard, nor lightly pass by the sins of even those who may seem to be specially chosen instruments of His. Of encouragement because it shows how God's mercy still watches over them, bringing them back by a way that they know not. It is this character of God as Father, loving, correcting, saving, made known to us in Christ, wherein we may find courage and strength for ourselves, and hope for our fellow-men.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

MARCH.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."-Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

INTER has gone, and everywhere Glad signs of life appear,
And all the world is very fair,
For spring is here!

The trees put on their robes of green,
The flowers commence their reign,
And their pale messengers are seen
In wood and lane.

The lambs in every meadow throng,
The birds begin to build,
And with a sweet and wondrous song
The earth is filled,

And we are in our spring-tide too— Life's bright and joyous spring— And we too have our work to do, Our song to sing.

While we have health, and strength of limb, Ere youth's beyond recall, We'll strive to do some work for Him Who made us all.

And, full of love and gratitude, We'll offer, all our days, To God, the Giver of all good, Our song of praise.

"NO THOROUGHFARE!"

BY THE REV. R. MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S SOUTHWARK, S.



was an old familiar road, which I had often traversed, almost day by day, in my walks and ordinary pursuits. It was, in the main, a pleasant road: it led to the industries in which I was engaged, to the livelihood that I was earning, to the friends whom I loved: it seemed an indispensable path to me, if I were to retain all these blessings.

One morning I was

arrested in my progress by a barrier thrown across the road, with a notice to this effect—"No Thoroughfare: Closed, by order of the Lord of the Manor." The path was, by virtue of this notice, closed for that day; public use and traffic were forbidden; and I, with many others, had to accept the refusal of admission to my usual thoroughfare to my work, and wealth, and pleasure, and many friendships.

I inquired the reason of this stoppage, and the man in charge informed me to the following effect:—
"You see, sir," said he, "this is a private road; it belongs to the master, and not to the public. The lord of the manor allows the use of it to the public; but lest they should think it absolutely their own, and take it as a right, the master calls it back into his own sole possession now and then; and so, the public are informed that it is by sufferance and his good will, and not by right, that the road is thrown open to them on other days. He could close it to-morrow again, if he chose; and indeed, for the matter of that, he could close it for ever."

"But," said I," it is a great inconvenience, and puts one about a good deal, and upsets all one's arrangements—this assertion of the right to close the path." "That may be," replied the man in charge, "but property is property, and right is right; and if the master didn't protect his rights in this way, the law would decree some "adverse possession" by the uninterrupted use of the road, and the rightful owner would lose it. You see, sir, it isn't that the master is mean or selfish or unkind; he opens the road to you all other days, and for every day the road is open you ought to be thankful, and then not grumble on the occasion on which, like to-day, it is closed!"

"Yes, yes," I replied; "but, nevertheless, it is very awkward and very inconvenient to be pulled up after this fashion, and without any notice."

"True for you, sir," he answered, "I don't deny the inconvenience; but property is property, as I said before. But it's the way of life, and a greater Master than this master sets up many a 'No Thoroughfare' on our most familiar and frequented roads, if only to prove His right of ownership, and keep us in our place. Why, sir, that time you lost your child, it was a 'No Thoroughfare' notice to tell you that 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away'; and when our neighbour yonder was laid by with the illness, that was the stopping of the road to him, like as 'By order of the Lord of the Manor '-wasn't it? And when that rich banker from London, over there at the Grange, lost all hismoney, it was a 'stoppage' to more than himselfvery inconvenient, no doubt, but still the road was closed, all the same. It is God's way of proving His right of ownership to all the things that we take to be our own. That's the lesson of it, sir; so don't take it unkindly whenever your way is closed against you 'by order'-of the master: 'Shall I not do what I will with my own?' Come again to-morrow, sir, and you'll see what the master will do for you-the road will perhaps be open again, and the 'thoroughfare' free, till he chooses once more to assert his right to his own!"

And so we parted.

SHORT ARROWS.

A GOOD WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.



GREAT deal is said and written in the present day respecting the influence and position of women and the advantages that accrue from giving them facilities for coming forward as candidates for the prizes of professional life. We will now mention an instance which has come under our

notice of the true power possessed by women if they choose to exercise it. Some friends were returning home one evening from a charitable institution, and encountered two females quarrelling desperately in the

street. The conditions and surroundings were such as to repel even a man, but the lady superintendent of the Home in the neighbourhood bravely stepped up to the pair, and touching the more indignant of the two women, said, "Now, my girl, what kind of talk is this for you?" The soothing effect is described as instantaneous, and the lady then took the opportunity to read the two poor creatures a lesson, and was respectfully listened to by both combatants. When she had finished, the delinquents expressed themselves penitent, and promised to think upon what she had said. Here, then, is the very influence required to deal with such cases. Here is a sphere in which true womanliness

can meet wonian and conquer by force of character. A man's interference in such a case would have been worse than useless; he would only have stirred up strife. There are many places in London and in country towns where women can find an opening for all their energy in Christian duty. Such an instance as we have quoted should encourage any who desire to be active in the world to fill up such high and eminently useful situations as require firmness, tact, and gentleness; and such places can never be so well filled by men. To soothe, comfort, and encourage is a privilege granted to women.

AT A MORAVIAN THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

One evening this winter, the little church of the Moravians in Fetter Lane wore a most festal appearance, as if decked for a harvest thanksgiving; from the floor beneath the reading-desk and pulpit

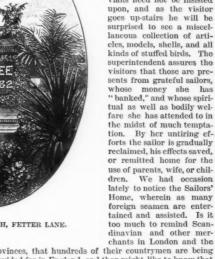
rose a bank of autumn flowers of brightest colours. the erica, the winter cherry, and many others, surmounted by spreading palra plants. Pillars and windows were adorned with evergreens; while the old wooden pulpit, where Wesley, and Whitfield, and Richard Baxter used to preach, was wreathed with rich-hued chrysanthemums, and a crimson shield on its front panel bore the inscription, wrought in snowy blossoms of the same flower: "Jubilee, 1732-1882." fitly it might have been called a harvest thanksgiving, that third jubilee of the Moravian missions to the heathen: a work begun ·by those two unlettered men, who carried forth the Word of Life to the West Indian slaves from the little church of the Moravian Brethren, only a few years before gathered together and sheltered by good Count Zinzendorf, on his Bohemian estate. Always at this season there is a missionary meeting in the Fetter Lane church especially to thank God for the safe

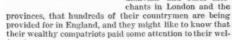
return of the Harmony from its perilous yearly voyage to Labrador; and we were now reminded that for the 113th time this signal mercy had been granted; it was pleasant to hear how the Scotch captain of the little barque, who for twenty-five years had held this office, had lately been presented with a gold watch in token of his passengers' esteem. But the thanksgiving of the present occasion covered wider ground. For a general review of the missions during the past 150 years we were referred, and we would refer our readers, to a pamphlet, "The Third Jubilee of the Moravian Missions," to be obtained at 32, Fetter Lane, price 1s., its proceeds devoted to the Mission funds; it was only attempted that evening to point out some of the most striking tokens of the good hand of our God upon the work in question; and not only the heroic courage, but the Christ-like patient love, outliving weary waiting, seemingly fruitless toiling, sometimes flercest opposition, with which these servants of God had, from generation to generation, been endowed. Above all, the increase He had given; thousands and thousands of souls of all peoples, nations, and languages, having found peace with God through Jesus Christ, living to His glory, dying in His faith and fear. There could not have been a happier blending of the sacred service, the missionary meeting, the social gathering, than the Moravian jubilee festi-Many Christians from other churches were there: and the friendly greetings on all sides, the tea carried from bench to bench after the simple fashion of the Moravian love-feast, seemed quite in harmony with our united prayer and praise. In that atmosphere of simplicity, reality, and brotherly love, the words of the great missionary of old came to our remembrance :- "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of

THE SCANDINAVIAN TEMPERANCE HOME.

Away in Spitalfields is this Home for foreigners, and a most useful institution it appears to be. It is under the management of a Swedish lady, who is assisted by Miss Macpherson, of the well-known Home of Industry.

Miss Hedenstrüm has, with kind assistance, been enabled to establish this refuge for the foreign sailors, a pleasant and honest-looking set of men, who seem to be at ease in the Home, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. The benefits conferred on these Scandinavians need not be insisted upon, and as the visitor goes up-stairs he will be surprised to see a miscellaneous collection of articles, models, shells, and all kinds of stuffed birds. The superintendent assures the visitors that those are presents from grateful sailors, whose money she has "banked," and whose spiritual as well as bodily welfare she has attended to in the midst of much temptation. By her untiring efforts the sailor is gradually reclaimed, his effects saved. or remitted home for the use of parents, wife, or children. We had occasion lately to notice the Sailors' Home, wherein as many foreign seamen are entertained and assisted. Is it too much to remind Scandinavian and other mer-





fare? "COME OVER AND HELP US." Can we Christian readers of THE QUIVER, who have sympathy with our poorest fellow creatures, picture to ourselves one hundred and twenty millions of women, under the rule of the Empress of India, our most gracious Queen, of whom not one in a thousand ever receive any kind of instruction? We do not say religious teaching, but any instruction whatever; who are obliged to pass their lives hidden away in Zenanas, and such-like places-prisoners for life. Here are women who have never been convicted of offences against the social code, immured in prisons, and unable to release themselves, so unable to mix with their fellow creatures, and plunged in ignorance and spiritual darkness. This is no case for mere "charity" so called. We want effort, we want Christian women. Testimony from those who have already been exerting themselves in this noble work lies before us. But more than countenance is requisite. Personal devotion is what is here requisite. The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission has offices



AT THE MORAVIAN CHURCH, FETTER LANE.

in Adelphi Terrace, London. Only women can work in this grand field. Here is a truly great opportunity for many willing hands and faithful hearts. Just think of 120,000,000 of women, of whom certainly one-third will never be freed till death mercifully releases them from their prison, where in spiritual darkness they languish. The light of the world must penetrate there, and we trust that some who read these words will consider the great need for women's work that there exists.

THE NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME.

We have received a communication from Lord Elcho respecting the Institution on Ham Common, near Richmond, which has for so many years been associated with much unostentatious well-doing. His Lordship says:—
"His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, at our recent anniversary dinner, wisely pointed out the necessity of our making a vigorous effort to obtain a sufficient permanent income for our Home, as the only security for its permanence. We cannot too soon act upon this advice." And the letter concludes by appealing to friends to become annual subscribers. We would suggest that any one who may feel an interest in an institution such as thisand we hope he may feel interested in the Orphan Home—will, next time he is in the neighbourhood of Ham Common, call at the Home and inspect it. It is very possible he may find some empty beds-and this will appear curious, for the converse is usually the case, and there are generally more applicants than can be accommodated. But the want of funds is the cause, and it is hoped that this disability will shortly be removed, There is another point to which we are requested to call attention, and that is the want of decoration upon the walls of the rooms. This is really a very simple matter. We are anxious at our own homes to have our nursery walls at any rate prettily hung with pictures suitable to young minds, and cannot we spare a few pence for a like object away from home? By the time these lines appear, Christmas will have passed away, and many brilliant illustrations from Christmas periodicals will have been put aside as useless and as encumbrances. Why not send these illustrations to the Orphan Home? This is a way in which all can help without any serious expenditure of means.

WHAT THE HOME HAS DONE-

It is only right to give some particulars as to the results which have been obtained from the working of the Institution. Founded in 1819, to provide for orphan girls whose parents had been carried off by cholera, it has since that time rescued more than six hundred girls, who have been educated plainly and well in sound practical work for domestic service. Great interest has been taken in the training of the girls. The Duke of Albany lately made a very warm appeal on behalf of the Institution, the management of which leaves nothing to be desired. His Royal Highness said—and with his words we will conclude:—"I do not doubt but that you and the sympathetic public outside these walls will unite in aiding the charity in the work which it is doing, and in putting it upon a securer basis than that upon which it at present stands."

BOOKS FOR SAILORS.

The following communication will interest those of our readers who have kindly forwarded books, etc., through the Thames Church Mission, to the wounded in Egypt. We have lately had some communication with the Secretary of the Mission, and are glad to learn that much success has attended our modest appeal in these columns, an appeal made unknown to him at the time-The letter we refer to runs as follows :- "Will you kindly convey our united grateful thanks for the packages of books, testaments, and papers sent by your committee for the sick and wounded under our care? I need hardly say they have been most useful, and offered great comfort and solace to many. The testaments were especially valuable, as so many of the patients had lost theirs at the front, or had none, and were thankful for these. I also supplied the base hospital at Ismailia with a large parcel.

and we have still some left for this our second expedition. This letter was from the Superintending Sister of the Nursing Staff, on board the Carthage Hospital Ship, and it will be very gratifying for many readers to learn that their efforts have been so highly appreciated, and that the patients have benefited so greatly from the Christian sympathy which has been so practically expressed.

THE SAILORS' WELCOME AND INSTITUTE.

While on this subject, we are reminded, by the receipt of two reports, of the high appreciation in which books are held by sailors generally. It is not only in the North Sea that the fishermen have reason to bless kind friends at home. Soldiers and sailors have need of books in their leisure hours, and the testimony we have from Miss Robinson's reports of her work at Portsmouth bears witness to the fact. The Sailors' Welcome and the Institute have lately prospered, not withstanding the natural, if curious, objection of the Sailors to be "taken care of." An account of the Welcome would be very interesting, but would, we fear, lead us rather far from our present object, But the report is full of gratitude, and is most pleasant reading. Not only are soldiers and sailors looked after, but their wives are cared for during their husbands' absence. While the men are away the books are a great source of comfort. The Government wisely permits the parcels to go free by H.M. ships, and in all the 200 vessels of the fleets afloat, every one, large and small, has its parcel of books and publications as well as the troopships. But intending donors should be very careful to ascertain what kind of books are required, for all kinds are not equally welcome. Nothing dry or unsuitable, no controversial matter or pamphlet is admitted, and all literature is carefully read and examined. The Soldiers' Institute offers a pleasant place for wholesome recreation for members of the other service, and with them also the distribution of books is quite a feature. The expression "the Institute has made a man of me" frequently heard, and there is ample testimony to the benefits conferred upon our sailors and soldiers by these sister Institutions at Portsmouth and Portsea.

LONDON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has forwarded us some statistics, which will without comment from us appeal to all at this time of year, showing the working of the Raggedschool Union, and the benefits it has conferred and is conferring upon the hitherto neglected poor of both sexes and all ages in the thickly populated suburbs of London, and in the metropolis itself. It is calculated that during the past eight-and-thirty years in which the Ragged-school Union has been in working order, upwards of three hundred thousand children have been rescued from vice and made useful members of society. This is an immense result in the time. There are now in connection with the Society over two hundred schools for afternoon and evening attendance, besides 153 night schools, which in the aggregate have an attendance of 41,600 children, who are superintended by voluntary teachers to the number of 3,157. Besides these there are ragged day-schools, and industrial classes, attended by several thousand children daily. So there are probably fifty thousand children receiving some sound education from voluntary teachers who are rapidly rescuing them from vice. Let us look at final results. Take last year as a specimen of all, and this is what we find. There were twelve hundred scholars sent out to situations, more than six hundred received prizes for continuing in their situations with good characters. A number have been confirmed and become communicants, and old scholars have in hundreds of cases become teachers. All these undoubted results must be very gratifying to the Committee of this Society, whose Treasurer is Mr. R. C. Bevan, of 54. Lombard Street, and the President is the Earl of Shaftesbury

ARM-CHAIR DAYS.

Under the above title Mr. Weylland gives us a sketch from personal and present acquaintance, of six disabled

soldiers of the Cross who during the past year have been added to the list of pensioned London City Missionaries. The conversations he records with these old and tried servants of God, carry us back to the days, thirty or forty years ago, when such work as that of the London City Mission encountered not only violent opposition from the ungodly, but coldness from many Christians. One of the most thrilling episodes connected with the early labours of these humble men is Mr. Richardson's experience in the girls' refractory ward of Whitechapel Workhouse, into which institution he was admitted almost under protest of the chaplain and other authorities. This missionary spent his last twenty-four years of service in the London Hospital, with so manifest a blessing that on the recent opening of a new wing by her Majesty, the old man was presented by the Board of Managers with a resolution of warmest thanks, and appointed a Life Governor. Continuous walking through the twenty-seven Hospital wards, and standing by the beds of its 780 suffering inmates, produced at length swelling of the legs and varicose veins, which have disabled him. A touching and deeply instructive incident is mentioned by one Robert Vardell, who visited for thirty years in a district round Vauxhall Gardens, a quarter infamous alike for its unhealthiness and its depravity. His worst opponent was a fiddler connected with the Gardens, who used to hinder his speaking with vollies of abuse, and loud playing of his instrument. In a family living opposite to this man, both parents died, leaving six little ones, for whom Vardell was enabled to obtain support. Gradually the fiddler's opposition performances ceased; soon he welcomed the missionary to his home, then he and his wife came to the meetings, and before long both became earnest and consistent Christians. "Your kindness to those orphans," he said, "won my heart to you, and to the religion of the Saviour." Many of these veteran evangelists are still bringing forth in their old age the fruit of some active service. One W. Clark (whose records of many years' ministry among gipsies form some of the most interesting chapters in the London City Mission Magazine), though sadly afflicted now with heart disease, still leaves his cottage at Epping to visit gipsytents in the forest, that he may speak to these wanderers of a Saviour's love, in the Romany tongue, of which he is a master. Nor are their sufferings over, in the enduring of hardness'at the hands of unreasonable and wicked men. A Missionary formerly appointed to Westminster rookeries, now returned in great infirmity to Goleen, his native village, near Cork, receives in his cottage any who are willing to hear the Gospel. "A few months ago," he writes, "a man furious with me on account of his wife's conversion from Popery, threw a brick in at our window, which nearly killed my wife, quite destroying her sight. But the joy of the Lord is still our strength." The pension allowed to each of these disabled missionaries, now forty in number, is £1 a week. Contributions for this purpose are earnestly asked. Be it remembered that these men gave the prime of their lives to the work, content with an income from which it was impossible they could lay up in store; be it remembered what was that work, Whose was the work, and how they have done it, and every Christian must surely confess they are worthy for whom we are asked to do this.

AN EVENING HYMN.*

When the stars begin to peep
Brightly in the sky,
Quietly we sink to sleep,
For our Father's nigh;
And He guards us through the night,
Keeps us safe till morning light!
When the day dawns rosy-red,
__Driving night away,

Driving night away,
Then we rise, and by our bed
Humbly kneel to pray;
Thanking God, Who, full of love,
Looks on us from heaven above.

* By permission, from "Bo-peep," a new Magazine for the Nursery. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

A WORD FOR PLEASANT ROW.

We are reminded by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon that the hard-workers of Pleasant Row Sunday-school, in Kennington, are likely to be without a local habitation soon, unless kind friends hasten to the rescue. The school has been a great success, and it is in consequence of the increase in the attendance that a new site has become necessary, and as we write the children are being accommodated at a neighbouring drill hall. Mr. Spurgeon takes a great interest in the school, and has set a liberal example, while Mr. Stiff has aided most generously in the matter of site. The question thus narrows itself into a building subscription, and it is with this object that Mr. Spurgeon has appealed. Several considerable sums of money have been already promised by prominent citizens and others, and the inspectors speak most highly of the manner in which it is conducted, and of the orderly character of the attendants at the school. We trust that the appeal will prove successful.

"BOUND TO GO"

We have seen an extract from a missionary's journal which illustrates the spirit in which native teachers regard the duties which they have undertaken for the furtherance of the Gospel. We read that some little time ago a visit was made to an island in the Pacific, and during the sojourn of the missionary party there, it was proposed that an attempt should be made to evangelise a neighbouring but inhospitable island. Some of the natives did all they could to prevent the missionaries from crossing to the other land. They endeavoured to alarm them by relating stories of the dangerous animals there, the reptiles, and insects. "Hold!" said one of the native teachers; "are there men there?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "but such dreadful savages, it is no use your attempting to dwell among them." "That will do," replied Tepeso, the teacher; "wherever there are men missionaries are bound to go." This answer is commented upon as worthy of a true disciple, and it illustrates the noble spirit in which many formerly poor and illiterate native teachers throw themselves wholly into the good work.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

It is a custom in Paris, on the two first days of November, to visit the cemeteries of relatives and friends, and pay a reverential homage to the great departed. This occasion was last November seized by Miss de Broen, who is well known to our readers for her work in the French capital, as a suitable one to distribute copies of the Testament, and she accordingly went out laden into the highways, and distributed hundreds of copies to the people. The result was eminently satisfactory. People of all ranks, we are told, were equally eager to obtain possession of the Testaments. They were distributed with great rapidity, but the supply could scarce keep pace with the anxious demand. It was not as if the crowd did not know what was being thus distributed. They were all aware of the holy character of the gift so freely handed to them, and they kept crying out, "The New Testament," and begging for copies. We understand that several thousands of Bibles and Testaments have been thus distributed, and even purchased by the inhabitants of Paris, and such a desire for the truth should encourage the earnest workers in the French capital to persevere in the way they have so successfully marked out and inaugurated.

THE CHILDREN'S UNION.

The Secretary of the Children's Scripture Union says in his annual report that the work in which he and so many others are interested has progressed during the past year at home and abroad. Not only in Europe, but in India, where both English and native children are enrolled, the Union has gathered in numerous little adherents to the Gospel. Thousands of cards for the various branches in England have been sent out during the past year (1882). About 130,000 of these have found their way to the juvenile members, and the quantities despatched to France, Switzerland,

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Germany, and other European countries, testify to the spread of the principles inculcated by the supporters of the guild. In these countries the youthful adherents to Bible doctrines are rapidly increasing in number, and the translation of the English pamphlet entitled "Hints and Encouragements" has already had an excellent effect. Numerous readers will be glad to learn that the Children's Scripture Union is so popular.

THE RESULTS OF PRAYING AND WAITING.

A little more than thirteen years ago, Mr. Toye founded an institution which has proved, under good and careful management, quite a success. It is a practical commentary upon the doctrine-too frequently looked upon as "hopeless "-of praying and waiting, never doubting that all will come right. This Home for the fatherless has now extended itself so as to occupy several houses, and during all the time that the Home has been open, "there has not been a day," says the benevolent founder, "on which they had to depart from their usual mode of living. The Lord has graciously met the need of each day." "Give us day by day our daily bread," has been too often looked upon by professing Christians as merely a form of prayer; but though it be a form in one sense, it is no mere figure of speech in supplication. Here is an example of the result of the faith that asks and receives-prays, and does not faint. On one occasion, no dinner could be provided for the fatherless occupants of the Home-means were not sufficient; there is never anything over from day to day, and doubtless the superintendent was wondering, if not doubting and fearing for the result. But assistance came, No "outsider" knew the need, but it was known to the great Giver of all good, and a Christian lady was in His Own way moved to supply the want at the critical time, Into this Model Home, as we may term it, there have been received three hundred and seventy children, and at

present writing we understand there are about one hundred and twenty inmates, receiving a good education, and being fitted for a useful Christian life in the world. The testimony concerning those who have already gone out into service is uniformly good, thus showing the blessed results which emanate from a judicious and religious training, in dependence upon Providence alone. The entire arrangements and the general appearance of the five houses at present occupied bear undoubted testimony to the careful training bestowed, and intelligent supervision exercised by those who have the care of the children in Mr. Toye's Home at Greenwich.

THE CAXTON BRIGADE.

An experiment has been tried at Kensington, by which a number of boys are enabled to utilise their spare time, and make some money for themselves, by selling good literature in certain districts of the metropolis, the boys being credited with the full price of the literature thus disposed of. The customers of the Brigade are chiefly servants in small houses-maids-of-all-work. A great deal of trash is sold to servants and others, for they must all read: and if good and cheap literature can be provided for them, and at the same time employment found for boys who would otherwise be idle, we shall have reached a very desirable end. There are six boys now working upon a graduated scale of wages, which is a more beneficial plan than the payment of a direct salary at a fixed rate. There is of course occasional loss from damage, but even then the volume or periodical is not lost, for hospital patients gladly receive them. There have been suggestions made as to the sending out of papers by the Brigade on Saturdays, and other ways of increasing the business and consequent earnings of the boys. Any reader who may feel disposed to learn more concerning the Caxton Brigade and its working should apply to Mrs. A. R. Pennefather, of Cheniston Gardens, Kensington.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

48. From what passage do we gather that the Jewish women, in common with other Asiatic nations, were accustomed to carry brass mirrors about with them? 49. Give a quotation which shows that stocks were used

as an ancient form of punishment.

50. St. Paul speaks of the law as being given 430 years after God's covenant with Abraham. How is the time 51. Who was Aretas, mentioned by St. Paul in his second

Epistle to the Corinthians?

52. What special title was given to the prophet Ezekiel in the visions which he saw?

53. "The weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den." What is a cockatrice?

54. Quote a proverb in which reference is made to the

custom of putting rings in the snouts of pigs. 55. Who was Silvanus, mentioned as being with St. Paul

at Thessalonica?

56. In which Epistle does St. Paul speak of himself as being an old man?

57. What is meant in the Epistle to the Hebrews by the expression, "The word spoken by angels?"

58. What only weapon of offence is mentioned as being used by Christians?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 256.

34. It is used by the prophet Joel to signify the time of God's judgment upon His people. (Joel i. 15.)

35. As being the prophetic lesson of the Jews on the day of Pentecost.

36. It is supposed to have been the same as the river Haber in Mcsopotamia. (Ezek. i. 3.)

37. In the first year of the reign of King Zedekiah, B.C.

599. (2 Kings xxiv. 15-17.) 38. The god Tammuz-known in Greek fables as Adonis. (Ezek, viii, 14.)

39. The prophet Ezekiel, who says, "As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about." (Ezek. i. 28.)

40. "I will bring him to Babylon to the land of the Chaldeans, yet shall he not see it, though he shall die

there," (Ezek. xii, 13.)
41. "Thine eyes shall behold the eyes of the king of Babylon, and he shall speak with thee mouth to mouth, and thou shalt go to Babylon. (Jer. xxxiv. 3.)

42. He says, "Zedekiah did not believe their prophecies, and condemned them as not speaking truth therein," though they both came to pass, for while Zedekiah saw the King of Babylon, he did not see Babylon itself, as his eyes had then been put out. (Josephus, Ant. x. 7 and &)

43. "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings." (Malachi iv. 2.)

44. Isaiah uses these words in reference to the city of the priests, which was situated two and a half miles from Jerusalem. (Isa, x. 30, and Josh, xxi, 18.)

45. It means that the true and upright man will obtain the favour of every one. The kiss being used as an outward sign of favour and friendship. (Prov. xxiv. 26.)

46. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." (Rom. xii. 20, and Prov. xxv. 21, 22.)

47. The practice of tying texts of Scripture as charms upon the forehead and on the inside of the left elbow. (Ezek. xiii. 20, and Deut. xi. 18./

THE DAISY.

A SERMON TO YOUNG AND OLD.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

SHALL not take a text
to begin with, but
shall speak about a
flower which the
youngest of you know
well, and try to teach
you some useful lessons by means of it.

Many things in the
world remind us, or
ought to remind us,
of the Lord Jesus
Christ. The Sun in

the sky; and even the bread that we eat, and the water that we drink—each of them has a word to say upon the subject, if we have ears to listen and hearts to understand; each can tell us something about the Saviour; and I do not see why

the little Daisy should not be allowed to lift up its little voice, if it can, and help to swell the chorus of praise to Him Who loved us, and gave Hinself for us.

Let us ascertain, then, what the daisy has to say about our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I. In the first place, there is a homeliness about it, which suggests one very marked feature in the Saviour's character. Some years ago I was taken to see a flower which is called the "night-blowing Ceris." It belongs to the cactus tribe-but, unlike the other flowers of the same family, which are scentless, it has a most beautiful perfume. So far as I can recollect, what I saw was a large cup-like blossom, of purest white, with a long tassel hanging down out of it, the leaves in which the blossom was contained of a delicate light brown colour, and the whole thing exceedingly lovely. But it was also exceedingly strange and singular. bloom of the Ceris comes to its perfection about the middle of the night; and if you wait until the morning you will find it already beginning to droop and wither. It is a grand flower, then, but also a peculiar one; few persons (I should think) have the opportunity of seeing it. And there are other flowers, better known than the night-blowing Ceris, which are conspicuous and startling; some from their size; others from their shape; others again from their colour; and others from their rarity; but the little daisy has nothing strange, or conspicuous, or startling about it; it is simple and unpretending, or, as we may say, homely; and for this reason it reminds me of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

And I will tell you why. Supposing you had been living before Christ came; and had been told that the Son of God Himself was about to appear in fashion as a man, and to take His place amongst us; and supposing you had been asked to guess in what manner He would appear-what answer would you have given? Well, some of you would have said, "I think He will come as a King, and a very great King indeed. No other station in life could suit such dignity as His. He will have a crown on His head, and a sceptre in His hand. He will have untold wealth in His treasuries, and armies to move at His command. All people will bow down before Him, and all nations will do Him service, and the fame of His victories and triumphs will spread to every corner of the earth. Others perhaps would hold a different opinion. "No," they would say—"No, we do not think He will appear as a King. We believe He will be strange and mysterious, like Elijah the prophet, but on a grander scale. He will not mix with men; He will be too great for that. He will dwell apart, in a wilderness perhaps; and only issue forth when there is some important announcement to be made, or some signal punishment to be inflicted on those who are disobedient to His will. Awful secrecy will be most appropriate for such a Personage as the Son of God." So we

Just consider for a moment.

facts of the case?

Nearly two thousand years ago, a company of Jewish men and women were travelling from Galilee, in the direction of Jerusalem. They were going to keep the festival of the Passover, and as they walked through the pleasant lanes, and over the breezy downs, they beguiled the weariness of their journey by singing together some of the Psalms of David. In this company were a man and his wife, who belonged to the humbler class of society, for the man was a carpenter; and with these two was a boy of twelve years of age, who was generally supposed to be their child. Now this lad, brought up in a carpenter's shop, taught in a village school, born and bred amidst all the ordinary circumstances of ordinary peasant life, was the Son of God, Who had come down from heaven to accomplish the redemption of mankind; and His name was Jesus. Well, we look onward a few years, and we find this same Jesus, still living in this little country village, in the north of Palestine, and supporting His mother and

might suppose beforehand; but what were the real

Himself by the trade which He had learned; making boxes, and shovels, and flails, and plough handles, and rakes, and I daresay toys for children; and selling these things for money to the peasants of the neighbourhood; and there is nothing grand and magnificent, and nothing mysterious about His outward life, Presently, when He is thirty years old, His summons comes, and God sends Him out to proclaim the Gospel of the Kingdom, and to accomplish His great work; but even then, He still retains the simple habits which marked Him before. His chosen associates and helpers are men of the people, not the lowest, nor the highest; but tradesmen, artisans, fishermen, and such-like, and when he opens His mouth and begins to preach, His illustrations are invariably drawn from common everyday-life, and His language is so simple that all can understand it. We watch Him as He goes on with His work. We find Him taking an interest in everything that men and women do, or think, or feel, or suffer. He does not keep at a distance, but mixes with the crowd. At a rustic wedding He is one of the guests, smiling kindly on the innocent gaiety of the At a funeral, there He is by the grave-side, joining His tears with those of the mourners. He is fond of flowers; He observes the birds; He watches the children at their play, and knows all about their games; and when little boys and girls are brought by their mothers into His presence, He takes them up in His arms and blesses them. You see how simple He is, though He is the Son of God! how kind, how friendly, how unpretending, how brotherly! and of this feature of His character I am reminded by the homeliness of the little flower which is the subject of my present address.

II. In the next place, consider that the daisy belongs to everybody who chooses to take it. In London there are large parks in which we are permitted to walk; and in these parks, in summer time, are beautiful flower-beds, crowded with roses, geraniums, and pinks, and more flowers than I can at the moment remember. Are you at liberty to pluck one of these flowers, and take it for yourself? Of course not. If you did such a thing, and were caught in doing it, you would be severely punished. But nobody would interfere with, you, no park-keeper would shout at you-if you were to stoop down and pick a daisy, and carry it off. The daisy belongs to everybody. All may have it, if they like. And here again I am reminded of the Lord Jesus Christ, for He is the common property of all. He belongs to the rich and to the poor, to the wise and unwise, to the young as well as to the old. The youngest child can say, "Jesus is mine," quite as truly as the man whose head is white with age. Every one of us can have Him for our Saviour, if we choose. Yes, and even the most sinful man in

the world, who has been for years a transgressor against the law of God, if he will only repent, and turn to the Lord—may claim the Saviour as his own; for has not that Saviour said, "He that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out?"

III. In the third place, the appearance of the daisy reminds me of Jesus. The little flower has a yellow centre, from which clear-cut white leaves spring like rays, in every direction; and when you come to examine these white leaves, or petals—as I believe I ought to call them—you find that, in almost every case, each of them is tipped with a crimson stain, resembling blood. What does this suggest? Let us think.

There is the white colour, and the perfect shape-to begin with. Now white is an emblem of holiness. In the Bible the angels are always represented as being clothed in white; and of the Church it is said, that it was granted her to be arrayed in fine linen clean and white, for "the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." We are led, then, to think of the spotless purity, of the beauty of character, of the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus was perfectly good, and always perfectly good. We know how it is with ourselves. We frequently do wrong in a variety of ways, and have to ask God's forgiveness; but Jesus never transgressed, or fell short, in a single respect. He never said a word that ought not to have been said, nor did a thing that ought not to have been done; nor at any time did a wrong thought of any kind rise up in His heart. He was pure and faultless before God and man. In addition to this, He was constantly occupied in helping others. Wherever He went He scattered blessings round Him; the blind received their sight, the lepers were cleansed, the maimed and crippled were made whole, the dead were raised up, and the poor neglected people whom nobody cared for, had the tidings of great joy preached to them; and to crown it all, He was devoted to His God and Father in Heaven. He said Himself to His disciples, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and finish His work." Here, then, we have a perfect human character; there is nothing wanting: piety, benevolence, and devotion to God, all are there; and all are there in the highest possible degree, and in their most absolute beauty. Jesus is the "chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

Yes, but if this were all, I am afraid that Jesus would be of little use to you and me Acceptable to God, of course He would be. An example to us, of course He would be. An example, however, which we should be little able to follow. But He would not be a Saviour for sinners, and a Saviour is what we want before all other things. If I were to fall into a deep pit, and lie at the bottom groaning, with my legs broken, you would only be mocking me if you were to lean over the edge and tell me to get out, and

follow you along the road. Indeed, you would never dream of doing such a cruel thing. You would, if it were possible, come down into the pit, and lift me gently out of it, and set my broken bones, and nurse me, and feed me, and give me strength and vigour again, and then tell me to walk after you, or rather to walk with you, for I should be weak, and you would hold me up in your arms. And this is exactly what Jesus does for us. He saves us first, saves us from our sin, before He expects us to copy His example; and when we are saved He helps us with a continual help, for He knows how feeble we are, and He holds up our goings in the right path, that our footsteps slip not.

But what is it that makes Him a Saviour? His suffering, His obedience unto death, even the death on the cross. If He had not died, He would only have been our example. It was by the shedding of His blood that He became

able to save us.

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You see we want not only a perfect character to be an example and call forth our admiration; but, more than this, we want a dying Christ,

Who shall wash us from our sins in His own blood. The example is a great thing; but it is not enough. The white leaf of perfect purity is necessary, but it must be tinged with the crimson stain of the cross. And the daisy reminds me of the wonderful love of God, in providing me with all that I require in Jesus Christ, His dear Son. There is the sacrifice for sin, and through it the restoration to Divine favour; and then there is the pattern to imitate; and the help of the Spirit in time of need to enable me to imitate it.

We have thus considered three points. Let me mention them again. The daisy reminds us of the Lord Jesus Christ: first, because of its homeliness, then because of its commonness; and lastly because of its appearance, the beautifully shaped pure-white leaves being tinged with blood. Let us ask for the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, that we may know more about our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and love Him better, and follow Him more closely, and serve Him more faithfully all the days of our life.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONVERT.



ERTAINLY a revolution had taken place in the matter of the social habits of the Norris family. Years had passed since they had held much more communication with the outside world than if they had been a Swiss Family Robinson, and now their seclusion was invaded both from without and within. We have seen how Waterhouse laid siege from his position right under the walls, and how almost imperceptibly they are in course of falling

down before him. The Denston invasion, on the other hand, was sudden and complete, but so natural and unresisted that it had never occurred to the

family to realise the position. When, some five weeks afterwards, Denston, the shadow of his former rather shadowy self, was allowed by the doctor to taste the fresh spring air, the first use he made of the permission was to make a little expedition to No. 47. He had fought a severe battle for dear life, but in spite of his implied indifference, which had so touched Hester, he had conquered. Mrs. Norris and Waterhouse had been his nurses all through. Denston had a strong faculty for gratitude, which had indeed found few opportunities for exercise, but which had not died out for lack of use. And if one comes to think of it, a strong capacity for gratitude in any nature, while pleasing in itself, implies a good deal besides. It implies humility of an ingrained kind more real than that commoner sort which expresses itself by profession; implies an absence of the pride that feels obligation intolerable; implies the absence also of that canker of egotism which makes favours appear only rights. And given such a vacuum, there is clearly room in any character for the largest growth of virtues, so that we may conclude, merely from the strength of Denston's gratitude, surviving in a world which had not treated him too generously, that there was probably justification, in spite of his misanthropical professions, for the kind feelings he had inspired in some of those around him;

Not that his gratitude expressed itself profuselyonly the objects of it were conscious of its existence. How they were made so even they would have found

court he paid her. However that might be, the young man had won his way to a quite tender place in her heart, and was more of a favourite with her

po to no ha ou be pi be



"She put her hand lightly on his arm,"-p. 327.

it difficult to say. Towards Waterhouse it flowed in an undercurrent, which never rose to the surface, but which could probably be set on occasion to turn any wheel. Mrs. Norris perhaps felt it in the softening of his voice when he spoke to her, and of his eyes · discovered to be a lamb in wolf's clothing? That her when he looked at her, and in some sort of silent

than the kindly-tempered impulsive Waterhouse, who would have liked well a similar place in her

And what thought Hester of this reputed wolf, feelings should be those of indifference was hardly possible after all that had passed. Had Denston wished to interest this girl in him, with all her romantic notions and young Quixotic feelings, he could hardly have desired to be placed in a more advantage-Ill and unfortunate, he had at first been thrown entirely upon her womanly care and pity, and when she discovered how unjustly she had been judging him she was the less likely to forget those services which had been rendered unwillingly, but were now a source of gratification in the remembrance. Her penitence, which in a curious way she seemed to feel on behalf of her friend as well as in her own person, was all the deeper because confined within the bounds of silence. She had not come to any speech on the matter with Miss Denston. She had no feeling that the breach between them could ever be made open. It was too fatal a one for speech to bridge over. At one time Hester would have thought it well-nigh impossible to survive such a blow as the breaking down of her faith in her friend, and she did actually feel herself very desperately unhappy. Yet she did not sink under it, body or mind, nor brood over it as might have been expected from one of her temperament. The truth was that her interest for the present centred, like that of everybody else, in the sick-room, and the fluctuations there, the hopes and the fears, and then the steady reports of progress absorbed her thoughts a good deal more than she was conscious of. After that first day she had not seen the sick man till more than a fortnight afterwards, when he was allowed to sit up for a few minutes in his room. Hester was sitting at work with Miss Denston, who, though present anxiety was no longer keen, had hardly relaxed in her demands upon Hester's companionship. She was still suffering from the effects of the nervous shock she had sustained when her brother was first taken ill, and had only once ventured to ascend the stairs to his bed-room. Mrs. Norris was sitting with the invalid, but presently Hester heard her mother's footsteps on the stairs, and Mrs. Norris appeared with her bonnet on. The two elder ladies still treated each other with much reserve; though Mrs. Norris had lately spent so large a part of her time at No. 42, they showed no disposition to get beyond a ceremonious courtesy, and on Miss Denston's part an equally ceremonious gratitude. Mrs. Norris, perhaps, harboured vague suspicions of this black-haired lady of peculiar aspects and habits, while Miss Denston, probably, simply saw no reason for cultivating the acquaintance of Hester's quietly-dignified mother. The cause of Mrs. Norris's appearance in Miss Denston's room on this occasion proved to be that she wished to ask Hester to go up and sit with Mr. Denston while she went home, and until such time as Mr. Waterhouse had arranged to take his turn.

"You have nothing to do, my dear," said her mother, "but to sit down quietly; he is too weak to talk. You might take your work. Oh!—and give him a dose of medicine from the marked bottle on the table in half an hour. If he is thirsty, there is lemonade there."

Hester rose to comply with the request. And who could have guessed that her heart was beating very fast? Since seeing Mr. Denston last, he had become invested with something of a martyr's halo; and she, who had so often helped to cast the stones, must have been very callous had she received this summons with indifference.

"Give my love to dear Philip," said Miss Denston, as Hester gathered up her work, and prepared to leave the room, "and tell him how great a deprivation I feel it, to be unable to get to him. I am looking forward daily to having him down here."

Hester wondered, with a sigh, as she slowly went up-stairs, whether Mr. Denston also wished for his sister's companionship, and whether, in spite of all wrongs he might receive at her hands, he felt the spell of that companionship as she did. For Hester felt the remains of the old personal fascination still strong upon her—forbidding her at times almost to believe in the condemnation of her reason.

She knocked at the door, and entered the room which she had herself prepared the morning which seemed now so long ago.

Mr. Denston sat in a large rocking-chair by the fire. He smiled when he saw Hester, and lifted up his hand in a military salute.

"That is right," said Hester; "you are not to speak to me just because I am a stranger. I will sit down here, and be quite still."

It was not often that Hester felt nervous or embarrassed. But she did not betray it in manner, though in reality she was now feeling both. She scarcely looked at the invalid, yet was vividly conscious of his appearance—of how terribly thin and hollow-cheeked he was, and of how painfully weak—so weak that it seemed almost too great a strain for him to sit in his chair.

As she stooped over her work, she felt he was looking at her. He had, indeed, nothing else to do.

"If I am not to talk," he said, "had not you better talk to me? You know an invalid always expects to be amused. But it does not hurt me to talk in this hollow whisper, if it is not painful to you."

Hester made a great effort to control her disorderly feelings, and said—

"Well, then, I have two messages to give you, which I will deliver first. Your sister sends her love to you, and wished me to say how sorry she is not to be able to come and see you, but she is hoping to see you down-stairs soon."

Hester, receiving no answer to this, looked up. Denston was looking at her with a peculiar air of grave inquiry. Hester blushed, conscious of feelings hidden behind her speech, though what Denston's expression meant she did not know. She went on, rather hurriedly—

"And my sister sent you a message when you were first taken ill, which, as I have not seen you, I could not deliver."

Denston said, "Oh!" in so animated a way that Hester paused for a moment, surprised, before continuing"She bade me tell you that the lame boy, who lives at the back of our house, had inquired about you, and sent his respects and best wishes,"

"Charlie Potter? Why, how comes your sister to be on speaking terms with him?"

At that moment there flashed across Hester's rerollection the harsh condemnation expressed one afternoon by this man of the "rosewater lives" which women lead, and the sweeping away of their skirts from the class of people to whom Charlie Potter belonged. A momentary pang shot through her that it was Grace who brought a refutation of that charge, and not she. But nevertheless the refutation should be made.

"Grace," she said, "has made friends with our poor neighbours, and makes them soup; she spends a good deal of time in helping them."

There was something in Hester's tone perhaps a little persistent, for Denston replied—

"That does not surprise me; and do you not also help?"

"No," said Hester, simply, looking up and meeting Mr. Denston's eyes, which, while they appeared more striking and penetrating than ever, set in so thin and pale a face, seemed to have acquired a softer expression. "I naturally thought you would be surprised to hear of any woman taking pleasure in such things." Hester added, to herself, "And I was the person he accused."

Denston shook his head, and said-

"That was before the deluge. If I was not afraid of making a fuss about so entirely insignificant an affair, I would ask your pardon for my rudeness on that occasion. May I ask if the remembrance of it occurred to you that day? But I am sure it did not."

Hester blushed; she did not ask what day was meant.

"Oh, no," she answered.

"You must allow me to thank you," he continued, "though I know it was not done for me, but for humanity. It opened my eyes to what a woman could do. I had an idea that conventionality was the only idol women recognised."

How could Hester express what was in her heart—the self-abasement she experienced—as she listened to these words of gratitude from the man she had misjudged so long and so wilfully? She remained silent, being, as my readers will have discovered, on the whole, an inarticulate person, whose feelings, good or bad, were rarely made manifest. After a pause, Denston continued, very gravely—

"The fact is, Miss Norris, I have been in a strange country, a border-land, where opinions are mostly the reverse of what they hold down here. I have been much occupied all my life in finding out what a sham everybody and everything is in this world; but up yonder I have learnt that I was a sham myself. That is a singularly different kind of knowledge."

Again Hester could not speak. It was time for the

medicine. She rose, and went to the table, but, in her absorption, could not recognise which was the She brought several to Denston, and. right bottle. after he had pointed out the right one, Hester poured out the dose, and gave it to him, stealing the while glances at his wan face, which were inspired by a certain awe. Here in this room, this man had met face to face with death, and in its shadow all things had been seen in new and strange proportions. Had he feared death? Hester, characteristically weaving a new web of ideas, the reverse of the old, round the man whom she had misjudged, said to herself that there was a look in his face that said no. Those few words of his had enveloped the man and his surroundings with a mystic interest, and Hester pon. dered over them as she plied her needle; for Mr. Denston was now leaning back in his chair, in silent exhaustion.

By-and-by Mr. Waterhouse was heard coming up the stairs, and Hester went away, bearing a message from the brother to the sister. She passed Waterhouse outside the door with a formal salutation, and, in going down, dwelt on his ruddy brown hues and broad-chested frame with a sort of indignation, as if they had been insulting to the man she had left up-stairs.

Hester had seen Mr. Denston many times after this, before the day when he paid his call at No. 47, for the time came when he was allowed to leave his room, and though by that time his nurses were relieved from their duties, and Hester resumed the instruction of Kitty, yet she frequently went across to spend the afternoon with Miss Denston, to whom it was a great boon at this time to have a third person in the shape of this docile sympathetic girl, who would read aloud, or write at dictation, or do anything that was wanted in the way of attention to the And how readily and willingly was the attention paid to the one to whom Hester felt she owed reparation for so many hard thoughts; how quickly she perceived his wants, and how prompt was And Philip the quiet response they received! Denston was confirmed in his new views concerning the nature of womankind, and told himself how just it was that he should thus be put to shame by the very girl whom he had taken to be an exemplar of the feminine vices he abhorred, and yet who, when need came, proved herself capable of a veritable enthusiasm of humanity. When one morning, after the doctor's visit, he had buttoned up his great-coat, and the landlady, full of good-nature, opened the front door for him, it was natural that all his thoughts should tend towards the house over the way, where lived the only real friends whom he could call his own. He walked down the steps very slowly, being full of tremors, which were half due to the wondrous exultation, too strong for his weak frame, which he felt at once more finding himself on his feet, with the fresh air blowing about him. He crossed the road, and looked up at the windows. They were trim and bright, as usual, with their red curtains and glossy

evergreens in pots. He knew the look of them well from the outside, but with the inside he was not so familiar; and it was then that he made up his mind to go in. He had no qualms concerning the welcome he would receive. Constitutionally suspicious of strangers, once won, he was not the man to doubt his friends, and he felt now as confident as Waterhouse himself might have done, Now Hester, unseen herself, had seen their visitor from the window, and the sight moved her, not to run and open the door for him, but to shut herself up again in the back parlour, where she had a moment before left Kitty, in order to fetch a book from the front room. She told no one of what was coming, but Kitty saw that her teacher's face was red, and wondered what had made Hester Then came Denston's knock, in answer to which, Hester heard Grace go to the door. When they saw each other, Grace and Denston both thought of the first and only previous occasion when, an absolute stranger, Grace had opened the door for him. They had not spoken to each other since, yet they hardly met now as strangers.

"You are out," exclaimed Grace; "that is good!"

She did not shake hands with the visitor, but put
her hand lightly on his arm, as if he were a child,
and drew him in.

"Come and see my mother; she will be so glad." And soon Denston found himself in the midst of bright faces and congratulations. Mrs. Norris gave him her own chair, and stood looking at him as one proud of her own handiwork, and Waterhouse came down the stairs two at a time. This sort of thing is very pleasant to a convalescent, who generally finds he has recovered for a time the childish disposition to be pleased or hurt by trifles. Denston was all the more touched that such experience was new to him. His eyes showed everything a little misty. Still Hester had not come forth from her retirement. Grace wondered very much, but presently opened the door and said—

"Why, Hester, do leave your rule of three. Here is Mr. Denston, and only two of his nurses to make jubilation."

Hester rose and came forward then, offering her hand to Mr. Denston with grace.

"I am very glad to see you out," she said, "but Grace must remember that I have seen you many times since your recovery, and have offered my congratulations before."

"I wonder if Hester could ever be enthusiastic," thought Grace, wonderingly, and then she introduced the shyly retiring Kitty, who stared large-eyed at the invalid who had turned upside-down the small world in which she lived.

Denston, noticing this, felt bound to make some remark, so, remembering to have seen the little girl in a corner the evening he had come in for the salvolatile, he observed—

"We have seen each other before, I think."

But the remark, though amiable enough in itself, did not conciliate Kitty, for the appearance and

manner of this new acquaintance did not please her as those of Waterhouse had done. His eyes were not the right colour for his face, she reflected, with distaste. He looked so ill that perhaps even now he might die, which idea frightened her, so she said—

"I don't know," not quite knowing to what an admission of acquaintance might lead.

"Why, Kitty, I am sure you have," laughed Grace.
"At any rate, you might tell a little fib rather than hurt Mr. Denston's feelings after he has been so ill.
Might she not, Mr. Denston? But, oh! I am afraid I have given you a handle for saying, 'So much for a woman's morality.'"

"No, no, Miss Norris," broke in Waterhouse; "Denston is cured of all that nonsense."

"Indeed!" said Grace, demurely, "have you cured him?"

" Not I, but the fellow would have been incorrigible if your mother had not done it."

Denston and Mrs. Norris looked at each other, and smiled in a way people have between whom there is good understanding.

"What did you need to be cured of?" asked Mrs, Norris,

"A boyish vice, Mrs. Norris, which I had not kicked off with the rest of them. Waterhouse might have had the grace not to mention it under present circumstances."

"Be fair, Mr. Denston; it was I," said Grace.

Hester meanwhile, silent amidst the talk, felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought that she knew more of the matter than any one. To her Mr. Denston had revealed the secret whose source lay deeper than these light talkers guessed. Felt, too, that she also was not without a share in the honour awarded to her mother, since his own words had confessed it.

"But really, Denston," went on Waterhouse, "how on earth could you expect Kitty to recognise you? Look in the glass, and I defy you to recognise yourself. I am bound to say I think something should be done. Why not go off to the Isle of Wight with me? I am tired of town. What is your opinion, Miss Kitty? Might not his looks be improved from your point of view?"

Kitty, having been abundantly upheld in her previous expression of opinion, and being now under the protection of Waterhouse, made an emphatic rejoinder.

"Yes, I am sure they might."

The general laugh that followed covered a little awkwardness, for Philip Denston had flushed up, disliking a suggestion which involved the question of expense, and knowing Waterhouse's tendencies on that point.

"At least, you will not think of going back to work till you are quite strong," said Mrs. Norris, anxiously.

"I have not spoken to Dr. Black about that yet," said Denston, uneasily.

At this point Grace relieved the conversation from the embarrassment which threatened it,

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"Mr. Denston," she began, "have not you a message for Charlie Potter? He asks after you every day over the back wall. He is always painfully and cheerfully hopping about the back yard, looking after the rest of the children, poor little soul! Why shouldn't you come and see him? Do; it would be such a pleasure for him, and so amusing."

Grace, though on amusement bent, had yet a provident mind, and had rapidly surveyed the probability of finding a back garden with or without drying linen, before giving the invitation.

"Won't it tire you too much?" asked Mrs. Norris.

"No, mother," said Grace; "a convalescent must have his mind amused, and I am sure the Potter children will do that. Come, Mr. Denston!"

"May not I come, too?" said Waterhouse, who had listened with a rather depressed countenance.

Grace laughed,

"Oh, dear me, no! The Potter babies wouldn't be induced to speak a word."

"I am sure they would," said Waterhouse, in some indignation; "it's clear you have never seen me with a baby."

However, Grace was obdurate, and Waterhouse could do nothing but retire to his rooms in dudgeon, and observe Grace and Denston from the back window. He did not exactly approve, in spite of Denston's invalid condition, of the semi-affectionate manner in which Grace treated him, though, as he told himself, it was quite maternal. No detail escaped him of the few minutes they stayed in the garden. Grace looked merry and sweet, and the Charlie Potter affair was evidently a success; and she plucked a sprig of London-pride and presented it to Denston, with mock formality. When they came in again, though Waterhouse perceived that Denston was going, he allowed him to do so, without the ceremony of leave-taking.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INVITATION.

It was now the middle of May. In Barbara Street that fact was in no way perceptible, except in the increased warmth of the weather, which, even after the throwing off of superfluous coats and wraps, was by many of the residents there considered too great for comfort. This time of year always brought to Grace a vague suffering. She grew thin and strengthless without visible reason; it was always supposed that spring did not suit her. But the fact was, also, that she fell ill of longing for the country. always beating her wings against the city bars. The scent of the dusty lilacs and chestnuts in the Chester Road gardens, the yellow-tressed laburnums, the view of the distant tree-crowned northern hill, the branch of hawthorn carried by a wagoner and bringing into London streets the vision of country lanesany of these things meeting her on a sudden turned her heart sick. And she had not, we must remember, that annual visit to the sea, or to mountains or green lanes, so dear to the average Londoner to look forward to. The Norrises never went out of town. through the green spring, the baking summer, or the bright-leaved autumn. All the seasons came and went, and all alike were passed in Barbara Street, till one would have thought the girls, under the pressure of such monotony, would have grown up with characters as flat and colourless as grass grown under a stone. But Grace's character was of the elastic sort that will rebound from any treatment, and her force served for herself and Kitty too. As for Hester, she had suffered under it, her nature being one that needed some stimulus of enjoyment and of change of scene and society for its right development. She had not an original fund of good spirits and energy, such as Grace had, to preserve her from falling into a morbid habit of mind, at once selfabsorbed and self-repressed. Such stimulus and such good result we have already observed in Hester's recent experience. So happily had the objective interest forced on her worked that it had for the time quite dwarfed her personal sorrows and grievances, which had but just before grown to giant proportions. But with a girl of Hester's nature, whose inward drama was so keenly personal, and her experience so slight, feelings and interests were not likely long to remain objective, and already a strong personal tinge had come into those so lately brought into her life. As the days passed and the strong interests of the present more and more usurped the fading impressions of the past, Hester almost entirely lost sight of the family mystery which had distressed her. This obliviousness was aided by the fact that since that morning that seemed now so long ago, when Mrs. Norris and Grace had gone out on their solitary expedition, nothing had occurred publicly to bring up the matter again, and as the family life jogged on week by week exactly as it had always done, it began to seem an absurd effort of imagination to suspect the existence of mystery hidden under such a humdrum exterior. Still, there had been facts, and facts are difficult matters to dispose of. So whenever the matter occurred to Hester, she dismissed it with a sigh, feeling with a kind of relief that more acutely personal matters had pushed it on one side for the present. Poor Hester! she felt that life was not shaping itself happily for her. She felt herself alone in the world, without one person to sympathise with her or comprehend her, and that is a desperate feeling for any human being, young or old. Her relations with the home-people, the same outwardly, had lost now even the imperfect confidence which they had once possessed. In them she could not seek refuge now when her girlish idol had been overthrown, and she needed a refuge so sorely. Her feelings lost their first bitterness towards her mother and Grace, but their want of confidence in her had raised a barrier which she could not overpass. Between Grace and herself Hester observed with wonder that this barrier seemed to be tacitly acknowledged, though at the same time Grace had never been more gentle and affectionate towards her, or Hester more responsive. Only in one direction did a glimmer of light, faint as yet, and never yet acknowledged in her own consciousness, shine upon Hester's path at this time. A mere speck of light it was, but glimmering out of the darkness surrounding her, it had a singularly illuminating effect. Under its influence a new look began to come into Hester's face, which had been formerly that of one who expects nothing, hopes nothing, and fears nothing.

A fortnight had passed since Mr. Denston's first visit to No. 47. He was slowly winning his way back to health. But of return to his work there could be no question at present. The doctor would not allow the subject to be broached, and there was a general impression, not, however, professedly shared by Denston himself, that the doctor was reserving some very serious ultimatum on the matter. Denston certainly, during this period, made the most of his privileges as an admitted member of the Norris' circle. Mrs. Norris had given up her attendance upon him, and now, in turn, he came to see Mrs. Norris every day, and they all so heartily sympathised with him in the dull days he spent over the way, that, whenever he came, he was made welcome, which was no more than commonly kind. One day, on a warm and radiant afternoon, when even Barbara Street itself took on an air of cheerfulness, Denston, calling on Mrs. Norris, found that all the family were out. Waterhouse being at home, he went up to see him. The two men treated each other exactly as of old. Waterhouse was friendly and impetuous, Denston cool and taciturn.

"Where are all the family?" asked Denston.

"I don't see why you expect me to know," replied Waterhouse, walking across the room, and pushing up his hair with his hands. He was clearly out of temper.

"You are more likely to know, since you live in the house,"

"Do I live in the house? It seems to me you live in the house a good deal more than I do."

Denston lifted his eyebrows, and, in spite of having received no invitation to sit down, took a seat by the window and looked out in silence.

"Why," continued Waterhouse, "I never see any of them in the house; when they go out I certainly have the privilege of beholding their backs. I am sure I don't know what I came to this place for. Bythe-by," suddenly changing his tone, "Hester's growing handsomer; don't you think so?"

Waterhouse came nearer to Denston, and sat down on the edge of the table.

"She is very handsome," said Denston.

"Well, I never thought so till lately. She is too impassive to please me."

"I don't think her impassive. I have experienced extraordinary kindness from her."

Denston spoke with unusual warmth, and the slightest flush was perceptible on his pale cheek, due

to the effort he had felt himself called upon to make on behalf of justice. Waterhouse regarded him curiously, and began to draw conclusions. "Ah," he said. "Well, she always strikes me as in the Maud style, you know, 'icily regular, faultlessly null.' But after all, Maud discovered a heart, and of a very dangerous sort too."

" Take care of yourself, then," said Denston, with a

somewhat uneasy laugh.

"Oh, I," said Waterhouse, with a lingering intonation, which meant quite as much that he had other fish to fry, as that his friend was more likely than he to fall a victim to Hester's charms. It struck him with the illogical surprise we all feel sometimes, when we find the world unconscious of our internal movements, that Denston should contemplate the possibility of his being attracted by Hester.

"Don't you know," replied Denston, pursuing his own thoughts, "that we poor wretches on one hundred and fifty a year or thereabouts have no hearts! By a merciful provision of nature we have an organ composed, I imagine, of indurated muscle to take its

place !

"Nonsense," said Waterhouse, starting up. "You fellows have a far finer chance than we humdrum rich ones. Don't you know that romance, love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing, tells immensely with women? A man with money is heavily handicapped, I can tell you; that is, if he wants a woman worth having." And Waterhouse began to pace up and down. Denston broke into a laugh.

"Well, commend me to that for a paradox! Find me the woman who out of two men would not pick the rich one. Women are the true gold-diggers, all

the world over."

"There you are again," broke in Waterhouse, "with your affected cynicism—for affected it is, and you know it."

"Well, perhaps so," admitted Denston, with a faint smile. He had in reality been so occupied with a certain recollection that he spoke out of mere habit, and, as it so happened, in contradiction of his very thought at the time. "By-the-by," he continued, "Miss Grace down-stairs is a woman who would bear out your view of the case."

Waterhouse wheeled round suddenly.

"Eh?" he exclaimed.

"I say Miss Norris expresses herself remarkably strongly on the desirability of poverty, and the superiority of poor folks."

"Oh, indeed!" remarked Waterhouse, in a neutral tone, the while feeling himself stabbed in a very vital

Denston, feeling, perhaps, some slight embarrassment in the air, pulled out his watch.

"I wonder when some of these people are coming in," he said, looking out of the window.

"They went out in a body some three hours since," said Waterhouse.

"Why did you not say so before?" asked Denston, in some surprise.

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"Where was the use?"

"What do you say to strolling out on the chance of meeting them? They must come back soon, I should imagine."

Waterhouse walked away from the window.

"I don't think I much care to do that."

"All right! I'll go by myself."

But he was only half-way down the stairs before Waterhouse changed his mind and followed him, for it only took that length of time to bring him round to a laugh at himself, with a dash of contempt in it, for his resentment of Denston's success with his landlady's family. He followed Denston down-stairs two at a time, saying to himself, "If my nose is to be put out of joint, I would rather this fellow performed the operation than any one else."

Our friends were fortunate, for soon after they had turned into the Chester Road, a rough yellow terrier flew towards them with great demonstration of joy.

"Hallo!" cried Waterhouse, "here comes the great dog Pan, and the others will not be far behind."

And soon Grace and Kitty appeared in sight, with Mrs. Norris and Hester just behind. When Grace caught sight of the two men walking arm-in-arm, she exclaimed—

"Dear me! look at Damon and Pythias coming to meet us, and I am afraid we are disgracefully untidy,"

Kitty stared round for one astonished moment, being unable to imagine who these acquaintances of Grace's could be, and then the two parties met face to face. Hester was the least taken by surprise, for she had observed the advancing couple before any one else had done, and had already rehearsed the coming small drama in the several ways in which it might chance to be enacted. Yes; Mr. Waterhouse was pointedly raising his hat to Grace, addressing her, turning round by her side. Mr. Denston fell behind, greeted Mrs. Norris and Hester, and walked on with them. Hester, eager within, calmness itself without, found that the drama had gone as it should. A gay chatter was going on in front.

"Where have you been, may one ask?" began Waterhouse.

"You ought to be able to find out from our appearance."

"Ah! I don't observe anything very different," said Waterhouse, eyeing the party doubtfully.

"Thank you, Mr. Waterhouse! I don't think we look quite so shabby as this generally, do we, Kitty? But don't you see what rosy cheeks we've got? We have been taking two-pennyworth each of country air."

Waterhouse laughed.

"How did you procure that homoopathic dose?"

"By taking the tram-car as far as it goes; then we walked on till we really could see nothing but fields, all golden with buttercups—that is, of course, by judiciously turning our backs upon the new houses and the brickyard. It was lovely, wasn't it, Kitty?"

"Yes," said Kitty; "we sat down in the shade of a hedge."

"Do you like the country, then, Miss Norris?"

"Like the country!" Grace spoke rather scornfully, and gave a little twist to her parasol. The question seemed too dense a one to be tolerated. "You might as well ask, do I like to breathe."

Waterhouse made no reply, being occupied in constructing a castle of aerial substance, if the plan of which had been manifest to his companion, she would not have calmly continued to walk by his side. But he must say something, so he roused hims, self from his too-pleasant reverie.

"Why, we might be in Paris, to hear you talk. So you sat down under a hedge, and gathered buttercups en famille! I should not be surprised to hear that you drank sirop, and danced round hand in hand. It is the best fun to see French people in the country. It is such a charming pretence at rusticity, and they enjoy it so mightily."

Grace, who, to do her justice, was seldom offended, was not over-pleased by these remarks, which poor Waterhouse had only made in order to say some-

thing.

"You should not laugh at our poor little pleasures, Mr. Waterhouse, because you can procure greater ones."

Waterhouse felt so taken aback that he knew not what to say. Grace would suppose that he had spoken in the insolence of wealth. He could have bitten his tongue out,

Grace, perceiving from his silence that her rebuke had taken effect, was at first glad and then sorry that she had given it. So that she was quite ready to be gracious when, by-and-by, he said—

"I may be a blundering fool, Miss Norris, but I

hope I am not a snob."

"No, of course not," said Grace, heartily. "I showed my bad taste in not relishing your comparison. I am sure it would be well for English people if they could enjoy themselves more in the simple French fashion. You would not see that, I suppose, in the streets of Paris?"

And they moved aside out of the way of a reeling man.

And so the little breach was healed, and they all reached home well content with each other.

Hester had not joined much in the talk, but she looked handsome and animated.

Kitty's mind was much exercised by a wonder that had taken possession of it.

"Grace," she said, when the family were alone, "why aren't you rude now to Mr. Waterhouse, as you used to be?"

Grace took on a rather comical air under this homethrust. She slightly coloured, and slightly smiled.

"I'll tell you a fable, Kitty. An icicle once hung in the sun, and said, 'I won't melt!' but in half an hour's time it was all gone. Why did it melt? Answer me that, and you'll answer yourself."

"Why, it could not help it," said Kitty.

"Quite so; and being human I suppose I find that I can't be always cross, though the fact never struck me before."

"Well, I'm glad you can't!" and Kitty ended with this little retort.

Waterhouse meanwhile had not lost sight of that pleasing idea that Grace loved the country-at once pleasing and pitiful. It was pitiful to think of her long denial; it was pleasing to indulge the idea that he possessed at least one possibility of offering her what she would value, for he had seen no reason yet to encourage him to any confidence in wooing her. He had grown very downcast under the constant reflection that he possessed nothing calculated to attract her, and that what other women might have considered his advantages Grace held very cheap. Nevertheless, the end of such reflections invariably was that he set his teeth and determined to win her. No one else, he declared, could love her as well, take care of her as well, value her as well. He thus combined, it will be perceived, that modesty in view of his mistress's high merits, and that determination in view of any rival's pretensions, which have always been held to be characteristics of the ideal lover. Just now his mind was wholly taken up by an idea suggested by Grace's country expedition. Why not concoct some affair of the kind in combination with Denston, to make it less personal ?-nay, why not use Denston to give it a colour? A happy thought indeed! Why not go to the Ridley Woods, where one of his friends had one day taken him? Truly the very spot, with its stretches of rich turf, dotted with clumps of thorn, its dusky glades and fine old beeches and oaks-an easy distance by rail, a capital old inn in the town-one advantage after another recurring to his mind, he chuckled aloud, and rubbed his hands, in the solitude of his sitting-room. But how to convey the invitation, how to combine the deepest cunning with the most delicate tact, the most skilful art! The next day, which happened to be Saturday, he consulted with Denston, who fell in with the scheme, in a certain dry, yet half-eager way, all his own. So it came to pass that, in the afternoon, as the family were all seated at work, Sarah made her appearance, with a note for Mrs. Norris. Broken open, the following words were disclosed, which Mrs. Norris read aloud-

My Dear Madam,—I have been thinking that it would do Denston a world of good to take him out into the country. I do not, however, feel that it would be the thing for me to undertake alone the responsibility of looking after him. He might get his feet wet, for instance, if a lady were not with him. May we venture to look to you for assistance? I could take good care of you both. We think of going to the Ridley Woods, Would it not be pleasant to your daughters also to join our forces? It would be an additional favour if they would do so, and in this hope we venture to send them the enclosed invitation.—I am, my dear madam, very sincerely yours,

P.S.—If convenient to you, we propose to go on Monday, as it seems a pity to lose this fine weather.

By the time Mrs. Norris had finished reading this composition, she was smiling, as were also her elder

daughters—Grace, indeed, laughed maliciously, while Kitty exclaimed in delight. Mrs. Norris laid down the letter, and met her eldest daughter's eye, but no one spoke—the fact being that no one wished to take the initiative—each in secret being inclined to desire the scheme to be fallen in with, but by no means inclined to say so.

"Look here, mamma—you are dropping another paper!" cried Kitty, running to pick up a fluttering piece of note-paper.

"Come, Grace, you had better read this," said Mrs, Norris; and Kitty took it to her sister.

"Well, some one has enough assurance!" exclaimed she; but she looked rather amused than angry as she read the following:—

To the fairies Peasblossom, Cobweb, and Mustardseed. Since at times ye stoop from your airy dignity to appear to certain two beings of the grosser kind, these mortals dare to offer their clumsy greeting. To fairies pent in city streets it may be necessary to announce the arrival of May, which their small compeers who peep from the oaks and the elms are already celebrating with their merriest pranks. They have already spread summer snow over the hawthorns, have upreared the sweetsmelling chestnut pyramids; in the woods they have trained the young boughs and decked them with green, and have made known to the birds that it is time to sing lustily. Moreover, a certain spot is known to him who pens these lines, where by moonlight the fairy assemblings are held, where there is turf of the finest for fairy friskings, daisies of broadest frill for parasols, and buttercups to hold draughts of dew; while over all the sturdy oak spreads out flickering shade, and the lady beech drops young leaves of transparent silk. Come, then, ye fairies three, leave your city streets, and fear not to trust your dainty selves to the mortals who would fain bear you to the woodland haunts that become you. Peasblossom! sprite most airy and nimble, come, who deignest in the guise of a maiden to be the maker of the earthly tart-an occupation which thy tongue, though not thy heart, doth occasionally suggest-into which thou puttest an unearthly and ambrosial flavour. Cobweb! deign likewise to be favourable to us, she who appeareth to mortals as a fancy-weaving maiden, bearing under an abstracted demeanour a kind and gracious heart. Mustardseed, thou sprite, come likewise! A puff of wind would blow us thee-nevertheless, a mustardseed, if thou canst understand my words, is capable of great increase. Come, then, whether as fairies or as maidens, and ren-TWO MORTALS. der happy

"Well!" exclaimed Grace, with a smile, when she had finished reading, and said no more, being occupied in glancing over the document again.

"Why, who wrote it?" cried Kitty, full of solemn wonder.

"Mr. Waterhouse has sent it, and we may suppose he wrote it," replied Hester.

"Fancy!" exclaimed Kitty, peering over Grace's shoulder.

Grace looked up.

"Don't you suppose it?" asked she of Hester.

"I was only thinking that the style is not quite what one would expect from him."

"Why not?" asked Grace, laughing. "I saw the 'Essays of Elia' on his table this morning, and I believe this concoction is a bad imitation of one of them, I half-remember one in which the fairies figure."

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"Let me look at it," said Hester, holding out her hand.

Hester looked it through, but read several times over the invitation to "Cobweb," and compared it thoughtfully with that to "Peasblossom."

"What is that about you, Grace?" asked Mrs. Norris; "for I suppose 'Peasblossom' stands for you, does it not? I did not catch the meaning as you read."

"Hester, read it again," said Grace.

"That is all very well," remarked her mother, when Hester had reached the more personal part of the invitation; "why did not Mr. Waterhouse stop there? Well, what is that about Grace?"

Hester read it.

"Her 'tongue' and 'heart'!" repeated Mrs. Norris. "Is not that rather impertinent, Grace?"

"Shockingly so, mother," said Grace, whose face was brimming over with merriment. "Hester, your reformed Mr. Denston can hardly have written that. Besides, what cause has he to consider my ambrosial tarts the most impressive feature of our intercourse?"

Hester coloured. She believed Mr. Denston had written the invitation, but had hardly imagined her

belief so patent.

"What does 'ambrosial' mean?" asked Kitty, thus creating a diversion very welcome to Hester, who did not wish the words addressed to her to undergo public examination.

She read them as unimpressively as possible, and they passed without comment, though Grace glanced at her sister curiously. She was struck with the touch of sentiment occurring in this part only. Had Denston written it? A surmise as disturbing as it was novel awoke in her mind; but on her mother's account, no less than to spare Hester's evident sensitiveness, she let the matter pass in silence.

"Why, Mustardseed," she said, drawing Kitty on to her knee, "I feel quite jealous for you! The author, whoever he may be, seems to hold this little girl very cheap. 'A puff of wind would blow us thee,' indeed! I would stand firm on my dignity, and say, 'I will not be blown, good sir!'"

"But I want to go," said Kitty, opening her eyes. Grace laughed.

"And what is to be the answer to all this?" asked Mrs. Norris. "I suppose young people will have their jokes. I don't know that I am altogether pleased with this one; but——"

"But the fact is," interrupted Grace, who had put Kitty away from her, and was now kneeling before her mother, her favourite position when any coaxing had to be done, "that, like Kitty, we all want to go! I want to see the woods, I want to smell the hawthorn, I want to hear the birds—I want to go!"

There was more than playfulness in Grace's tone, there was a note of passion, of longing that fell on the ear startlingly. Her mother looked down at her in wonder. Hester felt that the matter would be settled as she wished, without need of any word from her.

"But," said Mrs. Norris, "Mr. Waterhouse will

wish to pay for us."

"Well," said Grace, a comical turn coming into the corners of her mouth, "you know we have given him a great deal of attention. You know you darn his socks every week when they come from the wash, don't you?"

Mrs. Norris smiled. The anxious Kitty waited by, eager for a word; but Hester smiled too, and felt that the matter was safe.

"Besides," continued Grace, "it is not Christian to be so savagely independent. We deprive kind people of the pleasure of giving pleasure."

"'Is Saul also among the prophets?'" murmured Hester, quite revived under the influence of hope,

"My dear," said Mrs. Norris, "surely you are a little forsaking your own principles."

"I am tired of being on stilts," said Grace, rising, and giving a sigh; "and I do want to see the country."

Mrs. Norris smiled, and said, after a pause, "But we could not leave Sarah on Monday—washingday."

"No," said Grace, "of course not. Oh, you gentlemen of England, that sit at home at ease, how little do you think about—give me a good line, Hester, quickly—the cares that maidens tease! Why, that is quite an inspiration, I declare. Run, Kitty, for the pen and ink before I lose it. Don't you see my eye rolling in a fine frenzy?"

Kitty ran to obey with all her usual alacrity, and did all she could, by leaning eagerly over Grace's shoulder, to assist her in the composition. Rhymes were in great requisition for a while, and then the answer was despatched by Sarah.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OVER THE WALL,

ALL the next day Waterhouse carried about with him, in the breast pocket of his coat, a certain folded paper which had been handed to him by Sarah on the Saturday evening. It was the first written communication he had yet received from the hands of his mistress, and, as such, it was justifiably a sacred possession, though a communication in spirit less sentimental could hardly have been conceived. He had unfolded it, read it, and folded it again so often that by the evening of the next day it was getting quite worn at the folds,

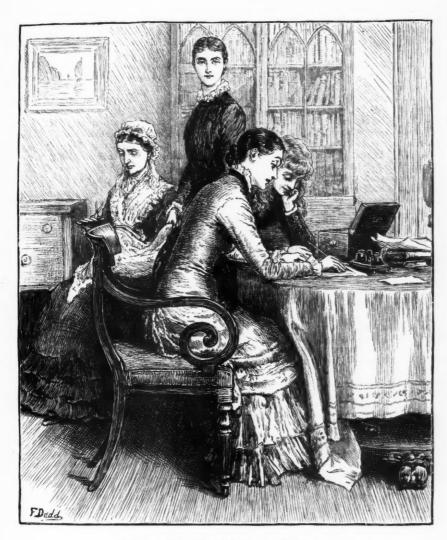
With Denston this precious communication had to be shared, so far as consisted in allowing him to read it through. The two spent Sunday afternoon together in Waterhouse's room.

"It is easy to see who wrote this, don't you think?" said Denston, holding the paper rather tenaciously, as it seemed to Waterhouse's jealous eyes.

"How can I say?" asked Waterhouse, with hypocritical carelessness.

"Very well, I should imagine; one might hear Miss Norris' voice all through." stoop to such folly, eh, any more than you would yourself?"

"Well, I don't suppose the stately Hester would in his pockets, and walking to the chimney-piece. "But the further growth, the more unlikeness there will be to her sister."



"Rhymes were in great requisition for a while,"-p. 332.

Waterhouse observed his companion attentively. Denston returned the look steadily.

"She has been a little overshadowed by her sister, I fancy. I don't think Hester has reached her full growth."

"Perhaps not," said Waterhouse, putting his hands

"Oh, I did not compare the two," said Denston.

Waterhouse fancied he detected a flavour of irony in this reply, and smiled to himself, not uncomplacently. If Denston admired Hester, why, he admired Grace, and that was a very good division of things. He supposed they would each find it necessary to make allowances for the bad taste of the other.

"This is a good handwriting," said Denston, fingering the document again.

"Pity the fellow has not a specimen of Hester's to prefer," said Waterhouse to himself; aloud he said, slyly, "I don't know Hester's."

Denston took no notice of this remark.

"I think you had sufficient cheek in your address to Miss Norris; your invocation to Hester, I remember, was in quite a different key—a touch of sentiment there."

"I fancied I knew my ground."

There was a little stiffness in the reply. The fact had been that Waterhouse, not daring to betray the slightest hint of his real feelings towards Grace, had, conscious of innocence, been less careful in the address to Hester.

"By-the-by," he continued, taking up a book and seating himself, "I have made it all right about going to-morrow. I explained to Mrs. Norris last night that we should be away all day, and should require no dinner-cooking or anything of that sort. So we must fix the time for starting before you go."

The two men settled down to reading, and dropped

the discussion concerning the sisters.

In the evening Waterhouse attended service at St. Luke's Church, as had now become a frequent custom. On coming out he generally met some of the Norrises, and walked home with them, and this happened, whether of design or not, most often on the Sundays when it was Grace's turn to go to evening service. However it might be, Waterhouse looked forward with eagerness to this quarter of an hour's walk, for Grace was never less inclined to stand on the defensive than on these occasions. It seemed as if she lost her thorns in church, and brought out with her nothing but sweetness and fragrance. Sometimes she spoke very little, but that did not disappoint Waterhouse, who, when he found her disinclined to talk, would converse with her mother, or sister, whichever might be bearing her company, and while doing so, would be sufficiently happy in the mere sense of her presence. Short delightful scraps of time were those snatched from the prosaic practical week for a dreamy unsubstantial bliss, which transfigured the dull streets more than did the tender evening light. Sometimes he would steal a look at Grace's face, which, sweet and serious, would be turned towards the glowing west or northward toward the distant hill. And his heart would swell, as he looked, with its urgent sense of her goodness and dearness. On this particular evening such a glorified walk had taken place, and Waterhouse, always a happy man on such evenings, felt now the additional lightness of heart born of joyful expectations of the morrow. He had hardly dared to hope that his boldness would meet with the success it did. He could scarcely understand the good fortune.

After he had had supper, he sat with a book in his hand, to which he paid but scant attention, for Grace's

words and looks that evening, down to the very most insignificant of them, were repeating themselves in his brain. Not one word or look had she ever given him which could, by even a lover's fancy, be interpreted as meaning encouragement, or even comprehension of his feelings. There was scarcely bitterness in the thought, however, for he had of intention been prudent -very prudent. He had felt the necessity of not startling her, of not damaging his chance by precipitance. The times were not yet ripe; she must know him, must learn to trust him before the idea of any such feelings should be presented to her, and there was time, plenty of time to act with wise deliberation. There were no rivals in the way, no possible The Norrises had no social circle. What an enlivening consideration that was! The only young man who visited them besides himself was Denston, and in that quarter there was abundant security, A man could not be in love with two sisters at once, Thus musing, he was surprised to hear a tap at his door. On receiving an invitation to enter, the visitor proved to be Kitty.

"O, Mr. Waterhouse," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "would you mind coming? Mamma, I mean, sent me to ask you if you would be so very kind as to see what Grace is doing. She is gone over the wall."

"Gone over the wall!" cried Waterhouse, starting

up. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, haven't you heard them quarrelling? Such a dreadful noise! Grace thought the man was beating his wife, or the little lame boy, and she got a chair and went to the wall to look over, and then she jumped over. Mamma is so frightened, and so am I."

Waterhouse waited no longer than to take in the idea of Grace's situation. He rushed past Kitty and made his way down-stairs at very great speed. In the back garden he discovered Mrs. Norris and Hester—the former in a state of great agitation.

"Mr. Waterhouse, how good of you!" she exclaimed; "my naughty rash girl has taken upon herself to interfere in this tipsy brawl. I cannot think what will become of her."

"We will have her back in no time, Mrs. Norris," said Waterhouse, confidently, though feeling horribly alarmed as to what might have happened before now. "Take your mother in, Miss Hester; she has nothing on, and the air is cold. Leave the matter to me, Mrs. Norris."

It was a dark gusty night, heavy with clouds, and rain-drops were beginning to fall. Mrs. Norris and Hester reluctantly went in-doors to watch from an upper window.

"Go you in, too, Sarah," Waterhouse added, when he reached the wall, and found Sarah there.

She was standing on the chair, straining eyes and ears to catch any intelligence that might arrive to either from the open door of the opposite house, through which a dim light issued. Waterhouse mounted the wall, and discovered a tub, which, standing bottom upwards on the opposite side, formed the means of descent. A few moments more, and he

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was at the door of the house, and his ear caught the sound of Grace's voice. The door opened into a back-kitchen, and that into a room beyond, from which the sounds proceeded. His impetuous course was checked; there was evidently no quarrelling going on now. Grace was safe. Would she not be angry with him for interfering with her? It appeared the better plan to wait within earshot, ready to proceed further, if occasion arose. What Grace had said he had not caught distinctly, but with it had come the sound of a woman sobbing, and now came a woman's voice.

"Oh, miss! he were drunk, or he'd never 'a' done it. He never laid finger on 'im afore."

"That I ain't," broke in a sulky deep voice; " and I'll larn yer to be so aggrawatin', that I will!"

"Your wife's excuse for you is a bad one, Mr. Potter," now came, in clear accents, from Grace; "but you will admit that you needed one, and that it was kind of her to make it for you. You may be sure that she would rather have had you strike her than your lame boy."

"Yes, that I would, bless 'is 'art!" sobbed the mother.

"Then, you should larn him not to be so aggrawatin'. You're one as bad as t' other."

"Charlie," said Grace, "how did you offend your father? If you were wrong, you must beg his pardon."

"Lor, miss! 't ain't no matter o' use your speakin'; he'll be as bad as ever when your back's turned," interposed Mrs. Potter.

"Come, Mrs. Potter; it is you that are keeping it up now. See, now Charlie is going to make it up with his father. If you will forgive and forget, Mr. Potter will do so too—won't you, Mr. Potter?"

"You didn't hurt me, father," now interposed a smaller, weaker voice.

There was a pause. Then Grace said-

"I will say good-night to you all now. It is Sunday night, you know, when we ought to be all happy and good. Come for the soup to-morrow, Charlie. I hope the baby will go to sleep again, Mrs. Potter."

Waterhouse, hearing Grace coming, retreated a little further into the darkness. Mrs. Potter followed her to the door, saying in a loud whisper—

"He is a little angel, miss, if ever there was one on this blessed earth. His father 'it 'im that 'ard! But he 'll be sorry for it to-morrow, if he ain't now." "I think he is now," said Grace; "but do not provoke him with hard speeches. Good night."

"Good night, miss; and thank you kindly for coming in."

Waterhouse, meanwhile, feeling that if there were an angel in the case Mrs. Potter had mistaken its identity, kept himself out of sight, and now followed Grace as she crossed the yard. He was afraid of startling her, but when she reached the wall Grace looked back and saw him.

"Mr. Waterhouse!" she cried.

Waterhouse came up to her.

"Do not be angry," he said, in a deprecating tone.
"Your mother sent me; she was frightened for you."

"Why should I be angry?" she said, gently; "it was very kind; but there was no need. I was quite safe."

Waterhouse would have helped her to climb up to the wall. But as he held out his hand, she said—

"Wait—wait a moment. Are my mother and Hester over there?"

It was not so dark but that Waterhouse, looking at her, saw that she was very pale, and that her dark eyes shone liquid through tears.

"It is so terribly sad, and we can do nothing. Look at all those houses, and to-night, when we are safe and happy, there is so much misery and wickedness there. We seem so near to those people, and yet we are separated by such a gulf. I must stay a moment in the cool air before I go to my mother."

Grace turned her face upwards to catch the wind. Waterhouse had not answered her, but still stood silently looking at her. As if there was some subtle influence conveyed by that silence, a sudden consciousness swept over Grace, which at once wrought a change in her manner and speech.

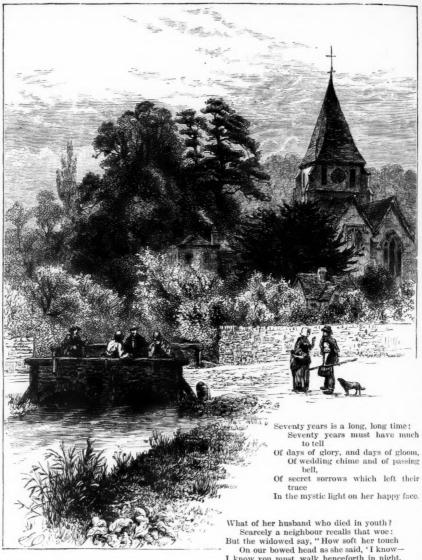
"I will go in now," she said, in her usual quick tones. The wall was easily mounted, for the little urchins belonging to that side had succeeded in making foot-holes, by which they could clamber to the top. Waterhouse sprang down on the other side, and, holding out his hand, said—

"Will you jump?"

Grace jumped lightly, and then walked to the house in silence. Mrs. Norris was cordial in herthanks for the service Waterhouse had rendered. But it seemed to him that he heard nothing save the rather grave "Good-night!" which came from Grace.

(To be continued.)





A LIFE'S RECORD.

EVENTY years have come and passed, Seventy years since the summer morn When there was joy in the old red house, Joy for the daughter who there was born; Seventy years she has walked her way From the cradle there to her grave to-day.

They scarcely speak of what chanced to her, These folk who linger her bier to see, For all the burden of every heart Is, "Oh, what a friend she was to me!" Yet pain is buried where bloom above The richest blossoms of helpful love.

I know you must walk henceforth in night, And yet keep pace with a saint in light!"

What of the brothers who wandered far? (Her hair was white when I knew her first.) But many whisper aside to-day "She did her best for our very worst." And some sad faces speak not a word; God only knows some dark tales she heard!

Did doubt come sometimes? was sorrow sore? Hush! ask no questions like these to-day. For life-long sorrow and lonely pain Are ended for ever and put away. But on Heaven's tablets will engraven be That sigh, "Oh! the friend that she was to me!" ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO,

THE SHIPWRECK OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. J. A. FAITHFULL, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, SCARBOROUGH, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck."—

1 Tim. i. 19.



HIS text suggests an interesting question as to what actually happened in the case of Hymenæus and Alexander, whom St. Paul mentions in the next verse as "delivered unto Satan." It is sufficient for my present purpose to say that it is commonly held that the Apostle is referring to his hav-

ing exercised his Apostolic prerogative.

For some reason or other, with which Timothy was acquainted, St. Paul seems to have excommunicated these men, partly as a warning to others, and partly also as a remedial step.

We shall notice: (1) The catastrophe mentioned, "shipwreck of faith;" (2) the cause of this catastrophe, the putting away of a good conscience; (3) the prevention of this catastrophe.

I. The catastrophe mentioned, "shipwreck of faith." What does that mean? Does the Apostle refer to an absolute break-down? Had these men finally apostatised? Certainly not; for he says in the succeeding verse, that he dealt with them as he did in order that they might learn to act differently.

Let us look at the figure employed-shipwreck. It does not follow that all is lost. St. Paul himself was shipwrecked four times at least, and yet he survived to suffer martyrdom. You remember our Lord's word to Peter, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Yet his faith did fail; he broke down grievously, denying his Lord with oaths and cursing. He suffered shipwreck; yet his faith came back again more beautiful than ever, and especially so as the result of his fall. When we come to consider that faith admits of gradations, this fact becomes more apparent. A man may be thoroughly persuaded of certain facts upon certain evidence, and yet this persuasion may not influence his conduct one For example, some of you may have gone from time to time to church, only half in earnest about religion. You were convinced of the truth of what you heard. Perhaps when Christ was preached, you made up your mind that you would become a Christian in a real sense. Having taken in what you heard with joy, you went your way. It looked very hopeful; but time has passed since then, and you have fallen back into the old careless state, a little more dead than you were before.

The reason of the failure is not far to seek. You did not allow "faith" to take the helm of the ship—to be the directing power of the life. There is a remarkable case of apostasy recorded in the 6th chapter of St. John's Gospel. It is connected with the miracle of feeding the five thousand. "Multitudes," we read, "followed Jesus." Why did they follow Him? "Ye seek Me," says Jesus, "not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." They came for what they could get. You remember the rest of the story. Jesus did not supply their hunger again-to do so would have been an unworthy use of power-but made the miracle an occasion of the wonderful sermon, "The Bread of Life." What was the result? When they discovered what His real object was, when they were told they must accept the truths of the Gospel, "from that time," as our English version has it, many of them, "went back, and walked no more with Him." Discipleship made too heavy a demand upon them. Theirs was, as far as we know, a case of total loss-shipwreck in its most unqualified sense. Compare the case of St. Peter with theirs. Вотн are shipwreck of faith-but in one case partial, in the other it was complete.

II. The cause of the catastrophe. "Having put away a good conscience." Let us see, first, what is meant by "a good conscience." A good conscience is a conscience that has been awakened to a sense of sinfulness-a conscience that has been cleansed, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself having pronounced absolution; a conscience that is void of offence, the purpose being honest before God. Vitality, absolution, and integrity are the chief ingredients of a good conscience. The text distinctly implies that it is possible for a man, who once had a good conscience, to lose it. The moral and spiritual disaster described as shipwreck is the immediate result of "putting it away." The rendering of the Revised Version is very expressive, "which some having thrust from them, made shipwreck concerning the faith." It suggests that the good conscience is a generous friend pressing its indispensable services upon us. It can only be repelled and silenced by deliberate opposition.

Did you never do violence to this importunate friend? Have you always listened to it? I hope

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so, since you have been a real believer; if not, it is no wonder that you are groping in the dark, uncertain of your whereabouts, not knowing whether you are a Christian or not, unable to find a sure foundation for your feet. Herein lies the secret of all backsliding. Conscience speaks; the person addressed thrusts it to one side, with as little violence as necessary, and the downward path is entered upon. The old friend asserts himself every now and then, but unsuccessfully; he becomes wearied of being treated thus contemptuously, and becomes less and less frequent in his importunity, and at last the crash comes. One Apostle becomes a traitor, another a cowardly denier; Demas, having loved this present world, forsakes Christ; Hymenæus and Alexander are delivered over to Satan. The apostasy is of varying degree. In some cases it is final; in others there is return to the narrow way only through bitter tears and self-reproaches; poverty follows upon the shipwreck; it is a long time before the fortunes are retrieved, and the old position regained.

HI. The prevention of this catastrophe. Having secured a good conscience, maintain it. How to secure it you know. Listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit convincing of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Follow Him whither He would lead you, gently, to the foot of the cross on which your Saviour died. Let Him show you the remedy for sin wrought out on Calvary. Let Him seal upon you the share which you have in that redemption, and you shall enjoy the pardon of your sins. Being brought into reconciliation with God, you will live the life of a pardoned

sinner, ever yielding your will to the gracious influence of the same Holy Spirit, moulding your life after the pattern of Christ's life, seeking to do the Father's will. "Grieve not the Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed," and there can be, in your case, no shipwreck of faith. You will be saved from the disgrace of Hymenæus and Alexander, from the self-inflicted shame of Peter, or more fatal remorse of Judas.

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There is no safety, except in the maintenance of a "good conscience;" a conscience good, because awakened, cleansed by the blood of Jesus,

and controlled by the Spirit of God.

Final preservation, ultimate, full, realised salvation, is inseparable from and in a sense dependent upon present perseverance. We are still on the voyage, not yet in the haven where we would be. Dangers beset us-hidden rocks, shifting quicksands, and, what is worse, a personal enemy. The most remorseless of pirates is still upon the high seas, seeking whom he may capture. Christian readers, we are still living in the range of Satan's influence. All sorts of contingencies may happen; but there is safety for us in Christ. Let His hand be kept upon the helm, and He is certain to keep us clear of rocks and quicksands, Let Him be in command, and shipwreck is impossible. Never was a ship lost of which He was Captain. He Whose word the wind and the sea obeyed, knows how to steer the smallest, ay, the craziest craft through the worst storms, on the most dangerous seas. Let the eye of faith rest on Him, and the life be directed by His Spirit, and the result is certain—safety now, and safety

PROVIDENTIAL VOICES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALTERS.



HE way in which the providence of God often combines with His grace in the accomplishment of His merciful purposes towards men is calculated to excite our wonder and praise. We are reminded of Ezekiel's vision; wheels encircling wheels, eyes of intelligence upon them all, the spirit of the living creature within; we hear the voice of the Almighty, and see the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord.

What devout and thoughtful mind can fail to recognise Divine providence in the origin of some

of our greatest and most useful institutions? One illustration may suffice. A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl one day to tell him the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer, but began to shed tears. On questioning her a little further, he learnt that she had no Bible in which to look for the text. This led him to inquire whether her parents or neighbours had a Bible; and the scarcity of the sacred Scriptures thus disclosed led to that meeting of a few earnest Christians in London in 1804 to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the Word of God, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

History furnishes striking instances of the remarkable preservation of lives destined for future usefulness. There was the marvellous preservation of Moses in consequence of Pharaoh's daughter finding him on the banks of the Nile, which led on to the flight of the Israelites from Egypt, their conquest of Canaan, and their establishment as a great and powerful na-

During the wars between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians, a young soldier was drawn out at the siege of Leicester to stand sentinel; a comrade volunteered to take his place, and was shot through the head at his post. The young soldier himself was spared to become the writer of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The house of a Lincolnshire clergyman was fired one night by the rabble of the parish, and the family barely escaped in their night-garments. When the father and mother gathered their children round them in the street, one child, six years old, was missing. Every effort was made to reach his room through the smoke and flames, but in vain. Meanwhile the boy, waking from his sleep, and finding his bed and the whole room on fire, flew to the window, out of which two villagers, one on the shoulders of another, rescued him at the moment the roof fell in and crushed the chamber to the ground. A few minutes more, and John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, would have been lost to the world.

When Dr. Judson was a youth at college, he imbibed deistical opinions from a fellow student who was also his friend. One night, after leaving college, being on a tour through the Northern States, he stopped at a country inn. The occupant of the room adjoining that in which he slept was seriously ill, and died in the course of the night. When informed of the fact the next morning, young Judson asked the landlord if he knew who the dead man was. "Oh, yes," said he, "he was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E--." Judson was completely stunned. The dead man was his college friend. He abandoned his tour, and hastened home, deeply impressed with the necessity of personal religion. Shortly after, he gave himself to God, and ultimately became "the Apostle of Burmah."

The opposition which Wesley and Whitfield and their followers had to encounter in Yorkshire was similar to that which assailed them in other parts of the kingdom. One of their persecutors at Rotherham was a youth named John Thorpe. One day he and some companions were in a publichouse, when one of them proposed that they should preach in turn, in mockery of the Methodists, each choosing his text at random. When Thorpe's turn came, he seized the Bible, saying, "I shall beat you all." He opened at the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." At the very sight of them, they went to his heart. The whole current of his thoughts was changed. A strange power of utterance was given him, and he preached as one

who felt the truth of what he spoke. From that hour he became a Christian man; at length, he became a minister of the Gospel. Masborough chapel was built for him, and he preached there till his death.

It is impossible not to recognise the hand of God in the following series of circumstances in the early ministry of the Rev. W. Thorpe of Preaching one Sunday morning in a village where he then laboured, he took for his text, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." The text arrested the attention of a peasant who was there for the first time, and the sermon led to his conversion. The next Sunday he was there again, having succeeded, after much persuading, in inducing his wife to accompany him. That day the text was, "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O husband, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" The man and his wife looked at each other, and wept. On their return home, the wife, under deep conviction, opened her mind to her husband. They read the Bible together, prayed together, he pointed her to his newly-found Saviour, and that night she enjoyed peace through believing. Their trouble now was about their only son. The next Sunday morning they asked him to accompany them; but all their entreaties were in vain, till he saw his mother in tears on account of his refusal, then he was subdued, and went. When the preacher announced his text, "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother," the youth looked at him earnestly, and wept. There and then, the arrow of conviction entered his heart. When the family reached home, he begged his parents' forgiveness for all past misconduct, and, confessing his sins to God, sought His forgiveness also. So by a succession of steps, all ordered by God, yet unknown to the preacher, the whole household was

Among the voices of God's providence are the howling storm and the roaring sea. A pious chaplain, detained by contrary winds at the Isle of Wight over the Sunday, preached that day in one of the churches of the Island. In the congregation there was a thoughtless girl who had come to show her fine clothes. The Word of God arrested her, and she was converted. The story of her conversion is the narrative of "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has gone all round the world; and the fruit of the sermon is a hundred-

God speaks in visions of the night. months before the French army entered Russia, the Countess Toutschkoff dreamed three times in one night that she was in an inn in an unknown town, when her father came into her chamber, leading her only son by the hand, and reported the death of her husband at Borodino. Her distress was great, although each time she awoke she found her husband safe at her side. The influence of the dream was such that she renounced the world, and fled to Christ as the refuge and comfort of her soul. Strange to say, the dream came true. Before the French entered Moscow, her husband, General Toutschkoff, was placed at the head of the Russian army of reserve; and one morning her father, leading her little son, entered her room at the inn where she was staying, as she had seen in her dream; and in the very words of that memorable night, exclaimed, "He has fallen! He has fallen at Borodino!" In the fierce battle of that once obscure, but now famous village, he had indeed been slain.

Who hears not the voice of a gracious providence in this circumstance? A few days before the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in 1857, he went down to the building to arrange where the platform should be placed, and while trying the various positions, he cried aloud, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." A man was at that time at work in the Palace, who heard the text spoken under such unusual circumstances. It went with power to his heart, convinced him of sin, and led him to the sinatoning Lamb, in Whom he found forgiveness and

peace. One other striking fact of this class. A comic singer was about to sing a song in a Liverpool music hall, when a verse of a Sunday-school hymn which he had learned years before, all at once rushed into his mind, and refused to depart. He failed in singing his song, and was dismissed by the manager. For a few weeks he plunged into the deepest dissipation; during the time he wrote a comedy, intending to close with a burlesque on Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who were then in Liverpool. To give greater life and point to his satire, he attended one of their services. The Spirit of God arrested him on the spot; he remained to the after-meeting for inquirers, and that very night surrendered himself to the Lord. He subsequently consecrated his talents to usefulness, and became a preacher of the Gospel.

It is interesting to mark how God calls Christian men to usefulness, and prepares their way. A pious Nonconformist youth of the last century was anxious to enter the ministry, but in spite of all his efforts there was no open door. One day, he was on his knees earnestly praying to God for direction, when he was startled by the

letter-carrier's knock. There was a letter from a friend offering to introduce him to the work he so much desired. Regarding the letter as the answer of God, he embraced the offer; and so Philip Doddridge became a Christian minister, college professor, writer of hymns, Scripture commentator, making the Church of Christ his debtor for all ages to come.

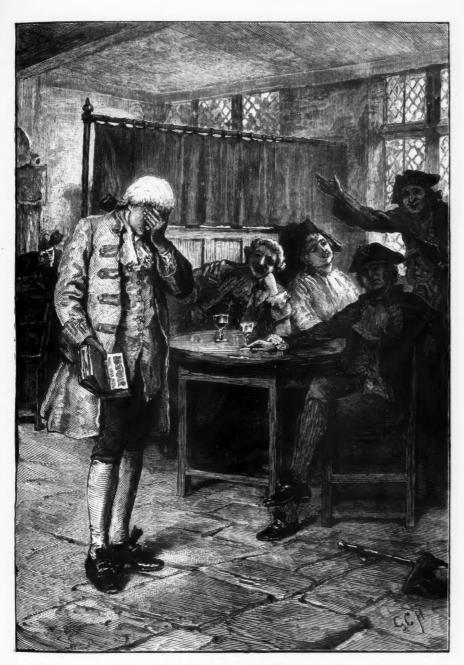
One day a young Scotsman witnessed the departure of some British troops for the Crimea during the Russian war. His sympathies were enlisted on their behalf, and he prayed that he might be able to go out and minister to their spiritual welfare. By a strange mistake a letter intended for another of his name—the substance of which was, "If you are still in the mind to go to the East, reply by return of post and say when you can start"—was delivered to him. Subsequent correspondence with the writer of the letter led to his appointment as Scripture-reader to our army in the Crimea, where, by his earnest addresses, his 'conversations with the sick and wounded, and his abundant distribution of the Scriptures, he accomplished untold good.

Two instances, in closing, of the way in which God at times encourages the fearful and disheartened. When Mr. Doddridge was invited to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Northampton, he was much perplexed. He felt reluctant to say, "No;" yet, through a sense of insufficiency, was afraid to say "Yes." Just then, the words fell upon his ear, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." They sounded through an open door by which he was passing, and were the words of a child reading to his mother. He felt that they were intended by God for him, and in the strength of them he accepted the cell.

cepted the call.

A minister at Trowbridge who was extremely diffident, and who had preached some years to no purpose, as he thought, came to the resolution that he would preach no more. He reached this decision one Sunday afternoon, and intimated it to some of his friends. They endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, but all in vain. Just then, a person from a distance who knew nothing of his resolution, called on him, and expressed a strong desire that he would preach that evening from the words, "Then I said, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name. But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones." Struck by the force of such a peculiar circumstance, he consented, and experienced so much enlargement and comfort that he continued to preach till his death with great





"At the very sight of them, they went to his heart."-p. 339.

EXPECTING THE ANSWER.



OME months ago I went to a watering place on the Donegal coast in search of health. I had hoped to spend a good deal of time in the sandy coves of which there were somany, sheltered from every wind that blew excepting the breezes from the sea. Shut in by tall masses of rock, I imagined myself

stretched out upon the warm sand, basking in genial sunshine.

But there was no continuance of sunshine; June and July passed without a single fine day, and so far from being able to lie upon the sand, I was forced to walk about as quickly as I could, in order to keep myself warm.

Others were as much disappointed as I, and I was not too ill to be interested in them and their sorrows.

I found myself observing a family, apparently in narrow circumstances, who lived in the lodging house opposite mine, an unsightly and poor-looking place. The family consisted of Mr. Hope, a clerk in the bank of a country town, his wife and six children, the youngest a baby of nine months old. The poor man was spending his yearly holiday in the melancholy duty of nursing his sick wife. Seated at my window I used to see him walk up and down the path before the lodging-house each day supporting her feeble steps; I saw him wait upon her with the utmost tenderness, relieving her, as far as he was able, of the care of the helpless little children.

But although they had an old countrywoman as nurse, and although Mr. Hope helped in every household duty, it was unavoidable that much work should devolve upon the poor invalid.

She was in the last stage of decline; her dark eyes very large and bright, her cheeks hollow, her figure shrunken and wasted. It needed but a glance to assure me that she was not long for this world, and I wondered whether she was bound for a better world.

I soon made acquaintance with her, and she was glad to speak freely to me. With the baby in my arms and the next child clinging to my dress, I sat beside her, and listened to the story of her grief.

"It's the children," she said; "my worst fret is about the children. Poor Edward will not believe that I am going to die, but I know that I have not

much longer to live; and what will become of the children when I am gone? If it were not for them," she continued, "I think I should be not only content but glad to go to the Lord. He has been gracious and merciful to me all my life—ever since I turned to Him with my whole heart. I was a child then." Her choking cough interrupted her, and it was some time before she was able to proceed. "I feel that this terrible anxiety about my children may be of the nature of a temptation, and I am praying that it may be removed. Will you, dear Mrs. Rainsford, join with me in praying? Will you make it your constant petition that I may be enabled to trust my children cheerfully to the Lord?"

The sight of her faith helped to strengthen mine, and I readily promised to do as she requested.

"Are you praying?" she whispered, when we met on the sands a few days afterwards. "I am expecting the answer; indeed, it is beginning to come already. Edward is surprised that the children are not just quite as much thought to me as they were."

I prayed still more earnestly that night, remembering the gracious words of our Saviour, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, believing, ye shall receive."

July was nearly over; still colder winds and more rainy weather came in, and Mrs. Hope's walks had to be given up. She left the window for the armchair beside the fire. Baby was not upon her knee as often as formerly, and the toddling little ones were always in another room with their nurse.

"God for ever bless you for your goodness to her," said her husband one day, towards the end of the month. "She has had to take to her bed at last. Go to her, please; she is asking for you. I have had to keep the children away from her, for she cannot bear the least noise." He went away wiping his eyes, and I entered the bed-room.

"Poor Edward sees the truth about me now," she said. "I am much worse than I was a week ago; this dreadful cough shakes me to pieces, and the pain in my head and side—— Oh, go on praying for me, for I feel that God hears your prayers. He has made me quite easy in my mind about the children. I know He will be their Father; they are in His hands, and so is Edward, and so am I. My God and Saviour is sustaining me. He will not lay upon me more than I am able to bear."

She smiled as she said these words, and stretched out her thin hand to clasp mine; but her grasp tightened convulsively, for a violent fit of coughing shook her tortured frame. "Stay with me," she whispered presently. "I can't speak, but I like to look at you, and hold your hand. Say the verse of a hymn or a short text every now and then in your soft voice."

So I continued to kneel beside her, moistening her brow and lips from time to time. Presently her husband returned, tin

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"I am in your place, Mr. Hope," said I, getting up, and moving aside, so as to let him ap-

proach the bed.

"Do you know what my wife said to me last night?" said Mr. Hope, as I rose to go. We were standing at the door almost afraid to move lest we should disturb the invalid, who seemed to have sunk into a doze. "She said to me, 'I know that you will be a changed man after my death, Edward. You must promise to teach the children to say their prayers every night and morning. Don't let Kate and Ned forget what I have taught them: make them read their verses and say their hymns every morning before breakfast. The morning will be the best time, for you know you are tired and sleepy in the evening."

At length I received a pressing summons from her. Little Kate came to say, "Mamma is very bad, and she wants you, please."

Mrs. Hope was much worse; her breath was more laboured, her thin face more pinched, and she was possessed with a distressing restlessness. Her husband made way for me, and as usual she clung to my hand.

"Oh," she gasped, "there is a sad change come over me. I am afraid to die—all is dark—I cannot see the Lord, nor feel His presence near me—my faith and hope are gone—clean gone!"

No description could do justice to the agony in her voice, and in her shrunken features, when she said this, appealing to me as if for help. "I am not able to pray," she continued. "God does not hear me any more—it is no use—no use! He heard me yester-day—I could trust Him yesterday—but now—"

Her husband looked at me pitcously. "Help her,

try to help her," his look seemed to say.

I knelt down and took her hand. "Oh, God, our Heavenly Father," I prayed, "look down, we beseeh Thee, with mercy upon poor Lucy Hope, Thy servant, whom it has pleased Thee to afflict with such dreadful pain and sickness. Give her patience and strength to bear what Thou hast laid upon her. May she have firm faith in the merits of her Saviour, and may she feel Him near her."

Here the sick woman's voice was heard: "Come near me, blessed Lord!" she prayed, "closer, closer, Lord Jesus!"

Her husband fell upon his knees behind me, and his broken supplications mingled with ours, that the horror of darkness might soon pass away, and that she might again feel herself accepted for her Redeemer's sake. Thus we knelt for more than an hour. There were pauses in our supplication, when Mr. Hope raised the sufferer upon her pillow or wet her parched lips; but no sooner was the stifling cough over than her feeble voice was heard again, "Come nearer to me, nearer still, Lord Jesus!"

"Oh, do not cease to pray," she continued, eagerly. "He heard you about the children, you know, and granted your prayer; I stopped fretting about them all at once. Surely He will hear you now,"

Little Kate crept into the room on tiptoe to say that I was wanted at home. "Don't leave me," implored the sick woman. "No, no, you'll stay with her," entreated the husband, and I staid.

"I am better now," she said presently; "the horror is going away, and I think my Saviour is near me." Then, later, "I am not afraid now. I shall be glad to go to Him when He calls me. I think it was a temptation of Satan that came upon me in my weakness, but it is quite gone now. God has answered our prayers." And a smile of perfect contentment played upon her pale lips.

A sensation of awe came over me, and I could have said with Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not; this is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven." So weak had been my faith while praying that I had scarcely expected a speedy answer; even God's goodness to Lucy in making her willing to leave her children in His Hands in direct answer to our prayers, had not caused me to expect such an answer as this; and shame for my slowness of heart to believe was mingled with the adoring gratitude and awe that filled my breast.

"You are happy now, my darling, thanks be to God," sobbed her husband. "I must give you up to Him. But we must not forget to thank Him for His mercy. Mrs. Rainsford will offer up our thanksgiving before she goes. And now," he said, when I again rose from my knees—"now, Lucy, you will let this lady go; it is quite dark, and she has been with you for two hours."

"Yes, she may go, but she will come back to me in the morning."

I found Mrs. Hope very weak, and suffering greatly, next morning, but very calm and happy.

"Our two prayers were granted," she whispered,
"and I want you to make another request of the
Lord. Ask Him to let me see one glimpse of the
glory of heaven before leaving this world, if it be
His will."

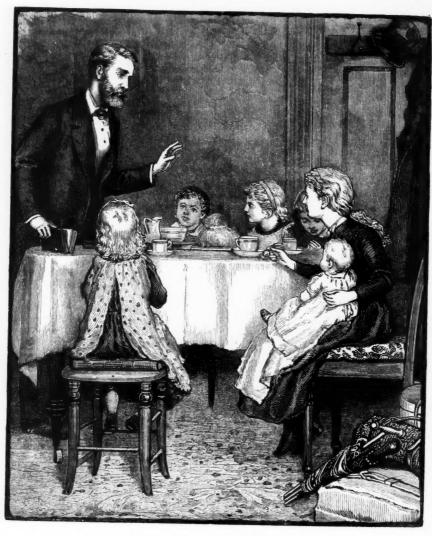
I knelt once more, and as I prayed that the veil might be withdrawn for a moment, my own faith was strengthened, and I built upon Jesus' promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, believing, ye shall receive." Mr. Hope knelt also and joined in the petition.

It seemed to me on the following day that she was near her end. She was very pale, and did not open

ier eyes.

"She said I was not to let any one into the room except you," whispered her husband, "for she could not bear the least noise. The woman of the house is very kindly, and so is the nurse, but they talk loud and make her head worse. I have got something particular to tell you. This morning, at about three o'clock, she called me (I was dozing in the chair beside her bed). 'Edward,' said she, quite strong and loud, 'do you see that bright light there above the ceiling?'

"'No, dear,' said I, 'it is all dark to me,"



"'I got out their mother's Bible."-p. 345.

"'It is a ray of light as bright as the sun; and there, there! I see angels hovering in the light, and they are singing—what is that they are singing? It is "Worthy is the Lamb." How happy and glorious they are!

"I declare, Mrs. Rainsford, when I heard her say that, my flesh crept with awe, for it was the answer to your prayer. I was writing her words down when you came in, for I knew it would be a comfort to me to read them when she is gone."

"Oh, yes, the greatest comfort you could possibly

have. God has been most gracious and merciful to you both. I do not think that He always grants such direct answers to prayer."

The dying woman's voice was heard from the inner room. "Is that Mrs. Rainsford? Ask her to come in. I want to tell—to tell—" Then, with laboured breath and failing tongue, she told how good God had been to her.

"Now," said her husband, "you will please offer up a few words of thanksgiving to the Lord fer having let her see that vision of glory," I did not see her again. "She does not know me," said Mr. Hope, when I called next morning. "She is very weak and low. I don't think there would be any use in your going into the room." So I remained with the children, busying myself with baby and little Janey. I was out boating the whole afternoon, and on my return, rather late, had a message from Mr. Hope to say that his wife had died at four o'clock; and on the following morning another message was brought me to beg that I would go over to see her.

"I trust," began the poor man, as he met me at the door, "that you do not think I am taking a great liberty in sending for you."

"Oh, no—far from it: I am glad you sent for me, for I wish to see her once more in this world."

"God ever bless you for your kindness to her and me. I wanted you to see how calm and happy she looks now."

He went over to the bed and drew down the white covering from her face. Yes, she did indeed look calm, her wasted features no longer distorted with pain—her limbs no longer writhing in restless agony. A smile seemed to hover on her lips. Her poor husband sobbed as he hung over her, and my tears, too, fell fast.

"When I told her that you had been here, and had left your love for her, she said, 'Tell her I am going to Jesus.' That was a few minutes before she died. She was quite herself again, and knew me perfectly. Her last words were, 'Come quickly, Lord Jesus.' Oh, Mrs. Rainsford, I know she is happy—very happy—but how shall I live without her?"

"You must live so as to meet her again."

"Ay, that's what she said often and often. 'You must follow me to heaven, Edward,' she said. 'You must serve and love the Lord, and you must teach the children to serve and love Him too, so that I may see you all in heaven."

The last time I saw Mr. Hope was a few days after the funeral, when everything was packed up, and he had his little group of children round him in their black clothes, ready to set out to the station on their way home.

"I am trying to do as Lucy bid me, Mrs. Rainsford, but I forget sometimes. I forgot this morning, for instance. I was just handing Kate and Ned their breakfast, when I recollected that I had not heard them say their prayers and verses as I promised. 'Stop, children,' said I, and I got out their mother's Bible, and made them repeat the little prayers she taught them. How she loved her Bible! No matter how tired she might be at night, she would sit up reading it, and when I would say, 'Sure a few verses will be enough, dear; put away your book,' she would answer, 'No, Edward, I must finish the chapter; my mother read the whole Bible three times, and I wish to do the same.' Ah, it will be hard for me to fill her place to the children."

I saw them off in the train, the children laughing and chattering, the poor father sad and grave, and I have not seen them since, perhaps never may see them again until we meet in heaven. I went home to write the history of Lucy Hope's last days, and of the signal mercy she was shown in direct answer to her prayers. The story may prove an encouragement to those who suffer "in mind, body, or estate," to pray without ceasing, EXPECTING THE ANSWER.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

APRIL.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"Be clothed with humility."-1 PETER v. 5.

マイルンキャンション

HEN Spring puts on her robes of green,
Refreshed by April showers,
In many a sheltered nook is seen
The sweetest of sweet flowers.

Modest and shy, its blossoms fair
Hide almost out of sight,
And yet their fragrance scents the air,
And fills us with delight.

O little violets, lacking speech, 'T were well for us to-day To learn the lesson that you teach In such a quiet way.

O well for us, if we could be Like you in modest grace, So clothed with sweet humility, So bright in heart and face,

Then, doing good unconsciously,
With not a thought of greed,
Our Master's footsteps we should see,
And follow Him indeed.

"From Greenland's Icp Mountains."



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SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

PARABLES FROM NATURE.

No. 1. THE VINE.

Chapter to be read-St. John xv. 1-10.



EASTERN SHEPHERD.

NTRODUCTION.
Remind children
how often Christ
taught lessons
from things in
world around—
let them name
some. Sower, leaven, mustard, etc.
These called parables from nature.
Shall have four
different ones in
lessons for this
month.

I. THE VINE'S LIFE. (Read 1—6.) Notice time when parable was spoken. (See xiv. 31.) Christ and disciples on way from Jerusalem to Garden of Gethsemane — passed

through vineyards — Christ evidently pointed to them, and said, "I am the true vine." Spoken to disciples called out from world to join Him. Almost His last words to them. Must distinguish between the VINE and the BRANCHES. (1) A vine is for food. Remind how, in the East, vines constitute great part of year's food, especially when dried as raisins. Thus Abigail sent David a hundred bunches. (1 Sam. xxv. 18.) (2) A vine is refreshing. The air became perfumed with fragrance of its flowers (Song of Sol. ii. 13)—grapes most cooling and refreshing at all times—given by God as a blessing. (Joel ii. 22.)

All this describes what Christ is to His people. He feeds and nourishes their souls—refreshes them (Ps. xxiii. 5, xxxiv. 6)—cheers, comforts, supports, is their true life for time and eternity.

But what must the Branches do? They must (1) Abide in the vine—i.e., must not be plucked off. Children sometimes stick a bough in the ground—soon dies, because has no separate life. So Christ's people only live while are joined to Him. Away from Him they die. What joins them? Prayer, holy communion, faith, etc.; without these the soul's life soon gone. Also, the branch must (2) Be purged—i.e., pruned. Probably have watched a gardener cutting off some shoots to make others bear better. All that hinders bearing of good fruit must be cut away.

So does Christ deal with His people. They are to bring forth the fruit of good works. All that hinders that must be cut off. (See Heb. xii, 6.)

II. The Vine's Growth. (Read 7—10.) What happens if a branch dies? What makes it die? No longer receives sap from vine; or is rudely broken off. On other hand, tree grows—spreads branches—produces more fruit—gains fresh sweetness—does more credit to the gardener. So must Christ's disciples "grow in grace"—bring forth more fruits of the Spirit. (Gal. v. 22.) Give more glory to God. Let each ask: Am I bringing forth good fruit? If not—why not? See what hinders—cut it off—put it away—cling closer to Christ by faith. So shall indeed be His disciple.

LESSON. Grow in grace.

Parables from Nature. No. 2. The Good Shepherd. Chapter to be read—St. John x. 1—18.

Introduction. Have already had a similar parable from St. Luke, viz., the lost sheep—that referred rather to the sheep—this to the Shepherd.

I. THE TRUE SHEPHERD, (Read 1-11,) Jews a nation of shepherds from the first (Gen. xlvi. 32), accustomed to see flocks and herds all over the country-accustomed to images drawn from them. (Ps. xxiii, 1.) Familiar idea to speak of themselves as sheep. (Ps. c. 3.) So Jesus teaches them about Himself. Shall see how He is like a true Shepherd. (1) He knows His way. How does He enter in? Shows is familiar with the fold; enters as lawful guardian, come to his own place. Thus Christ came to this world to His own people as their true Shepherd. (1 Pet. ii. 25.) (2) He knows His sheep. Describe how Eastern shepherd recognises each single sheep-has a name for each-calls each by its own name. So Christ knows each of us; our Christian name given at Baptism shows we belong to Him. He knows also our character, even secret thoughts all open to Him. (Ps. exxxix, 2, 4.) (3) He knows His duty. What is the duty of a shepherd? (a) To seek out good pasture, fresh grass, cool streams, etc. So David describes the comforts God has given him. (Ps. xxiii. 2.) (b) To protect from enemies, as David killed the lion and bear who attacked his flock. (1 Sam, xvii. 34.) Remind how St. Paul was preserved in the shipwreek. (Acts xxviii. 1.) Elisha at Dothan, etc. Above all, how Christ protects from power of the devil (2 Pet. ii. 9), so that no one is obliged to sin. (c) To seek when lost, as Jesus melted Peter's heart with a look after his sin. Even giving his life for the sheep. All this, and more, is Christ as a Good Shepherd to His people.

II. THE FALSE SHEPHERD. (Read 12—18.)
What does Christ call him? Because he thinks only
of his hire, of what he can get. Who was like this

among the disciples? Judas only followed Christ for gain. What does this hireling do? Desert the sheep in danger. Just what Judas did-preached like the other disciples-worked miracles, but when saw Christ likely to be taken by enemies, deserted Him and His work, and betrayed Him. How different from the love of the true shepherd. For whom does he think besides his own sheep? (Ver. 16.) Jesus Christ longs to save the whole world-willingly laid down His life for enemies as well as friends, thus gaining His Father's everlasting love.

LESSONS. (1) Follow this Shepherd. He is always calling us-seeking us. (2) Copy this Shepherd. Seek others as He does. So shall gain smile

of Heavenly Father.

PARABLES FROM NATURE. No. 3. THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

Chapter to be read-Mark iv. 26-29.

INTRODUCTION. Last parable taken from pastoral life-flocks and herds; this one from agricultural

> life - tilling the ground, sowing seed. Already had Parable of Sower, also of wheat and tares. Each parable its own separate meaning. Sower taught the hindrances to the progress of Christ's Kingdom. Wheat and tares showed good and bad were mixed in the Kingdom. This parable shows the secret process by which the Kingdom is established.





29.) Describe the process of sowing and growth of seed. Farmer carefully prepares ground, removes stones, weeds, etc., gets soil into good condition, fences it from wild animals, digs it, manures it, etc. Then sows seed-in olden days by scattering with hands from a basket, now by drilling it into holes. Then follow days and nights of anxiety, watching the skies, too much rain, or too little; too scorching sun or not enough sunshine. At last plant appears, rain has soaked seed, made it swell, burst, form plant, protrude from soil, sun warms it, winds blow on it; tiny blade is seen, stalk increases, ear is formed, grain begins to ripen, at last becomes yellow, shows it is really ripe and ready for the sickle. But all this by hidden power. Farmer knows not how it is done. He can prepare ground, but cannot make plant grow; he can remove hindrances, but all the rest done by God. Then comes the harvest. Seed cut down, stored safe, ready for future use.

II. THE MEANING. What is like all this? But what is the Kingdom of God? Means Christ's Church on earth, either His people as a whole, or His grace working in one man's heart. In either case the same process goes on. (1) The work is silent, Remind of St. Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost. God's grace worked silently in the hearts of 3,000 people at once. (Acts ii. 37-41.) So too with individuals. Centurion in charge of soldiers at cross watched Christ for six hours, at last exclaimed, "Truly this was the Son of God." (Mark xv. 39.) (2) The work grows. Seed expands into plant. So God's grace develops a man's character. See St. Paul the persecutor becoming the active Christian. Remind of Lydia, whose heart was opened under St. Paul's preaching at Philippi (Acts xvi. 14), then throwing in her lot entirely with Apostles (xvi. 40). Nicodemus at first coming by night, then boldly helping Joseph to bury Jesus. So God's grace always increases, watered by Holy Spirit, warmed by Sun of Righteousness, character becomes perfect in faith, and knowledge, and holiness. (Eph. iii. 13.) (3) The work produces results. When the corn is ripe, must be gathered. These grains when sown produce others, and so on to infinity. What is the harvest of souls? Who are the reapers? Angels will gather in the saints (1 Thes. iv. 6) to God's garner, where for ever will live to His glory.

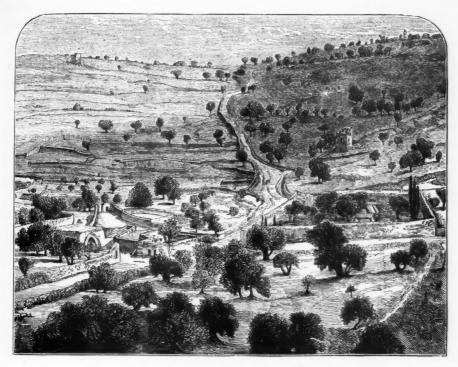
LESSON. Pray earnestly, "Thy Kingdom come."

PARABLES FROM NATURE, No. 4. THE BARREN FIG-TREE. Chapter to be read-St. Luke xiii. 1-9.

INTRODUCTION. Another parable about fruit. Fruit much more abundant in Palestine than England.



BRANCH OF FIG-TREE.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES. (From "The Bible Educator.")

Land described as place where each would "sit under his own fig-tree." So Christ draws lesson from it

I. The Occasion. (Read 1—5.) What tale was brought to Christ? What a shocking murder—innocent people suddenly killed at a religious feast! What question did they ask Christ? Was a common idea that great calamity was sent as special punishment for sin. Did Christ allow this notion? All a part of God's general dealing with the world, to remind us that life is short, death may be near. Therefore, should always be ready for death. So we still in midst of dangers—hear of them daily—railway accidents, street accidents, infectious diseases, death always near. We must be ready. Jesus enforces this by a parable.

II. THE PARABLE. (Read 6—9.) Where was the fig-tree planted? This common custom, to plant rows of vines amongst fig-trees. Owner would watch both alike, watch their growth. Spring-tide blossom, and promise of fruit. What would check the fruit? Cold winds would nip the buds, frost destroy blossom, great heat dry it up. When would fruit be looked for? But summer came, and there was none. What did he say to the dresser (i.e. gardener)? How long had he been looking for fruit? Who pleaded for the

tree? Why? Because he cared for it, would like to try a little longer, take more pains.

III. THE MEANING. This is very simple. Who is the Maker and Owner of us all? Tree means, in first instance, the Jews—set in God's vineyard, the Jewish Church—cared for by Him—He would seek from them the fruit of good works. Who was it laboured among them for three years—cared for them—taught them—healed them—all out of love?

Christ pleads for us all as well as the Jews—ever lives to make intercession. We are spared at present—have time to repent. Shall it be wasted?

LESSON. Now is the day of salvation.

SPECIAL LESSON-CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

Chapter to be read—Acts i. 4—12.

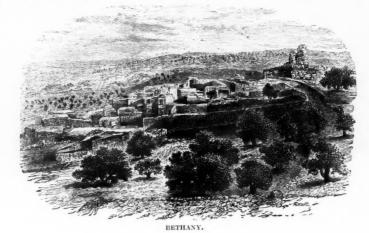
I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES. (Read 3—11.) (1) The time was forty days after resurrection. Notice how often this is a marked time. Moses forty days in mount with God, Elijah forty days in wilderness, Christ Himself tempted forty days. What was He doing all that time? (Verse 3.) Apostles now at last understood Who Christ was—were being instructed for their future work. What were they to do when Christ had left them? (See Matt. xxviii. 19.) (2) The

place. At Bethany (Luke xxiv. 50), on Mount of Olives, where Mary and Martha lived, and Lazarus was raised. (3) The witnesses. All the Apostles, and probably the one hundred and twenty disciples. But also two angels. What did they say to the Apostles? Must not stand idly gazing where Christ had gone. Must return to Jerusalem—wait for the promised gift of Holy Ghost. (4) The manner. In a cloud, probably shining and glorious as Elijah went up. Burst of songs from angels welcomed Him as prophesied. (Ps. lxviii. 17, 18.)

11. The Object. Why did not Christ remain on earth—to teach—to purify—to lead to God? But earth no place for Him. Stayed a few years to show love of God. Must return to Father. Bodily presence could have been only with few. By His Spirit is with all, always, everywhere. (1) To pre-

pare heaven for man. (See St. John xiv. 1—4.) Heaven, no heaven without Christ, therefore ascended that where He is, saints might be also. (2) To prepare man for heaven. Told disciples was good that He should go, that might send down Holy Spirit. This Spirit teaches, guides, comforts, sanctifies (John xvi. 8, 13, etc.), makes men like Christ, and therefore fit to live with Him. Also Christ intercedes before God, pleads His sacrifice, and still procures redemption for us.

Lessons. (1) Seck Heavenly things. (See Col. i. 1—3.) Christ is in heaven. We wish to join Him—must love what He loves—hate what He hates. Therefore must seek holiness, purity, without which can never enter heaven. (2) Be ready for Christ's coming. He will come in like manner to take His people to glory. Shall we be ready?



POEMS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER-IV. "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

BY J. FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

IVE us this day our daily bread,"
In hope and faith we pray,
Father, Thy children would be fed
By Thee from day to day.
The birds that wander through the air,
The creatures of the sea,
The lions roaring in their lair,
All seek their meat from Thee.

Our daily bread—we crave no store,
Our garners wide to fill.
Our daily bread, we ask no more,
But trust Thy bounty still.
Bread by the ravens to the seer
At Thy command was given:
Thy wandering people Thou didst cheer
With manna sent from heaven.

A better bread to feed upon
We pray Thee, Lord, to give,
The Bread of Life, which is Thy Son,
That we may eat and live—

The bread our hungry souls to feed That came from heaven above, That is our spirits' meat indeed, The manna of God's love.

Yet, that our prayers be not in vain For daily bread from Thee, Give us the will and strength to gain Our bread unceasingly.

The hand to toil, the brain to plan, To do whate'er is meet,

We know 'tis Thy decree that man' Shall work if he will eat.

So, labouring, praying evermore
For bread of earth and heaven,
Lord, bring us, when our journey's o'cr,
Where rest in Thee is given;
That we may at the marriage feast
Among the blest abide.
The supper of the Church and Christ,
The Lamb and His dear Bride.

MAKING A STAND.

A DOMESTIC STORY.



OOD-BYE; you will be home by six, John?"

"Oh, yes; by the way, have something nice, Kate; Fletcher is coming with me; I expect he will stay all night."

Mr. Salt launched forth his announcement with an air of calm serenity as he stepped across the threshold, and the prompt closing of the door pointed the full stop at the end.

Mrs, Salt ran across the lobby and opened it

sharply. Alas! the culprit was already two or three houses distant, and probably may not have heard the necessarily subdued summons to come back; at any rate, he walked briskly away down the street, and Mrs. Salt went back to her comfortable sittingroom with a very decided cloud upon her brow.

"This is the third time he has treated me in exactly the same fashion, and I will not bear it," she protested, staring indignantly at her own reflection in the convex mirror over the fireplace; "as if I were a child or a servant—it's not right."

It was the principle, rather than the person, Mrs. Salt was thinking of at this stage. She descended to that presently.

"Mr. Fletcher, too, a man without the commonest sense of politeness! Mrs. Evans said everybody had to make a stand some time. I'll make mine to-day."

Mr. Salt, it may be explained, was a man with a very pronounced predilection for having his own way. Up till the time of his marriage his authority in domestic matters had never been called in question. He gave orders to his housekeeper, and she carried them out to the letter, as she valued her place. This system, however, he did not find altogether so successful with a wife, who also held views about her rights and prerogatives, and their six months of double blessedness had been marked by sundry breezes in consequence.

Concerning this same Mr. Fletcher, he had certainly not gone out of his way to pay any attention to his young hostess; and the last time he had been there, she had suggested, after his departure, that it should be considered his farewell visit. To her astonishment, her husband answered shortly that he was capable of choosing his own acquaintances, and should ask whom he pleased to his house. Here the subject dropped till the abrupt announcement this morning, and Mrs. Salt, reviewing the circumstances in her own mind, felt that, beyond all question, it was clearly her duty to "make a stand."

She tied on a big holland apron, and went down to the kitchen and her one domestic. Mr. Salt was not too far up the commercial ladder, and a good deal of the brightness and comfort of the little household were owing to Kate's busy hands and head. In the larder, she found the cold remains of that much maligned joint, a shoulder of mutton. Brilliant ideas had floated across her that morning, of its resurrection in half a dozen savoury forms; now, as she stood contemplating it, another flashed into her mind.

"It shall go up just as it is—typical cold shoulder. If the man does not take that hint, he must be dense indeed. And let me see: a nice solid satisfying bread pudding, not too rich. That will do beautifully."

Kate compounded the said pudding straightway, and went up-stairs again, satisfied with her scheme.

A doubt, whether it was altogether a dignified plan, came to her as she stood for a minute after she was dressed, looking out of her bed-room window at the darkening street.

She looked into the dining-room; the fire blazed brightly across the white table, silver, glass, and linen, all in spotless order, ready for the feast.

Presently came the sound of the latch-key in the door; and Kate went out into the hall to greet her husband.

"Well, Kate," was his first remark, "I hope you are ready for us. Mr. Fletcher and I are as hungry as hunters."

Mr. Salt glanced at the table in astonishment as he took his seat. "Why, where is the soup, Kate?"

"There is no soup to-day."

"What have you there?"
"Potatoes and boiled turnips," she equably returned.

"Indeed." The meaning of it was dawning upon him. "Allow me to send you some mutton, Mr. Fletcher."

The visitor took it with a darkened countenance. He was too hungry to refuse it, but he did not ask for a second helping.

In due course came the pudding—satisfying, very. Kate's courage began to quail a little as she helped it. It did occur to her then that she had not sufficiently weighed both sides before she embarked upon her present enterprise.

After a spoonful or two, the host rose up abruptly. "If there is nothing more, we will adjourn to my smoke-room. And send in some coffee immediately," he said, shortly, as he passed his wife's chair.

And then he closed the door behind them, and his wife was left alone at the head of her deserted

battle-field.

She sat there a long time in the silent room—long to her, at least. When the mantel clock rang out nine, it seemed asif that luckless dinner must have taken place yesterday at latest. With the last stroke, the occupants of the smoke-room came out, and she heard her husband helping his guest into his overcoat. Evidently the man was not going to spend the night here—a further victory. Then a "Good-night!" and the street door closed with a loud bang, and Mr. Salt came straight into the sitting-room to her.

"Now, Kate, what did you mean by insulting me and Mr. Fletcher in this manner?"

Kate's colour rose.

"It was no insult; but you seem to have quite overlooked the fact that I am not to be ordered like a servant. Mr. Fletcher is not a man I wish to have any acquaintance with. I told you that before; and since you pay no attention to my wishes, I shall make a stand for myself."

She did not know her husband could look so hard.

"If you think," he said, decidedly, "that I am to give you a reason for the why and wherefore of my actions, disabuse your mind of it at once. Only let me tell you that your obstinate folly to-night has cost me nearly two hundred pounds, which I could ill afford."

Kate sprang up in sore dismay.

"You never told me anything. I did not know."

"I brought him here," went on Mr. Salt, "to talk quietly over some business arrangements that would have been most advantageous to me, and you deliberately chose to affront and slight him in my house. In future I will see my friends at an hotel, where I can at least be safe from such insults."

And, waiting for no response, Mr. Salt went back into his study, and turned the key in the door.

Evidently Kate was destined to spend the evening alone. She sat crying salt tears over the dying fire till it too went out. Then she crept sorrowfully away to bed. The little right she really had—that her husband ought to have explained to her the importance to him of this unwelcome visitor, instead of standing so exclusively upon his domestic supremacy—did not occur to her now. She could only think of the injury she had done him.

"And I thought I was going to be such a help to him, and now he will only think how much better he would be without me. I always do just the things I

ought not to."

Truly poor Kate was feeling herself avery miserable sinner indeed.

Matters were no better in the morning. Kate sat at the table with red eyes that by no means added to her beauty, eating nothing. Mr. Salt took his breakfast in grim silence. He went away to business directly it was finished, without even a "good-morning," and left Kate to her long day of repentance.

A brief passage through the Valley of Humiliation may be more or less beneficial to most of us, but it is by no means a desirable place for head-quarters; and so Kate presently put away her pocket-handkerchief, and decided upon making the best of the position. She went down to the kitchen again, and devoted her attention to planning out a very different little dinner to yesterday's for her lord and master.

By the afternoon the silence in the house seemed almost insupportable in her present frame of mind, and Kate put on her bonnet and sallied out to visit an old friend of her husband's—a widow.

It was a full mile to Mrs. West's house, and the brisk walk through the fresh keen air did her good. She found that lady at tea, and poor forlorn Kate was only too glad to draw her chair up to the cosy little table, and have some, too.

"Mr. Salt quite well?" asked Mrs. West, presently, noticing her guest's unusual silence.

"Oh, yes," answered Kate, rousing herself. "I was just thinking how snug you looked here, Mrs. West, and able to have your own way in everything—no one to contradict you."

"And you think that a happy state of things? Ah! Kate, my dear, I should be only too thankful to have any one else's 'way' to consider again; getting one's own way is not always satisfying."

"Indeed it is not," agreed Kate, heartily.

Had it not been standing up for that that had landed her in this plight? She did not feel at all inclined for a second attempt,

Mrs. West laughed.

"Ah, well! you have learnt something, if you have learnt that. And, after all, Kate, it is only right and natural that a wife's will should give way to her husband's—that is, supposing he is worth calling a man—he understands the importance of so many things that she cannot always grasp."

"Yes," sighed Kate, as she got up, and put on her gloves again. "Still, one doesn't like to be put quite on one side. Human nature, I suppose. Goodbye, Mrs. West; I shall hardly be home in time for

John "

But Kate was home in far too good time. Dinner was ready to the minute, but no master came to eat it. She sat down by herself two weary hours after, swallowing big sobs with every other mouthful. It had been such a long solitary day; even the sound of Janet among her dishes was something to break the monotony, but that ceased after a time, and the kitchen-door closed between.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Kate stood inside the curtains, her nose flattened against the window-pane, looking out into the dark. Was he ever coming home? she wondered dismally. Perhaps something had happened to him, and she would never see him again; and they had not said good-bye that morning.



"She did not know her husband could look so hard."-p. 352,

She had read of lots of cases where it had happened just so. Perhaps he had emigrated, and she had driven him to it. If Kate had considered for a moment, she would have known Mr. Salt was the very last person to be "driven" into any proceeding he did not heartily coincide in, but she was beyond the bounds of reasonability by this time. If he had really gone and left her, there was nothing for her but the grave, and it would not be long before her troubles ended there.

She was just in the middle of a suitable inscription

for the tombstone, when there was the sound of a latch-key in the door, and Mr. Salt walked in as calmly as if it were his usual hour.

Kate sprang forward. "Oh, John, I thought something had happened to you."

"What should happen? I was kept late with business," he answered gruffly, but not unkindly, "You need not have waited up."

Mr. Salt put on his slippers and sat down in his armchair; he looked very tired, and at the sight of him safely home, Kate's last vision of her own rights and dignities vanished; she knelt down beside him and slipped her hand into his; it was not repulsed.

"John, I was rude and bad-tempered yesterday," she whispered. "I'll never ask another word about anybody, if you don't wish to tell me. I am so sorry.

Perhaps Mr. Salt was conscious on his side that he might have explained matters in this case a little more fully to his wife without compromising his dignity; but, being only a man, he did not put it into words.

"Never mind, Kate," he said, magnanimously. "It has not made so much difference as I feared; and another time we will try and manage in a better fashion."

Perhaps they both learnt something by it; at any rate, Kate will think twice before she does battle again on behalf of her rights.

MIDNIGHT IN THE STRAND.



DON'T know what we'll do, Jim; the rain's a-coming fast:

I haven't got no money, and it's twelve o'clock, or past :

Let 's sit down in a doorway, the first as we can see, We can maybe get to sleep there, if the copper * lets us be.

Here, come a little closer, Jim, you 're youngest, d 'ye see, And the rain won't get so near you if you shelter behind

Put the matches in that corner, lad, and then they won't get wet.

There might be some cove come along as wants to buy one yet.

Does the rain come nigh you there, Jim? It doesn't? That's all right.

I wish we'd had a crust of bread to eat, this cold wet night: I don't care much about myself, but I must keep you alive, And if I can go without at ten, you can't at only fire! *Policeman.

D'ye see that star up there, Jim, a-shining in the sky? I wonder what the people does as lives up there so high. D'ye think the mother went up there to live inside a star? I wish we could go, too, lad, but it looks so very far.

I 'm afraid we 'll not get there, Jim; but there, we scarcely know!

Tom, what lived in Seven Dials, died not very long ago, And he said, when he was dying, that he saw a place all light.

And heard 'em singing, and saw folks all dressed in snowy white.

Do you feel the cold a deal, Jim? your hands are just like

And stiff-why, Jim! poor little Jim-ah, what!-he isn't dead?

Oh, Jim, it can't be-nay, he's gone-Jim's seen his last wet day,

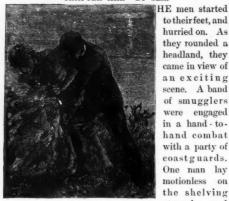
And his soul 's gone flying upward to the starlight far J. S. FLETCHER.

"MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIX .--- BY SEA.



to their feet, and hurried on. As they rounded a headland, they came in view of an exciting scene. A band of smugglers were engaged in a hand - to hand combat with a party of coastguards. One man lay motionless on the shelving strand, and

beside his apparently dead body the others strove with desperate resolve. But victory appeared rather in favour of the coastguards, whose chief officer was still unhurt, and who kept his men together with

wonderful precision and coolness. Then he closed with the leader of the gang, who had fought desperately, but who was now immediately surrounded and captured. More arrests followed, while some broke loose, and ignobly fled; and so the deadly affray was over.

As Danny followed his companions, a light active figure broke from the confused throng, and fled towards them, rushing right into his arms. Those long arms closed round him like a vice, and then the fisher-lad, breathless and excited, paused to look upon the face of the man he held. It was the enemy he had vowed to spare.

"Save me, for my sister's sake!" gasped Frank Ruthin, hoarsely. "I am lost if taken."

Without another word Danny turned, and with his arm through the young man's, guided his before aimless flight, interposing his own body between him and one or two shots which by the officer's direction were fired after them. How they scaled the cliff neither could tell; but erelong they were on its summit alone, and in comparative safety.

The wind had risen and swept round them, thus

exposed, as if it cried furiously for vengeance, and would fain bear them back to their pursuers; but they heeded it not. On and on yet a little way they press in the darkness, and then Frank Ruthin stumbled against a large bare stone.

"Help me to shove it aside," gasped Danny. "Lend a hand, man, with a will."

With arm and shoulder, straining every nerve, they moved it from its place. Then a hole in the earth underneath was apparent.

"Let yourself down," whispered Danny; "I will help you. Don't be afeard; I will come back for you when the danger's gone."

Taking Frank Ruthin by the arms, he lowered him gently through the aperture; then, with almost superhuman strength, the large stone was rolled back in its place, and the fisher-lad stood alone on the familiar place once more. He gazed out to sea. There was no moon, but by the light of myriads of stars he saw the water heaving and surging up like a creature in pain. He saw afar upon its bosom the light of the suspected schooner; it was swaying round, and Danny rightly conjectured she would put to sea under cover of night. Beneath him were dark forms, some moving about as if in search, some bearing the wounded away. A party of the Revenue police had arrived at the scene of action, and through their aid the prisoners were secured. Then, again, Danny saw that strong tall figure led away between two others, offering no resistance now. He knew it well; he had seen it in darkness and sunshine, by night and day; it was his old friend and companion Will Joyce.

Yes, Will had not prayed, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" but Danny had, and would pray so again.

Why was it that some such thought as this crossed the mind of the lonely watcher? How was it that never had he such power of reflection, never could he so look abroad into the present, forward to the future, or had memory been so clear as then? It seemed as if the fresh, strong breeze was blowing away the mists which had so long clouded his brain. Was it that he was doing a brave deed? was saving a life and returning good for evil? or was it.....

The place into which he lowered Frank Ruthin was a narrow cave or hollow, without outlet save a small drain into which the water ran at high tide, and through which air was admitted. The tide was now going out, but it would turn, and in any case he could not leave his charge long imprisoned there. He stood still to deliberate, as gifted with full reasoning powers. Yes, and he did resolve.

He turned, and at a quick, swinging pace set off towards Coolum Lodge. He had not seen any of the young ladies for the past few days, and now when he drew near the place a strange awe and chill fell upon him. The lower part of the house was in darkness, but in an upper room burned a steady light. Suddenly the curtain was drawn aside, and there

looked out upon him a face he knew; it was Miss Lorne's.

He stood in the stream of light which issued forth, and beckoned to her—beckoned earnestly and vigorously. Winifred gazed upon the strange apparition until it grew familiar. Then the curtain dropped, and the next moment she was by his side, bearing a small lamp.

"Did you want me, Danny?" she asked, gently, but her face was white, and eyes swollen from crying.

Danny looked up into the wan, worn face, and again the strange fear grew upon him.

"Master Frank," he said, for so he had learned to call him.

"What of him?"

"He's been doin' wrong; he might have been took, but I hid him. Can you hide him here?"

"Wrong?" Winifred's mind did not receive the idea the poor lad meant to convey. "What wrong?"

"He was with the smugglers, an' he's hurted a man bad; he may be killed!"

"Killed!" Winifred recoiled in horror.

"Danny," she whispered, wringing her hands, "take him anywhere; he must not come here. Miss Ethel——" here she broke down utterly.

"What?"

"Is dying," came out with a sob.

Dying! What was that? Who said it? Danny recoiled in turn as with a sudden blow which left him stunned. Was she going up to the great God, above the stars, his mother would have said; going right away from earth?

Up to the angels whom he had pictured often in their shining robes, and with their sweet voices singing as no mortal could ever sing?

But then they would never see her more. Danny had looked upon a familiar face as it lay in death, but it was strangely unfamiliar, and he was glad when they hid it from his sight, for it only shocked and appalled.

He was stunned, as we have said; then, as on the cliff, the strange gleam of intelligence came back, and as Winifred whispered, "Save him for her sake," he returned as solemnly—

"For her sake, I will."

Night was still upon the water, solemn, dark, and wild; though the small hours of morning, as yet there was no morning gleam, when a small boat, manned by two men, silently pushed out from the shore. Quietly and cautiously they rowed, dipping light oars into the rising tide with a gentle, muffled motion. Once out from the shore, they bent to them with a will, pulling vigorously with all the strength they could command.

Wave after wave broke over them; they were tossed like foam upon the ocean's breast, yet still they strove and toiled, and toiled and strove.

"Danny, may we hoist the sail?"

" Ay, ay."

In another minute they were skimming along, now rising on the crest of a billow, now sinking into the trough of the sea, but steering ever for the dark schooner under motion, with all her canvas set. Danny had hoisted the sail.

"Danny, man, tell me again what she said ?"

"She said Miss Ethel was dying."

"Oh, God forgive me!" groaned the miserable brother; "I loved her best, and might have been so good to them, but now.

to look upon me would be shame; for her it would be death, Yes, I must escape."

"You shall." No man of

keen intellect could have said it more sensibly; poor Danny!

At last the dark vessel was reached, and erashing, dashing against its side came the light boat. Now it was swept away by a huge billow which thoroughly drenched its occupants, then again drew nigh. At last Danny managed to get hold of a rope, and Frank Ruthin, completely exhausted, was dragged on deck. Danny was left alone.

Alone on the

dark water; alone in a sinking boat. The schooner swept on her way with a favourable wind, but left one brave heart behind worth all in her dark keeping.

That last dash had stove in a plank. Danny knew it too late,

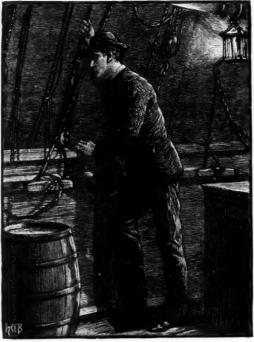
He was a bold swimmer, and struck out bravely. The tide was running in, as we have said, but the wind was against him, and wave after wave broke over his devoted head. He tried to float, rose up with wonderful strength again to breast the billows, and once a shout for help rang out on the air. Frank Ruthin, who had recovered consciousness, and stood leaning over the side of the schooner, gazing in the direction of the shore, heard it, and, straining his eyes through the darkness, followed in thought the

struggles he could not discern. He made an effort even then to save the brave lad, but the captain positively refused to turn, or to run the risk of any delay.

Strange to say, the cry was also borne on the wind to a lone woman on the nearest strip of land, who was without the power to aid. Bending her ear to the water's edge, she fancied she heard the words, "Catch a grip of me now," and con-

cluded that help had come to the distressed one in his hour of need,

Did he, indeed, call upon earthly aid then? or had there risen in his mind at that awful moment the remembrance of a scene with which he had become strangely familiar? Perhaps he thought the Lord still walked on the face of the deep as of old; perhaps he saw "One like unto the Son of Man" drawing nigh unto him in his great peril and This we need. may knowthere was a loving Arm around him, and through the dark flood poor Danny Connor was borne safely



"Frank Ruthin . . . stood leaning over the side of the schooner."

Thus help came, and through death deliverance.

CHAPTER XX.—ON LAND.

In that lighted chamber which Winifred Lorne had quitted to give poor Danny Connor his last charge, Ethel Ruthin lay breathing her young life away. A violent fit of coughing the previous night had caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, and severe hemorrhage of the lungs ensued. The doctor who was hastily summoned, strictly enjoined silence and a total absence of excitement, but all felt this would only prolong life for a little time; the ulterior hope of a rally and partial restoration was scarcely entertained.

Her father was telegraphed for, and had arrived.

With a curtain drawn between him and his youngest, fairest child, he sat near the head of her bed, entirely broken down. He was not allowed to speak to her, and probably would not have wished to do so if permitted. Had he given way to the feelings of his heart he would have been kneeling on the ground in deep contrition, crying, "Forgive me, oh my child!" He felt now how ill he had performed a parent's duty; how unfaithful his guardianship had been. Her father in heaven knew this, and was taking his daughter to Himself, away from his nominal care. Ah, when we are losing a blessing we too often begin to prize it; and the sense of all we might have been comes with the revelation of what we are.

Frank was absent; none knew where. She had not asked for him; indeed, it spoke little for his kindness that she did not wish to see him; only she said once, when they thought she was going—

"Give my love to Frank. Tell him to love me still."

"Love her still!" She would not have ceased to be, she was only going away; but she had life. That which she longed for had been given to her; not rest only, but life.

Mr. Archer, Winifred, and Louie kept unceasing watch beside her bed. Poor Louie! life was not, as she had fondly thought, a gay dream, or vain chase after pleasure. That which she clung to was failing, and the younger sister, so tenderly beloved, was passing from her side for ever. A pall seemed to have fallen over everything earthly, until there appeared no future for her. Oh, was it for ever? In that sad hour, when she stood face to face with death, Louie would have given worlds, had she possessed them, to know that she, too, was safe for eternity, and they might meet again.

We cannot touch Mr. Archer's sorrow; it lay too deep for human ministry; was too sacred for us to draw aside the veil and seek to analyse or explore

Suddenly Ethel stirred as if in sleep, and unclosed her eyes, those beautiful soft eyes over which the film of death was already stealing.

- "Winifred."
- "Yes, darling."
- "Is the night wild?"
- "Very."
- "I hear the sound of the sea."

She might have done so, though they heard it not.

- "Is the moon on the water?"
- "No; my dearest, you must not talk so—it is bad for you."
- "Ah, I must indeed; you will soon not hear my voice. I should like to see the moon on the water once more."
- "'The city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof," Winifred said

The dying girl thanked her with a look.

"Winifred dear—dearest friend, if ever you find you can take my place, do, and be more than I could have been. When the time comes, remember this."

Winifred gave the desired assurance; yes, she would watch over Louie as a sister, and bring what comfort she could into the desolate home. It was not till long, long afterwards she thought there might be another meaning in the words.

The feeble hand of the dying girl drew her friend towards her, and their lips met in one long parting

Mr. Archer took his place beside the bed.

"Horace, it is best as it is; you will think so yet."

Ah! best for her it might be. But for him—— He buried his face in the coverlet, kneeling by her side.

"God comfort you—He can. Will you pray for me?"

He steadied his voice, and, in low quiet tones, the words which commended her to their loving Father's care, seeking grace to bear for her and for them in their sore hour of need, arose.

"You all love me," she whispered, at its close, but Jesus best—He best. You will try to say, 'Thy will be done?'"

Again she said-

"I hear the sound of the sea; it does not cease, but it rests me now."

It might have been "as the voice of many waters, the voice of harpers harping with their harms"

"You will soon rest with Christ."

"Yes; His presence rests me now. He is with me, and I'm not afraid to go with Him."

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness," Mr.

"He is as good as His word. I feel such peace—such—rest—my heaven is begun. It is so near; Jesus is so real. Horace, I used to think what you said beautiful, but I could not always understand it. Now I feel as if I knew a great deal more than you do, only I cannot say it. Can you sing a hymn?"

"May I say it?" he asked.

He feared to trust their voices; feared disturbing her by sudden outbursts of grief.

"Yes," she whispered. "'Oh! Christ, He is the fountain!'"

He repeated it slowly and without faltering.

"The sands of time were sinking," but "the dawn of heaven" was breaking for her.

" Is it near day-dawn?"

"Very near, my love, my own," murmured Mr. Archer, with an irrepressible burst of grief; "the day is dawning now. 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'

He saw the change upon her face, the gleam in the dying eyes. He bent his head and kissed her brow for the last time in life; and then Ethel's parting gaze turned slowly round on all she loved—rested on her father, who had pressed forward, rested on her sister, on Winifred, a little longer on her lover, and then turned upward to see her "King of grace" beckoning her homeward.

And so, by a quiet way, befitting one so tender, that night she was taken up from earth to God, as one had gone for her sake by a harder, rougher path, quitting this troublous life. Do spirits meet and blend in full communion? Or recked they of the sorrows they had left by land and by sea?

They did not lay her beside the sounding sea, whose giant play she had loved to watch, strange care for the poor clay which he had not cherished sufficiently in life, her father had it conveyed some twenty miles further inland to the family burying-place. No matter where His ransomed ones sleep, "the Lord will know where to find them when He comes," Over the face of the broad ocean, pathways will be apparent for the redeemed to pass through as they come from their watery graves, "by the way of the sea;" while from quiet churchyards and shady nooks, from hill-side and valley, from "dens and caves of the earth," and where the sacred ashes which a funeral pyre have left have been strewn, will arise a countless throng, "to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

CHAPTER XXI.—THROUGH THE WAITING.

A YEAR had passed, and Louie Ruthin was much changed. Her manner was quieter, and her eyes lacked their former dancing light, but the irresolute lines about the mouth did not quiver and play as of yore, and this of itself gave the face a graver character, and some might have thought a greater charm. On their first return to town after the bereavement, her father had made an effort to become affectionate and companionable, but the force of habit was too strong, while she had never been accustomed to treat him with the freedom of that love which casteth out fear, so they had gradually drifted back into their old mode of life. He was once more immersed in politics, convening meetings, writing circulars, or haranguing appreciative audiences. Did the shadow that had fallen upon him by the sea, the shadow of a great shame and a great loss, ever darken his mind and sadden his heart? Who could tell? At all events, if it did, he never betrayed it. He settled a suitable pension on the man who was disabled for life by his son's violence, insuring secreey, and seemed to banish the disgraceful affair thenceforth from his memory.

For his daughter he provided wisely in inducing Miss Freeman, by the offer of a liberal salary, to become her companion. Louie might have become gloomy or even fanatical, but for his choice of her companion. Miss Freeman's piety was so unobtrusive she could not turn aside from it in antagonism, yet there it was in Miss Ruthin's household, ruling and directing every day, making the rough places easy to tread, and the most uninteresting occupations beautiful to her humble companion. Aunt Isabella's invincible good-humour was proof against any stray shafts of malice or satire which Louie could launch at her, and as Charlie Archer before had done when viewing his brother's life, Louie was now constrained to admit that there was a sustaining and satisfying portion in the Christian calling.

From Charlie she heard regularly. He had passed his examination creditably, and was with the depót in Dublin. At the end of the year, of which there now remained only two or three months, he would be his own master; and if she were willing to share his poverty, might even ask her of her father, Mr. Ruthin was a man of good means, able to give his daughter—one might say, his only child—a suitable portion; but to yield young Archer the credit due to him, he scarcely thought of this, or if he did, only in the light of an obstacle to the furtherance of his claim. However, he would wait, and hope,

Winifred managed to see her friend constantly; indeed, this was part of the day's duties which must not be set aside, and the pleasantest time the girls had was when they sat together for an hour or two in the quiet eventide. In spite of Miss Freeman's companionship and influence, which counteracted much that would have tended to the exuberance of evil, Winifred was pained still to perceive in Louie a growing discontent, producing inactivity rather than restlessness. She privately communicated the anxiety this awakened to Mr. Archer on his next visit.

"She needs rousing," he said, "and a certain amount of healthful pleasure. This sort of hopeless calm is the worst thing for a nature like hers, and would unfit her for a useful future. She now only lives in that future, and thinks she must drag through a weary waiting as best she can, until she becomes Charlie's wife. She must learn to live in the present; to see that she is not only neglecting positive duties, but losing positive pleasures."

He thought for a while.

"Do you believe she was much impressed by—by what has passed,"

"Deeply—more than I could tell," replied Winifred, "but I cannot say savingly. Sometimes I hope she longs for a better, that is, a lasting portion, for she seems to feel almost morbidly the transitory nature of everything."

"Poor child!" he said, "dear child! Winifred, you will be glad to hear that Charlie is in every way showing himself worthy of a woman's trust."

She was glad to know it. (Mr. Archer had always called her Winifred since the trouble they had known, but to her he was Mr. Archer still.)

Both Louie Ruthin and Winifred had visits at

stated intervals from Mr. Archer; indeed, with the former he corresponded regularly, watching over her interests and comfort as an elder brother might do. He quite approved of Miss Freeman's companionship for her, and of Winifred's patient home course. For the latter it was a discipline which her quick, independent spirit needed, and he doubted not she would make much progress in humility, self-knowledge, and simple trust, in God's school. He told her so plainly, and it helped her to go quietly onward. It is a great source of strength when we can see the Hand which is guiding, sustaining, and ready to bless. The greatest peace which can be attained by any child of God is to have his will submerged in the will of his Father in heaven. This is the source of holiness as well as fountain of joy. Mr. Archer watched with intense interest the formation of Winifred's Christian character in adverse circumstances. Both the girls relied on him, and neither of them would have taken any serious step without his cognisance and

Mr. Archer was but little changed, only he looked somewhat older and graver than he had done a few months previously. Sorrow at least had not hardened his heart, for many in his parish could tell that never had they met more real and living sympathy, such patient endurance and firm support, such loving entreaty, as from this outwardly calm, self-contained man. He was always giving heart and soul to his work, but now he lived only in it. He brought to it the savour as well as strength of the Master's presence, until all felt he was in truth "a man of God."

One of Winifred's greatest pleasures at this time was a letter from Minnie Connor, of which we give a faithful transcript. It confirmed some good news she had previously learnt.

DARE LADY,-This cums hopping to find you quiet well as it laves me at present thanks be to God for it dare lady you will be thankeful to hare mother is quiet well an not thrubble minded. She ses she nos her boy is happy an God is good an she will be with him afore long dare lady God keep the sickness an thrubble from us an i hope it may be long she may be speared to me on airth. dare lady you will be glad to hare i have got a good situashon thanks to the good clargyman im not with mother but im not away from her nayther as i sees her reglar. dare lady the best of nuse is Wills ackwitted Mister Archur he gets a charaktar for him from all the gentelfolks round as has none him amost from his berth an they shows as he was deludered into jining the smuglers an did not do it from badness as evryboddy nows Will had no badness in him. So they left him off i dun no how but som ses thare was a bale an mony ped an Mister Archur he nos i sed he mite gow to Amerika and shure i ud folly him the wureld ovur only for the tought of my poor mother an he coud get out in wan of them big Kunard ships you seen for six pounds of money the best of food concluded, but no me girl ses he i will stop whare i am he ses untill i gets me good naim back and when i gets my good naim back ile give it you, he ses. So dare lady i am jest wateing an trying to be a good girl an wurthy of a good man untill he taiks me for his wife mother sends her dooty an if im not to bould no more at pressent.-i remanes yore umble sar-Vent MINNE CONER.

P.S.-Dare lady the best of nuse is the man as you

nows on was hurted bad is rekcovered. dare lady if your nothing to say doen't thrubble to rite it but ide be prode to get a letther from you sain how is Miss Ruden an yerself.

Such was little Minnie Connor's letter. Winifred gave her full credit for the diction if not for the caligraphy. She knew Minnie could read but not write. It contained much to give joy to the young lady, especially the assurance of the coastguard's recovery. She was thankful, also, to know the widow's faith had not failed in the hour of trial. It was like the fire in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," though water was poured upon it, it was not put out, for (as he perceived) one was secretly supplying it with oil from behind.

Yes, the fire which Divine love had kindled in Mrs. Connor's heart the same grace could well sustain unto the end, and in all her sore affliction, in her darkest and loneliest hours, she could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Winifred found something to say in reply to Minnie Connor's letter—enough, indeed, to till four sides of her sheet of paper in a clear round hand, easy to decipher. She expressed her delight at Will Joyce's acquittal, and full confidence in him, in a way that not only made poor Minnie's heart beat high with satisfaction, but brought something very like a tear to the rough fisherman's face as he heard of it

"God bless her!" he said, huskily. "It is a fine thing to have the prayers of the good, an' if she niver comes down to our cabin by the sea, I'll thry an' do my duty theer the better for knowin' such as her thinks o' me, and will be glad to hear me an' me purty wife is doin' well."

"She is a dear good lady," sighed Minnie.

"Ay, lass, ay; she had a sperit in her that none of the rest had, and a way of saying right out what was in her mind. She a-minds me of a fair wind," continued Will, who was at a loss for a simile, "fresh and strong, and in your favour."

"But the wind may be too strong sometimes," laughed Minnie. "Miss Lorne is never furious."

"Well, well," said poor Will, making up for the weakness of his poetical allusions by a kiss, "people arn't al'ays like things, you know."

CHAPTER XXII.—CORRECTING A MISTAKE.

It was a calm still evening in the end of "leafy June," and Winifred was gazing forth from her drawing-room window upon the lightly flecked sky, feeling strangely carried back in thought to the past, until she could almost fancy she heard the murmur of the sea and the echo of a dear voice long stilled in death—

"Winifred, dear friend, if ever you find you can take my place, do, and be more than I could have been."

Had she fulfilled this charge?

Not to Mr. Ruthin, whom she rarely met. Not in

household management of any kind; not even to Louie, her most cherished friend.

Two years had passed since she heard those words; two busy, but not unhappy years. Louie's probation was at an end; her father, perhaps softened by trial, perhaps feeling it was too late for him to seek to learn a tender parent's part, and win a child's affections (a grave mistake, in keeping with what had gone before), had given his consent to her union with the man she loved. Furthermore, he made a handsome provision for her, so that she did not come to Charlie Archer as a portionless bride, and their future appeared very bright. None dreamed how long and bitterly at that time the old man thought of his absent son. He did not reproach himself, however, for ill-doing, for neglect of early training, and prayerfully setting right principles before the boy both by precept and example, He only said in his heart, as if the sowing which produced such wretched fruit could not be traced to him-

"He is my son no longer; he shall never darken my door—never. On the bed he has spread for himself, no matter how hard it may be, let him lie."

After Louie's marriage Mr. Ruthin was to reside at his club, a prospect which suited him well. "Untrammelled by family cares, he might devote himself to his country's good," he vainly whispered. Need we say, his attention to the duties he made his own, proved as productive of evil in sowing the seeds of anarchy and discontent, as his inattention to the natural duties God had given him to fulfil had done on a smaller and lower scale.

Mr. Archer was to perform the marriage ceremony, and had come to town for this purpose. He was grave and undemonstrative as usual, but told Winifred some of the schemes which lay near his heart for his people's good, and the awakening of more vital Christianity amongst them. In a few brief words he gave her to understand she might aid him in some way, and she now waited until it pleased him to explain.

As she stood still gazing on a light bank of cloud on this particular evening, and musing not unhappily, on the past and present, she was startled to find he had entered unperceived, and stood quietly beside her in the failing light. After the first greetings were over they relapsed into silence.

"Charlie is to be married to-morrow," he said at length; "have you any fear?"

"No," she replied, gladly. "Louie will be a good wife to him."

"He too has gained much strength of character. The waiting has been blessed not only in the attainment of their hearts' desire, but in the experience gained."

There was a long pause again.

" Winifred."

She looked up quickly at him, but something in his face held her silent.

"Have you not wished to know how you could aid me? I have come to tell you."

Still no reply.

"You can aid in my life-work," Mr. Archer continued very earnestly, bending his face to hers. "I have come to ask you to be my wife."

Winifred's cheek flushed to its deepest crimson, but she gave no token of assent. Her gaze was steadily bent on the light bank of cloud. The silence grew oppressive.

"Winifred," and now Mr. Archer's usually calm, full tones were shaken, "can you not give me your love?"

"You have not told me I have yours," returned Winifred, with some of her former spirit, but without looking at him.

He took her hand in both of his.

"Winifred, do not let us misunderstand one another now. A mistake may be fatal to our happiness through life, and I have too much at stake—love you too well—to risk losing you through a mistake. I love you as truly as man ever loved the woman he would choose out from all the world to stand by his side in sickness and in health, in weal and in woe, to live in his heart as in his home. If you cannot return my love, and send me from you, life will be embittered. I do not say it will be a blank, for no one should say that who can look up to God as his Father."

"But—but—I thought your love was all given away—had followed another, and never could revive," put in Winifred.

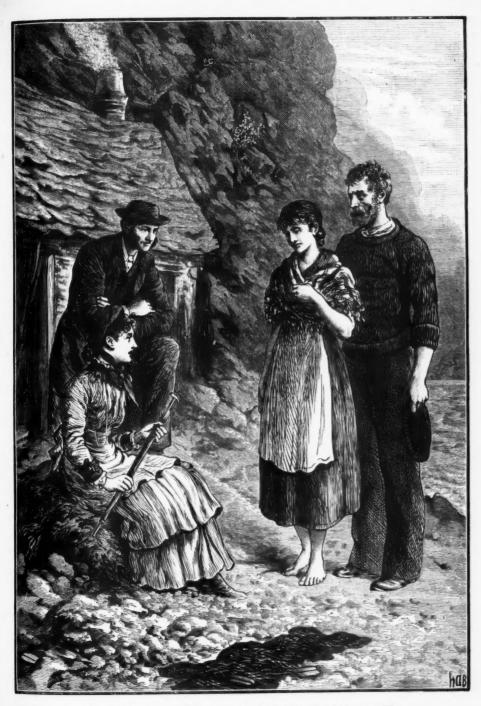
"I loved Ethel tenderly, as you know. She came into my quiet dull life like a beautiful dreamsomething to be gazed upon and admired, ay, even cherished, but never brought down to the poor prosaic details of life. I was entranced by her beauty and sweetness; but felt, even before God called her away, that I had made a mistake-that she could never stand by my side in difficulty and trial, and, if sorrow came to me, I dare not burden her tender spirit by asking her to share it. Still I loved hershe was so fair and frail, and I felt so strong to shield and support. But, Winifred, I have long known and observed you closely, and admire you as I never have admired another. I may have lost you through the mistake which God saw fit to correct so sorely, but I feel rather as if you were my Theodora-God-given. Come to me, my dearest, and be my own-my wife."

And with happy tears Winifred gave herself away. Later in the evening Mr. Archer said—

"Did you know, Winifred, that Ethel foresaw our union, and spoke of it to me?"

The meaning of her departed friend's words, "If ever you find you can take my place, do," flashed upon the young girl's mind. She was at last fulfilling the dying charge.

This union of heart and soul, of affection and judgment, was arranged without further misgivings, and without a thought of poor Mrs. Lorne and the necessities of the family Winifred would be compelled to leave. Winifred's mother, however, was glad—



"The fisherman's cabin became not only a bright but a blessed place."-p. 362.

quietly and unselfishly glad. She knew she could not expect to keep her daughter always; neither did she wish it. What mother does?

Subsequently Mrs. Lorne's interests came under consideration, and before Winifred knew of it and could prevent, Mr. Archer had settled a small annuity upon her mother. Miss Archer also decided on residing with the latter, making a liberal arrangement, as she wisely decided her sisters-in-law would be better and happier left to themselves than subject to her interference in any way. Of course she would pay frequent visits to the young housekeepers, but that was a different matter.

Miss Freeman, having tasted the blessings of independence, was not willing to remain inactive in her sister's house. She found a new sphere of usefulness in a Christian family where, the mother being a confirmed invalid, the whole management of the household was placed in her hands.

Some people ventured to whisper that Frank Ruthin

sailed the high seas under a black flag, and was hanged for piracy. However the impression got abroad, it was generally believed he had "come to a bad end." Over his fate there hung a mystery, and of his eternal state God alone knoweth.

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The joy of Minnie and Will Joyce in welcoming back, as the wife of the good clergyman, the dear young lady who had so long dwelt near them, may be imagined. Much happy converse they had together, and the fisherman's cabin became not only a bright but a blessed place, for the peace of God reigned in each heart there.

And so some sleep, some wait and watch, and weep, mayhap, some work and pray, by land and by sea, until the day dawn.

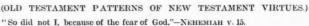
"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

THE END.

A PATTERN OF RELIGIOUS DECISION.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.





HE captivity of Babylon was the means of raising up some remarkable men. As examples of the Christian patriot, it would be difficult to name three more distinguished than Ezra, Daniel, and Nehemiah. In the last-named example, especially, we find an assemblage of qualities rarely found in such marked combination. Nehemiah was no priest, no prophet-

made no pretension to any Divine commission for the prominent part he took in the restoration of his exiled countrymen, and yet, by the sheer force of personal character, he rose to be a great power in his day. Nor was this to be wondered at, when we consider what a many-sided man Nehemiah was. For, with vast powers of organisation and statesmanship, with a high and unbending integrity of character, with a practical wisdom and sagacity, which made all men ready to follow his lead—with all this, Nehemiah united a heart-deep love for his country, and the most fervent piety towards God. Some of these qualities came out on the occasion which elicited the brief remark recited at the

head of this paper. He had been appointed one of the governors in the land of Judah, to arrange for the re-establishment of the captives in their own land. But, on succeeding to the office, he found a usage had obtained among his predecessors, which he could not approve. They had turned the office to the account of their own advantage; had made themselves chargeable to the people, not only for their bread and wine, but also for gifts of money. And Nehemiah well knew the poor captives could not afford this. They were reduced to the utmost straits already, by a system of the most oppressive exaction and usury. There might be nothing very wrong in the taking of small gifts or acknowledgments, by those who had been sent to discharge certain official duties in the land, but he would give no countenance to the practice. The occasion was one in which he must make a firm stand for God and conscience. The conduct of others, whoever they were, must be no rule for him. "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

We have given as the title of the present paper, "A Pattern of Religious Decision;" and interesting as such a subject must be to persons of all ages, it is one which will be felt to be of vital importance to the young, especially to those of the stronger sex. A great crisis is coming upon them. They are just girding themselves for the battle of life. Their eyes are opened to see some-

thing of what the world is-its selfishness, and dishonesty, and craftiness-its eye-service, and pretence, and boasting; its want of open and honest dealing in the ordinary intercourse of life, and its timid and half-ashamed bearing in regard to religion and the things of God. And for much of this, it is probable, they were not prepared. Witnessed, as such things have been by them, perhaps, among some of respectable, decent, fairly-reputed religiousness, the inconsistency jarred upon some of their early home impressions, upon what they remember to have heard of the need of boldness for Christ, and the obligation, laid upon all of us, to adorn the religion of the cross. Well, in Nehemiah we have an example of this boldness, as well as an illustration of the manner in which, if Christians will honour the cross, the cross will honour them. I could cite, in evidence of this, many parts of Nehemiah's life and conduct; but I have chosen the words of the history above cited, as they sound the key-note of Christian strength, Christian courage, the very root and ground-work of a brave Christian life. For if I mistake not, I see in the words a sign of that religious firmness and decision, which, against influence, against persuasion, against, it may be, the reasonings of a stronger mind, enables a man, especially a young man, to meet the proposal to do a wrong thing by a resolved and peremptory "No." Or again, I think I see, in the words, a proof of that moral independence, that freedom from the shackles and customs of society, which, when a principle of religion or duty is at stake, is not afraid to be singular. Whilst, once more, I cannot be mistaken in seeing, in these words of Nehemiah, proof that he who uttered them was a man who kept a conscience, kept it as the enthroned presence and regent of his soul, following it as the Epiphany star of his life, and hearkening to its faintest whispers, as to a voice from heaven. "So did . not I, because of the fear of God."

I. In the further application of these points to the circumstances of some of the younger readers of this paper, I ask them to see in Nehemiah an example of the decision I am recommending, as opposed to that pliable ductility of will, which, in religious matters especially, leaves a person at the mercy of every chance current of influence or persuasion to decide for him, whether he shall do this or that. Nehemiah was a man of strong and inflexible purpose of heart. He had made up his mind to a great work to be done; and neither danger, nor difficulty, nor opposition shall divert him from the doing of it. Let the priests hesitate; let the people be afraid; let the rulers oppose themselves, "The hand of my God is good upon me," is the language of this resolute man;

"therefore let us rise up and build."
The lesson addresses itself to an infirmity of

character, seen not in the young only, but in

persons of all ages—I mean that which is well set forth in the character of "Pliable," in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." They are persons of strong but very superficial sympathies; of easily excited but not long lasting emotions; they are "unstable as water," flexible as "a reed shaken with the wind." Their goodness, if they have any, is as "the morning cloud," and as the early dew it passeth away. No doubt, with many, a good deal of this is due to a constitutional weakness of character. They are born into the world with a soft, easy, treacherous debility of will. They must have somebody to think after, and speak after, and act after. They have a diffidence, amounting almost to shrinking, when they find themselves in circumstances in which they must think and act for themselves. Still, in regard to the concerns of religion, we are not to make excuses for ourselves on this ground; not to urge it in extenuation of our yielding to influences, which, of our own selves, we know to be bad and wrong. So far as there is in us, by nature, any such infirmity, all merciful allowance, we are sure, will be made for us, whilst, if ever our souls are in danger from it, we have the promise never-failing, "He giveth more grace."

Still, to be forewarned is to be forearmed. The habit of allowing ourselves to be swayed and guided in matters of conscience by another mind, even though it should be a better mind, is fatal to religious decidedness. The religion of those who yield to it has no root in itself; is grounded on no fixed principles. It is the creature of in fluence, and may be expected to change as often as the ascendant influence changes. The man is not his own master. His religion is in other people's keeping, having let out his principles, as it were, to the highest or most powerful bidder, a prey to the first evil influence which may assail his stead-fastness; a convert to the first stronger mind, which may deem his adherence worth the having.

At all events, the practical lesson of the fact that there are some natures cast in a more plastic and accommodating mould than others, is that, in exact proportion as we discern in ourselves this leaning and accommodating tendency to lean too much on others, should be our resolution, in matters pertaining to our highest interests, "to cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils;" to yoke ourselves neither with small nor great; not to be content with taking our principles at second hand, and to call no man "master" upon the earth; "One is our master, even Christ." It may be that he who hitherto has had the most to do with influencing our religious faith and practice, is one to whom we have always been accustomed to look up-to whom many, besides ourselves, consider it safe and right to look up; but the interests at stake are too momentous to be decided either by authority or numbers - "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

II. But a second lesson to be founded upon these words of Nehemiah has respect to the maintenance of a religious firmness and independence, as opposed to that easy kind of moral assimilation by which we allow ourselves to be drifted with the stream of familiar usage, "and follow a multitude to do evil."

Very strikingly is this pernicious tendency in us adverted to in a well-known passage in the Epistle to the Romans-"Be not conformed to this world"—literally, Do not "fashion" yourselves according to this world's types; just as we read in St. Peter, "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts." Now we all know what an autocrat fashion is, and how many bend themselves, as Shakespeare has it, to eat, speak and move, under the influence "of the most approved star." Let me warn you, then, is the import of the Apostle's language in that passage, against the fatal weakness of being content to be like other people; against the danger of taking the multitude for your model, either of faith or practice; against the folly of inferring the rightness of a way, from the fact that so many are found to walk in it, and, in fact, of taking your creed, your conscience, and almost your very Bible from the crowd. The multitude cannot save us, nor stand in our place in the judgment for us. In matters which concern our salvation, we must act upon our own conviction, and see through the medium of our own eves. If we have in us the spirit of Nehemiah, we shall say, 'Others must stand to their master, I must stand to mine. Their custom is nothing to me." "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

Thus we are to beware of this tendency to imitate others in regard to matters of religious opinion; and this, whether in the direction of the false or the true. In regard to the true, we are not to take everything we hear, even from good people, upon trust; receiving truths vital to our soul's happiness, as a matter of course, with a kind of lazy acquiescence in a traditional theology, but never searching the Scriptures for ourselves to see whether it be true or no. The present is a time, for the young especially, to think and investigate, and examine and prove. the elements of religious thought are seething and fermenting around us, and we must take the plunge into the midst of them, with a fearless confidence in the ultimate power of truth, and in humble reliance on the promise of the God of truth, that He will enable us to find it. In regard to this tendency to become imitators and followers of others, however, in matters of religious opinion, the greater danger is on the side of that which is false. Our age is not a reverent age. I fear many, young people especially, have little sympathy with that language of David, have hardly considered what it means-"My heart

standeth in awe of Thy word." They read the Bible as they read any other book-its statements equally amenable to human censorship, its most sacred mysteries, as open to free and unrestricted handling; its facts, to be accepted as such, only when verified by the alleged discoveries of modern science. And then, unhappily, there is a sort of fashion in all this. And it is thought to be a sign of being in the first rows of it, in the van and front of advanced religious thought, when a young man can cite with flippant complacency something from the last lecture, or magazine article, attempt. ing to throw discredit on the once venerated truth of God.

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Yet more, however, is this stern resistance to the force of example demanded of us in actual conduct; in the practices and usages with which we are necessarily brought into contact in the intercourse of daily life. Instances will occur in conversation with those associated with us. when the ears may be assailed with spoken words of unbelief, and wickedness, and foolish jesting; or in the recreations and pleasures of life, when forms of indulgence are proposed to us, such that, without reasoning upon them, we almost hear a word from behind us, saying, "My Son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" or, once more, in the occupations of our necessary calling, when we may be called upon to lend ourselves to discreditable or untruthful practices, which, we shall be told, are the familiar and recognised immoralities of business life. Many young persons, I doubt not, fresh from the sheltered strictnesses and purity of a Christian home, find their first trial of steadfastness here. They have been pained and startled on their first plunge into this rough world, this drawing up of the curtain and showing what is going on behind. But let me tell them that the shock will soon pass off, and the effect soon cease to be felt, unless the first example of such things they witness be met as Nehemiah met this wrong-doing by his brother officers—namely, by a resolute separation of himself from them and their practices, a determination to frown down their misconduct by a demeanour of holy singularity. He might have reasoned with them; might have remonstrated with them; but he has left us an example which, for young people especially, I think is far better-namely that, when seeing anything they ought not to see, or hearing anything they are shocked to hear, or being asked to take part in something their conscience tells them they ought not to take part in, they have recourse to a firm, unhesitating, practical "No." You need not utter a word to those who ask you to join with them. A silent withdrawal from them, and refusal to have any complicity in their misdoings, will have more weight than all the arguments in the world, as well as spare you all further importunity. "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

"Because of the fear of God," for here we have the foundation of all Nehemiah's strength and wonderful decision of character. He lived in the practice of the presence of God. He realised continually the nearness of the Unseen One. He acted or refrained from acting, spake or was silent, under the abiding consciousness that there was an All-seeing Eye to observe what he did, and an All-wise Intelligence to know why he did it. It was so with David. "I have set the Lord always before me," he says, and I keep Him before me—in the world where I labour, in the home where I rest, in the sanctuary where I worship, in the chamber where I would commune with my own heart and be still.

And, in this posture of mind, we would say to our younger readers, you will find your strength also. In the power of it, wherever you are, you will dare to be singular. You will set lightly by the ridicule and taunts of the world. The fear of man will have no terrors for you, nor his favour any power to shake your strong will. You will "endure as seeing Him Who is invisible," the Father Who is invisible, Who will cover you with His feathers; the Son, Who is invisible, praying for you that your faith fail not; the Spirit, Who is invisible, renewing your spiritual strength daily, teaching your hands to war, and your fingers to fight.

Oh! without this armour of proof, in vain had saints of old time essayed to fight the good fight of faith. Joseph, without it, had fallen a victim to the snares of a wicked woman. Daniel, without it, had shown a cowardly and criminal reserve in regard to his praying three times a day. Nehemiah, without it, had paltered and temporised in this matter of taking gifts from his oppressed countrymen, but, as an angel with a drawn sword in the path of the vineyards, each one of these saw a barrier of holy fear, rising up before his eyes, telling him that, in that direction, he must not move a step. "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

THE POVERTY OF KILBURN PARK.

(WEST-END POVERTY.)

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



HE pretty little village of Kilburn, which was, only a few years ago, one of the pleasantest of the rural suburbs of the metropolis, has now virtually ceased to exist, since it has become absorbed in this great group of cities, which we call London. The fine old mansions standing in spacious grounds, which are still to be seen here, were not long

since the country residences of city magnates, but up to their gates the resistless tide of bricks and mortar has surged, sweeping before it all that beautifies the country, and only leaving here and there a solitary tree to mark the desolation wrought by the plague of over-population. The beauty of the country to the west and north-west of the metropolis tempted, in the first place, that large section of the community who crave after fresh air and natural charms. Mansions and villas spring up, as if by magic, railway extensions are promptly made with the view of "developing" the neighbourhood, and then speculative builders run up those familiar terraces destined soon to become "homes of the poor." In the case of Kilburn this is peculiarly true. The extensive area of country which lies between this suburb and Paddington, including the site of the proposed Paddington Park, is being gradually covered with a class of houses which are, for the most part, only too clearly intended to be let out in lodgings to the poorer classes. It is, indeed, easy to predict that in a few years we shall see here a very extensive district, not to be surpassed for the poverty of its inhabitants by any in the metropolis.

We are, indeed, already confronted, in the neighbourhood known as Kilburn Park now-a strange misnomer-with a striking instance of the poverty of the West End. To take the parish of St. Luke's, Kilburn (which extends to and includes part of Queen's Park), with the exception of a few tradesmen there is not a single inhabitant who keeps a servant. The entire community consists of artisans and labourers, and, as may be supposed, since the supply of the work fluctuates, their earnings are very variable and uncertain. At times, indeed, poverty of the most distressing character prevails throughout the whole parish, all grades being, simultaneously, more or less affected by it. In the winter months especially, when many of the men are liable to be suddenly thrown out of work for lengthened periods at a time, is this often keenly felt, and the greatest strain is put upon the existing channels of relief. In this case, too, the parochial charities are, of course, entirely dependent upon outside help, and in a great measure upon the wealthier neighbouring parishes. the same way the parishes of St. Augustine's,

St. John's, and Trinity contain a great number of poor people, who are dependent upon charity when their own precarious earnings fail.

The miles of streets which have sprung up here present few features of a sensational character. All that is striking about them is, indeed, their singular sameness. In elevation the houses are for the most part somewhat pretentious, and to the uninitiated might not seem to be the abode of want; but while the meanness and ostentatious squalor of many East End districts are not so prominent here, the necessity of many of the inhabitants is not a whit less real. Here, indeed, can be seen numerous cases in which a whole family live in a single room, and sometimes in a cellar.

The interests of humanity, indeed, demand that the attention of the legislature should be called to the existing system of housing the poor. things are the demand is greater than the supply, and decent and respectable people are compelled to put up with the most scanty and wretched accommodation, with but too often the almost inevitable result that they cease to strive against such influences, and abandon themselves to their "fate." At the same time, the urgent necessity for a more stringent supervision of houses, during process of erection, is abundantly proved by numerous instances to be seen here. Even to the unskilled eye the materials used are evidently of the cheapest possible description, and the remarkable thinness of the walls is in the highest degree suggestive of instability, while it must be all but impossible for the inmates to successfully contend with our inclement climate within such a fragile shelter. It is notorious that houses of this kind are a fruitful source of disease, and the effect of this nefarious style of building upon the public health has perhaps yet to be fully realised.

It is impossible to speak too strongly against the impolicy and fatuity which allow districts so populous as this to grow up round the metropolis, without securing open spaces, which are so properly spoken of as "the lungs of London." In spite of the natural unsuitability of the site of the proposed Paddington Park, its situation in the midst of a neighbourhood which is daily becoming more populous and poor, points to the vital importance of its preservation. It was with deep regret that we heard that large tracts were being sold for building purposes, the negotiations for its purchase for the people having apparently

fallen through.

At the same time, it is our pleasant duty to record the admirable efforts which are being made in this neighbourhood to relieve the spiritual and moral necessities of the people. The clergymen of the various parishes, and other faithful workers of God, are indefatigable in their efforts to stem the torrent of vice, and to combat all the forces of evil. The teachers of socialism and infidelity, who find many willing listeners among the working

men, have in them most formidable antagonists. And the workers for God in this district are no less strenuous in their endeavours to teach the people committed to their charge the duties of thrift and cleanliness, and to lead them out of the influences of their surroundings to a higher and nobler life. Besides the ministers of religion, the Bible-women of the London Bible and Domestic Female Missions are doing a great and good work by the house-to-house visitation of the women in their homes; while the nurses provided by the same admirable institution minister to the bodies of those who are sick. A service held by these earnest teachers in the Mission Room at Kilburn is attended by an average congregation of two hundred and fifty women. Other societies also send workers into this district, with the best results,

Kilburn is, too, the home of many charitable institutions, which deserve the ready support of the benevolent public. Our space will not permit us even to enumerate these, but we are constrained to point out one orphanage as a specially worthy object of support, the Mount Hermon Girls' Orphan Home, Cambridge Road, Kilburn. For nineteen years, the foundress has been actively engaged in the work of rescuing orphan girls from the terrible evils which face them, when left to the tender mercies of the world. Here, at the present time, one hundred little girls, from three to fourteen years of age, are being carefully reared and taught. When they are fifteen years old suitable situations, as domestic servants, or otherwise, are found for them, and, although as many as twenty were placed out during the last year, this number could have been greatly increased, so numerous are those who are anxious to take into their service girls thus carefully taught and trained. We cannot dwell further here upon the neatness to be observed in every detail in the Home, and the bright happy faces of the children, which must strike every visitor. The management is in good hands, the average cost per head being only £14 per annum, while expenses are met by voluntary contributions, with the exception of the small sums contributed by those children who have friends, or one parent living and able to help them.

We must now leave this district without further comment. It is in some respects not a little remarkable in its poverty, and it is doubtless possible to trace much of this to preventible causes. Enough has, however, been said to indicate the real necessity to be found in this still suburban neighbourhood, and to show, imperfectly, how much the many admirable channels for the relief of both the bodily wants and spiritual necessities of the people need the ungrudging support and sympathy of those who are not forgetful of the solemn reminder, "For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good."

"The Bible-women are doing a great and good work by the house-to-house visitation of the women in their own homes."

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MRS. LENNARD'S OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITHER DRIFTING?" "FOR CONSCIENCE" SAKE," ETC.



HE door was ajar, and when repeated taps for admission, given with the impatient hand of a man, elicited no reply, it was pushed wider, that he might look in. No, the room was not unoccupied; its tenant was sitting in an old bee-hive chair beside the window, that was thrown open to cool the cheeks that were hectic with

grief and pain. It was a very simply-furnished room, disorderly just now with traces of recent packing, and, looking strangely out of place, there was, in a glass of water on the table, a little bunch of orange-blossom, diffusing its fragrance and delighting the eye with its hearty.

But Hetta Mayvern had closed hers, that she might not see it, for it was all that was left to her of the only relative she had in the world, the sister from whom, an hour ago, she had parted at the door of the church where Adino had solemnly given her frail young life into the keeping of another.

They had been left orphans in their childhood, these sisters, and the person to whom had been entrusted the charge of rearing them had not only wasted the larger part of a sum that in other hands would have been allowed to accumulate for their benefit, but by her neglect had caused the health of Adine to become seriously impaired. Hetta, thoughtful beyond her years, had long seen this, and as soon as she arrived at womanhood she bravely took upon herself the responsibilities this unworthy guardian had neglected, and devoted all her energies to the care of her suffering sister.

She worked for her, teaching at a ladies' college all day, that she might give her evenings to Adine. She waited on her, carrying out every suggestion of the clever physician, who inspired her with hopes that, by watchful and unceasing efforts, the disease that had attacked his patient might be conquered; and every sacrifice made for this dear sister's sake, every night spent beside her couch of pain, made her dearer to the young nurse, who, sometimes in fear and trembling, sometimes with renewed courage, wrestled with the malady till it was overcome.

A few weeks by the sea completed the cure. Adine, so long regarded as hopelessly an invalid, came back to London bright and rosy, and Hetta began to dream dreams of that delightful companionship which hitherto had been impossible. But Adine

had made acquaintances at Hastings. She had boarded in the same house with a family, one of whose members, a civil engineer, had just received an excellent appointment in India. He was amiable as well as clever; and when he asked her to go to the East with him as his wife, she did not refuse.

What Hetta felt when, with many blushes and smiles, the news of the engagement was avowed, no one ever knew. For a time she was incredulous, then bitterly jcalous. It was impossible that Adine, who had been so dependent on her tender cares, could be willing to leave her already; impossible that she could love a stranger, only known for a few weeks, better than the sister who had been all in all to her for so many anxious months and years! But so it was; the patient nurse, the devoted sister must give place to the ardent lover, and find what solace she could in stitching busily at the bride's outfit, and providing to the utmost of her small means those comforts indispensable for so long a voyage.

And so the winter passed away, the spring had come, and Adine was wedded and gone. The sisters said their farewells as soon as the marriage ceremony was over; Adine departed weeping in her husband's arms the tears he would soon wipe away, and Hetta went back to their suburban lodging mechanically carrying with her the spray of orange-blossom that had fallen from the bride's bouquet.

She was feeling too tired, too stupid to weep as passionately as Adine had done, when she met the sympathetic gaze of the gentleman at the open door.

"Miss Mayvern, I believe. I hope you will forgive this intrusion," he said directly. "My aunt, Miss Rachel Wynne, is below, the bearer of a message to you from our neighbours the Lennards; may I bring her up?"

Hetta drew her hand across her forehead, unable to grapple with the sense of what he was saying. The Lennards, what were they to her?

But, as she repeated the name, a memory rose before her of a sunny-faced merry-hearted young creature who had been her favourite pupil a year ago, but quitted the college suddenly when an accident to her mother rendered her presence needful at home. That Corrie Lennard had not forgotten the studious girl whom she loved as a friend as much as she reverenced her as a teacher, she had given frequent proofs in the shape of baskets of flowers and hampers of fruit, though as yet they had not met again.

But a brisk step was ascending the stairs, and a cheerful old lady, well dressed in brown satin, appeared to shake her head in mild rebuke at her nephew—had he quite forgotten how long she had been waiting?—and to accost the confused Hetta with the question—

"Are you ready, my dear? I promised that we

to protest, when the keen eyes of Walter Wynne espied it on the table, under some wedding cards; and, apologising to her visitors, she tore it open.

How kindly, how affectionately it was worded!



"Here Corrie . . . would always find her."-p. 369.

would try and catch an early train, so that you may reach Mrs. Lennard's in time for dinner."

"Miss Mayvern looks as if we were bewildering her," said Mr. Wynne, softly. "Is it possible she did not get Corrie's letter?"

"My dear Walter, of course she has had it! Did I not post it myself?"

"I have had no letter-" Hetta was beginning

Corrie had heard, through a mutual acquaintance, when Adine's marriage was to take place, and, with the sanction of her mother, she wrote to entreat Hetta to come to them till she had reconciled herself to the loss of her sister.

"It was very good of Corrie to think of me," Hetta murmured, with quivering lips.

"And you accept her invitation?"

"Ah, no, it is impossible!" and again the hands that had grown painfully slender of late were pressed to her aching temples. "Corrie forgets that I must work to live."

"But she understood that you had given up your post at the college some weeks since," Mr. Wynne observed, laying his fingers lightly on Hetta's wrist.

Yes, Hetta had found it impossible to do justice to her pupils while her mind was filled with Adine, and she was too honourable to retain her position under such circumstances.

"And you have nothing else in view? You have not had time to form fresh plans? Then be advised, Miss Mayvern, and accept the rest offered you," said Walter Wynne. "You are far from well; and if you would avoid a thorough breakdown.—"

He made a significant pause, and moved away to give place to Aunt Rachel. Hetta scarcely knew how it was managed, but towards sunset she and a very hastily filled trunk were set down at Mrs. Lennard's door at Lermington; and Corrie, brighter, prettier, and even merrier than in the old school-days, was rapturously greeting her.

Mrs. Lennard, who limped on her crutches to the door to receive her daughter's friend, soon saw how deeply she needed rest, and contrived to make Corrie believe that the greatest proof she could give of her affection for Hetta was to let her alone. And so instead of being fêted and carried to all the sights in the neighbourhood, she was allowed to wander at will in the sweet old-fashioned garden surrounding their cottage. There was a time-worn mossy seat which soon became her favourite retreat. Here Mrs. Lennard would sometimes contrive to join her; and here Corrie, coming home from some errand of mercy, or visit to the schools, would always find her, and rejoice openly to see how the colour was coming back to her guest's face, and her thin cheeks growing plump as well as rosy.

Spring had given place to summer, and still Hetta was at Lermington, and still when she talked of going away, Mrs. Lennard, kind, motherly Mrs. Lennard, would say, "Not yet." How good every one had been to her; how many friends she had made! Not only brisk, methodical, but warm-hearted Aunt Rachel, but the nephew whose house she kept, Dr. Owen Wynne, scholarly thoughtful Dr. Wynne, who, with his microscope and his patient teaching, had opened a new world to Hetta's inquiring mind; while his younger brother Walter had made the evenings so delightful with his society that she had been conscious of a terrible blank when the duties of the profession to which he, as well as his brother, was devoted, would call him away.

Hetta was resting on her favourite seat one morning when Corrie joined her, but the pretty, merry face was strangely clouded, and her friend accused herself of culpable indifference as she recalled several instances of the change that had stolen over the once light-hearted girl.

What could it mean? Every one loved her. Dr.

Wynne permitted her to tease and plague him, Walter did her bidding with chivalrous gallantry, and Aunt Rachel vied with her mother in petting her. Was Corrie suffering from some malady she was trying to conceal?

She burst into sobs when tenderly questioned. "I am well enough. But oh, Hetta, don't look at me so lovingly. Hate me, despise me, for I grudge you the happiness that will soon be yours."

Hetta gasped for breath. Was it then true that Walter, her faithful, thoughtful friend from that moment their eyes first met, was learning to feel for her something more than esteem?

But the modest gladness died out of her face when she saw the despairing look in Corrie's,

"Till you came, he loved me," moaned the girl, "and I—I am not clever as you are, but I would have been the truest, the fondest of wives. Oh, Hetta, he cannot be as dear to you as he is to me! From my childhood I have looked up to him as the best of men. Must you, who have only known him a few fleeting weeks, come between us?"

Hetta was mute with anguish. Must she always be called upon to sacrifice what she held dearest? First, Adine was taken from her; and now the sweet hope that had been slowly expanding and making life so precious—must that be renounced too?

"If it were my duty," she rebelliously protested; "but it is not—it cannot be. Corrie has so many to love her, whilst I have no one!"

And, rising slowly, as if all the strength she had been gathering during these happy weeks had suddenly failed her, she went in-doors.

"Let me stay in my own room this evening," she pleaded, when they came in search of her; "I have something to do that I cannot put aside;" and the excuse was accepted.

Those solitary hours were spent by Hetta, first in restless pacings of the floor, but afterwards on her knees; and as she knelt, the rage and despair that had held possession of her were exorcised; the battle was fought, the victory won, and she came forth with a depth of sorrow still lurking in her calm sad eyes, but a patient smile upon her lips.

She went back to London that day. It was time, she cheerfully said, that she began work again; and though Mrs. Lennard looked doubtful and uneasy, and Corrie hung upon her neck, weeping and reproaching herself for that selfish confession, Hetta said her adieux—her voice a little tremulous, perhaps, when she left a farewell message for Dr. Wynne and Walter—and went back to her old quarters. No one who had once loved Corrie, she told herself, with a sigh, could really cease to do so; and Walter would soon forget the Hetta Mayverne who had unwittingly tempted him from his allegiance.

Very desolate looked the London lodgings; but she fought resolutely against depression, considered herself rewarded by the receipt of a letter from Adine, written in the best of spirits, and went bravely to seek fresh employment. But, on returning to her rooms in the evening, she found Aunt Rachel waiting for her.

"My dear, I have come to fetch you once more. You must go back to Lermington with me. Corrie says she cannot be happy till you do. She and my nephew have come to an understanding, and Walter says—it was he who brought me, but he was so impatient that he would go to look for you. How soon can you be ready?"

"No, no, I cannot go back to Lermington," cried Hetta, turning pale. "How can she ask me?"

"But we all want you, my love," and Aunt Rachel kissed her affectionately. "We all hope that when Owen and Corrie are married——"

Hetta's wondering cry made her pause. Owen! Dr. Wynne! could it be possible that her lighthearted friend cared more for the studious middleaged doctor than for Walter? Or that his kindly manifested interest in Hetta's efforts to acquire a little scientific information had awakened the jealousy that betrayed itself in the appeal still lingering in her ears?

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"But, here's Walter!" cried Aunt Rachel. "He can give you any explanations you want, while I pack

for you."

The next minute the hands of the happy girl were clasped in those of a lover; and though the moments flew so rapidly that not many words had been spoken when Mrs. Wynne came back, all that was then left unsaid was breathed on the morrow, when Hetta, her heart swelling with thankfulness, sat by the side of her betrothed on the mossy seat in Mrs. Lennard's old-fashioned garden.

L. Crow.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM WITH STRADSETT.



HE feeding of the five thousand, being the only miracle recorded by all the four Evangelists, seems stamped with special importance, and every circumstance of it may well claim our particular attention. So it certainly is with the closing direction of our Lord to His disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Per-

haps, after such an extraordinary display of creative power in multiplying the five loaves and two fishes, until the wants of that vast hungry multitude were satisfied, it may at first sight seem surprising that He, Whose resources were so unlimited, and Whose bounty was so large, should have given any thought to the broken remains of the feast. Deeper reflection, however, will convince us that not only did these fragments, being so much larger than the original stock, testify to the reality of the miracle, but our Lord's care about them was a striking evidence of His own Divinity. In fact, He thereby manifested forth His glory quite as much as in the production of the food. For what was this frugal husbanding of the fragments but the economy of God? He was acting on the very principle which regulates the Divine appointments, both in nature and in grace, and He has thus left for all time a practical lesson of the deepest importance in the Christian life,

A few illustrations from both will make this plain. Nowhere throughout the wide realms of nature can we detect waste. The mightiest results are ever effected by the simplest possible means. Absolute loss of matter or force there is none. Superfluous energy is stored up for future use. To take a familiar instance, the sere and yellow leaves, with which autumn winds strew our path, may appear to have served their purpose, and lie despised and forgotten beneath our feet. But their very death is instinct with life, and by enriching the soil they contribute to the verdure of spring, and the fruitfulness of summer.

So, too, the rain that, falling in unusual abundance at a particular time and place, may disappoint the hopes of the farmer, and even be destructive of life and property, is never really unnecessary. Not a drop of the liquid treasure is superfluous. Filtrating through the soil, it feeds the springs, whence issue the streams which swell the rivers, while they in their turn minister to the fulness of the ocean, and to all its vitalising influences.

The same liberal economy pervades God's Kingdom of grace. What an inexhaustible wealth of wisdom and knowledge is laid up in the Bible! In that one Divine volume we have the narratives of historians, the breathings of poets, the apothegms of the wise, the predictions of seers, as well as the letters of saints. Examine this library of inspiration with the closest, albeit reverent, scrutiny, and what fragment will you dare to pronounce superfluous? What passage is there which has not proved, or may not hereafter prove, a word in season to the Church or to some

member of it? What leaf of this tree of life does not contain some hidden virtue for some immortal soul?

And when we turn from the written Word to contemplate the glories of the Personal Word, we see the same Divine love in providing for human need. Great, indeed, is the mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh. Darker and more awful still is the gloom that enshrouds the cross. Yet this we may be sure of, that neither the incarnation nor the crucifixion of the Son of God could have been dispensed with; and that if a less sacrifice than the obedience unto death of the Only Begotten of the Father would have sufficed for human guilt and God's glory, the stupendous scene on Calvary would never have been witnessed.

II. If, then, this be the universal law in the spiritual world as well as in the material, it must surely hold an equally important place in the Christian life. As workers together with God in carrying out His purposes, we cannot expect to succeed unless we adopt the principle of aliberal economy in all things. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," is a precept of very general application. Our Lord's care for the broken bread may show us that, while His religion is divine in its origin, and heavenly in its motives, aims, and issues, it reaches down to all the petty details of everyday life.

Carefulness in the use of money, for instance, is not merely a matter of worldly prudence, but a Christian duty. Watchfulness over small expenses is both the surest path to an honourable independence, and also makes it possible for the possessor of small means to enjoy the luxury of contributing to the wants of others, and to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. It is as right to be economical and saving, as it is wrong to be miserly and mean. We must save to give, and give to save, if we would prove the truth of the Saviour's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." So shall we unriddle the paradox of that good man who said, "What I kept, that I lost; what I gave away, that I have."

More precious still are the fragments of time. He must diligently improve its fleeting moments who would live to purpose.

"Time is my estate," was the motto of an Italian philosopher. It is an estate that yields nothing without cultivation, while it will always repay the labours of industry.

Very quaint yet forcible was the remark of the good Queen Charlotte, expressed in her own broken English, "Oh! oh! for me, I am always quarrelling with time; it is so short to do anything, and so long to do nothing."

Henry Martyn's noble career as the pioneer of Indian Missions, doubtless owed its success, in a measure, to the character he acquired at the university, as "the man who never lost an hour."

Influence, again, is another invaluable talent which needs to be economised. All possess it in a more or less degree, and all are responsible for its use. Would we turn it to the highest account, we must be careful in the smallest matters, as well as in the greatest. Character is the lever of influence, and its force is the resultant of seeming trifles. They are—

That best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love.

The casual word in season, the sympathising glance, the well-timed help, may leave impressions lasting as eternity.

Such are but some of the matters to which this great principle is applicable.

But, above all, does it hold good of that which is above all price, our use of God's highest and best of gifts, His Only Begotten Son as the Bread of Life.

It is very possible to gather up the fragments of money, time, influence, and our other talents; and yet it does not follow that nothing will be lost. There is bread enough and to spare in the Father's House, though many are famishing in the midst of plenty, because they will not stretch out the hand of faith to partake of it. The claims of business, or pleasure, or mental improvement are so urgent that they neglect to cultivate that better life, which alone endureth for ever. But this need not be so. Besides Sabbath hours and stated times of devotion, there are fragments that remain to be gathered up. From the busy mart or crowded street the soul may be lifted up to the unseen yet ever-present Saviour. Even there, as well as at the Supper of the Lord, we may feed on Christ in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving. And if we thus continue to travel out of our own emptiness into Christ's fulness, by-and-by we shall be admitted to eat of the hidden Manna in His own immediate presence.



"HIS SHEEP THAT ARE SCATTERED."



PARE my life, for God's sake, for the sake of my wife, for the sake of my baby!" The heartrending cry was uttered in a court of socalled justice, some fifty years ago, by a young man condemned to death for horse - stealing. Beside him in

the dock stood another prisoner, on whom the same sentence for the same offence had been passed, but to whom there was held out a hope of mercy; for him there was none. Dragged on his knees from the presence of his judge, he was shortly put to death, because he was a gipsy.

But by chance, as we say, there was a benevolent Christian man witness of that harrowing scene, in whom it awakened an earnest desire to protect and benefit the people thus despised and oppressed. This good man, James Crabb, on leaving the court, sought out the wife and baby of the poor doomed gipsy, and prevailed on the former to commit her eldest child, a girl of three, to his care; other gipsy mothers followed her example; then some of the parents took up their abode in Southampton, where Mr. Crabb resided, to be near their children.

"Twenty-three reclaimed gipsies pursuing honest handicraft, are now living at Southampton," writes Mr. Crabb, some years after the beginning of his charitable enterprise, "while many more join them in the winter; they attend Divine service twice on Sunday, and go to a week-day night-school."

One of their own tribe, a basket-maker, was regularly employed as a Scripture reader among them. This old man had as a youth entered the Militia, and had been converted to God by a sermon heard in a Wesleyan chapel at Exeter. In a letter to Mr. Crabb, published in the "Gipsies' Advocate," he writes:—"For many years, till I heard the Gospel, I thought that God was like some great gentleman, living at a far distance from us; now I know that He is everywhere present to hear our prayers." The sister of this man, after spending two days in search of a straying horse belonging to Mr. Crabb, refused to accept the sovereign offered for its recovery, saying, "she owed to the possessor more than that, even all the peace and comfort she now enjoyed." This grateful sense of kindness is a

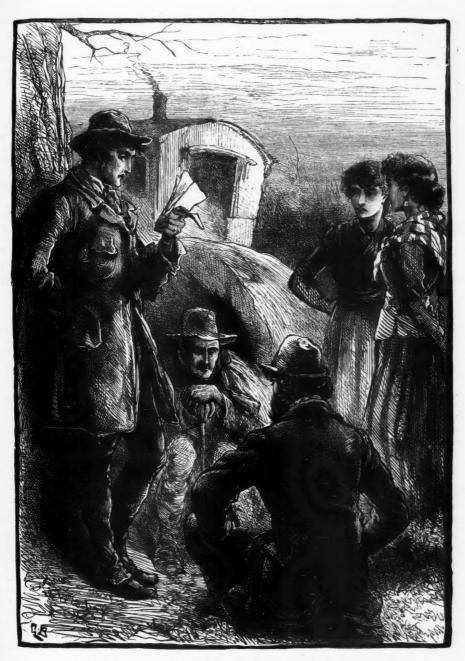
marked feature among the gipsy race. A gentleman living in Hampshire once invited some of these wayfarers to move their tents from the roadside to a more commodious situation in one of his fields. This simple act of kindness made the deepest impression; and these people still remember it after the lapse of years.

"I treat them kindly," a lady observed, "and I never lost anything by their camping near my home."

Humbling is it to know that the most discouraging and repulsive features in the character and condition of this race are traceable to causes for which they "whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high" are mainly responsible. Oppression and extortion have made them thieves, harshness and contempt have kept them wanderers, neglect has kept them heathen. How startling it is to read of a gipsy, known to Mr. Crabb, who had travelled this land for forty

years, and never heard the name of Jesus Christ! It is a fact easy of proof that many forms of crime, commonly attributed to the gipsies, have been imported among them by outlaws and outcasts alien to their tribe, and seeking escape from justice in their camp. And not only have these people been oppressed, neglected, and misjudged, but their peculiar temptations have been strengthened by professing Christians in our land; in Mr. Crabb's writings, and in the interesting London City Mission records of work among them, we read how many a poor gipsy woman, struggling to abandon the sinful practice of fortune-telling, has been overborne by the persuasions of those who were bribing her.

Surely, were the rescue of the gipsy far more hopeless than it is, it must in very justice be attempted by every Christian nation, whose history is stained with barbarous cruelty formerly practised upon them. So greatly were these wanderers once hated in this land, that our Henry VIII. fined every importer of a gipsy £40: two hundred years later, Frederick the Great decreed that every gipsy in his kingdom over eighteen years old should be hanged; while instances abound, not only of such vindictive severity as was cited at the beginning of this paper, but of the most flagrant miscarriage of justice with regard to gipsy convictions. Thirteen of these unhappy beings were hanged in Suffolk, in the days of Judge Hale, for no other cause than that they were gipsies. It was at one time a common practice to take from them their horses and donkeys on the mere suspicion that the animals had been stolen, and when the charge was disproved, to punish the owners as vagrants, and fine them, often selling their live stock for the expenses of such prosecution. While again and



"One here and there more accomplished than his brethren will read aloud."-p. 374.

again the officers of "justice" have swept a whole encampment away from commons and lanes, and driven away their animals, in this case also levying a fine to pay the constables for their work, thus almost forcing the poor gipsy to dishonesty for the means of subsistence, and condemning him to the vagrancy for which he was visited by the law.

In a recently published notice of the gipsies, we find it said, "The growth of culture all over Europe is their worst enemy. Their forests are cut down, their heaths enclosed, houses are pushed right into their commons;" but surely these are circumstances which should tell in their favour, as individual souls, if not as a separate people! God forbid that a city so favoured in spiritual things as this great London of ours, should in spreading carry forward the extirpation, rather than the rescue and upraising, of the poor and ignorant in its course! That such rescuing work is practicable with regard to the gipsy has been already proved.

For many years past the London City Mission has cared for the gipsies in the neighbourhood of London, chiefly to be found at Latimer Road, Shepherd's Bush, Peckham, on Wanstead Flats, on Cherry Island, and Plaistow Marshes; while agents of this Society mix with the large companies of gipsies who frequent the Epsom and other races. Though few gipsies can read, Scriptures are thankfully accepted among them, and one here and there more accomplished than his brethren will read aloud in their tents.

"I found a few," says a missionary, "when visiting the Latimer Road encampment one Sunday afternoon, listening intently to one of their tribe reading the story of Stephen from some torn leaves of a New Testament. In a tent, I lifted up the blanket which formed the door, and, seated on a saucepan turned upside down, read by request 'about that chavo that runned away from his dadus' [the story of the Prodigal Son]. The tent was very small, and sixteen souls sat gathered round a very hot coke fire. In breathless silence they all listened, while I endeavoured to bring home to their hearts the heavenly teaching of the parable."

Many there are now among the gipsies, who, having heard the Word, keep it; women who, for Christ's sake, have renounced fortune-telling, at the loss of large gains, and in the face of violent

opposition from their companions.

"I will die before I will run my soul into such sin again," said one who, for nineteen years, had earned money varying from 6s. to £2 2s. a day by this fraud. This poor woman has been the means of drawing several of her own people to the Lord Jesus, as the sinner's Friend. Many of the little ones have been reached by these Christian workers; among these we read of a

"little Betsy," who used to watch for the missionary and run to say to him the text or hymn verse he had last taught her. Meeting the child's mother at the Epsom races, she told him with many tears her little Bet was dead. "But she did die happy!" She had been asked, just at the last, "Don't you know a little prayer?" "Oh, mother," she answered, with a beautiful smile, "that is all done: Jesus has got my prayers."

Over other happy death-beds the missionaries

have been permitted to rejoice.

"I hope to go to heaven," said an old man. "I've given up my bad ways, and become very good to the Lord." His conscience had been awakened by hearing his grandson reading the Bible in the camp.

"What about your old sins?" asked the mis-

sionary.

"I'm wiping them off, sir, by degrees."

God's way of salvation was then simply set forth to him. A few weeks passed, and he was taken ill; the missionary visited him, and read John iii. 16, 17. Tears began to roll down the old man's cheeks, as he said, "Them be good words, sir; they make my heart glad. Read them again, sir."

He recovered sufficiently to be taken in a cart with his tribe to the Kent hop-picking ground. Soon the missionary received a message: "Old L——is dying: come and see him." "He was lying in a tent on the bare ground, a bundle of straw for his pillow. He could not speak, but his face expressed perfect peace; he pointed to the blue sky through the opening in the tent, as if to say, 'I am going there;' and as we prayed,

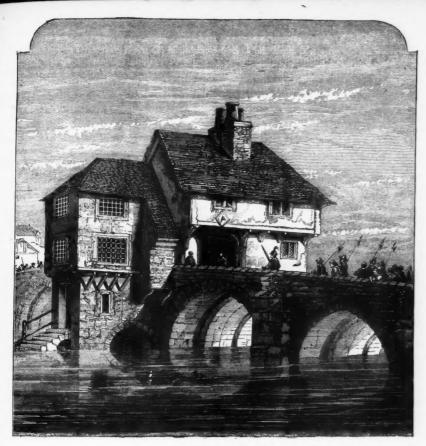
he passed away."

There is no doubt that such measures of legislative reform among the gipsies in our land are desirable, as were advocated lately at the Social Science Congress. But there are many thoughtful persons, experienced in the character and ways of this strange people, who are of opinion that it were as sensible to lodge the Esquimaux or Australian aboriginal in a four-storey dwelling, and clothe him in broadcloth, as to suppose that Acts of Parliament—compulsory schooling, allotments of land—will ever practically benefit the gipsy; who judge that a people wandering in all lands ever since, centuries ago, they wandered from that Indian region whose language they so remarkably

retain, will be wanderers to the end.

However this may be, the present duty of Christ's people is clear, to use every means now available to seek out these lost sheep for whom Christ died. Thank God for such proofs as have been already received that for the poor gipsy as for all others, the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation; that refuge and rest may be found by these homeless wanderers in Him Who "for our sakes became poor," for our sakes "had not where to lay His head."

A. J. T.



PRISON ON BEDFORD BRIDGE. (From an Old Print.)

GOOD WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

MARY AND ELIZABETH BUNYAN.

RUNYAN was twice mar-

JOHN BUNYAN.

ried. First, before his conversion, when he had recently left the army, and when he was not more than twenty years of age; the second time about two years before his imprisonment, when he had been left with four children, the youngest being quite blind.

The first marriage was very much the result of the advice of friends, who hoped something good as the result. Unlike many such marriages,

it turned out a happy and blessed one. They were both very poor. Bunyan had nothing, not even a good name; his wife's sole possessions were two books, "Dent's Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety." Her father had found the way to heaven, and had left her the benefit of his example and his prayers. She cherished his memory as that of a good, upright, Godly man, and she wished to tread in his footsteps, for the seed of Divine truth had been sown in her heart. She wished not to go alone, but to take her young and untamed but affectionate husband with her. She enticed and persuaded him to read her books: and though he neither liked the books nor the reading, he complied with her gentle and loving request, and by these means recovered the ability to read, which in the wild ways of youth he had almost lost,

No one who carefully considers this part of his early history can fail to accept the conclusion, that the first gentle promptings towards a better life and the "Celestial City," were from this poor but pious young woman, whose tender pleadings and affectionate urgings were as "cords of love," to lead him into that way into which he has lured and in which he has helped so many. In this, at least, she stands as an example and pattern to all young wives, especially to those who are "unequally yoked."

The late George Offor was of opinion that Bunyan's first wife was his ideal of Christiana in the "Pilgrims' Progress," Part II. A passage or two may serve to show that the conjecture is

not without some foundation :-

"Now, while they lay here [the Land of Beulah], and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town, that there was a post come from the Celestial City with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the Pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was; so the post presented her with a letter; the contents whereof were, 'Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in His presence, in clothes of immortality, within these

ten days.'

"When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was, an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone." Her sending for Mr. Greatheart, her guide (holy Mr. Gifford, pastor at Bedford), and telling him how matters were; her calling for her children (four), and giving them her blessing, and her taking leave of the other pilgrims, may all be the reproduction of the last scenes of the life of this humble and excellent woman. We take our grateful farewell of her by just reproducing the final touches of the beautiful picture of her departure :-

"Now the day drew on, that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gates. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river-side. The last words that she was heard to say here, were, 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless

Thee."

Bunyan, when under the necessity of seeking a mother for his children, looked for godliness rather than riches. He was still a poor man when the gentle Elizabeth became his wife. She brought no patrimony but her piety and faith in God; and these she soon had need enough of, for in the second year of her married life Bunyan was arrested and sent to prison. He was then thirty-two years of age, and his wife younger. Her piety was as exemplary as her modesty was commendable, and the discipline of trial proved her to be a woman of uncommon energy, presence of mind, and honesty of purpose, and possessing a heroism of character which lifts her up as one worthy to be held in everlasting honour by all to whom conscience and truth are sacred.

Bunyan's arrest took place on November 12th, 1660. Elizabeth was then anticipating the hour when she should become a mother. The imprisonment of her husband led to her very serious

illness, and the death of her little one.

The statute under which Bunyan suffered was 35th Elizabeth, cap. i., re-enacted in the 16th Charles II., cap iv. His offence was preaching, and the penalty was, in the first case, three months' imprisonment; in the second case, banishment; and in the third, death without benefit of

clergy.

He was first examined before Justice Wingate, who was willing to accept sureties for his discontinuance of preaching. The sureties were ready, but as he would not promise to abstain from preaching, his mittimus was made out. After lying seven weeks in prison, he was indicted under the above statute, at the quarter sessions, and sent to prison again for three months, then to be banished the realm if he did not desist from preaching, and attend church; and if found after a certain day, then he was to "stretch by the neck."

We can imagine the anxiety of the young wife with the four children dependent upon her for their daily food. No wonder she was weak and dismayed. But out of weakness she was made strong.

While Bunyan lay in prison came the day of the king's coronation—April 23rd, 1661. He hoped to share in the amnesty usual on such

occasions.

Thousands were released, but no liberty was allowed him. He therefore continued a prisoner until the summer assizes in August. His wife and children, especially his little blind Mary, lay very near his heart, and his separation from them in these painful circumstances was like tearing the flesh from the bone. Yet had he abundant consolation also; and as his day, so was his strength.

Elizabeth gave up neither hope nor effort, and relaxed in no degree her steadfast holding of the truths and principles for which she shared with her husband in suffering. Great was her love of life and liberty—greater still her love to her husband; but, greater than all, her love to Christ and to His truth and Gospel. Pinched with



BUNYAN PREACHING.

poverty, frowned on by the persecutors of her husband, lacking both pity and help from those who, with clearer light and in better times, would have acted a different part, she had, besides the small assistance the poor friends of her husband could render her, only the help of her God, and the comforting cheer of a good conscience. Still, she was enabled, in her tribulations, to glory in her God and Saviour, and in her noble husband's faith and endurance.

Bunyan drew up a petition to the judges, praying for his release. He adopted this method, he says, "Because I would not leave any possible means unattempted that might be lawful." This petition the noble young wife presented to the judges three times at the same assizes. She had already travelled to London in the same cause, delivering a petition to Lord Barkwood, who kindly received it at her hands, and presented it to the House of Lords. The Lords decided that they could not release him, but committed the

decision as to his release to the judges at the next assizes. She hopefully awaited the time.

The Court sat at the "Swan" Inn, very near the bridge, and only a short distance from the The house was demolished nearly a century ago. The judges were the Lord Chief Justice Hale, Twisden, and Chester. The first day she presented the petition to the Lord Chief Justice. The good judge received the petition with that mildness of manner for which he was as noted as for his integrity, and told her he would do her what good he could, though he feared he should be unable to help. The next day she threw another copy of the petition into the coach of Judge Twisden, as he was going to He was short and sharp with her-"Snapt her up," are Bunyan's words, and with a frowning countenance told her that as her husband was a convicted person he could not be released unless he would promise to preach no

On a subsequent day she presented a petition again to the Lord Chief Justice Hale, as he sat on the bench. He received her with the same kindness as before, but Judge Chester interposed by saying Bunyan was a "hot-spirited fellow," and that he was a convicted person. Hale waived the matter, but Elizabeth, encouraged by the High Sheriff (would we could mention his name for his kind act), again pressed her petition. Let us endeavour to reproduce the scene.

Many of the neighbouring justices and gentry were present, and each face gives some feature or point for remark. Conspicuous, however, above all, are the judges Hale and Twisden, and the meek and noble young wife of the imprisoned preacher, whose fame was to eclipse all the great and honourable of his day. She is addressing herself to the Lord Chief Justice:—

"My Lord, I make bold to come once again to your lordship, to know what may be done with

my husband.

"I told thee before I could do thee no good, because they have taken that for a conviction which thy husband spoke at the sessions: and unless there be something done to undo that, I can do thee no good."

Though a simple-minded woman, she had somehow gained some knowledge of points of law, for

she answered :--

"My lord, he is kept unlawfully in prison; they clapped him up before there was any proclamation against the meetings; the indictment also is false. Besides, they never asked him whether he was guilty or no; neither did he confess the indictment."

One of the magistrates declared he had been lawfully convicted; and Judge Twisden added, "Your husband is a breaker of the peace, and is

convicted by the law."

Judge Hale sent for the Statute Book.

Meanwhile Elizabeth told the tale of her petition to the House of Lords, and that she had come expecting to obtain his release. She still pressed her case, when Twisden said:—

"Will your husband leave preaching? If he will do so, then send for him."

Noble was the reply of the heroic Elizabeth.

"My lord, he dares not leave preaching, so long as he can speak."

"Why should we talk any more about such a fellow?" said Twisden; "he is a breaker of the peace."

After a good deal of brow-beating and many hard words from the other judges, Sir Matthew said:—

"I am sorry that I can do thee no good; thou must apply to the king, sue out his pardon, or

get a writ of error."

She failed in her efforts, but she has left on record what declares her heroic faith and holy courage, and no less her Christian spirit of pity and compassion for her oppressors, and of for-

giveness of her persecutors.

"I was somewhat timorous," says she, "at my first entrance into the chamber, yet, before I went out, I could not but break forth into tears, not so much because they were so hard-hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord, when they shall there answer for all things whatsoever they have done in the body, whether it be good, or whether it be bad."

The sequel is well known. Bunyan remained in prison. In that "den" which Howard has so faithfully portrayed, he wrote the book which has had a circulation beyond any book of human production in any language. He survived his long incarceration, and Elizabeth survived him, many years, receiving the bequeathment of his earthly all, and the love and honour of all good people, and in the end, a crown of joy and glory for her everlasting reward; while her name, her virtues, her piety, her patience, her heroic faith and endurance, shine in the solid pages of her gifted husband's books, and will remain embalmed in the hearts of all who read of her sufferings, and appreciate the noble, the brave, and the true.

A TEAR.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

And viewed the wonder ere it passed away;
And viewed the wonder ere it passed away;
And in the mazes of its tiny round,
Full many a thing forgotten long I found:
Love, hate, ambition, jealousy, and pride,
And doubt and faith, I saw them side by side,
And joy and sorrow, madness and despair,
The nameless agony of death was there;
And in the hollow of the crystal well,
The secret source from which it rose and fell,
Contrition deep, and humbleness and prayer;

And as I gazed an angel in its hand
Bore my petition to a far-off land—
Sped with a smile upon its heavenly face
To lay my missive at the Throne of Grace.
And ere it vanished, lo! I heard a voice
Solemn yet sweet, that made my soul rejoice
"Welcome, chief glory in the Crown of Life,
Reserved to grace the victor in the strife,"
O priceless utterance! I bowed me down
In peace and hope, a suppliant for the
Crown,

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SHORT ARROWS.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

LL who truly care for the winning of souls for God, and realise how even in this England of ours there remaineth much land to be possessed, must thankfully read such a record as "The Great Commission," a brief review of seventeen years' evangelistic work, under the direction of Mr. Russell Hurditch. Like almost all true work for God, it began with small things; earnest men went forth to

preach the Gospel in our parks, and streets, and open spaces, then came services in hired theatres and public halls, and the holding of special missions in places of worship, at the invitation of such men as Samuel Martin of Westminster Chapel, with very blessed results. In 1866, this Evangelistic Mission opened a meeting place of its own. It was only a tent, near the main road at Kilburn; here, every summer night of 1867, God's Word was proclaimed with His manifested blessing; one of D. L. Moody's first addresses in England was given there during that season.

The outcome of that summer evening work at Kilburn was the erection of Kilburn Hall—since 1868 the head-quarters of the Mission, now one of five similar meeting-places built or bought for this work; and in all these, as in the Gospel tents, men of every Christian denomination and every rank have witnessed for God. While around these centres—Kilburn, Malden, Mornington, Forest Gate, and Dalston Halls—have gathered Bible-classes, children's services, Sunday-schools, mothers' meetings. The continuous hiring of public halls, concert-rooms, etc., has spread these Gospel services to well-nigh every quarter of London.

So far as funds permit, temporal help is given, chiefly in the form of free meals, in inclement weather, to the unemployed. Short Gospel addresses and hearty sacred songs have on such occasions proved the means of life to many a dead soul.

A happy thought in connection with this work was the pony Bible-carriage, in charge of which two earnest-hearted young men have gone throughout the country selling thousands of Scripture portions, giving tracts, and preaching from their box-seat. Concerning such tours striking incidents are told: How a publican, asking is. 6d. for permitting the itinerants to make a stand before his house, came out during the preaching to ask for a Bible instead of the money; and how Christian soldiers at Windsor welcomed the Bible-carriage, and cheered its conductors on the way.

It is asked, "Do the converts stand?" Yes, thank God. Grief and disappointment have come, but very few cases of failure in comparison with those who, 'by their steadfastness, give joy. Fifteen or sixteen years have tested many such. Among the most earnest workers, are some brought to God by the park preaching of seventeen years ago. Wonderfully God has provided for this effort in His Name. Thank-offerings, surprising in amount, are given by converts. One poor laundress has sent £2 again and again. Working men out of small wages have sent £1, £2, even £5. The Christian workers, mostly in very limited circumstances, give touching proof of self-denial in this matter also. From two English iron-clads, in China and the Mediterranean, money has come "from a few Christian sailors, praying for the blessed work." A blessed and sorely needed work indeed! "Without such missions as this," said Lord Shaftesbury, on July 17th, 1882, "400,000 souls in London would hardly ever hear the Word of

PROTESTANT BLIND PENSION SOCIETY.

With that quality of mercy which is not strained by exorbitant administrative expenses, the Blind Pension Society, founded twenty years ago by the late Mr. Thomas Pocock, is doing a great and benevolent work amongst the blind poor of the United Kingdom. Its system of dis-

tributing relief in the form of monthly pensions to these afflicted poor at their own homes is so much appreciated that it has not been found possible to keep pace with the applications made to the Society by persons in every respect qualified to share in the bounty which it is the object of the Society to dispense. It is only by ceaseless energy and what by some may be considered importunate appeals to the benevolent public, that the liabilities to its 382 pensioners can be regularly satisfied. Being quite unendowed, and possessed of barely sufficient invested funds to cover one year's disbursements, it can be well understood that the management has no easy task to collect, in voluntary donations and subscriptions, the £220 wanted for the pensions ranging from 10s. to 25s. each month. At the present time there are nearly 200 approved candidates seeking to be placed on the funds, and the committee, while most anxious to assist these distressed people, can do nothing to forward their urgent claims until the revenue of the Society is sufficiently augmented. Many of these blind persons are in the most needy circumstances. A large portion of them having become blind late in life, have not the vigour of youth to sustain them, nor the advantage of a blind education to assist them to earn their livelihood; whilst others, fortunate in the shelter afforded them, are nevertheless conscious of the cruel burden they impose upon the scanty and insufficient resources of poor relatives. The work involved in collecting and distributing the Society's funds is considerable. A secretary—at a nominal salary—is the only paid officer. There are two Honorary Secretaries, Treasurer, and a Committee, all of whom regard the administration of the Society as purely a "labour of love." The office (not rented) is at 235, Southwark Bridge Road; Messrs. Thos. Pocock and A. S. Dodson are the Hon. Secs.; Mr. W. E. Terry is the Secretary. The Society is quite unsectarian, and the receipt of parish relief is no disqualification to candidates.

THE SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL

We have received a communication from the Secretary of this Institution, established on behalf of women and children in Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square. From his letter we are glad to learn, and our readers will share with us the satisfaction we feel, that the work and worth of the Hospital are progressing daily "more satisfactorily." The result of this high public appreciation is that a constantly increasing demand is made upon the resources of the establishment, and admittance is sought more urgently. Of course this popularity adds to the difficulty of maintaining the Hospital, and the very means which are so successfully employed to do good are those which tend to weaken the Hospital, for more work means larger expense. Yet the directors do not like to reduce the number of beds, nor to incur liabilities which they cannot surely meet. The case thus becomes one of public interest. as it were, and so by making known the financial condition of the Institution, means will perhaps be found to obviate a serious difficulty, and relieve the Committee from the horns of a very awkward dilemma.

"NO BOOKS!"

At the present time the title of the pamphlet issued by the Church of England Book Society may to some appear unfounded. Surely, some people will say, never was literature more abundant nor so cheap; and yet we have undoubted authority for the statement that cheap production means in many cases injurious literary matter. The Committee of the Book Society, however, go farther than this. They willingly acknowledge that hundreds of books are pure, but the teaching is not altogether commendable, and the works they find some difficulty in obtaining, are those which are able to interest and instruct, to strengthen and edify the intellect, as well as satisfy the

heart-life and the conscience of the reader. Hence the cry at the head of this paragraph, "No Books," which means, comparatively speaking, that a difficulty exists in procuring suitable literature. Everybody reads in these days, and it becomes a duty to provide matter which shall not unduly excite the imagination, or inculcate wrong-doing, which will not glorify the highwayman, nor elevate the burglar into a hero. It is no easy matter to select a book for a present which shall contain the necessary mixture of interest, enjoyment, and information, and that will please the young mind, while educating it. How can we insure the desired end being attained?

A BOON TO MANY.

The possession of a family library will do much to insure the quality of the books we introduce to the house. Such a selection of useful and interesting works of reference and fiction will do more to educate the taste of the younger members of the Household than may at first be imagined. There are hundreds of standard works which any one may read, and many monthly publications which may with advantage be perused. But to doubters the list published by the Church of England Book Society will be a guide, and as it embraces both secular and religious works, amounting to more than four thousand, selected from the catalogues of various publishers, the formation of a Family Library will not be the difficult matter it may at first sight appear. Free grants of books have been frequently made, and these, including a small sum for halfprice grants, amount to the total of £1,516 14s, 2d. Yet many parishes are desiring supplies of books, and they cannot be accorded at present. New books are requiredby new books we mean those unread by the members of the school and parish libraries. The Society seem unable to supply the ever increasing want without funds. But have the Committee tried the exchange system? If the various book clubs, which have been furnished by the Society, would communicate their wants to each other, or forward a list of works in their possession to their corresponding clubs, we venture to think that many useful exchanges might be made, by which all parties would be benefited. Poor clergymen are at present supplied with necessary works, and this is a view of the Lending Library question which should not be lost sight of; for in these free grants to clergymen the power of the teacher for good is much increased. Particulars concerning grants in return for subscriptions can be obtained from the Secretary of the Church of England Book Society, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, London; and the Committee appear to us to be doing a much appreciated work, and supplying a want which is keenly felt by those beyond the influence of the Society.

JUST TWO PENCE.

With two pennies clasped tightly in her little palm, a child entered a bookseller's shop, and asked for a volume which contained a sentence she had cherished. The words the girl had treasured up were, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and now she had brought all her money to buy the book which contained the promise. The book-seller said, "Suppose I have not such a book? Will you be very sorry?" The child replied that she was in a great hurry, as she felt ill, and her teacher told her she had "better be dead than alive." She had heard of a Good Shepherd, Who takes care of children, and she wanted the Book to learn about Him, so that He might know her when she died. The good shopman at once fetched a Bible, and read her the comforting words. When he had finished, the child exclaimed, "He says, 'Come;' I'll go to Him. Shall I see Him soon, sir?" "Yes, before long," replied the man sadly; "but keep your money and come here every day, and I will read you more of the Book." The child thanked him, and came once or twice. But one day arrived and she did not come, and after some weeks had passed a woman came hastily in, and said, "Daisy's dead. She died talking about a Good Shepherd, and told me to bring her money to you for the mission box." The bookseller took the money, and told all his friends the tale.

The result was, other sums came in, and Daisy's two pence increased until the money sent out a missionary to the heathen, within a few months of the child's decease.

"A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

This is no figure of speech. We all know instances in which cessation from work is absolutely necessary, if the usefulness of the worker is to be continued, and although the quotation more particularly refers to a rest hereafter in a future state, we may in a passing sense apply it to the Rest for Clergymen at Eastbourne. This truly blessed "Rest" was founded by a lady, and during one sojourn at Eastbourne, and subsequently, we obtained some particulars concerning it. As we have frequent inquiries respecting such places, we will at once state that particulars can be obtained direct from Miss Mason, 7, Cambridge Gardens, Kilburn, N.W. The Eastbourne establishment, or Rest for Christian workers of all denominations, can accommodate nearly fifty people, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that the house is well fitted up, in a most comfortable manner; the scale of payment is strictly regulated according to the means of the inmates, while Miss Mason's kind assistants in the work give their time and services. There is nothing to be desired in the management and dietary of the Home, to which the weary and jaded clergyman, who has toiled for many a day and night, can proceed, accompanied by his family, and in congenial Christian society may rest and be truly thankful. We understand that there is a similar establishment at Kilburn under Miss Mason's fostering care, which has met with much encouragement and success. One feature in connection with both these excellent establishments is noteworthy. No appeals are made for funds, although, of course, assistance is frequently given and thankfully received. But hitherto all these offerings have been spontaneously made, and, no doubt, the benefits which have been enjoyed by the inmates at various times, and the true Christian esteem they have received at the Homes have induced them and influenced their friends to send a thank-offering, which may be instrumental in conferring upon others the advantages already reaped by the late occupants of the Rests. The spirit of Christian love indeed pervades the Home, and the pleasant family life led within its walls tends to keep the occupants happy in the peaceful enjoyment of the rest they have so well earned. Any visitor to Eastbourne may visit the Rest there, and even join in the Sunday afternoon readings, which are always well attended.

"FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND."

We have in these columns more than once directed attention to the condition of the women of India, and the report of a meeting held a week or two ago gives us the opportunity of referring once more to the subject, which, as much as any missionary work, should enlist the sympathy of English men and women. It is to female missionaries that the Indian women appeal, for under no circumstances can a man penetrate into the private apartments of the native household; even the male doctor is forbidden in numerous cases, and is never admitted until all other means have been tried and failed. The results attending the noble efforts of our countrywomen are happy and increasing. We have by us testimony to the effects already produced, and a very interesting case is related of a young girl who heard gladly, and being free she made the most of her opportunities. She then married, and still her influence was not diminished; she read and learned, and taught diligently her household and relatives. She instituted family prayer morning and evening, and read the Bible, praying also herself to the edification of her husband and her parents-in-law. There were fears that she would relapse after a time, for the home influence was at first against her, but she has continually persevered, and is still, according to latest accounts, continuing her work for good around her. We are in hopes that many such cases will find their record in the English press, as they serve as encouragement to the devoted ones who leave all and go forth to preach the Gospel of Christ.

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OUT OF NIGHT INTO DAY.

The Stepney Homes, under the direction and superintendence of Dr. Barnardo, continue to do a good work; and judging from the papers before us, which have been collected at various times, we imagine that those who support the institutions have no cause to repent the time or money they have expended in the work. The Shoeblack Brigade, with which we are all more or less familiar, originated with the Stepney Home, and this in addition to the Messenger Brigade, and the Woodchopping Brigade, earn a very handsome some of money annually. are provided for at Ilford in cheerful happy families of twenty, under an experienced matron, and no one can look upon the pleasant faces without contrasting their present condition with what might have been had not benevolence stepped in and rescued them. "Father, I give my life to Thee," exclaimed a rescued waif who had been received into the Home at Ilford from degrading surroundings. Her best hope at that time of rescue was the workhouse. and yet, as chance of doing good, she and her poor mother were received at the Home and saved for eternity. No one can read unmoved the records of efforts made, and what we believe to be successful efforts, to bring up in a useful Godly life the poor waifs and strays of our seething London population. We could quote many touching instances of children brought up in the lowest strata of society who have turned out well, and are leading happy Christian lives. Take the case of little Clara, the step-child of the abandoned thief at Chatham. She was turned out at four in the morning to gather and sell water-cresses, and even while waiting for customers fell asleep, so that the policeman looked after her basket and money as purchasers came. Then after a hard day's work, she returned to receive blows and cruel treatment, to herd with thieves and worse society, till fortunately-we say fortunatelyshe was turned out of doors, and admitted to the Home at llford in which she shines. This is only one in a hundred instances of girls and boys who are being trained for useful and pious lives in this country, and in distant lands where they will be sent when educated and reclaimed. They are indeed passing from Night unto Day.

A PLEA FOR SERVANTS' READING.

We have received a communication from Lady John Manners, suggesting that newspapers and books should be supplied to domestic servants and labourers. "The annual volumes of Cassell's Magazine," says our correspondent, "of THE QUIVER, and of many other religious and excellent periodicals, may be purchased at moderate cost." Many of our leading firms make liberal grants of books to institutions, and the reports of several societies show that, in our own and other cases, volumes are sent willingly. If a fund were started to supply domestic servants with books, we are sure the leading publishers would assist in such a good work. There are many cheap and excellent annual volumes which may be procured at little cost by the agents of such a movement as this, and if Lady John Manners initiates such a society, we venture to think it will not lack support. Many heads of families would willingly contribute spare volumes, and numbers of periodicals now destined to the "waste-basket," might find eager readers in the servants' offices. Such "thoughtful kindness Lady John Manners assures us would benefit the servants and helpers at home.

LEISURE HOURS FOR WORKING GIRLS.

Our readers are doubtless already aware of the good effects of Mrs. Fisher's work in the city amongst the young women who are employed there. Readers go amongst the warehouses, and during the period set aside for meals meetings are held. These are attended by numbers of girls who voluntarily sacrifice a portion of their leisure to listen to the Gospel story. Many thoughtless and frivolous girls are thus brought within the influence of the Bible; and the benefits conferred do not end here. The girls carry away the truths they have heard to their homes,

and thus, instead of passing their evenings in music halls and such places of entertainment, they remain with their friends and relations. The "welcomes" are open for those who choose to attend them, and by going there the girls are kept from temptation. These efforts are supplemented by the institutes set on foot by the Young Women's Christian Association in various parts of the metropolis. The Rochester Institute in the Walworth Road is one of the latest of these developments, and it is presided over by Miss Raymond and her able staff of deaconesses from Brixton. There are thousands of girls in the neighbourhood through which the Chatham and Dover Railway runs. Amid the numerous shops and warehouses of this district the deaconesses connected with the Institute pursue their charitable work, and invite the workwomen and girls to spend their evenings in the comfortable rooms-well furnished and supplied with papers and periodicals of a suitable kind. We are aware from actual observation how well the work is carried on, and all readers will agree with us that such efforts as these, controlled as they are by such an experienced directress as Miss Raymond, deserve warm and energetic support from all Christian people.

"NO MORE SPIRIT RATIONS."

The Seaman's Friend Society, established in Glasgow, has a large field for its operations. The immense quantity of shipping which annually puts into that port employs more than 50,000 sailors, and to this enormous number must be added the thousands engaged in the local trade and traffic. When we consider the very precarious existence of the sailor. the dangers ashore and afloat to which he is exposed, we should do all in our power to deliver him from the temptation ashore, and to prepare him to face the dangers at sea. This is, as we are aware, done by many willing hands. The Thames Church-Mission, for instance, in the North Sea, and all down the river, in and beyond the London district: Miss Weston's Homes and influences at Portsmouth. the Mission ships on the French coasts, which we have already noticed; all these make grand efforts to reclaim the sailor, and not in vain are they made. The first foe to quell is drunkenness. The Thames Mission "Smack" is a temperance ship, and even in the bitter winds of the North Sea, we will find no wine or strong drink in her. So now, as we learn from extracts before us, the great transatlantic shipowners have decided not to permit any spirit rations to be served to the men while afloat. This great enemy-drink-overcome, the agents of the Glasgow Seaman's Friend Society hope to win many adherents and willing listeners. There are meetings organised-and the audience is by no means limited to sailors- at which the results have been most gratifying, and many hundreds of seafaring men have thankfully accepted the Bible as their compass, and carried it with them on board ship. the leaven so well distributed will, by degrees, it is hoped, leaven all the service, and improve it in every respect. The results, according to the report, are most encouraging. and the interest taken by the sailors themselves in the work, as testified to by their subscriptions, is an assurance that it is doing good, and finding favour in their eyes, as well as in those of their employers,

THE WORKING BOYS OF LONDON.

We have received a special appeal from the Committee of the "Homes" for Working Boys in London. Of these Homes there are seven in working order, and they are intended for lads who have no place of residence, who are able to work and earn money, and between thirteen and seventeen years of ago. It will be at once seen what an immense number of boys have to be dealt with. Some have absolutely nowhere to lay their heads—who can never remember having had a home to go to. Others, again—a large class—have come up to London in the expectation of finding fame and fortune in the streets—a belief still cherished in many rural districts. All these have to be supplemented by the number of lads in actual employment in London, for whom no shelter is provided.

In the Homes under notice, each boy pays for his food, clothing, and washing; and those who are earning more money are obliged to contribute so much a week for their lodging. Thus we have the lads early trained to appreciate the blessings of honest labour, and the value of They are brought up in habits of thrift, and it is not the fault of their surroundings if they do not de-The Committee, velope into useful members of society. amongst whom are included many well-known workers for good, are endeavouring to help those who are willing to help themselves. They are giving the lads every possible chance of working; and healthful recreation, with Christian teaching, are provided at a time when body and mind are most likely to be benefited. The rescue of these lads from pauperism and a burthen upon the rates is, putting aside (for the moment) all higher feeling-a reason why they should be assisted to rise, and so the selfish and short-sighted may rest assured that these Homes, if well supported, will continually reduce the expenses for the poor. But it is to a far higher level we would raise our readers' eyes-to the rescue from sin, the opening of a happy life here and hereafter for the waifs and strays-we would direct their attention, and leave the question to them as Christian brethren and citizens.

A HOME IN SICKNESS.

Some months ago, we brought before our readers some facts relating to the Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital, on Wandsworth Common. The report for the second year has been forwarded to us by the Secretary, and it may not be generally known that persons of the artisan and lower classes can obtain all the advantages of good hospital treatment and nursing by paying such sums as their means will permit. They have thus no more expense at the Hospital than they would have at home, and the advantages they obtain are of course far in advance of any they can command in their own houses. The institution is based on this self-supporting principle, and it is very gratifying to learn that the number of patients has already doubled-so the real advantages are appreciated. We hear just now of the failure of hospital incomes in London. We believe many persons do not object to pay for attendance in general hospitals, and if the sum was estimated according to the means-not the necessities-of the patients who could pay, no complaints of loss of income would be heard. The Bolingbroke Hospital is managed by a Committee, including the Rev. Canon Erskine Clarke, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., and other well-known gentlemen, with a most able consulting staff of medical officers, resident surgeons, nurses, etc. We may instance some cases in which the Hospital is more particularly valuable.

THE WORK AT BOLINGBROKE HOUSE.

There is a certain prescribed form for admission to this pay hospital, wherein wards are provided for both sexes and children, and every effort is made to give a home-like effect to the surroundings, and we believe successfully. These who are conversant with the limited accommodation of artisans' homes will appreciate the roomy wards, and the general air of comfort pervading this hospital, while nothing that can render the patients really comfortable is omitted. The hospital is doing an excellent work, unique in itself, and while every variety of cases (except insane ones) is received, nothing is left undone to promote the independence of the patients, who feel they are not imposing upon the public purse. During the past year sixtyfive patients have entered the hospital, representing all sorts and conditions of men. They have, of course, caused an increase in the expenditure, and Canon Clarke's responsibility has been materially increased. Still it is hoped that when the benefits conferred by the institution are realised, people will come forward and help those who have so manfully helped themselves. Mr. J. S. Wood, the untiring secretary, will receive subscriptions, and afford all needed information. His address is Woodville, Upper Tooting, S.W.

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A new Convalescent Home is being prepared at Sandgate by the London Samaritan Society. The house at Dover has become too small, and the directors and com mittee are setting to work with characteristic energy to make arrangements for more poor and suffering convalescents. By this time we hope the purchase has been completed and the Institution in working order. A large sum was needed, but no doubt it has been already subscribed. In any case, we would for a few moments draw the public attention to the benefits which the Society confers upon the destitute poor. Freely does it give, and the term is literal in a great majority of cases. A small weekly sum is payable by those who can afford it, but cases are admitted entirely free, and it assists the poor to help them-There are certain privileges to subscribers. But this Institution does not by any means represent the extended exertions of the Society and its missionary work, The Homerton Mission gives free meals, and clothing, and lodging to the deserving poor. The account of the work done fills many pages which we cannot quote, but some notion of the magnitude of the undertaking may be gleaned from the fact that 73,000 free meals were given to the destitute during the past winter. Children are provided for, young men are taken out to Canada and established in situations there; and above all, the influence of religous teaching is maintained, for the Gospel work is never ceasing; Bible classes, Sunday schools, Temperance meetings are all carried on day by day, and many souls are awakened to the importance of those things which tend to their eternal

CHINESE GIRLS.

Some intelligence has been placed in our hands bearing upon the condition of the Girls' School at Singapore, and a modest demand for suitable papers and periodicals is ap, pended to a special appeal for any assistance that can be rendered otherwise. Miss Cooke, who is at present Superintendent of this Chinese school, has had difficulties to contend against. The girls are trained in Christian doctrine and work, and when sufficiently advanced are sent to China to work amongst the people, and the various institutions, etc. This training locally seems to us a good plan; the native material is drawn upon and improved until the members become not only servants, but useful servants of God, teaching others, and leading their countrymen and women-by whom they are well understood-into the right path. In connection with the school is a Young Women's Christian Association, which is attended both by the scholars and married women living outside the school itself. It would advance the objects which the supporters have in view, if the visitors would go and see for themselves how the school is managed and conducted. Many English families have relatives and friends in Singapore, and some little attention paid by English residents would greatly encourage the managers and teachers. If such means can be adopted, we are sure the help now or lately needed, will be speedily supplied; not only the literary matter so much desired, but in the more important, because more pressing, want of more material assistance for the destitute children.

"ENLARGING THE SPHERE OF GOOD."

We have before us details of the work done in connection with the Home of Industry in Commercial Street, spitalfields, which has been referred to in these columns in past issues of The Quiver. The directress of this establishment is Miss Annie Maepherson, while many ladies, residents and non-residents, assist as farast time and their leisure will permit. The useful and beneficial work carried on here is similar in some branches to the sheltering Home in Liverpool, and the Industrial Home of London also sends its rescued inmates to happy places in our great colony of Canada, where, at Galt, Ontario, a receiving establishment is in full working order. Of course the permission of the guardian or parents of the children sent out is required, but when the lad has been made over to the Home, he is well cared for in the future, and sent out to

farm. The success of this scheme is vouched for by the Dominion Government, who have in their official report stated that ninety-eight out of every hundred children are doing well. The various good works of the Home of Industry are not confined to the young children only. Mothers' Meetings are held every week, and these are of great assistance to many young mothers who cannot leave home in the evening. There are Bible-classes and Adult Sunday-schools, where men and women learn to read and value the Scriptures; and thus the influence is ever enlarging the sphere of good around the Home. Nothing, it is truly said, can be accomplished without labour, and the work of Miss Macpherson's Home is no exception. But the labourer is worthy of his hire, and we recommend those who are interested in this Rescue and Mission Work to inspect the report, and the ways and means by which the work is so successfully accomplished. The Home is at 60, Commercial Street, London, E., where new or old clothing, materials or food, will be thankfully received.

"FIGHTING THE DRINK."

We have lately been perusing a pamphlet written by the Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, which devotes itself to the consideration of the best means of rescue for those unhappy ones who will persistently endeavour to destroy their humanity in drinking. As so many people are now interested in the cause of temperance, we may refer to some of the means whereby much good may be done in rescuing these deluded men and women. The first weapon by which we may conquer is sympathy—loving sympathy. We must have our hearts in our work, and whatever we do we should do it with all our might. And personal contact of good people-the example now so freely set by ladies and gentlemen in wearing the badge of temperance, for instance—will exert powerful influence. Mr. J. B. Gough was thus rescued by a friend, who came and touched him on the shoulder, saying, "I claim you this day for God and for sobriety. We all know the grand result of this strong personal and sympathetic appeal. If any of the readers of these pages will-and we believe many do-exert themselves in this good cause, the rescue of their fellow-creatures by any Christian means from sin and shame, let them remember how strong a hold sympathy has upon all. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and whether the effort be directed to reclaim the drunkard or the infidel, the means should include personal sympathy and influence. The Church of England Temperance Society is doing a Home Mission work in our midst, and their missionaries are daily endeavouring to "fight the drink," which has such an enormous army of adherents. Of course, the means are quite unequal to the demand, and much remains to be done. The tremendous difference in the homes and habits of those whose hearts have been touched by the endeavours of the Society, is at once perceptible, and this is a Gospel work which every one can undertake, by precept or example. We might adduce instances in which conversion was made by servants and employers-how many a soul was touched by human sympathy, and turned to con. sider the great Love which is waiting for all who seek it in faith, earnestly.

A HEARTY WELCOME HOME.

In the Eastern end of London there is an amount of vice and degradation which has rendered the people so callous that they seem possessed of "evil spirits." This is the testimony of one who is doing work, and doing it successfully, amongst the poor benighted London heathen, as we may well call them. But there is a star in the East. In all this darkness and trouble a veritable Home is established in Ratcliffe, where sailors and others may enjoy a quiet pleasant evening, free from the allurements of sin and Satan. There is a meeting held every night in one of the rooms of the Welcome Home from nine till half-past eleven. It is to the newly-arrived sailor with money to spend in unlawful pleasures that the Welcome appeals. A case was lately reported in which a sailor inquired of a

city missionary the way to a certain public-house. The preacher declined to give the information, but spoke to him quietly, and indicated where the Gospel might be found. The man, much surprised, consented to go and see for himself. He went, and came back rejoicing. He gave up all idea of visiting the low places he had at first intended to visit, and reformed. He went, did as he was bidden, morally blind though he was, and "came seeing."

A WANDERER RESTORED.

There have been very many experiences in connection with the Ratcliffe Home, which show us the power of the Spirit to turn the hearts even of the most disobedient. We may instance another case in which a sailor who had given up all hope-a wanderer from friends and home for many years, had come, as some might say, accidentally and by chance, to the "Welcome" Home we have mentioned. The words of the preacher who was telling the "glad story of old" to his audience, came home to the wanderer's heart, and he related to the missionary his experiences, and his fall from the child of godly parents to the man of intemperance and sin. But this confession not only restored him to the arms of his mother, who he thought was dead, but was the means of bring-ing him back again to the fold from which he had so long strayed. The mother arrived and welcomed her long-lost son. Thus—and many other instances might be quoted-is the work done. There is room for many hands, and those who wish to help will find plenty to do amongst people of all nations and languages.

LIFE-BOAT HEROES.

Who is there who can read unmoved the heroic incidents attending a recent gallant attempt to save life on the part of the crew of the Swansea life-boat? and with the story fresh in their minds, who can help wishing to take at least some little part in such noble work? On the stormy morning of the twenty-seventh of January, a German barque drifting helplessly up the Bristol Channel struck on some rocks opposite the Mumbles Head, and without loss of time the Swansea life-boat, with a crew of thirteen men, set off to the rescue. No less than five of the men were volunteers, while a father and four of his sons formed part of the regular crew. After a terrible struggle amid the raging billows the life-boat approached the wreck, but only two of the German sailors had been hauled on board, when a sea of unusual power struck the boat, parted her cable, and threw all her occupants into the water. When she righted, the coxswain, Jenkin Jenkins, managed to crawl into her, and to drag in one of his four sons and anotherman. But time after time the boat was dashed against the wreck, and once more she was capsized, so that those in her were almost crushed to death. Clinging to the life-line, the coxswain managed to hold on while the life-boat drifted towards the rocks, and then exerting his little remaining strength to the utmost, he struck out for and reached the shore. There the old man lay exhausted, but watching the efforts of one of his sons who had also clung to the boat. Several times the young man was drifted towards the shore, only to be carried out of reach by the recoil of the waves, until at last his father managed to creep down to the water, and catch him by the collar. But, alas! the limbs were rigid, and the face was stone cold. What a world of pathos was there in his cry: "My boy! my boy! it is too late! My Johnny's dead!"

TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

Two other incidents must be recorded. Two of the life-boat's men were struggling in the surf, too weak to reach the land, when they were espied by the two daughters of the lighthouse-keeper; and the women, notwithstanding the entreaties of their father, waded together into the raging sea to help the men. "I'll lose my life before I'll let those men drown," was brave Maggie Ace's answer to her father. But, by the mercy of God, neither she nor her sister lost her life; for, making a rope of their shawls, knotted together, they managed to throw the end

to the drowning men, and drag them both on to the rocks. While this was happening, two more of Jenkins' sons were washed up into a cave, one of them with his leg badly broken. After two hours, their presence in the cave was discovered by the lighthouse-keeper, who lowered a jug of hot tea to them, but could do no more till the tide was out. What a picture does this story afford of the perils and sufferings to which our life-boat crews are subject, when they set forth to rescue the shipwrecked and the drowning. We cannot all supplement their noble work as Maggie Ace and her sister did, but to help in a lesser degree is within the reach of us all. In that one storm, the Swansea life-boat was crushed to pieces, but fortunately, a new boat will be at once provided in its place. If, however, either of the QUIVER life-boats should be suddenly rendered unserviceable, who would replace it, if the readers of the QUIVER themselves are backward in the good work?

A SUGGESTION: "QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

It has been suggested to us that our readers in the Provinces would do well to call their friends together into

fraternal counsel for the purpose of promoting, as a committee, the collection of subscriptions to the QUIVER We have much pleasure in bringing Life-boat Fund. this plan to the notice of our readers, as all organised effort of this kind is more fruitful in results than isolated At the same time, we would by no means deprecate, but rather encourage to the utmost, every individual fellow-worker, however humble his capacity. The general object of the Fund is one which peculiarly appeals to the sympathies of all Christians, while the immediate purpose of the present subscription—the permanent establishment of the important life-boat station at Margate-especially concerns our own readers, as by their generosity and self-denying labour alone the station and boat were built, some fifteen years ago. Lista of committees formed for the promotion of the QUIVER Life-boat Fund, will be received with pleasure by the Editor, if certified as bond fide by a magistrate or a minister of religion, and will be published, should space allow, in a future issue of the QUIVER. All details of the formation of the committees will of course be left to the discretion of the organisers in each case.

"QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND

FIFTH LIST.

Being amounts received up to and including February 6, 1883.

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Erratum.-In Fourth List, for "Mrs. Nicholson, Crediton, 1s.," read "5s."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

59. Where did Isaac and Rebecca first meet, and what remarkable event had occurred before in that place?

60. What female ancestor of our Lord lived at Bethle-

61. By whom was the well at Beersheba digged, and why was it so named ?

62. Who was buried some centuries after his death?

- 63. Which of the Apostles is known by four different names?
- 64. What king's head was buried in the sepulchre of his general?

65. When was fire quenched by prayer?

- 66. For what very wicked act is Queen Athaliah noted?
- 67. What four altars were built to God on Mount Moriah?
- 68. In what words did God set forth to the people of Israel at Sinai the teaching so fully taught afterwards by our Blessed Lord?—"Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you."
- 69. Of which of the Apostles is it stated the people sought that even his shadow might fall upon them, so that they could be healed?
- 70. What was the name of the centurion who saved St. Paul's life?

71. What king tried to kill his own son?

- 72. What person was threatened with death after he had
- 73. Who was the first king buried in Samaria ?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

48. Moses made a layer of brass with the mirror, which the women left at the door of the Tabernacle when they assembled there. (Exodus xxxviii. 8.)

49. "He goeth, as a fool to the correction of the stocks." (Prov. vii. 22.)

50. Two hundred and fifteen years from the time of Abraham to the going down into Egypt, and two hundred and fifteen from the going down into Egypt to the delivery of the law on Mount Sinal. (Gal. iii. 17.)

51. He was the king of Arabia Petræa, who conquered Damascus, and for a time usurped the kingdom. (2 Cor. xi. 32.) 52. The title of "Son of Man," by which He is designated no less than eighty-nine times. (Ezek. ii. 1.)

53. It is most probably the large yellow viper, or adder common in Palestine. (Isa. xi. 8.)

51. "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." (Prov. xi. 22.)

55. It was Silas whom St. Paul chose to go with him on his second mission-journey instead of St. Mark. (1 Thess. i. 1, and Acts xv. 40.)

56. In the Epistle to Philemon—"I rather beseech thee, being such an one as Paul the aged." (Philemon 9.)

57. The law given at Mount Sinai. The Jews always considered that the Law was given to Moses through the intervention of angels. (Hebrews ii. 2; see also Acts vii. 38, 53, Gal. iii. 19.)

58. The Bible—"The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." (Eph. vi. 17, and Heb. iv. 12.)

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THE PRAYER OF ZACHARIAS.

(St. Luke i. 9-23.)



Y THE REV. A. BOYD CARPENTER, VICAR OF ST. JAMES, HULL.

E high hills catch the first streaks of the coming light. The shafts of day first visit the lofty places of the earth, and clothe their glittering peaks with the herald rays of its advent.

This is true of all coming light. The great discoveries, the new ideas that are to revolutionise society, are first faintly felt

by the few in advance of their age; and ere they rise above the horizon, and fill the whole sky and earth with their light, are as a faint flush of dawn stealing over mountain ridges, and creeping down toward the valleys.

This is also true in religion. More perhaps than in any other sphere is this true in the spiritual world. The pure in heart see God. The pure and simple ones first vibrate to the approach of spiritual light, feel the coming revival, and while the rest of the world is plunged in darkness, eatch the first faint gleams of a Divine Advent.

Thus in Holy Scripture, ere Christ rose upon the world and threw the splendour of His unsullied light upon all, there were lofty ones, lofty in the true sense of pure high-minded spirituality, who are represented as catching the first beams of the Coming Day. Upon them in their lowliness, which was their true loftiness, fell the flush of the New Day, and quickened their souls, stirred their thoughts, loosed their tongues, and set their faces aglow with hope.

Prominent amongst those who stand thus bathed in the light of the rising Sun of Righteousness stands Zacharias. And in the beautiful account which St. Luke gives us of him, there are, amongst other points, two that shall receive our consideration in this paper.

I. The description given of Zacharias himself.
II. The way in which God responded to his

I. The description of Zacharias. This branches off into a twofold description. 1. It describes the official position of Zacharias. He was a priest of "the course of Abia." By the word "course" is meant the "daily service" of the priests in the Temple. The priests who thus took part in that service had been divided in the time of David

into twenty-four "courses" or divisions. Each of these "courses" or divisions did duty for eight days, from one Sabbath to another, once in every six months; of these divisions that named after Abia or Abijah, a descendant of Eleazar, was the eighth, and to that division Zacharias belonged. He is thus presented to us as one of the priests engaged about the daily service of the Temple, whose term of service, together with those who made up the group to which he belonged, came the eighth in order. 2. It describes the manner of life and personal character of Zacharias.

"Righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless," is the beautifully comprehensive account given of The whole life or character is at once unfolded before us. We see (a) the inner life as one of that righteousness and purity which bears, as far as it is possible for man to bear, the searching eye of God; and shapes itself not according to the outward judgments of man, but the inner requirements of God. And (b) we see the outward life in active harmony with the inward, and that in its two great divisions-in its obedience to the general principles of the moral law, represented by "the commandments of the Lord;" and in its obedience to the ceremonial requirements of the Levitical "ordinances." Thus is he represented as morally and spiritually upright in heart, just and pure and diligent in all his dealings with his fellow-men, and zealous and conscientious in the discharge of his religious duties. And all this at a time when there was much to dishearten or discourage him. Bigotry and formalism, unbelief and moral depravity were all about him, while over all hung the great cloud of political disaster and depression. Glance at the Scribes and Pharisees, the Priests and Levites, the Sadducees and the Herodians, the Publicans and sinners, and the haughty Roman soldiery, that made up the little Jewish world in which this simple priest had to play a part, and then admire his simple, well-balanced, pure life — in all so quietly doing his best, and living up to what was highest. There was much to tempt him to swerve from the old paths, to give up religion, or to grow hypocritical or sceptical. But he kept on the even tenour of his way, his whole life breathing a moral and spiritual atmosphere to which so many of his more noisy contemporaries were strangers, and his days filled with the faithful discharge of those duties which fell to his lot. And in all this he is an example. He teaches us that lesson of independence which all must learn.

He bids us see that though the times be bad, yet the individual may and ought to live and worship well. That the example of others, and the influences of the world, or the "tendencies of the times," are to be no excuses for our growing lax or indifferent in the discharge of our duties; but that the voice of God, the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, are to override all other considerations, making us faithful in everything

to our heavenly calling.

But there are other tests of character besides the example and influences of those about us, or the circumstances or tendencies of the times. A man may triumph over these. But when life touches his dearest hopes, and when year after year disappointment grows more bitter, and desire more hopeless, then comes one of the sharpest tests that can try him. Then his faith, and the unselfishness of his motives, and the strength of his zeal are brought to trial, and that, too, at a time when there is much to weaken his force of resistance, and to confuse his judgment. Such a trial Zacharias had to endure. No voice of child greeted him in his home. No young life appeared wherein his own decaying days might live again. No answer came to his well-nigh lifelong prayer. And so disappointment and a sense of deep deprivation fell upon Zacharias and Elizabeth, because they were childless. A very small matter to grieve about, some may think. In days when competition is sharp, and it is often hard to make both ends meet, the childless house may not seem to be altogether unenviable. But it was different in the days that are gone. Amongst the Jews temporal blessings counted for much, and one of its greatest lay in the family life. It would seem as if the Divine favour had been somewhat withheld from his house. From that home the prayer had gone up year after year, and yet no answer Youth and manhood passed into old age, and hope and expectation and the fiery joy of life died down, and the prayer had drawn down no response. It was a trial to his faith, and to the purity of his worship. And yet with all that disappointment there came no faltering in duty, no wavering in faith. It made no difference in his character, his life, or his worship. These shone as pure, as thorough, as devout as ever. served God out of no selfish motive, but out of that love that could show itself in quiet submission to the Divine withholding, as well as in gratitude for the Divine bestowal of what his heart had longed for. And that is true re-

II. The prayer answered. We are told that at last Zacharias received the gift for which he had craved; that at length, when hope and expectation must have been well-nigh dead, and life had passed into the sere and yellow leaf, the silence of Heaven was broken, and then came the gracious answer to his prayer. But to understand

that response, let us consider two points in connection with it.

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1. The time and place of the answer. We are told in verses 8 and 9 that it was while he was executing the priest's office, and had gone into the Temple to burn incense. Incense was offered every morning and evening on the golden altar within the holy place. Three priests took part in this service. One removed the ashes from the previous offering; another brought the pan of burning coals, and placed it upon the altar. And then, when all was thus prepared, the third—to whom the office had been assigned by lot-went in alone and sprinkled the incense upon the burning coals, and, "bowing reverently towards the Holy of Holies (before which the golden altar stood), retired slowly backwards, not prolonging his prayer, that he might not alarm the congregation." In the court outside the people were waiting, engaged in prayer, until the priest should come forth again, and dismiss them with the blessing. This last function, that of offering the incense, was the post of honour, and was decided by lot. The lot had fallen upon Zacharias, and he had gone into the holy place. As he entered, before him stood the golden altar in front of the veil that hung between this part of the sanctuary and the Holy of Holies; on his left was the candlestick, and on his right the Table of Shewbread. While engaged, however, in his duties, another form appeared, standing between the altar and the table of shewbread. It was Gabriel, "the mighty messenger of God," who had come to tell him that his prayer was at last to receive its desired answer. And that not only was he to have a son, but that that son was to have a greatness and an honour such as Zacharias had not anticipated. Fear changed to awe and wonder, and these in their turn yielded to incredulity as he pondered over the news that seemed to be too good to be true. As the penalty of his unbelief, a temporary dumbness fell upon him, so that on his emerging from the Temple he could not pronounce the usual benediction. But the answer had come: that was the main point; had come, perhaps, when least expected.

2. What was included in this response.

(a) That the prayer had been heard. We are apt to forget the difference between the hearing and answering of prayer, and to regard the unanswered prayer as unheard. Through all those past years, when no response was coming to the earnest prayer of Zacharias, Heaven was "not deaf to his beseeching."

(b) The prayer had been remembered. So long a time had elapsed, that from the heart of Zacharias hope and expectation may have died out. The wish was still there, the expectation had fled. Yet all the time God remembered, was remembering the wish. That wish of a simple old priest in a despised part of the world was

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not lost, but taken up and enshrined in a little niche of its own in God's great heart. Is not that a wonderfully tender thought? Here we have not a single wish forgotten, but cherished in the unfailing memory of God. Every sigh, every sorrow, every wish, every aspiration has become folded in the love of God, kept there as green as when first felt. Long after you have forgotten them they shall live enshrined in the great heart of God, one day to be given back to you in that fulness of realisation that shall then be yours.

Never a sigh for passion or for pity, Never a wail for weakness or for wrong, Has not its archive in the angels' city, Finds not an echo in the endless song."

(e) The prayer granted. "Thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son. . . . He shall be great in the sight of the Lord. . . . He shall go before His face in the spirit and power of Elijah." And in due time the child was born. But the gift was really more than Zacharias had asked. He had asked for a son; God gave him no ordinary son, but one who should hold a

high place, play a great part, and be a burning and a shining light, in the development of the Kingdom of God upon earth. And the very greatness of the gift was thus connected with the apparent long delay in its granting. For God, Who uses human instrumentality, made John the child of aged parents, that he might receive that special home training that would develop in him early those qualities which would fit him for his great work. Thus was God giving more than He had been asked. Thus was He giving by seeming to refuse.

Such are some of the thoughts suggested by this narrative of Zacharias. On the one hand it sets before us the example of one who was faithful in the discharge of his duties, patient and cheerful in his submission to the Divine will, and diligent and trustful in his waiting upon God, and that in the midst of evil times, and under the sense of a great disappointment. On the other hand it brings out the tender care of our Heavenly Father, watching over us when perhaps we think He has altogether forgotten us, and preparing when we least expect it to give us more than either we desire or deserve.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEFORE THE START.



TTY was awakened next morning by the sunlight streaming into her garret window. She had fallen asleep in such a state of ecstatic anticipation, mixed with dread of a wet morning, as would have kept an older person awake all night; and she awoke in the brilliant sunshine to a sense of realised and perfect bliss. Kitty pos-sessed the glorious gift of youth, which we never appreciate while it is ours.

The anticipated pleasure was pleasure when it came, and did not turn to dust and ashes in her mouth, as is very frequently the experience of those

who have lived a little longer in this world of complicated emotions. Kitty's sisters were not so fortunate. The morning found Grace too anxious, Hester too excited for perfect easy pleasure. Neither had slept till long after she had laid her head on the pillow, and neither knew exactly what kept her awake. Perhaps we, who regard their sensations from a superior vantage ground, may be more penetrating. With regard to Grace, we have the advantage over her of knowing that Waterhouse, as he stood by her in silence that evening in the garden, was possessed by such overwhelming feeling as could not fail to create some kind of effect, silent though it was. Grace did not know it as we do, but she was at the time vaguely alarmed, and at night the idea that Mr. Waterhouse might have fallen in love with her did actually cross her mind. It is true that she rejected the idea, that she was amazed at herself for entertaining so causeless a one. She had not believed herself so silly and so vain. Mr. Waterhouse had shown her extreme kindness and friendliness, but of so open and unsentimental a kind as to preclude the possibility of suspicion. So she argued with herself, but fell asleep at last with a residue of uneasiness in her mind which still lurked there when she awoke in the morning.

Grace always brushed and coiled her mother's

still abundant and glossy dark hair, and the occasion served for confidential chat. This morning Mrs. Norris observed—

"After all, Grace, it is really very convenient to have a gentleman in the house."

Grace, as she stood behind her mother's chair, felt the blood rush into her cheeks. She answered—

"When mothers have such harum-scarum daughters," while inwardly upbraiding herself for that senseless blush.

"I do not think," continued Mrs. Norris, "that the plan has turned out badly. I think it has justified itself. I was very doubtful at first; but you would have your way. You compelled me to try it, Grace."

"Like a self-willed undutiful child as I was,"

"No, my dear; I do not say that. I was, perhaps, a little too timid. I saw dangers which—— But I do think we have been most exceptionally fortunate in our lodger. I am sure I am deeply thankful that he was led to come to us in so very unexpected a manner."

Mrs. Norris had never spoken in this way before. Though Grace felt sure her mother was satisfied with the result of the experiment, the satisfaction had never been thus openly expressed, not even when the new carpet had been laid down in the dining-room, amid congratulations and beaming looks.

Her mother soon after went down-stairs; and Grace, left alone, opened the window, and stood for a few moments looking out. It was assuredly a glorious morning-clear and brilliant and warm, and a thrill of delighted expectation ran through her frame. She was to see the woods, to be hours in the country-nothing could prevent her rejoicing in that. She smiled half-mockingly as she mused over her mother's remarks, and the irony of their occurrence this morning, of all others, when, for the first time, she herself was entertaining suspicions of this perfect lodger. How her mother had insisted upon giving her (Grace) the whole credit of the scheme at the very juncture when she would have been, for the first time, glad to know that the responsibility of it was not hers! But was she to be the one, by these unfounded imaginings, to spoil the harmonious working of her own scheme? Absurd! Grace gave herself a little shake, and turned away from the window. As she went down-stairs, she firmly resolved that no such result should arise; nor would she spoil her day's pleasure by dwelling on it.

Kitty was almost too excited to eat, and if the lightest of summer clouds flitted across the sun, looked ready to cry. Hester also was too excited to make a good breakfast, but it was in a different way from Kitty. Hers was suppressed excitement, and only showed itself in the unusual brightness of her eyes, and the alertness of her movements. After breakfast a good deal of work had to be scampered through. At ten o'clock they were to start. The girls had no dainty picnic attire to array themselves in—nothing but their shabby winter clothes

on this brilliant spring morning, when shabby clothes looked their shabbiest. But they were neither vain nor inclined to discontent, and they were quite used to being shabby; so they buttoned their worn gloves, and assumed the economically dark hats with no decrease of pleasurable excitement. Hester was the only one who had even given the matter a thought: it must be confessed that she sighed a little as she glanced at herself in the glass, and wished for a white dress and just the kind of delicate shady hat that would become her. Grace, standing with her back to the door, was mending a hole in her mother's glove, and Kitty was at the window, when Sarah came in and delivered a note to Hester. No one observed the occurrence, or that Hester turned very pale and went out of the room,

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"As we are to take no lunch with us," Mrs. Norris was observing, with a grave face, "I fear Mr. Waterhouse means to take us to an hotel. It will be very expensive,"

"An hotel," cried Kitty, "how splendid !"

"If you said that to him, mother, he would tell you he had handfuls of gold to throw away. He is really vulgarly rich," said Grace, with a face of comic disgust, "but I suppose we must put up with the vulgarity."

At that moment, moved by some impulse, Grace turned round, and saw that Mr. Waterhouse himself was standing at the open door. She started violently.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "for startling you.
I came to say that you will need plenty of shawls.
It will be cold, I am afraid."

Had he heard what she had just said? Would he know it was the merest joke? Grace fancied his face was rather red. She knew her own was so. She made some civil remark, exactly to what effect she did not know. He was turning to go away again, when Kitty excited general attention by what could with accuracy be only termed a scream—

"Oh! Grace, mother, look!"

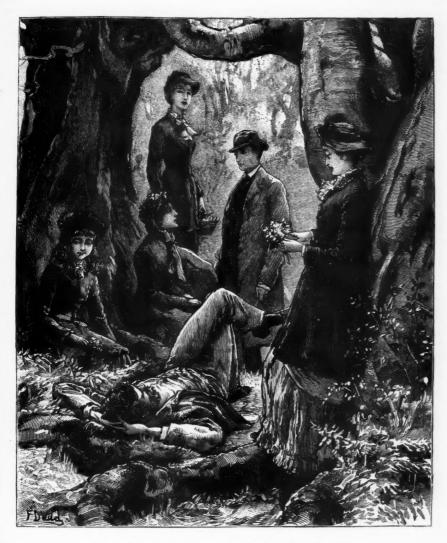
Observation through the window discovered to the others an elegant dark-green wagonette, with a pair of prancing horses, in process of being drawn up before the door of No. 47.

"Oh, Mr. Waterhouse!" said Mrs. Norris, in a tone of distress, turning round from the window.

"What is the matter?" asked Waterhouse, with affected carelessness, coming forward. "I see the wagonette is here in capital time. I thought it would be pleasanter for me to drive you than go by rail. I hope you don't think it too cold for you or for Denston?"

Waterhouse addressed Mrs. Norris, but he cast an anxious glance towards Grace, who, feeling too strongly the additional emphasis conveyed by this new development on her malicious speech, could neither look nor speak. Her usual readiness had deserted her, and while her mother said the proper things to Mr. Waterhouse, she still stood looking out of the window, with her hands on Kitty's shoulders.

"Oh, look!" cried Kitty, when sufficiently recovered from her ecstasy to be able to speak, "there is Mr. Denston at the window over the way; he is "I hope she won't keep us waiting. I will run and fetch some wraps, Mr. Waterhouse, and then we shall be quite ready."



"The soft brown fallen leaves made a luxurious lounge."-p. 395.

waving his hand to us; he has got his coat on. Oh, won't it be lovely!"

At the same moment the front door was heard to open and shut, and Hester was seen to come out and to cross the road.

"Why, what is Hester about!" exclaimed Grace.

Grace felt as though the brightness were somehow gone from the morning. Why should she say so stupid and unkind a thing, even though Mr. Waterhouse had been a hundred miles out of hearing? She bustled about to get the shawls, and Mr. Waterhouse helped, and brought his travelling rug, and they

spoke to each other just as usual, but Grace was certain he had heard, and was hurt by her speech. The front door was opened, the man stood holding open the door of the wagonette, but Hester and Denston were still waited for.

In order to understand what the impatient group, now waiting on the steps, were quite at a loss to account for, it will be necessary to retrace some links in a chain of small events which had led to this result. The day before, earlier on that same Sunday evening which saw a subtle change pass over the relationship between Grace and Mr. Waterhouse, Hester had been engaged in reading aloud to Miss Mr. Denston, sitting as usual some distance from the two, was evidently absorbed in his own occupations. By-and-by Miss Denston went to sleep, and Hester, who had been reading a long time, stopped to rest. Glancing up after a moment or so, she saw that Mr. Denston was looking at her. He smiled, hesitated, then rose, and, stepping softly, brought across to her the book he had been reading. Speech there could not be, on account of the sleeper, but he put the book open into her hands, and pointed out with his finger some verses. He returned to his seat, leaving Hester too much agitated to be able for a few moments to take in the meaning of the page before her. confidence which had been shown in bringing it to her brought a strangely keen pleasure, but the transparency, the pallor, of the hand which had for a moment rested on it brought an almost keener pang. When at last she was able to read the verses, she found they were called "Camera Obscura." book was the memoir of Dr. G. Wilson, of Edinburgh. The first four verses were these :-

> Silent dimly-lighted chamber Where the sick man lies! Death and life are keenly fighting For the doubtful prize, While strange visions pass before His unslumbering eyes.

Few of free will cross thy threshold, No one longs to linger there; Gloomy are thy walls and portal, Dreariness is in the air. Pain is holding there high revel, Waited on by fear and care.

Yet, thou dimly-lighted chamber, From thy depths, I ween, Things on earth and things in heaven Better far are seen Than in brightest broadest daylight They have often been.

Thou art like a mine deep-sunken Far beneath the earth and sky, From the shaft of which upgazing Weary workers can descry, E'en when those on earth see nothing, Great stars shining bright on high.

Hester looked up. Comprehension, sympathy, must have been in her gaze, for her face was for the moment radiant with beautiful expression. Did Philip read it aright? Something of it he must have read, for he smiled in answer-a smile which caused Hester's feeling so to brim over, that she turned back to the book, and so hid her face from view. Very soon Miss Denston's voice broke upon her dreaming, but not before she had those verses by heart. Is it to be wondered at that Hester did not sleep that night for long after she went to bed? Her heart was full of delicious tumultuous emotion. as a young dreaming heart will be on what wiser people would deem absurdly inadequate occasion. The past and the future offered her visions to dwell upon, For the second time had Mr. Denston taken her into his confidence, shown her himself as she felt sure no one else knew it. The others knew that Mr. Denston had been dangerously ill and had recovered. But that was the mere external fact, the mere husk, hiding the real significance of what had happened. She alone had been allowed to see beneath it, to see that Mr. Denston had gone through an experience deeper than the physical one, and that in that sickchamber, where death and life had been fighting, he had undergone a spiritual change. To Hester that change was obvious. Upright and unselfish she now knew he had always been, but there was a new look in his face, a new tone in his voice, a gentleness in his manner towards his sister, a something indefinable, yet to be felt, which told of some deeper source of conduct than of old.

And mingled with such thoughts came others associated with more personal feeling. And for ever repeating themselves in her brain were the words, "She who appeareth to mortals as a fancy-weaving maiden, bearing under an abstracted demeanour a kind and gracious heart." There was not much in the words, perhaps; but coming from Denston, as Hester believed they did, there was, for her, food for reflection in every one. Would the night ever pass, and issue in that morrow which was to bring so many happy hours? So longing, she fell asleep. Poor Hester! At the very moment when she was about to taste, the cup of happiness was snatched away. She received a small note to this effect—

Will my dearest Hester come and sit with me while the others go their little excursion? I should not ask it were I not assured from her own lips that it is Hester's greatest happiness to stay by the side of her poor friend. I am very unwell this morning. G. D.

Hester's heart became bitter within her; her very lips turned pale. But she set them firmly, and, not trusting herself to speak to any one, she went straight to her doom, resolving to send a message back to the others by Mr. Denston.

Mr. Denston was not in the drawing-room when she entered. Miss Denston, in the pink dressinggown, pale, with her black hair streaming, and her eyes unusually bright, met her almost on the threshold.

"My dearest Hester!" she exclaimed, embracing her tenderly. "I knew you would come." H

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Hester suffered, but did not return the caress.

"Yes," she said, "of course I should come."

Miss Denston kissed her again, led her to the sofa, and sat down, still holding Hester's hand, and gazing at her in an eager way.

"We will have a happy day together, will we not?" she asked, not relaxing her scrutiny. Hester, inwardly quivering under the restraint she was putting upon herself, said—

"I am sorry you are not well. I shall be glad to

do anything you want."

"I would not ask you to stay, dearest, had you not often assured me that you were happier with me than anywhere else."

Miss Denston spoke in a quietly assured tone, retaining a firm pressure on Hester's hand. But her glance was too eager to be in keeping with such perfect confidence. To Hester came a heart-chilling sense that Miss Denston distrusted her at this moment, but meant to hold her fast. But she did not guess the origin of this morning's mood, nor that the little incident which had had such an exciting effect on her had had equally exciting effect on her friend, and had occasioned her also many sleepless hours, For Miss Denston had, unknown to the others, been awakened from her light sleep by her brother's tread, and had witnessed the little scene. Miss Denston's love for Hester was her one dominating emotion, and was of a kind that could brook no rival. To share Hester's affection would be to lose her, and to lose her would be the blasting of her (Miss Denston's) life, the reducing it to the black dreariness of what it was before Hester's affection and devotion had come to brighten it. Such looks, and smiles, and silent interchange of ideas betokened a hitherto unsuspected intimacy, and suggested, what had never occurred to her before, the idea of a possible attachment between Hester and Philip. It was a suggestion bearing with it unlimited alarm and distress. But even while trying to reject it as groundless, there came the recollection of a certain change in Hester observed of late, a change which, while consisting in an access of reserve towards herself, was shown also in improved spirits, and a greater ease and animation of manner in Hester. She came to the conclusion that under the circumstances the first step to be taken was to keep Hester away from the morrow's expedition, and to do it in such a way as to also serve as a test of the girl's feeling.

And now poor Hester was being tested, and, with all her self-restraint, could not will the colour into her pale cheeks, nor prevent a certain controlled dejection from showing itself in her bearing. While the two were sitting thus, Mr. Denston entered the room in his great-coat, evidently come to bid good-bye to his sister. Hester's pale face flushed, and that was not unnoticed by Miss Denston. Hester had taken off her hat when she came in. Philip Denston understood the situation at a glance, or at least its outward meaning. But before he could speak, his sister said, with a smile, and a pressure of Hester's hand—

"Dear Hester has come to stay with me, Philip. Is she not good and kind?"

"No, Miss Hester," said Denston, coming forward and proceeding to take off his coat in a business-like manner, "that certainly cannot be allowed. If my sister needs a companion, it must be I. So pray go across at once. They are ready, I see, and waiting for us."

Hester did not speak, She clasped her hands nervously. Miss Denston spoke for her.

"My dear Philip, apparently you do not know that Hester wishes to stay. She finds her pleasure in being with me, and you will prefer to go with your friends."

"Is that so, Miss Norris? Would you really rather stay?"

Hester ventured to look up. Philip was looking at her steadfastly. Was he trying to give her courage? Did he wish her to break her bonds? But still she said nothing. There was only a piteous look in her eyes as she turned them upon him. Denston threw himself into a chair.

"If you stay, I stay," he said.

Miss Denston, in the poignant disappointment caused by Hester's silence, forgot her own tactics, which involved the resolute assumption of the girl's preference for being with her, and made a false move, which she repented immediately afterwards.

"If you wish to go, Hester, I will not detain you."

The words, cold as they were, yet gave Hester an opening for an effort for which she had been strangely nerved by the thrill of delight which ran through her at Mr. Denston's last action. At the moment it seemed to her possible to give every other consideration to the winds if she could but gain this one pleasure.

"I should not like to keep Mr. Denston at home," she said. "If you can do without me, I should like to go."

She looked, as she spoke, at Mr. Denston for encouragement, and she got it in a reassuring smile. He rose.

"Come, then," he said, "we must lose no time. They are wondering what has become of us, I have no doubt."

Hester rose too. Now the thing was done, she was smitten to the heart with a sense of selfishness, disloyalty, all that was bad; but she hardened herself. She took up her hat.

"Good-bye!" she said, and kissed Miss Denston's impassive cheek. Regrets, apologies would have seemed contradictory and hypocritical: she made

When the door closed on the two, Miss Denston sat for a time quite motionless. Then she pressed her hand to her heart, and slow tears fell unnoticed down her cheeks. She heard the wheels rolling off down the street, and knew that the party had started. With a low cry of pain she lay down on the sofa and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE WOODS.

HESTER, meanwhile, before she had had time, in the tumult of her confused emotions, to realise fully her position, found herself in the midst of gay reproachful voices, the fresh morning breeze blowing round her, a blue sky flecked with summer clouds overhead, and a pair of impatient horses waiting to convey her swiftly from all associations of bondage. It was a great boon to her that she had no occasion herself to explain, or even to speak. She scarcely heard what was said, but she knew that Philip Denston was taking upon himself all that was necessary, She soon found herself seated in the wagonette by the side of her mother. Grace and Mr. Denston sat opposite, while Kitty had been rendered unspeakably happy by being lifted by Mr. Waterhouse into the front to sit by his side. On the door-steps stood Sarah to see the start, with the wind blowing her hair and the inch or two of net that did duty for a cap; the neighbouring servants had appeared in the areas; while their mistresses peeped round curtains at the upper windows.

"Oh," said Grace, "I am afraid the neighbours will think us very proud. Mr. Waterhouse should have ordered the carriage to wait three doors off."

The man let his horses go, touched his cap; they were off. For some time Hester hardly noticed her surroundings, and heard what was passing only as it were in a dream. She was, however, vividly conscious that Philip Denston was present, and that though he did not speak to her, he looked at her now and then as if anxiously, and once or twice, when she caught his eye, he gravely smiled. He talked little, and addressed himself almost exclusively to Mrs. Norris, who sat immediately facing him. The gaiety of the company was nearly all contributed by the front seat. Waterhouse had shown better tact than to ask Grace to occupy the seat by his side, and, indeed, with that pleasant shyness natural to a lover, was, perhaps, better pleased to have Grace sitting just behind Kitty, appealed to frequently by that young lady, but for the most part sitting rather silent, within earshot of whatever he might say, and with a gentle expression about her mouth, and a clear happy light shining in her dark eyes. For Grace could not resist the influences of the hour. To be borne swiftly through the bright spring air, to see the familiar streets left one by one behind, and the distant hills coming nearer and nearer, thrilled every nerve with pleasure. Waterhouse, stealing sly glances now and then, could see that Grace was happy, and, in spite of the sting from which he still suffered, felt his spirits rising, for had he not arranged the whole affair to give Grace pleasure, and to see her look pleased? His face entirely cleared, and seemed ever ready to break into genial smiles; he talked to Kitty, and teased her, and so stirred up his horses with a shake of the reins, and a flick of the whip, that Mrs. Norris made nervous exclamations. But, by-and-by, when they got out between the hedgerows, amid fields yellow with buttercups. and Kitty cried out eagerly, "Why, that is a lark!" straining her eyes to discern the speck overhead which poured down such a stream of music, Water. house felt some misgiving. Grace had grown more and more silent. She had not spoken a word for the last ten minutes, and what could that mean? Waterhouse glanced round anxiously, and turned back again with a curious constriction at his heart. For he distinctly discerned tears in Grace's eyes, and her hands were clasped tightly. Man-like, he did not understand that a woman's pleasure is sometimes akin to pain, and continued much perturbed in spirit, and dared not look round again until some gay remark came to his ear by-and-by in Grace's own bright voice, and he was finally quite reassured when she begged him to stop the horses while Mr. Denston got out for a branch of hawthorn,

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Soon after twelve o'clock they entered a small country town perched on a hill, which overlooked a wide laughing prospect of meadow and wooded slope

The hill ascended, they dashed in fine style (much to Kitty's satisfaction) through the principal street, and pulled up at an old-fashioned inn.

Every one knows the sensation on alighting after a long drive through the air—that mixture of high spirits, with a brain slightly confused, and limbs just sufficiently stiffened to make stretching agreeable, which was so novel and delightful an experience to our heroines.

"We will have some lunch," said Waterhouse to Mrs. Norris, "and then be off to the woods for the afternoon. What time shall I order dinner? It must be early, for we ought to be at home before it gets chilly, on Denston's account."

They went into the inn discussing the matter, and the rest followed.

As Kitty came last with Denston, she whispered to him, eagerly—

"I have never been inside an inn before,"

Kitty was not usually communicative towards Mr. Denston, being a little afraid of his grave face and speech; but at that moment a confidant was a necessity.

Denston smiled, and said-

"Oh, indeed."

Grace, who had overheard, looked up full of merriment. Kitty's elder sisters were no less ignorant of such experiences than Kitty herself, and, in spite of her weight of additional years, Grace felt almost as buoyantly full of curiosity and enjoyment as her little sister. She looked up at Mr. Denston, intending to tell him so, but when he caught her eyes he withdrew his own immediately, and waited for her to move on. Grace was a little hurt, for this was not the first time Mr. Denston had given her this sort of rebuff, and it seemed to confirm the idea which had sometimes crossed her mind, that he disliked her.

Not long afterwards our friends set out for the

wood, which lay not far from the end of the High Street of the town. The perfect weather—the quaint little houses of the town, everything that came in sight, gave occasion for gay chat. Now they crossed a green, dotted with fine old elms, and now, turning into a side road, they came in sight of an old ivy-covered church, half hidden in trees, which occasioned many exclamations of delight. The path lay through the churchyard, where they lingered to look about them, and then sat down in the porch that Mrs. Norris might rest. Clustered round the church were charming old-fashioned houses. Grace said, with a half sigh—

"If one lived in the country, how happy and good one would be!"

Denston answered her rather abruptly.

"That is shallow philosophy, Miss Norris, but perhaps you only propounded it as a piece of sentiment."

Grace was surprised at the address, for Denston rarely spoke to her, and Waterhouse glanced at Denston and listened.

"It certainly was my sentiment at the moment, Mr. Denston," said Grace, smilingly, "and I am rather inclined to uphold its philosophy."

"Oh!" said Waterhouse, with some contempt, "Denston's philosophy is that man is unhappy and bad everywhere. 'Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,' is his reflection in places like this."

"I beg your pardon," said Denston, "my philosophy is nothing of the kind. But I cannot suppose that happiness and goodness spring up in the country like buttercups. Would you prescribe country air as a cure for selfishness, for instance, Miss Norris, or for a man suffering from remorse?"

"I don't see why it should be useless in either case," answered Grace; "surely a man would be nearer God and heaven here than he would be in an ugly smoky street."

"That is not practically true, Miss Norris. The sentimental fashion of the day preaches beauty as a gospel, but a man needs a stronger lever than that to lift him from vice to virtue. A man may be a saint in a London slum and a villain in a green lane, and might be removed from one set of surroundings to the other without having his moral character in any degree affected by it."

"Come, Denston," broke in Waterhouse, "spare us your philippies; we are none of us aesthetes here. It seems to me you are killing a butterfly with a spear. We all agree with you if you mean that you and I, being blundering selfish fellows, would remain so if we lived in green fields instead of Barbara Street, and that Miss Norris, being good and happy, would equally remain so under the like exchange—don't we Miss Norris?"

"No," said Grace, colouring a little; "indeed I don't like my ideas reduced to such an absurdity. I am very often cross and ungrateful in Barbara Street, but I don't think I could be so in the midst of all this loveliness; I should want to thank God every moment that I was alive." "And I suppose," said Denston, smiling, "that you could do that better in an ivy-covered church like this, within hearing of the rooks, than you could in a smoke-begrined city edifice?"

"Certainly," said Grace, stoutly,

"I should have been less surprised to hear that sentiment from your lips than from your sister's," said Denston, turning to Hester.

"Oh!" said Grace; "Hester, though a mere baby compared with me, is often much wiser." And she turned an affectionate look on her sister.

"I enjoy this," said Hester, blushing, but speaking steadily; "but I do not think we should be happier here if we were just ourselves, and brought all our faults and our difficulties with us."

"Just so, Miss Hester," said Denston, who seemed bent on maintaining his side of the question—he spoke rather eagerly, and looked at Grace—"and, indeed, Miss Norris, happiness is only a question of contrast. By-and-by, when you forgot the town, the country would lose its power over you; just as when we lose sight of pain, we lose our gratitude for ease."

"The moral of which is," said Waterhouse, rising, "that if we do not see the woods at once, we shall have had time to forget Barbara Street, and shall be unable to appreciate them."

"Come, then," said Grace, "if you are rested, mother. Mr. Denston, your remarks are rank treason in such a place as this. No one must be reasonable in Ridley."

Grace and Waterhouse moved off first.

"I wonder," said Grace, "very much that you, Mr. Waterhouse, should choose to live in Barbara Street, when the loveliest places are open to you. And you talk as though you did not like London."

Waterhouse, who could have been eloquent on the subject of why he chose to live in Barbara Street, was tongue-tied. He was quite unaware of any special need for caution this morning, nothing having occurred to shake his conviction that he had never betrayed himself. Of electric communication, conveyed in silence, it was not likely that he should be on his guard. And so, in reply to Grace, he remained silent, and her heart began to beat a little faster, she knew not why. He opened the gate for her to pass out of the church-yard, and nothing more was said till they found themselves walking side by side over a grassy common, down towards a hollow where could be seen the skirts of the wood, which, dipping just below them, rose beyond, and sloped gently up to the horizon, yellow-green in the spring sunlight.

"And you," said Waterhouse, by-and-by, unable to resist venturing so far, "you, who so love the country, will some day live there, no doubt."

"Oh, no," replied Grace, "that would be too much like a fairy tale. Such things do not happen."

"But, when you marry, your husband may take you there." Waterhouse almost trembled, feeling as if he had made a declaration. And yet it was the most innocent remark! "That is impossible," said Grace, gravely; "for I shall never marry."

She felt that an opportunity had been given her for taking a precaution, which, if unneeded, could yet do no harm.

"Most women say that, don't they?" asked Waterhouse, carelessly, and trying to throw off the effects of a slight shock.

"I don't know," said Grace, simply, "but I have reasons which other women have not—reasons which belong to our family history—and which would prevent any of us marrying."

Grace, having thus delivered herself, breathed freely, taking it for granted that no inconvenient disposition on Mr. Waterhouse's part could survive such a communication.

Waterhouse, with whom the matter had gone rather more deeply, was rendered by it only disturbed and curious. But delicacy forbade further enlargement on the subject.

They had crossed the common, and descended to the wood, and now they entered a path which the sunlight, filtering through the young leaves, filled with a kind of golden shade. Both were very happy, for the wood was a temple full of wonder and joy to Grace, and to Waterhouse the beauty round him was trebled, because through his means it was giving pleasure to Grace, and because she was a part of it.

Behind Grace and Waterhouse walked Hester and Denston. The latter, who usually devoted himself to Mrs. Norris, had, on leaving the churchyard, placed himself at Hester's side, and walked on with her, as of design. As soon as they were out of hearing of the others, he said, gently—

"Miss Hester, I do not like to see you looking so sad. You are not enjoying your holiday."

Hester thrilled with pleasure.

"Yes, I am," she replied. "Do not think me so ungrateful for your kindness in getting it for me." "I am glad to hear it; but you have not looked

happy."

"I do not think I have done right," said Hester, after a pause.

"Ah! so I thought, And why does your conscience trouble you?"

"It was selfish and unkind and faithless to leave your sister."

"That is a string of hard names indeed! and all because a young girl, who never has a pleasure or a holiday, did not sacrifice the exceptional enjoyment that came in her way at the arbitrary desire of a friend."

"But," said Hester, colouring, "her need should have been more to me than my enjoyment."

"Well, now, will you let me say what I think about it?"

Hester silently acquiesced.

"This matter concerns me," continued Denston, "very closely, and I have for some time wished to speak of it to you, but I have not ventured to do so before. Self-sacrifice is a very fine thing, and a very

admirable thing, Miss Hester; but beyond a certain point it becomes no longer admirable. I don't know how to say what I wish without offending you, and yet I feel bound to do it. Would you call the self-sacrifice of a slave admirable? Now, there is something slavish in yours towards my sister, good and devoted as you are to her, and I don't like to see it."

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Hester was far from being offended. Reserved people at times find it a relief to have their reserve broken through by force, and it was doubly a relief to Hester, after suffering so long alone, and coming, as it did, from this hand of all others.

Hester hesitated before replying, but Denston waited patiently. When she spoke it was only to say, in an agitated voice—

"How kind you are!"

They, too, now passed into the wood, and walked on in the golden shade; but for all Hester saw of her surroundings she might have been walking the city pavement. Denston, too, was absorbed in his subject, but almost unconsciously he looked round him and drank in the beauty.

"No," he said, "not at all kind. I am anxious that my sister should be free from reproach, and that you should not sell your birthright of liberty."

"How can I tell you?" said Hester, by-and-by,
"All I can say is that some time ago—— That I have
promised to be always faithful to her, and love her
better than any one else."

After some internal debate, Denston said, with evident effort—

"I am afraid you are deceived in my sister. I don't like to say this, and had not intended to do so, but I feel it is necessary. She is fascinating, and she is much to be pitied, but her mind is mediocre, and her literary work is superficial, and not what I should call honest. I know I am shocking you, and it is as painful to me to say this as it is for you to hear. She writes padding, you know, for the publishers, and articles of any colour of thought to order. The unbounded influence you allow her to exercise over you is not worthy of you. You should shake it off."

"Oh no, I cannot," said Hester, in a low voice.

"Your affection for her is so great?"

"I have promised so many times, I have let her expect so much from me."

"What have you promised?"

"To devote my whole life to her."

Denston uttered a smothered exclamation,

"Do you really wish to do that?"

"It was my wish."

"But now that I, her brother, have spoken as I have, you will throw off the fascination she exercises over you. You will, of course, be kind to her, but you will be as you ought, a free creature? Is it not so?"

Hester was struggling to keep back tears. Philip Denston's manner spoke so much sympathy, so much comprehension, that it overwhelmed poor Hester, though his counsel, she knew, was given in vain.

"Oh," she said, brokenly, when she could speak,

"I cannot do that; it is too late. I have known her better lately; but what does that matter? She depends on me. I cannot disappoint her. I cannot be faithless; it would break her heart."

Philip Denston did not speak again. They walked on in silence. Hester gradually grew more composed. The silence, filled with a sense of companionship, and the sweet quiet of the woodland path, insensibly restored her to her usual calm. At last she looked up, and said, timidly—

"Do you think me very weak?"

"No," replied Denston, looking at her with an indescribable respect and gentleness in his eyes, "I think you very noble. But you will let what I have said serve as a caution to you? Be brave, and preserve your independence, your self-respect."

"I will try," said Hester, simply.

CHAPTER XXI.

PHILIP DENSTON'S WARNING.

At three o'clock two of the party turned back. Mrs. Norris complaining of fatigue, Philip Denston offered to take her back to the inn. The others wished not to leave the woods till the last possible moment, and were to reach the inn only by half-past four, the time fixed upon for dining. The tête-à-têtes had broken up long before this, and they had been for some time past strolling in an irregular group through the glades, or loitering in the open spaces, where the clumps of gnarled thorns made white islands in the turf, or camping under some stately beech, where the soft brown fallen leaves made a luxurious lounge, with the smooth bole for a back, and for a ceiling the pale green young ones fluttering gently before the blue sky. They made careful search for the fairies, but did not find any; so it could only be concluded that, unable to brave the hot rays of the sun, they had hidden themselves away in the buds and the tufts of grass. Waterhouse had pressed the maidens to explain why their expected transformation had not taken place.

"I thought," he said, "that as soon as your feet touched the green sward we should see you shrink before our eyes, that wings as delicate as a dragonfly's would sprout from your tiny forms, and that, after a condescending farewell, you would fly from mortal sight. That was the reason why we brought you. Denston and I consider ourselves taken in."

"I am sure we are very sorry," said Grace, laughing; "but I am afraid you have not touched us with the right wand. We are not fairies of such an aërial kind. Take us into the Barbara Street kitchen now, and I daresay we should immediately turn into brownies—little pigmies, that do wonders of work."

"Oh, no; you are exiled wood-fairies," said Waterhouse, who was stretched full length under the beech, looking up into the leaves.

Grace shook her head.

"We are cockneys."

"Were you born in London?" asked Denston.

"No," said Grace, with a change of tone.

"In that case, you are not cockneys," urged Waterhouse, "and you will eventually emerge from the chrysalis condition, typified by Barbara Street, into the butterfly existence, typified by the Ridley Woods,"

"We prefer to live in London," said Mrs. Norris, a little stiffly.

"We have never known anything else," said Hester.
"I am sure I haven't," said Kitty, with much weight.

Grace, seeing that her mother was looking distressed, and feeling that, if discontent were to be the price of the day's pleasure, it would be dearly bought, interposed—

"Pray don't let us forget the lesson urged by our philosopher, Mr. Denston. He would tell us that we are just like children crying for a new toy, which they would tire of the next minute; and, for my part, I think the country sadly over-rated. If there are black-beetles in Barbara Street, there are earwigs in the country, and snails, which are both very disagreeable; and in London we see a great many more of our fellow creatures, and the smoke, they say, is warm in winter."

"Good, that," laughed Waterhouse, "for a résumé of the advantages of life in London," and then, raising himself on his elbow, he asked, seriously, "Miss Norris, do you ever say what you mean?"

Grace saw an opportunity, and seized it.

"Certainly not," she replied, meeting his eyes fully, on those occasions when I make very unkind and thoughtless jokes, which I repent immediately."

Waterhouse was at once aware that Grace referred to the stab she had inflicted that morning: his frank grey eyes fell before hers, and his bronzed face grew red; but that was the effect of pleasure. It was at this moment that Mrs. Norris said she thought they ought not to sit any longer, and that she could not manage much more walking; so Denston and she started on the return journey.

Mrs. Norris and Denston emerged from the wood and crossed the common. As they were proceeding through the church-yard they met a middle-aged woman of respectable appearance, holding a little girl by the hand, who in passing brushed against Mrs. Norris. Looking up at the lady to apologise, the woman's face suddenly grew animated.

"Why, it's Mrs. Fleetwood!" she cried. "Why, ma'am, I should have known you anywhere; you're not one bit altered, I do declare. And how's little Miss Grace and Miss Hester—my baby, as I call her? Now, don't say that you've forgotten Susan Audrews that was."

Mrs. Norris was not saying anything. She had turned very pale. Some rebuff, perhaps, had been upon her lips, but it had never found voice. Denston stood by grave and silent, showing no astonishment, if he felt any. At last Mrs. Norris spoke—

"I hope you are well, and in comfortable circumstances,"

"Yes, ma'am, very so, thank you."

Mrs. Norris was about to move on. Denial of her own identity had been impossible, but the penance her a little present," and Mrs. Norris put money into the woman's hand and passed on determinedly. "Susan Andrews that was" looked after her for a



"'Why, it's Mrs. Fleetwoon! she cried."-p. 395.

might surely be cut short. But the voluble tongue of the woman arrested her steps.

"And how is Mr. Fleetwood, ma'am, and the children?—though they must be grown by now. This is my girl. I've eight of 'em, boys and girls."

"Indeed! I wish you all happiness. Pray buy

moment with a disappointed gaze, but Mrs. Norris was at once out of earshot, and soon out of sight. But by that time her strength had failed her, and her quick pace slackened. Denston offered his arm, and they walked on for a time silently. Presently Mrs. Norris said, in a low voice—

- " I ought to explain to you-"
- "There is no need," said Denston.
- "You heard me called by a different name; I could not contradict it. That was my name once, and that person lived with me then as nurse,"
 - "Yes," replied Denston, quietly.
- "There are sad reasons belonging to our history why I wish to be known only by our present name. You will not refer to this painful matter again, I am sure, Mr. Denston."
- "Pray do not distress yourself thus about it," said Denston, "but dismiss the affair from your mind. No harm can come of it."
- "Thank you; you are very kind," replied Mrs. Norris, but in so agitated a voice that it was evident her nerves had not recovered the shock.

When they reached the inn, she disappeared with the chamber-maid, and he did not see her again till dinner-time. Left to himself, he did not stroll out again into the fresh golden air, but in an absent manner sat down in the inn parlour, and there, leaning his head on his hand, lost himself in gloomy reflection. So rapt was he, that he was surprised to find it so late when by-and-by he heard lively voices and the rest of the party appeared. They were evidently in high spirits, and wore an unmistakable air of having enjoyed themselves. Grace's eyes were dancing with life; she had even a faint colour glowing through her olive skin, and her lips curved upwards, and often parted, showing the regular white teeth, which were not small, but had a character and expression of their own. Waterhouse naturally reflected her exhilaration, and as Denston glanced at the two perhaps the keenest pang he had ever known shot through him. But it was natural to him to look grave, and the gaiety of the others was not damped by the fact that he was so now. On the drive home even the gay members of the party became subdued. Unaccustomed enjoyment is very fatiguing; besides, the day was over, and Barbara Street drawing nearer. For Grace waited London, which was to her a prison; for Hester, Miss Denston, and her anger; for Mr. Waterhouse, the certainty that for such another opportunity of intercourse with the woman he loved he would have to wait long enough. But Kitty was the only one who grieved openly, thereby tempting Waterhouse sorely to comfort her, and himself at the same time, by making suggestions concerning the future, which temptations were, however, prudently resisted.

When Denston reached home, he found his sister awaiting him in a peculiar mood. She did not greet him coldly, or betray any resentment in her manner, which was what might have been expected, considering the part he had played that morning. But the more usual indifference of her manner where he was concerned had given place to a watchfulness, a restrained eagerness of interest, which betokened something new in her attitude towards him. This was not unobserved by Philip, for he also had had his mind much occupied with thoughts of his sister, and

on coming into her presence he found himself continually regarding her in the way one has when there is something upon one's mind which has to be unburdened sooner or later. But at first such stealthy glances, and the vague feeling of a disturbed atmosphere, were all the premonitions of a scene in reality anticipated by the two, though taking a different shape in the consciousness of each, Georgina inquired of Philip whether he had spent a pleasant day, trusted he had not taken cold, and offered him some tea. Philip returned these civilities gravely, drank his tea, and spoke on indifferent subjects till the tray was removed. Georgina was lying on the sofa, but, in spite of the morning's agitation, there seemed no sign of an "attack," either past or to come. Philip was reassured, as, standing with his back to the mantle-shelf, he made a critical inspection of his sister's appearance. The fact was Miss Denston was still under the influence of a mental excitement which forbade the physical collapse. Meanwhile the two continued to fence, each unaware that the other had an attack to commence, but absorbingly conscious of his own. It was Philip at last who broke through the constraint. He began by making an apology. He did not look at his sister as he spoke.

"I was sorry, Georgina, to seem unkind this morning. I was sorry indeed to leave you alone when others were enjoying a pleasant holiday."

Miss Denston did not reply. After a glance in her direction he continued, in somewhat hesitating

"This Hester is very fond of you, and is a very good girl; and you will probably say with some justice that the matter is none of mine. And yet it does concern me in a very clear way."

Miss Denston rose to a sitting posture. Her eyes glowed, her thin hands clasped themselves rigidly. But still she did not speak. It was a terrible moment for her. Philip's words, dispassionate as they were, fell with cruel incisive strokes into his sister's consciousness. This interview, which she had intended should be the means of dispersing her fears, was taking a form which set her anticipations at defiance. She had meant to proceed with extreme wariness, to drag out for her own inspection and manipulation any lurking inclination which might exist in Philip's mind, but on no account to give him the alarm, or to set his imagination at work. And now here was Philip himself, assailing with words which fell like blows, this secret dread. Of reply she could make none-her prepared diplomacy, like a moth pinched into dust by cruel fingers, was as nothing in the grip of this reality. Philip proceeded, still with hesitation-

"It is very seldom, as you are aware, that I venture to criticise your actions. Our several ways being so different, it has been an understood thing that we pro ceed in them with mutual forbearance. But it has struck me you may be glad to hear how an outsider regards what has sprung up through inadvertence. You are probably not at all aware of the exaggerated nature of this girl's ideas of your claims upon her, which has struck me, an outsider, extremely, observing the matter as I have almost daily since my illness."

Philip looked at his sister, and waited for a reply. She smiled, but her attempt at an easy confidence

was pitifully vain.

"You show yourself, as you say, quite an outsider. You have looked at the matter from an erroneous point of view. Perfect love casts out a sense of obligation as well as fear, and Hester and I understand each other so perfectly that any one who sought to come between us would simply be laughed at for his pains."

Philip laughed, rather sardonically-

"Far be it from me to desire such hot quarters. I have no desire to stand between the fires of two women. My idea was simply to inform you, if you were not aware of it—which I could hardly suppose you were—that your demands upon the girl have the appearance of exaggeration, and can only—if you will allow me to say so—become, sooner or later, a veritable bondage. A straining of friendship, like any other strain, is inevitably followed by reaction."

Miss Denston paused for a moment, looking down at her tightly-clasped fingers, into which, unheeded, the rings were pressing painfully. For a moment she retained her self-control, in spite of the painful urgency of the feeling which impelled her to learn the worst at once. The next she raised her eyes, filled with an almost startling intensity, to her brother's face,

"May I ask what you mean when you say that

the matter concerns you closely?"

Denston returned the look, being struck by surprise both by it and the tone.

"Any question of oppression concerns a man, I suppose," he said; "but where his own sister is the principal party, it becomes a matter where he ought to do what he can. I have done what I could by giving you a warning."

Miss Denston was still regarding her brother with the same fixedness,

"Is that your only motive?" she asked.

Denston met the gaze, and paused.

Some change in his sister's face, as he hesitated, quickened Denston's comprehension. He understood for the first time what her questions meant. The questioning gravity of his face gave place to a peculiarly melancholy and sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" he said; "I see now what you are at."

Miss Denston eyed him with a marrow-piercing

"Well?" she asked, sharply.

"Well," said Philip, smiling still.

He did not know that it was a matter of life and death to his sister. To him it was one of half-melancholy sport. But her tones the next moment changed his tone too, they were so imperative and imploring.

"Philip, tell me-you know I cannot bear sur-

prise—do you love Hester? Does she love you? Let me know all, I implore you!"

She had risen; she came towards him—stood in front of him, with beseeching eyes. Philip's expression changed to one of pity. He took her by the hands, and led her back to the sofa.

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"My dear Georgina, what have I to do with love? What folly has got into your head? Regard for a moment my position and health. But that the thing should distress you like this is surely remarkable, isn't it? One would have supposed that an attachment between your brother and your dearest friend —though I can scarcely speak of the thing without a smile—would have given you some satisfaction."

"You have not answered me, Philip. Do you

love Hester?"

"No, I don't. Is that positive enough for you?"

Miss Denston's whole frame seemed to expand with relief. She flung her arms round her brother's neck, and kissed him. Involuntarily, he moved a little aside, embarrassed by this unusual effusion. He looked at her in grave wonder. Joy irradiated her whole aspect. For a moment she seemed to have returned to the brilliancy of her youth. But she sought to contain herself: she had something to say. The great dread was removed—safety assured; but there was yet Hester to be thought of. Hester's feelings, she was assured by a woman's unerring instinct, were, to say the least, interested.

"Philip," she said, "I must suggest to you that, if that is the case, you should not pay Hester so much attention. A young impressionable girl is easily

flattered, easily deceived."

"I pay attention to a young lady! Come, that is nonsense! What have I done to occasion such an accusation? I have treated her with no more than civility—or, at any rate, friendliness." The last clause was added as a sudden recollection of that afternoon's conversation occurred to him. "You may depend upon it, our young friend would open her calm eyes in amazement if the idea, as I trust it never may be, were suggested to her. In that house you know I am a privileged person. An enviable privilege, truly, where accorded to poverty and invalidism!"

Philip had relapsed into his too usual bitterness of

one.

"But," he continued, rallying himself, "since I have relieved your feelings, I trust you will take into consideration what I have ventured to say to you, and also relieve mine. My advice is—relax your hold on that girl, or you will end by making her dislike you."

Denston had taken a seat not far from his sister. He was making a considerable effort in thus returning to the charge. The fact was, his sister's behaviour, revealing, as it did, an attachment of a nature so zealous and exacting, caused him positive alarm on Hester's account, with the vivid recollection of her resolve to be faithful dwelling on his mind. But Miss Denston tightened her lips, and the expression of her face was not encouraging.

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"It is hardly likely you should understand," she said, coldly, "how the matter lies between us. I am yery tired. I think I must go to bed."

She rose, and began to gather the papers together which lay scattered over her writing-table, Denston looked down thoughtfully, being occupied in an internal debate. Should he try, or not, a last expedient? Would it not obviously be more prudent to follow the instinct which had guided him hitherto, and continue to keep to himself a discovery which he alone had made? On the other hand, if the disclosure of it were likely to produce so desirable a result, were it not cowardly to refrain? Meanwhile, his sister was leaving him-the subject would never be reopened between them. He was very far from rash by nature, but the most self-contained are apt occasionally to take action which outdoes in rashness the most impulsive of their brethren. Philip lifted up his head as his sister was on her way to the door, and said-

"Stay a moment. I have not told you something which came to my knowledge this afternoon. Who do you think these people are?"

Miss Denston turned round.

"What do you mean?"

"These Norrises are not living under their right name. The real name is Fleetwood. Hester is the daughter of the man that ruined us." A pause, in which Miss Denston stood astonished and speechless,

"I wished to warn you against your intimacy with her," continued Philip, "without paining you by this disclosure, but as you have not——"

"But," interrupted his sister, coming forward, slowly, "it is not possible—how did you learn it—are you certain of it?"

"I learned it by accident, exactly how there is no need to tell you. I am quite certain of it."

"Does Hester know?"

"No, certainly not; and I expect you to keep the knowledge secret, as I intend to do."

Miss Denston did not reply. She was absorbed in thought. Philip looked at her, but could not discern in her face traces of what he had desired to see—an instinctive revulsion from the daughter of the man whose memory she had so long executated. What her feelings were he was left to conjecture, for, suddenly rousing herself, she said, "Good night," and left him.

Denston, left alone, began to pace up and down the room, but his thoughts soon reverted from Hester and his adventurings on her behalf to his own affairs, his own troubles and perplexities. They did not lighten as he brooded over them, and he went to bed at last with a heavy heart.

(To be continued.)

SOME MEMORABLE INTERVIEWS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALTERS.

OME of the most beneficial and momentous consequences have resulted from the meeting of individuals - either casual or pre-arranged. Such interviews have been like the small cleft in the rock, from which trickle the first drops of that mighty river which bears the ships of all nations to the ocean. Springs have been touched at such times, that have

set in motion world-wide activities of usefulness. Seed has been sown that has borne fruits in distant harvests and through successive generations. A small selection may be useful. We shall be taught to admire God's method of working, and moved to use all available opportunities for doing good.

Two interviews are on record in the New Testament that were followed by great and blessed results; that between Philip the Evangelist and the Ethiopian eunuch, which led to the early planting of Christianity in Africa; and that between Paul the Apostle and Lydia the purple-seller of Thyatira, which issued in the introduction of the Gospel into Europe. We shall confine our instances to comparatively modern times.

To begin, there is the meeting, on February 7th, 1738, of Peter Böhler the Moravian with John Wesley. Wesley says the day was "much to be remembered." The theme of their conversation was the way of a sinner's salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Wesley was trusting in his own righteousness. Böhler said, "My brother! that philosophy of yours must be purged away." This first interview led to others. The young seeker after truth lost no opportunity of conversing with the more deeplytanght disciple, who convinced him "of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we can be saved." Thus it came to pass that Wesley found the liberty of the Gospel for himself, and was able to preach that liberty to others.

Who shall estimate the ulterior results of Böhler's influence upon Wesley in the conversion of sinners throughout the world?

At Holwood, five miles south of Bromley, stands a venerable oak, conspicuous for its gnarled and projecting root, on which two men sat one day, earnestly conversing about one of the most iniquitous systems that have ever cursed the human race. It was there and then that William Wilberforce, urged by William Pitt, determined to lead the movement for the abolition of the slave trade. In his diary he says, "I well remember, after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air, at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice on a fitting occasion, in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the slave-trade." The tree is still known by the name of "Wilberforce's Oak." To this interview it is owing that on May 12th, 1789, Wilberforce brought the question before the House of Commons, "in a manner," to use the words of Burke, "the most masterly, impressive, and eloquent;" and so headed an enterprise which issued in the complete destruction of slavery in all parts of the British deminions.

One day, as the wife of Oberlin, the pastor of Ban de la Roche, was distributing food and medicine and clothing among the poor of her husband's extensive parish, a bare-footed little girl begged to accompany her, and help carry her bundles. That first meeting was the precursor of many others, in which Louisa Schepler accompanied "Mamma" Oberlin on her errands of love. At the age of fifteen this peasant girl entered the pastor's family as a servant. Her mistress taught her not only house-work, but how to knit and sew and read and write. What she learnt herself she soon began to teach others. She gathered the children of the village round her, in the summer on the grass in the open air, and during the winter in a barn, and taught them according to their capacity. The success of her school encouraged the pastor to extend the system, and soon every village in the parish had its infant-school. The movement spread on either hand into Germany and France, and even to England. Baron Cuvier justly claims for this poor peasant girl of Bellefosse the sole honour of having originated the infant-schools of these countries-schools which have proved such unspeakable blessings to the working-classes, and the whole institution is traceable to the first meeting of herself and "Mamma" Oberlin.

The celebrated Madame de Krudener, at a time when she was full of remorse and despair on account of her sinful life, sent one day for a shoe-

maker to measure her. When the man came, his cheerful countenance seemed like a reproach to her depression. "My friend," she said, "are you happy?" "I am the happiest of men," was the answer. She said nothing; but the tone of his voice and his beaming look haunted her so that she could not sleep. She sent for him again, and inquired the secret of his happiness. He was a Moravian, and with the simplicity characteristic of the sect, he preached to her the crucified and risen Christ. She saw the love of God in His Son-felt it; and with all the fervour of a forgiven sinner, she loved Him Who had first loved her. Henceforth she became a great personal power and influence on the side of Christianity throughout the Continent of Europe. She carried the Gospel to all classes—to the poor of large cities, to persons of learning and fashion, to soldiers and condemned prisoners, to peasants and nobles. In a time of famine she sold all her possessions (her jewels alone fetched thirty thousand francs), to support the poor. She continued till her death on Christmas Day, 1822, a great leaven of righteousness working among the nations; and all owing to that first interview with the Moravian shoemaker.

After his conversion, Robert Haldane went to the Continent, and took up his residence for some time at Geneva. He was much distressed to see the low spiritual condition of the Protestant churches there, which had become infected with the rationalistic and neological views prevalent in Mr. Haldane invited a number of Germany. students attending the Theological School there to his house, that by free conversation he might combat their scepticism, and teach them the principles of Evangelical truth, and the nature of vital reli-Among the young men who accepted this invitation was one destined to become a champion of Evangelical Protestanism in Europe, and a powerful writer of world-wide fame. It was Henry Merle D'Aubigné's first visit to Robert Haldane that led to his conversion to Christ, and prepared the way for his becoming the author of the "History of the Reformation," and President of the New Evangelical School of Theology in Geneva.

Many years ago, when John Angell James was serving his apprenticeship in the little town of Poole, in Dorsetshire, he was introduced by a fellow-apprentice to a poor cobbler, whose conversation and influence dominated his career through life, and proved one of the chief springs of his usefulness. The man and his wife were eminently pious and communicative, and there was a gentleness and softness in their manners which were above their rank. In after years, Mr. James called these humble Christians his "good Aquila and Priscilla." From them he received his first religious impressions, and

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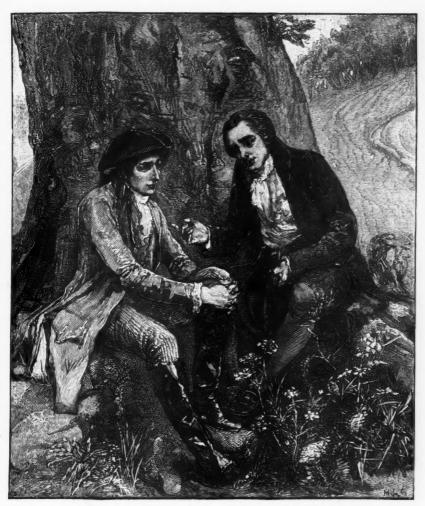
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though his views of religion were at the outset very confused, under their instruction he came to know the way of truth more perfectly. When we think of Mr. James's long and useful ministry;

and John Bright, at Leamington, on September 13th, 1841. Three days before, Mr. Bright had lost his wife. Mr. Cobden called upon him to condole with him in his bereavement. Mr. Bright



"It was there and then that William Wilberforce, urged by William Pitt, determined to lead the movement for the abolition of the slave trade."—p. 400.

when we think of his numerous and practical writings, we must not forget to trace back these precious results to the first interview between the linendraper's apprentice and John Poole the Dorsetshire cobbler.

One of the most important meetings between two public men was that between Richard Cobden 902

himself shall describe what passed. "I was in the depths of grief—I might almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time, he looked up and said, 'There are thousands of houses in England at this moment, where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now,' he said, 'when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed.' I accepted his invitation. I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted the invitation; and from that time we never ceased to labour hard on behalf of the resolution we had made."

Under what strange circumstances Mr. George Hitchcock, the London merchant, first saw and heard the man who was to be the instrument of his conversion! A city missionary seemed one night to hear a voice saying to him, "Go and read the Bible to Mr. Hitchcock." Day after day the message was repeated, till one morning he summoned courage to attempt the task. Calling at Mr. Hitchcock's place of business, he asked to see him. After waiting some hours he was unsuccessful. The next day he called again, when one of the clerks asked his business; and when he said that he wished to read the Bible to Mr. Hitchcock, the man thought he was mad. All that day and the next, the anxious missionary waited to see the city merchant in vain. On the morning of the fourth day, Mr. Hitchcock was informed that a man had been waiting four days to see him, and forthwith he ordered him to be sent into his room. "Well," he said, "what do you want?" "I wish to read the Bible to you, sir," replied the man, "that your soul may be saved." "Go away," said the merchant. "You must be mad to think of such a thing at a time like this." As he spoke, he pushed the man out, and shut the office door. No sooner had he resumed his seat, than he rose again, and quickly opening the door, called out, "Bring that man back." On the re-appearance of the missionary, Mr. Hitchcock expressed his regret for what had happened, and arranged that they would spend an hour a day in Bible-reading.

The space at disposal for this paper allows only one illustration more. On the last Sunday evening of October, 1842, a drunken dissipated wretch was staggering along one of the streets of Worcester, United States, when some one tapped him on the shoulder. He looked round, and was confronted by a perfect stranger, who addressed him by name, and in a kind voice said, "You have been drinking to-day?" The drunken man confessed he had. "Why do you not sign the pledge?" was the next query. After a long conversation, and many entreaties, a promise was given to sign. The next night, at a totalabstinence meeting, the promise was made good, and John B. Gough took the pledge, in the presence of his stranger-friend. To that street interview with Joel Stratton, a waiter at a temperance hotel, the greatest orator of the total-abstinence platform owes his sobriety, and to his powerful advocacy thousands, on both sides of the Atlantic, owe their emancipation from the cursed thraldom of strong drink.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

by george weatherly, author of "the children's sundays," etc. $\mathbf{M}\,\mathbf{A}\,\mathbf{Y}\,.$

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."-GALATIANS vi. 2.



CROSS a little trellised arch
The creepers twine and kiss—
Jasmine and honeysuckle sweet,
And fragrant elematis.

And though the trellis seems so frail, It bravely bears them all, And holds them up 'mid storm and rain, And will not let them fall.

And so it stands from year to year, Most fair to look upon, Until Time gently touches it, And all its strength is gone.

But now the creepers, stronger grown, Its tottering frame can bear; And, close-entwined, they guard it well, With tender loving care.

Just like the trellis, we should try
To help all those around,
And bear the burdens of the weak,
And raise them from the ground.

And who can tell but we in turn
May need support some day,
When those whom we have helped long since
May be our strength and stay!

Yet not for this must we do well— To find a great reward— But rather that we may fulfil The law of Christ the Lord. da

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"GRAN'SON JACK."

A STORY OF LIFEBOAT HEROISM.



"HAUL with a will, lads, haul with a will! Yohoy! yo-hoy! She's not deep down in the sand. Strikes me we shall soon get her off."

"Yo-h-oy!" came in response from half-a-dozen strong voices; and as the long-drawn sounds rang out over the sea, six or eight pairs of brawny arms pulled away manfully at a fishing craft which, in the dark hours of the night, had become slightly grounded.

Away there across the German Ocean the great sun was rising up and up, apparently from the calm waters, in his chariot of gold and grey and rose and purple; higher in the heavens were pure fleecy clouds lightly trooping along, carrying on their beautiful surface the warning that sunshine and showers would probably mingle before nightfall—a warning strengthened by the restless movements of the sea-gulls, all expectant as they seemed, with more than human prescience, of stormy weather and a ruffled sea.

Westward, behind the labouring seamen, were the broad denes for which that part of the Eastern Coast of England is noted, with their miles of fishing nets spread out on the grass to dry; and with their clumps of golden gorse, out of which the sky-larks so jubilantly spring for their joyous soar in cloudland. Behind the denes are the rugged hills, cliff-like as to form, but rich in purple heath and sturdy bracken, in tender moss and clustering wildflower; with flourishing blackberry bushes trailing here, and great patches of bright grass cropping up there. But the charms of those hills are endless; and our business is with the men in the surf below.

A sudden squall had sprung up in the night, when Timon Seeley, the master of the fishing vessel, had least expected it. He had east anchor in the Yarmouth Roads at the time, and was just waiting for daybreak to light him into Summertown harbour with a famous eargo of fish, which had cost him and his crew a whole week's time to catch. But, alas! Timon's anchor-chain broke, and away scudded his little bark, before he could arouse his men, or quite make himself believe that he, the old experienced mariner—"Old Time," as his mates dubbed him—could by any possibility be running helplessly toward the shore.

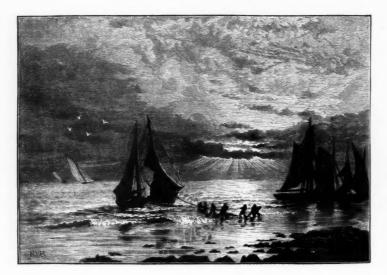
Nevertheless, Old Time's Ark, as the vessel was called, did strike the beach—lightly, it is true; but it was a heavy matter for Time, for the Ark was his own property, the sole means of his support, and she was not insured. So, as she lazily flapped her rent sail in the breeze of early morning, Old Time smiled grimly to himself, and quoth he—

"This t'be the first of April. I'd rather this 'ere calamity had a-happened any other day to an old salt like me. It be rather curious, I take it. Howsoe'er, if nobody else thinks of that circum-starnee I'll not remind 'em."

Now let us make our way across the fresh denes to a little red-brick cottage almost nestling under the hills. We enter by lifting the latch of a rustic gate, and walk through a garden, full of primroses and early red daisies. On the doorstep stands Mrs. Sceley, Time's good wife. She is looking earnestly away over the sea; she marks the busy gulls and the scudding clouds, and she thinks it high time that her husband should be home. She is very intent upon sea and sky, and she moves forward a pace or two that she may take a fuller survey. When, all at once, comes swinging along a young man-o'-war's man in his Sunday best.

She hears the step, and down from the clouds comes she. "Gran'son Jack!" she cries, as, with a rush, she flings open the garden gate. She kisses in motherly fashion the honest bronzed face that is beaming down upon her.

John Seeley was just home from a cruise, and was ordered out on another; so he had got leave to run down home and say "good-bye."



The lad was an orphan, whom Timon and his wife had reared. And how proud they were of their son's son, with his swinging manly carriage, his fine width of chest, and strength of limb; and how thankful they were that he had grown up into truth and noble honesty, and that all this rich fruit had its grand root in the love of God.

The grandparents, however, were not alone in their honest pride; there was a maiden named Maggie Lee, between whom and Gran'son Jack existed warm feeling and a clear understanding. Maggie was to be Jack's wife soon, and Timon had promised the lad twenty pounds for his marriage portion as soon as he came of age. But, now, though the Ark was off the sands, she was so damaged that twenty pounds would hardly mend her, and Time had no other savings or fund. So Maggie and Jack stoutly declared that they would not touch a penny of the promised sum while the boat needed repairs.

Thus Timon was nearly forced into using the money; and Gran'son Jack went back to his ship a man nearly of age, but minus his anticipated fortune.

Old Time and Maggie could not let him go on his uncertain cruise without actually seeing him off; so to Portsmouth went they, in spite of the expense; and with many a tear and blessing they watched him mount the rigging to wave his loving farewell.

Then they turned and hurried back to the train for home. What was Portsmouth to them without Gran's on Jack?

"Goin' to be a March night in April," said Timon to Maggie, as they alighted at Summertown Station. "There'll be a storm," returned the girl. "Where do you think Jack is by this time, grandfather?"

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" Well, can't say. The King - o' - Men went off with a favourable tide, o' course, an' I fancy the wind hasn't been against her all day, an' she's a swift sailer. Mebbe they'll get up towards the Yarmouth Roads by night; for, you know, she was to go nor'ard; an' in this sort o' skeery weather it 'll be a little bit rough out there t'other side

of the sands. But don't look so white, my lass! The lad's been out in a squall more'n once before, an' he's in the hands of a good Father, as is stronger'n any tempest; and he knows it—the lad knows it."

"Yes, we all know that, grandfather."

"Then, we'll pray for Gran'son Jack, an' try to trust him with God, my dear."

An hour later, and the coastguardsman on duty at Summertown station was peering earnestly through his powerful telescope. Then, with a sudden "Ahoy! lads below!" he brought one or two of his comrades to his side.

"Vessel in distress, other side of the sands!" said he; "a big vessel—merchantman or man-o'-war; can't say which, as she is only showing her bare deck just now. Off with you, sharp, for the coxswain of the lifeboat!"

Away strode the messenger; but the coxswain and his crew were already on the beach, preparing for action; while down the hills and along the road leading from the town came excitedly trooping along men, boys, women, and even little children, all eager and agitated, for the evil tidings had spread with marvellous speed. "A ship in distress! Too far out for the lifeboat to reach her in this sea!" cried one. "Why, she's not to be seen with the naked eye at all!" gasped another. "Of course not, and there's no hope for her," chimed in a third. And all the while the gusty wind piped and howled, the waves beat, and the sea roared, and down came the drenching rain, mixed with cutting hail. But what was all that to a lifeboat's crew, when men were perhaps dying by dozens out there, on the far side of those terrible sands?

"Now, lads!" sang out the burly coxswain.
"Ready? Steady! Make for the near gatway, and
expect a heavy pull. Ahoy, on shore! Keep you
your eyes open and stop where you are. You'll be
wanted soon."

"So we will! Hurrah! Hurrah for the lifeboat's crew! Hurrah!" shouted the men.

"God be with ye, brave souls!" murmured the white shivering women.

"There never was such noble chaps," exclaimed an old Summertown man. "I don't believe there's such another set of fellows all along the coast!"

"Ah! but you sands are likely to prove too much even for them and their splendid boat," put in a elergyman who had just appeared on the scene. "God help them all, for they are beyond the help of man!"

But still the lifeboat sped on like a bird, fairly skimming the heavy sea, getting nearer and nearer every moment to that terror-striking white ridge, which marks the well-known perilous sands of the spot.

"If she gets through the gatway," said one, "she'll do."

"Yes, if," returned another. "But you and I know a little about they sands afore to-day, don't we?"

"Look, look!" shouted a big lad. "Doesn't she clear the waves like a—like a—wonder, as she is! Oh, won't I join the lifeboat's crew as soon as ever they'll have me!"

"Ah, now she's reached the perilous spot!" exclaimed a gentleman who had been watching the boat anxiously through his telescope. "She's slackened speed a little, but she's all right; she'll get through. Ah, bravo! she's cleared the sands, and is bounding on towards the ship."

"Bravo!" shouted the excited people on the beach, and the cry was echoed back with interest by a crowd of watchers on the near hills. There was hope for the ship now these brave, tested lifeboatmen were so near to her.

Aloft, in the coastguard's "look-out," the watchman kept his post to report progress. Now and then he wiped the perspiration from his face, for he saw enough through his great telescope to make any man's heart ache sorely.

There was a dark speck in the ocean riveting his attention, and from time to time he reported thus concerning it—

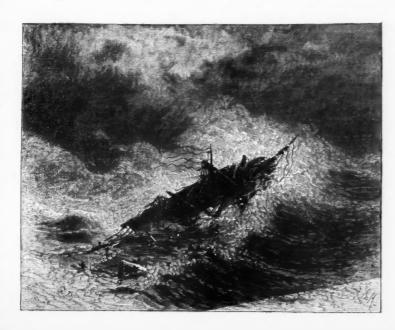
"Every bit of sail gone!—mast overboard!—mainmast gone! Heavy seas washing over her quarterdeck—rolling about as helpless as a log! Ah—ah! she's split!"

Then, with an agitated stamp of his sturdy foot, and with sudden paleness blanching his usually florid face—

"God help the poor souls! They're all in the water, struggling like dying men, as they are! But the lifeboat is bearing down upon them; she'll save some, if she can only get near enough, but as to boarding all, why, it's out of the question! Ah! there goes the Paketon lifeboat, and a tug from the harbour!"

That's business! Two lifeboats will do good work, no doubt.

We can follow the Summertown lifeboat no



further; let us return to the beach, and await her arrival.

"When they come to count heads," said an old beachman, "there'll be some short. And they lifeboatmen feels a tug at their hearts, I've heerd'em say, when they'm obliged to turn round and make for the shore, with dead or half-dead men in their craft, an' some short, after all!"

"Ay, ay!" said another. "But what's all the shouting about?"

"Why, the lifeboat is in sight!"

With that, ringing cheers came from beach and hill, and, with parted lips and eager eyes, the people stood bending forward and peering through the dense atmosphere, to discover how many living souls the saving craft carried.

She was crowded. And as dozens of willing hands helped to haul her in, the cry rose from some of the rescued sailors—

"Another lifeboat in our wake!"

"Ah! the Paketon boat! Hurrah for Paketon!" cried the helpers.

"But she'll land her men at Paketon!"

"Not she," cried the Summertown coxswain. "We wanted to get the names of the saved called over; so we agreed to land all in one spot."

The Paketon boat arrived; the half-drowned men were all landed and counted by the first lieutenant, who was among them.

The people held their breath while this was going on; and when the task was over, sorrowfully the officer said—

"We have lost our commander and several of our men."

"Name the men," cried the voice of Maggie Lee at his elbow.

"For pity's sake, don't; you'll drive us mad!"
This was shouted by Timon's well-known voice.

But the lieutenant was already reading out the list which he had roughly made—" George Grant, Walter Forbes, John Seeley——"

A piteous shriek rose above his voice, above the tunult of the elements; a woman's arms were thrown up wildly, then Maggie fell heavily against poor Old Time.

"Come home, come home, my dear," said the weeping old man. Then the hushed and pitiful neighbours took the stricken couple, and led or carried them across the denes, between the clumps of mocking golden gorse, and in at the door of the little red cottage under the hill.

Labouring through the heavy sea came the tug, which, in the general hurly-burly, had been almost forgotten, except by the harbour-master.

"What cheer, men?" cried the latter, as soon as

she was within speaking distance.

"Oh, we've got the captain, sir; some of his limbs be broke; he'll want handing out right careful. An' here's a young chap lyin' here as seem to be dead, but maybe he'll come round."

"See to him, and let my broken bones wait," spoke out the commander: "he saved my life. While others were pushing for the lifeboats, he kept his post beside me on the parting vessel, till by a sudden lurch of the hull we were both tossed into the boiling sea, and I got my arm broken in the transit. We were on the off side of the ship, so were not seen by the lifeboats; and there seemed no hope of attracting the tug which was nearer to us. However, he made a gallant effort at the risk of his life, to hoist a signal—and, here we are SAVED."

The next day, Old Time, his wife, and Maggie Lee marched off to the harbour-master's house "on business."

There lay Gran's on Jack, smiling at them, though his face was white. Maggie went forward, knelt down by the couch, and drew a long, sobbing breath; then the tears came; but the old folk quietly bent down and kissed and blessed their boy.

"Look under my pillow," said Jack, presently.

They did so, and found thirty bright sovereigns, and a note running thus :—

From Captain G——, to the man who bravely saved his life, as a slight acknowledgment of the estimation in which his noble act is held. The particulars of the case are already forwarded to head-quarters, where John Seeley's noble conduct will not be overlooked.

"Will £30 furnish a cottage?" queried Jack.

"Yes," said Old Time, "when you've got godliness and contentment to put in it as well as furniture,"

"Then we'll use the money for that. But, Maggie dear, haven't we got heavy interest on that twenty pounds that we made grandfather keep?"



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THE TEN VIRGINS

BY THE VERY REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A., DEAN OF DENVER CATHEDRAL

(St. Matt. xxv. 1-13.)



OR what object was this world called to its present state of existence?

For a platform whereon might be displayed human energy? If so, it is a great failure; for the vast majority of mankind have no energy to display. Was it—as many

seem to think—for the acquisition of money? If so, the purport of its existence is not reached, for

few-very few-" make money."

Was it, then, for the attaining of knowledge and general mental education? If so, the vast machine makes much ado about nothing; for the education of the most cultured is a dubious quantity. Drop the foremost of our thinkers into the year of grace 1983, and most probably he would have little chance of becoming a Fellow of the Royal Society of that day.

And as for education—as now set forth—it is not a little remarkable that, to the ordinary mortal, there appears no observable difference between the polite man who has been educated as far as a public school and a university can educate, and another polite man who has never been taken in hand by Alma Mater, and who, in ordinary parlance, has never received an education. So that "to be educated" cannot be the prime object of this world's life.

Almighty God constructed this life and its environments for the sole intent of affording men and women an opportunity of-"working out their own salvation"-of acquiring a spiritual character—that character which is the only earth-gotten possession which a man may take out of this world into the next. The character whereby he will be known, and according to which he will take his position in the world to come. The elements which go to compose this eternal character are now in the man as mere germs—the faint breathings of hereafter powers. The processes of daily life are constructed to enable these germs to develop. And according as the man lends himself to be influenced by the earthly, or by the heavenly-according as he gives way to his natural and fleshly appetites-or as he represses the sensual and is governed by the spiritual, so is that one class of the elements of his character "educed"-"led out"-and by the exercise expanded and strengthened, to the extinction of the opposite kind, until finally the one set becomes predominant, and the complexion of the man's character is either earthly or heavenly.

"He that hath ears to hear," and goeth

through his day expectant, is filled with instruction by the Divine Educator. All life to him is sonorous with the speakings of the Voice-he never is in want of a guide, philosopher, and friend. Happy that man whose experience justifies him in saying with the prophet-"He wakeneth mine ear, morning by morning, to hear as the learned." It is the speaking of this Voice in the parables which endues them with their ever-living interest; while every incident of daily life is just as fraught with the teachings of the Voice, as those ordinary incidents narrated in the parable; yet in the one case few hear the Voice, because few expect to hear it; but the parable is read, not for the narrative, but for catching the utterances of the Voice, and it is the unheard Voice, moving in and about its sentences, which endows it with a living charm.

This parable of the ten virgins—the ten girls who were the bright and happy party of brides—maids at an Eastern wedding—is almost the last parable Jesus ever uttered. It is addressed to His own close followers, to the intimate friends

of His bride—the Church.

Let us move cautiously, and not pass by things which God's own hand hath touched, and call them "common." The parable concerns itself with Marriage. If the acts of life are but expounders and containers of things spiritual, that unique, that one great act in a man's—a woman's—life surely ought to be filled with spiritual

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And so it is. It would require but little inventive genius of that sort which deals with "life," to devise other modes of populating the world than by marriage. Hence this cannot be the only reason of the Institution. Surely the Prayer in the Marriage Service tells the right reason, as it says: "God has consecrated the state of matrimony to such an excellent mystery, that in it is signified and represented the spiritual marriage and unity betwixt Christ and His Church." All through the Bible, from the Song of Songs to the final page, the marriage supper of the Lamb, the deep significance of marriage is used for the high purposes of Divine instruction. If this be so, it is not to be wondered at that the customs of the marriage ceremonies in the East bear the evident impress of the directing hand of the Great Teacher—to believe that they were the growth of national whim were impossible. The one could never, by mere coincidence, so closely illustrate the other.

After the young couple were betrothed, they did not see each other for a year. The Church

has lost sight of her Bridegroom; this is the year of separation—the waiting time before the espousals. At the end of the year's probation, the day of the nuptial festivities was fixed. The bridegroom, attended by "the sons of the bride-chamber" (He will come with all His Holy Angels), went in joyful procession to the home of the bride. "This same Jesus Whom ye have seen go into heaven, shall so come." The bride awaited the advent of her Lord veiled from head to foot. "The Lord knoweth them that are His." A peculiar girdle—the "attire" which the prophet asserts "a bride could not forget," was an essential part of her dress, "girded about with truth." A wreath of myrtle leaves, which if not real was of gold-was so invariably a part of the bridal attire, that its name is often used for the bride herself. Her whole dress was perfumed, and she glittered with as many jewels as the family could procure. All these adornments had been sent by the bridegroom early in the day. Her sole gift was indeed significant. Custom prescribed that she should send her future husband a shroud, which he should keep and wear—as she did hers—on New Year's Day, and upon the Day of Atonement. "I carry about in my body the dying of the Lord Jesus," said St. Paul, and we indeed gave Him a shroud, and laid Him in it.

The bride and bridegroom both fasted and confessed their sins in prayer all day before the marriage; and what do we in this low-lying world

of ours?

The marriage took place on the evening of the day—the beginning of the new day: the end of earth's life, the beginning of heaven's day. The bridegroom's procession was therefore accompanied with torch-bearers, and musicians filled the night with strains of lutes and shouts of exultation, loudening as they neared the bride's abode; neighbours thronged the streets as the procession returned, conducting the bride to the house of the bridegroom's father, where was spread the marriage supper. Accompanying the bride was a bevy of maidens, the special and honoured friends of the bride; they surrounded her in close attendance, while their tiny lamps, scarce bright enough to lighten their graceful forms, swayed to and fro in the mazy dance, added much picturesqueness to the joyous scene. Most of this symbolism is so suggestive as to render a word of explanation superfluous.

Bearing in mind that the bride, the Church, the multitude of the redeemed, as represented by one, a veiled figure, may be taken as the mystic centre, not actually seen, not even described, that which surrounds and encloses the bride, and hides her very person from common gaze, is the prominent object in the parable—the group of bridesmaids—you see them passing along all dressed much alike, all with lamps, and in the

gloom of the night it were impossible to say which were the bride, any one of the group might well be taken for her. The group then is the visible Church of Christ. Those who watch for the Lord's appearing, those who seek the Divine espousals, and hope they are part of that fair Church which one day will be manifested as the Lamb's wife.

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It is a solemn and terrible scene. See the ten bright happy girls meeting together, full of joyous anticipation and expectancy, what little difference there is between them! All robed in white, and jewelled, each with her burning lamp, All there for the same purpose, all invited by the same friend, all speaking of the same things, all looking forward with eager pleasure to the same festivity. How different they to yonder girls out in the night, lingering at the street corner-not dressed in white—not joyous and happy; though they laugh, it is a hard and heartless laugh. The passing stranger can well note here a difference. But to look at the ten maidens, none would suspect that there ever could be such a division in the company—the division of Eternal day from Eternal night. Beyond expectation the Bridegroom tarried-all slept. No doubt they all tried to keep awake, and struggled against the stealing drowsiness. The conversation gradually flagged, they ceased to "speak often one to another." Now one, now another would raise her head and listen, but it was only the tinkle of a goat bell, or the howl of a pariah dog. Once or twice the porter looked in; but they grew accustomed to that, and now they all slept, when suddenly and unmistakably the cry woke the midnight stillness, "Behold, He cometh; go ye out to meet him." All rise, all are flurried, all trim their lamps. You can mark no difference between one and another; and yet halfan-hour afterwards, the lamps of half of them were gone out for ever. Five of them were standing frightened, speechless with terror, outside the shut door. Five young girls out there in the night, helpless, brokenhearted, alone, lost! How awful! So near heaven and yet

There is no word here for the careless, the heedless, the indifferent—for those who make no pretence of waiting for the Lord, whose eye never lingers on the hill-tops, whose ear never fancies it can discern the distant rumble of His chariot wheels; much more is there no word here for the livers in sin, the palpably Godless. This parable is only for the professors of religion, the churchgoers, the Bible readers, the communicants, the Sunday-school teachers, the choir singers; for those "who wait for the appearing of Jesus Christ." To all the rest, the word is, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" Where?

How far we may go, and yet be none of

Christ's, see from the condition of the five imprudent virgins. You may accept the invitation, and dress you for the feast. You may come out and be separate, and at great personal inconvenience watch for your Lord. You may company with God's people, and be reckoned of the chosen, and yet against you the door may shut. Who then can be saved? Half the professors were saved, and, reader, you may be-if only you will be prudent in time.

Listen further to the parable. "It was midnight." The deepest gloom had settled down over the Church. What gloom! The very light that is in them is darkness! With an open Bible, with an unlimited gift of the Holy Spirit of God, with boundless promises, with no external opposition, with every inducement to piety-and yet how few pious people. All "called to be saints,"

and yet how few saints!

In the depth of the first slumber—the bride-The cry rouses the watchers as well as the men of the city. The ten virgins all rise up, apparently with equal confidence, and all

began to trim their lamps.

The Eastern lamp is small. It holds but little oil—only oil enough for present purposes. needs frequent replenishing-hence, for long use, a vessel of oil must be carried with it; and here was the difference between the "wise" and the "foolish" maidens. Could you but have looked into the vessels, slung upon their arms-which you could not do-you would have found five with well-filled vessels, and five with empty ones. "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out." But no man can save his brother's soul, any more than a man can impart to another his learning. The sisters cannot give from their secret store. But they do what they can—they urge them to "go and buy." They went, quickly enough; but it was not the eleventh hour; twelve o'clock was striking; and they returned, but a closed door shut in the floods of glorious light, and they were outside in the cold lone night.

Here, then, lay the difference between those in-The one had a certain side and those outside. hidden, unseen, inward principle; the other had not. To the one the Lord Jesus could say, "I know thee;" to the other He said, "I know thee not." The one had an open and direct communion with God, whence flowed the oil of Divine grace—that Holy influence to hold which all mundane things are but the vessels. It is this influence which makes the brightness of knowledge, the true and lasting warmth of affection, the real lustre of example. It is this which sustains the exhibition of the generosity, the unselfishness, the disinterestedness of Christlike life. It is this whose subtle operation in wondrous and Divine alchemy changes the habit of sin into the habit of holiness, and transforms the sinner of earth into the saint of God's presence. It is this

-God the Holy Ghost, by Whose power Jesus Christ entered the current of humanity-Who now continues the incarnation in every true believer,

until Jesus Christ be formed in them.

Reader! take off the lid of the vessel, see to the reservoir of oil. The lamp you hold in your hand is burning; you have oil enough for present purposes. Where did you get it? From Christian surroundings? From the accident of birth? Would your lamp burn away from all Christian example? On a desert island or even here in this far-off city where I write? You hold now the lamp of open profession, you utter the words of prayer, you sing the praises of God. You may do more-your lamp may light your every day walk, it may even reveal to you the dark spirit lurking in your secret place, and you may in His name cast out a very devil; even you may do many wonderful works, give and be given for His service; you may watch for Him even unto weariness. But all this may after all be only the light of the lamp; look to the oil, the motive of the service. Is it the dictate of your intelligence? Is it the tendency of your particular nature? Is it because your father and mother were religious people? Is this the source of the oil which feeds the flame? If so, when the cry reaches our world, "He comes, He comes!" your lamp will flicker, will wane, will go out, because, with a dying world, the worldly motives will lose their energy.

Look deeper! Look into the secret places of your nature. Is there "the still small voice," correcting the motive, counselling the endeavour, stimulating the effort, guiding the upward advance? If there be evidence in the main tendency of life to this present energy, the energy from within, and not pressure from without, then the conclusion may safely be drawn, I have the Holy Spirit, "oil in my vessel with my

lamp."

Then comes the day of the marriage of the Lamb-the Epiphany, the manifestation, the unveiling of the bride. He comes to conduct to His Father's home; to conduct you in whom He has lived, by whom He has expressed Himself to your world, and "in whom," these are His own words, "in whom He has come to be admired "-to conduct you to "the mansion He has prepared."

Can there be any fear that upon you He will shut the door?

Shut what door? There is no door to shut, but the door of your own heart, and if you have opened to Him, and He has made His abode with you, and He is with you, when you put off the flesh by which He entered, then, your probation being over, the year of espousal being ended, you true to Him to the last, and He true to you, then He must live in you for ever, married in eternal wedlock to your soul.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE PARABLES.-DUTY TO GOD AND MAN.

No. 1. THE POUNDS.

Chapter to be read-St. Luke xix. 11-27.



NTRODUCTION. Notice place and time at which parable was spoken. At Jericho—near Jerusalem—at house of Zaccheus, rich publican who received Him joyfully. Time was in Christ's last journey up to Jerusalem, where was to be betrayed and crucified. But what was to follow as result of His death? Glory and

honour in heaven. This as it were a Kingdom—reward of sufferings. But all did not believe Him or receive as King. So this parable spoken.

I. THE SERVANTS. (Read 11-26.) Parable. Question on the story. Custom in those days for persons of high position to receive vassal kingdoms. Would go to Rome, the capital of empire, to receive the honour-would naturally give some work to be done during his absence-whom did he call? Household servants. How much given All equal share—all same opportunity. Months pass-at last king returns. Servants called up. Each must give an account. What has the first done? Gained tenfold. Gets reward in proportion. So does the second. One other specially mentioned; what had he gained? Had not even attempted anything-was disobedient and slothful. Had missed his opportunities-should have them no more-time of trial over.

(2) The Meaning. Who was to receive a kingdom? Christ's Kingdom, however, not on earth, but in heaven. Where would He go to receive it? From God Himself. (Phil. ii. 9.) Meanwhile, what does He give to His servants? All must work for Him. All have life, time, opportunities of doing good, etc., to use for Him-these are like the pounds-only better. When will He return to call us to an account? Meanwhile, what are we doing? Some begin when quite young, like King Josiah. Some neglect for long time, and then begin to work for God-like dying thief, who tried in hour of death to convert other thief. (Luke xxiii. 40.) Some do much, as St. Paul, devoted missionary—others do a little, as Lydia, showing hospitality to Apostles (Acts xvi. 40)-Aquila and Priscilla teaching Timothy. Others, alas! do nothing, like Judas, one of Apostles-Christ's servant, yet a traitor. What can we do-what are we doing? Reckoning day will certainly come. What shall we have to show?

II. The Enemies. (Read 14—27.) These set themselves against the King. Who did so to Jesus when He was on earth? (John i. 11.) And what was their punishment? Jerusalem, their beautiful city, destroyed; Jews outcasts in all lands. Let us take warning; Christ calls for our heart, our love. If not given, we too shall be destroyed before Him.

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LESSON. Work while it is day.

SPECIAL LESSON.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Chapter to be read-Acts ii. 1-21.

INTRODUCTION. Can you remember when the Holy Ghost came down on Jesus? What was the outward sign then? (Matt. iii. 16.) Christ's baptism to prepare him for His public work—but when His work on earth over, He went away. What had He promised to send? (John xvi. 7.) Had often spoken about Holy Ghost. Told Nicodemus He was like wind—could be heard and felt, but not seen. (John iii, 8.) Now, at last, day come for Him to be sent.

I. The Holy Ghost Given. (Read ii. 1—4.)
(1) The time. On what day did Holy Ghost come?
—Pentecost, fifty days after Passover—day the law given on Mount Sinai—feast of first-fruits of harvest. So Holy Ghost completes work of Christ, done on Cross—causes first-fruit of souls, for three thousand converted that day. (Verse 41.) (2) The place. Where were the Apostles and others? Christ had told them to wait there. (3) The manner. What was heard? Spirit like wind, because full of power. Remind of effects of wind—hurricane at sea—uprooting trees, etc.—also wind full of health—blowing away smoke, clearing air, freeing from pestilence, etc. So Holy Spirit cleanses heart from sin—gives new spiritual life—makes holy, but works all unseen.

II. THE EFFECT. (Read 5-21.) Who were present at Jerusalem that day? Had come from all countries to keep feast of Pentecost. Did they all speak the same language? What did they hear? Apostles preaching in different languages. What a wonderful thing! All know how hard to learn a new language, what long time it takes. But Apostles able at once. What did some of the people think? Who stood up in their defence? Too early in the day for drinking. It was not that which excited them. What was it? The power of the Spirit. Many prophecies as to what the Spirit should do. Look at three things. (1) Teaching. What does St. Peter call it? Prophesy means teach spiritual things. Christ had promised the Spirit should teach them all things, (John xvi. 13.) Thus they would be able to teach others. (2) Signs. What were these? (See Mark xvi. 17, 18.) One of signs is speaking with new tongues; others are working miracles, etc., as Apostles did so often.

(3) Salvation. Christ had said Spirit would convince of sin, and would reveal Christ (John xvi. 8, 9, 14.) Thus would be led to call on Christ and be saved.

All this happened. People were taught, saw the signs, were saved. Holy Spirit still shows us our sin, leads to Christ, opens men's hearts, brings forth fruit of holiness. Is always striving with us. we heed or reject?

LESSON. Quench not the Spirit.

PARABLES ON DUTY TO GOD AND MAN. No. 2. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Chapter to be read-St. Luke x. 25-37.

INTRODUCTION. Remind how Christ came to teach as well as save, not always preaching to crowds, often talked with individuals; often gave instruction by question and answer.

I. THE QUESTION ASKED. (Read 25-29.) Who asked the question? What was the question? Could not be a more important one. On right answer depends our welfare in this life and the next. Did Christ tell him? Made him answer himself out of the law, which he ought to know well. Perhaps pointed to the text on the hem of his garment. (Matt. xxiii. 5.) Must love God first and best; and love neighbour as oneself. (See Deut. vi. 5.) But how is love shown? Not merely by feelings, but by actions. Must show such love in life. Christ wanted to make lawyer see how must show love to all who need help; that all are brethren, all are neighbours. So told him this story.

II. THE QUESTION ANSWERED. (Read 30-37.) Teacher to question on the story. Show places on map, literal descent from hill-country of Judæa to Jericho on plain of Jordan. (See Luke i, 39, and Judg. i. 16.) The road wild and mountainous, infested with robbers. Who saw the wounded man first? What did the law teach him to do? (Exod. xxiii, 5.) Much more should help a brother-man! Who followed next? Neither wanted to help, so pretended not to see. Who came then? A stranger and enemy. (John iv. 9.) But saw one in want, felt had therefore claim upon him, felt pity, showed love, selfdenial, help, all the Christian virtues. Did all in his power for this stranger and foreigner, helpless and wounded man, who could give no thanks, make no return. Which was the neighbour? Could be but one answer. So the lawyer told to copy example.

Do we want such a lesson? All much disposed to say, "No concern of mine," when hear of want and suffering. Or perhaps willing to help friends, but not others. What then does parable teach us?

(1) All men are our neighbours. Those at home, those far off. Many sick, sad, needy, at all our doors. Heathen abroad who know not God.

(2) Must do what we can. Can always do something. "Little deeds of kindness, little acts of love," in power of all. Reward promised to anything done out of love to Christ, Who, like the Good Samaritan, came to minister to His enemies. xx. 28.)

LESSON. Go thou and do likewise.

No. 3. THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS. Chapter to be read-St. Luke xvi. 19-31.

INTRODUCTION. This parable shows danger of living for self-thinking only of this life, forgetting God.

I. THE TWO IN LIFE. (Read 19-21.) (1) The rich man. How is he described? Well fed, well dressed. No harm in these things in themselves. Abraham was rich, to whom Lazarus went. What, then, was wrong? What opportunity had the rich man of doing good? Just before his eyes every day lay the beggar; he did not recognise his duty; did not see in the poor man one of God's poor; but used his riches only for himself. By Whom are riches given? So this rich man would soon be called to account, Whom else did he forget besides the poor man? To forget God far worse-for this also would have to give account. (2) The beggar. Daily carried to gate of rich man's house, laid there to enlist his sympathy, hoping if only for crumbs from his table; his wounds unwashed, licked by the dogs. What possible comfort had he in this life? But had evidently put his trust in God; cried to Him. (Ps. xxxiv. 6.) Though poor, was rich in faith (James ii. 5), and therefore an heir of glory.

II. THE TWO IN DEATH. (1) The rich man at last fell ill. What an awful scene! A deathbed without God; can carry nothing of this world away; has no hope in the future. Picture the grand room-rich curtains, nurses watching; cannot keep out death, who comes to all. Then the grand funeral follows-all possible pomp to show a rich man is dead. What a mockery all seems! (2) The beggar. Perhaps died in street; have read of such in London; want of food-of proper clothingnecessaries of life. But who is with him in death? Angels attending near to deliver him (Ps. xxxiv. 7); carry his soul to Paradise.

III. THE TWO IN ETERNITY. (1) The rich man. (Read 23-31.) What is his condition of body? Fearful suffering. Whom does he see afar off? What does he want? Can it be done? What is it separates between man and God? Yes, sin unforgiven makes eternal barrier. What kind of God is God? A holy God cannot look on sin; therefore no sin can enter heaven (Rev. xxi. 27); man shuts himself out. What else does the rich man suffer? What agony of mind! Cannot forget. Where does he want Lazarus to be sent? Who are to be warned? But what warning have they already got? Do they hear them? If will not hear God's word will not hear God's messenger. (2) The beggar. In rest and happiness; earth's pains over, heaven's glory begun; trusted in God on earth, not disappointed now.

LESSON. Life the time to serve God.



" Out of a background sombre, framed with its golden glow, A mild sweet face for ever follows me as I go."

" THE PORTRAIT."-P. 413.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE S. OUTRAM, M.A.

UT of a background sombre,
Framed with its golden glow,
A mild sweet face for ever
Follows me as I go;
Whether I bow in worship,
Or show my bad self-will,
The haunting eyes up yonder
Are fixed upon me still.

Those eyes are full of meaning,
Those lips prepare to part,
So life-like is the picture,
So rare the painter's art;
Methinks I read it written
Upon that earnest face,
"Never the name dishonour
I lifted into grace!"

My meditative spirit
From that brave look distils
New strength for life's hard battle,
A cure for all its ills

It minds me how, with patience,
And well-directed strength,
A man may clear the thicket,
And reach his mark at length.

And, sometimes, on the features
An angel semblance lies,
And a soul, at rest for ever,
Looks from the loving eyes.
Then thoughts are wafted, dreamlike,
As from a far-off shore,
"The King is in His beauty,
Here good men weep no more!

"Endure His wise correction,
Of carth's vain shows beware,
Live, Son, for One so worthy,
A life of work and prayer;
So, gleaning faith and courage,
Thy final task await,
And I'll be there to greet thee
Beside the golden gate!"

AN IDEAL TREAT.

BY N. D'ANVERS.



HAVE been at a good many school treats, both winter and summer, but I have never seen such sights as it was my privilege to look upon on a certain Monday and Tuesday of January last in a Mission-room situated in a crowded part of London.

The first day, Monday, was devoted to the adults, i.e., to children of ages varying from seven upwards—300 in all; and when I arrived on the scene, these 300 were seated in rows facing a small raised platform, from which rose a stately and well-filled Christmas tree, surrounded on all sides by chairs filled with toys, books, and other goods such as delight human creatures between infancy and man and womanhood. As I entered the room with some friends, the 300 were

vigorously cheering and clapping their hands as one after another of the teachers appeared on the platform putting the finishing touches to the preparations for the evening's entertainment.

"You ought to have seen the tea," said first one and then another teacher, as our group was passed; "it was grand, and they did enjoy it." "Where in the world did they have it?" I asked. "There is certainly no room for tables here!" "We own no tables," was the laughing reply. "Come in time to-morrow, and you will see how we manage." But now the superintendent, standing on the platform, raised his arms and cried, "Silence, silence," and as the confusion of voices gradually ceased, he added, "and you shall have a song sung to you. What would you like?" A unanimous shout of "John Brown" was responded to at once by a clergyman, who, I was told, was the vicar of the parish, coming forward, and beginning that wonderfully popular picture of a contented man, the 300 shouting out "John Brown" at the end of each verse with an enthusiasm which would have made that worthy hero turn in his grave in the day when the departed were supposed to be affected by the verdict of posterity.

"John Brown" dismissed with cheers, and

many an "Encore," the vicar inquired what the audience would like next, and again the reply was unanimous, "Grandfather's Clock." this too, the audience took eager part, singing the chorus with such gusto that before the last touching verse, telling of the faithful clock's inaction after his master's death, the reverend leader of the three hundred had to beg that each one would only whisper the closing words. The result was a marvellously troubled ripple of sound sinking into silence here, and swelling into a hoarse roar there. The prize-giving then began, the vicar's wife presenting the books, the superintendent of the school calling out the names.

This occupied a long time, but the winners of the prizes and certificates were at last received back into the ranks of their comrades, and I was beginning to wonder how, in a crowd so dense, the toys could ever get to the right owners, when the superintendent came forward, took up the foremost chair, and held it forward, calling out the name of a teacher. For a moment I thought there would be a general scramble, so wild was the stamping, shouting, and clapping of hands at this signal of the near approach of the coveted treasures. But no, as the tumult rose, the superintendent lifted one hand again, and in ringing voice cried, "Silence," adding, when the noise grew less deafening, "If you are not quiet, these chairs—they all have legs -will walk out of the room, and no one will get

any toys at all." In the lull which followed, one teacher after another came forward and received a chair, which he or she carried to the right class. Then to every child was handed some really good and useful presents, such as I fancy will be treasured up in many a distant scene of service, in memory of the time made golden by the loving sympathy met with in the crowded little mission-room. I now turned my back on the platform to watch the gift dispensing, and I can only say that the scene was not only good fun, but most touching, the children pressing their treasures against their cheeks, and stretching out loving hands in the hope of just touching their teachers, to show their gratitude. It must have been quite an hour before it was possible to get anything like silence again, and it delighted me to see with what patience the weary-looking superintendent, who had organised the whole treat so efficiently, bore with the really almost deafening noise. At last, "God save the Queen" was sung standing by all present, and the proceedings closed.

Interesting as was this "grown-up treat," as the teachers called it, it was nothing to that of the succeeding afternoon. As suggested, I took care to be in time to see the tea, and when I arrived I found 176 little people, all under seven years old, seated at tables enjoying the plentiful buns and bread and butter provided. As I walked

with a friend down the long lines, speaking first to one and then to another tiny person, the whole collection of babies began to shout and bang upon the table, in a truly appalling manner, considering that the mugs, though empty, were still Meanwhile, the superintendent, with a stick which he placed across the table between every pair of children, was taking the numbers as calmly as if there were no noise at all, and it pleased me to see how thoroughly at home with him all these mites were, looking up into his face as he passed with eyes and mouth wide open.

When the numbers had been taken, the ubiquitous superintendent ordered silence, and a great stillness fell at once. "May I ask," he inquired, "what you have been making all that noise for?" "For fun," was the answer which ran up and down the lines, with surprising unanimity. "Well, it was fun," was the reply: "but now all stand up and put your hands together." This order was almost immediately obeyed, and grace was said. "Now sit down and keep still whilst the tables are taken away." Now for the solution of the table mystery, I thought, wondering how they could be removed whilst the children sat at them. The little folks were wiser than I, and, as the teachers approached to begin taking up the tables, they all leaned as far back as their little bodies would go. The tables, in fact, turned out to be only boards on trestles, so that no unnecessary space was taken up by them, and no legs were bruised or scraped.

The tables gone, the children were ordered "to get out of the way," which, considering the crowd, was not very easy, and the next quarter of an hour must have been an exhausting one for superintendent and teachers. Somehow or another, the chattering, stamping, restless mass of babies were seated in rows, and with a teacher dotted here and there, they gazed up at the platform on which the vicar now appeared to give away the prizes. I noticed that nothing had as yet been taken off the tree, and that chairs were again ranged round it, draped this time in cloaks, I suppose because the sight of the toys with which they were again covered might have provoked an onslaught. Some thirty tiny children received prizes, and it was very pretty and touching to see them come up one by one to stand literally at the feet of the vicar, their heads being as a rule only just on a level with the platform on which he stood.

The prize-giving over, the superintendent asked a gentleman standing by if the children would sing one or two hymns now, for he said, "I am sure they won't when they have got their presents. To this request I was indebted for my first acquaintance with that charming volume, "Narrative Hymns for Children," by Mrs. Alexander. The gentleman appealed to, who seemed to have something of the superintendent's own subtle

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power of ruling numbers, cried, "Stand," and then, as the babies all stood facing him, "Attention." It was at once paid, and in a ringing voice he repeated the words of the first verse of "In the rich man's garden ground," which was capitally sung without any accompaniment, every morsel of humanity present joining in.

When this charming little interlude was over, the cloaks were removed from the chairs, and the noise quickly grew too great for further parley. The scene baffles description: it was one sea of begin with, was an Herculean task. In vain the superintendent shouted "Silence" from the platform. He had no audience; the babies' ears were open only to the cries of their dolls, and the trumpets of their comrades. At last, with sublime patience, the leader got each little one to sit down and look at him, he standing the while on a chair in the centre. The eyes once fixed on the well-loved face, the rest was easy. "Stand," was the next cry, and the children stood. Then the vicar read out the first verse of



wild delight, and when all the presents were given, and trumpets were blowing, drums beating, whips cracking, and swords flashing on every side, it reminded me of an old account of the children's crusade. By this time the back part of the room was crowded with the mothers, elder sisters, and brothers, come to fetch the babies home. It was good to watch the careworn faces of the elders breaking into smiles at every fresh shout of joy from some loved little one; but of all the scenes I witnessed on these two happy evenings, the singing of "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow," and of the "National Anthem," when all the giving and receiving was over, was the one I shall never forget.

To make the children sit down and be quiet, to

"Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow," and nearly all the children sang it, though some could not even now take their trumpets from their mouths, and I expected a blast every moment from a rosy-cheeked boy behind me.

I came home when the retreat was at last completed, feeling that I had learnt more than one lesson on these two delightful evenings, the chief being, how well it would be if we all realised that if we want the poor to believe that none will be cast out who come to our Saviour, we should beware how we cast out any who come to us. I think some intruding boys who were kindly received will be none the worse for the welcome they got, and that their faces will be amongst those I shall recognise, if I have the privilege of being at the next "treat."

POEMS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.-VI.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."-(After George Herbert.)

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GOD, if Thou shouldst take account
Of all my debts to Thee,
Alas! I know not the amount
That they would be:

Ten thousand, yea, and more Against me they would score.

11.

But I have naught wherewith to pay,
So at Thy feet I fall.
"Have mercy, Lord,"—I cannot say
I'll pay Thee all.
On me compassion take,
For Thy great mercy's sake."

III.

In His compassion infinite,
Then God did say to me,
"I will forgive thee all that debt,
And set thee free;
Christ hath thy quittance made,
His death thy debt has paid."

IV.

Then unto Christ straightway I went, And cried, "O Master kind, Is there no bond or covenant My soul to bind? Priceless, of Thy free Grace, Didst Thou buy my release?"

V.

In solemn tender words replied My Saviour, "When to free Thee from thy debt of sin I died, I laid on thee That thou shouldst, too, forego What others to thee owe."

VI.

"Then to the Father shalt thou pray,
'My debts forgive, O Lord,
As I forgiveness do this day
Freely accord
To all who wrong have wrought
To me in deed or thought.'

VII.

"If such thy prayer shall not be, It will be all in vain; A cold, dead thing 't will fall on thee Unheard again.
To heaven 't will not ascend
God's justice to offend."

VIII.

"O Saviour dear," dismayed I cried,
"It is no easy task
From stubborn hearts of wrath and pride,
That Thou dost ask.
Say, shall not he who wrought me ill
Crave pardon of me, if I will?"

IX

"If it be hard, and thou be weak, Sufficient yet shall be My strength for thee; if thou but seek To learn of Me, The meek and lowly, thou shalt find Rest to thy heart, and soul, and mind.

X.

"Remember, when in agony,
With thirst and torture wrung,
Bruised, bleeding, wounded, all for thee,
Dying, I hung.
'Father, forgive them,' did I cry,
'They know not Whom they crucify.'

XI.

"If I could thus forgive my foes, And ask of God in heaven To pardon them—so must be these By thee forgiven, That have offended against thee, If thou wouldst My Disciple be."

XII.

Back to the Father then I hied,
My burden to relieve,
And in Christ's holy name I cried,
"Father, forgive,
As from my heart unfeignedly
I do forgive all sins to me."

XIII.

Here at Thine Altar, Lord, I lay
My gifts of praise and prayer;
Increase my faith, that still I may
Learn daily there,
Pardoned by Thee, each day I live,
Feel how 't is Christ-like to forgive.
J. F. WALLER.

DOUBLY BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," ETC.

CHAPTER I .- PHILIP EVELYN'S PET THEORY.



HERE'S no hope for ye then, sir? It seems unfeeling to say the words; but if I'd no feeling I shouldn't ask." And Mrs. Price, a kind comely-looking woman, sorrowfully wiped her eyes with the corner of her large white kitchen-apron.

"No," answered the Rev. Philip Evelyn, as he

stood in the doorway, or rather leaned upon his crutches, just ready to depart, and to leave busy London for his quiet, and somewhat dull, seaside vicarage again. "No," and his voice was searcely less cheerful than usual: he had had a hard fight with himself, but it was over now. "The Lord's ways are not our ways. He knows best. And I daresay there is plenty of brightness left, even for me, if only I am wise enough not to shut my eyes to it."

He paused for a moment, gazing thoughtfully the while down the busy sunshiny street. Then, fixing his keen but kindly blue eyes once more upon his landlady, he added—

"You must not think that I feel as I did about it all, my friend. I am beginning to see already, thank God, that instead of being laid aside from my work, I may, by this very lameness, be only made more ready and able to do it. There will be less to hinder me now from throwing my whole heart into it." And if he gave an inner sigh at this, Mrs. Price did not know it.

"I'm sure, sir, as far as I've known ye, you've always done that."

"In a sense, perhaps," he answered, a little vaguely. "But there's no saying how long it might have lasted. . . . Well, good-bye, Mrs. Price. I may see you again some day. But, if not in this world, we shall, as I trust and believe, meet in a better one."

He held out his hand with a kindly smile, and shook hers warmly; and the next moment he was swinging himself down the street, on his way to the nearest railway station, as quickly and easily as though he had been used to crutches all his life.

"Poor dear!" said the landlady to herself, wiping her eyes again as she looked after him. "How well he takes it! And he's been up here, off and on, for more than two months! And now it's all so much time and money wasted, as one may say. But, of course, as he always said, the Lord Almighty knows best; and it's all got a wonderful heavenly meaning, that's not for such as us to find fault with."

And then the door was shut, and Mrs. Price had to give up her regrets, and to go on working for her daily bread as hard and as industriously as usual.

And Philip Evelyn had to give up his regrets also; and he had done so, and was doing so, bravely.

He was a young man—tall, fair, but not goodlooking, with light straight hair, square pale face, a rather wide mouth, and thin lips. In character he was cheerful and energetic, and a sincere Christian.

Some four or five months before, on returning, late one wild stormy night, from a visit to a sick parishioner, he had stumbled over a tree that had fallen during the gale, and lay unsuspected across his path. And this accident, which had seemed by no means serious at the time, had resulted in a lameness which the doctors had now told him would last him his life.

The living of Wyntoun-by-Sea had only been presented to him very lately, by an aged uncle. And, cager and elated—for the presentation had been entirely unexpected—Philip had been full of plans, and overflowing with work. But now the hopes of his young manhood seemed suddenly all at an end.

It was afternoon, bright, hot, and dusty, and he was on his way from the railway-station of Old Wyntoun, which lay about half a mile back from the sea; there was at this time no station at Wyntoun-by-Sea. He had nearly arrived at his journey's end now, and soon he would once more reach his gloomy vicarage, half hidden by dark stiff yews and sighing poplars.

But, gloomy or not, he would be glad to reach it, for he was beginning to feel tired; and, whatever else it might be, it was at least his resting-place—his home, for he had no other. He had been an only child, and had early lost both his parents.

He was quite close to his own parish by this time, swinging himself slowly along by the grass-bordered cliff, on which Wyntoun-by-Sea was situated—and gazing thoughtfully at two young women, who were seated by the dusty roadside, perhaps a hundred yards in advance.

They were not strangers to him. One was Phoebe Bassett, a poor travelling girl, with her huge basket of tinware beside her. The other was Helen Martin, the schoolmistress.

The latter was talking so earnestly that she did not see the vicar approaching. The former was looking down, with a sort of pensive hopelessness in her grey-blue eyes, at the sparkling water that rippled and danced below the cliff,

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Phæbe Bassett was quite young; but with her weary sunburned face, travel-worn dress, and faded shapeless bonnet, she appeared at the first glance to to be older than Helen, who was in reality five or six years her senior.

And Helen Martin was not particularly young-looking. She was tall, dark, and slender; dressed a little primly. She had good features and beautiful dark eyes, full of a certain gentle humble patience and sorrowfulness mingled, though nobody could have told of any special sorrow that she had had to bear. But the heart knoweth its own bitterness; and Helen Martin knew hers, even though she could not speak of it—had never spoken of it to any human being.

As Philip watched her, and noted the kind earnestness of her young face, he smiled to himself approvingly. He could guess all that she was saying.
She had mentioned Phœbe Bassett to him more than
once when he had been visiting at the school,
and in her own way had said how she longed to
talk to the poor girl of all that would make even
her lonely toiling life a beauty and a blessing.
And now-this was Helen's Wednesday half-holiday, and the opportunity she had wished for had
come to her, and she was using it.

Philip was thinking, too, of a certain theory of his own, which, in fact, concerned education—his pet theory, his friend Hugh Smith called it. His hobby Philip in his own heart knew it to be, though he did not ride it on any and every occasion.

"Education," as he had said to the young schoolmistress again and again, and she had not been slow to imbibe his idea, "as supposed to be given in the schools of the day, is simply a huge mistake; and altogether a crude, one-sided, and only half-considered thing. Each child, as every one knows, requires a separate, that is, an especial education, suited to its own particular inward needs and aspirations, as combined with its outward circumstances. And it should be the educator's part-instead of cramming young and tender minds indiscriminately with the same mass of distasteful, because undigested, and often entirely useless knowledge-to draw out, carefully and wisely, for the glory of the God Who created it, for its own advantage, and the fullest and best expression of its individual life, and for the advantage of all concerned, the wonderful hidden being of each heart."

And that every Christian is bound to become such an educator, according to his ability, training his disciples also, whether old or young, to become such educators in their turn, was Philip Evelyn's theory.

But why should he not put it more decidedly into practice than he had done as yet? he asked himself, as he advanced towards the two young women.

And he resolved that he would do so. It had surely been simmering in his mind as "theory" long enough. He would experiment with it now—and upon Phœbe Bassett. And Helen Martin should help him.

And, educated according to his ideas, Phœbe would

not be ashamed of her calling, though she might, and very probably would, actually rise above it. Moreover, the education that he would do his best to give her, would make her a happy girl, as he believed, and a hopeful one also; and from a single glance at her face, it was very evident that she was neither the one nor the other at present.

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But now Helen saw him, and rose, colouring vividly, at which he rather wondered for an instant, for she was generally so self-possessed, in her quiet

At this moment he heard voices behind him,

" Philip! What, back again, old fellow!"

He turned quickly, and there was his friend, Hugh Smith, and with him Miss Dunsmore, the daughter of the late vicar, who lived with her aunt in a pretty cottage just outside the village.

This explained Helen's blushing, then. She had seen them all, and had been thinking that she would have to meet three persons instead of one; and though she might appear to be very self-possessed, she was really very shy and retiring.

Phoebe Bassett sat still, unconcernedly enough, upon the bank. She had passed through the village quite often enough to know who these people were; but it was not likely that they would speak a word to her, or, indeed, even see her. And, entirely at her ease, apparently, and yet at the same time more sad and lonely-looking than ever, she studied the faces, figures, and characters of the persons before her, after her own fashion, that is, and quite unconsciously.

She gazed at Philip's pale yet animated face, and then at his crutches. She speculated as to what Helen's expression of quiet patient endurance might signify; and also as to whether the young school mistress would talk to her again when the grander folk had departed. Then she ran her eye over Hugh Smith's tall, thin, stooping figure, and sallow, melancholy face, with dark eyes full of discontent and restlessness. Yet he was the richest man in the parish! And poor simple Phabe looked at him—as she had done before to-day—with unmixed wonder.

"If I had a quarter of his money I should be happy," she thought, "for what could there be to make me miserable then?"

And, lastly, she gazed earnestly at Miss Dunsmore—a fair, stately, lovely young girl, but with blue bright wilful eyes and imperious manners, often touched with an utter coldness, that augured ill for poor Hugh Smith, for that he almost idolised her it was easy to discover.

They had paused but a few moments; and now, seeing that Philip wished to speak to the school-mistress, they were moving on; Miss Dunsmore giving Helen a pleasant bow and smile, but Hugh Smith not appearing even to see her, though he had taken a class in her school, and talked to her both before and after, many and many a time. But Helen would not have thought of showing herself offended, for, as every one knew, poor Hugh was short-sighted, and also, as a rule, extremely absent-minded.

"Why, Hugh!" said Miss Dunsmore—she and he had known each other from childhood, and were, in fact, very distantly related—"you have not so much as looked at poor Miss Martin! What has she done?"

Hugh, who was one of the last persons to be willingly guilty of a discourtesy, and who had no more pride of position than Phœbe Bassett herself, turned with a vexed air to Helen.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Martin; I am altogether ashamed of myself. But you know how blind I am—you will excuse me?"

And he lifted his hat with as much careful politeness as he would have done to the most important lady of his acquaintance, and shook Helen's hand warmly.

They passed on, and, five minutes later, Helen also, the latter, as she did so, giving a quick unseen glance of womanly pitifulness and sympathy at her vicar, as she left him talking with Phœbe Bassett.

"He doesn't walk any better," said Helen to herself, "and I do not believe that he ever will. It is very hard for him; and there are a good many hard things in this world for all of us to bear."

She sighed, a little sharply, and then, a deep colour, as of mingled anger and shame, flushed into her face. But she had arrived at the school-house now—a rather bare-looking place; and the small garden that surrounded it, though beautifully neat, was bare also. But no one could expect much growth, or fresh greenness or luxuriance, on this windy piece of cliff.

She slowly closed the small iron gate after her, walked as slowly up the narrow brick path, with eyes absently fixed upon the pink double daisies that bordered it; then, lifting the latch of the house-door, she entered the living room.

Part kitchen, part parlour, it was; with a few pictures and ornaments, matted floor, spotless deal table, red-brick hearth, and brightly burnished fire-place, in which blazed and crackled a fire of sticks, over which a little iron kettle was singing merrily.

In one corner of this apartment—the corner between the fire-place and the one great square window—was a shabby ink-bespattered desk, with shelves on either hand, filled with books as shabby, and reaching from floor to ceiling.

At the desk sat Helen's father; her mother had died twenty years ago.

John Martin was an old man now, long past seventy; but he never liked to remember his age. He was dressed in a loose worn suit of blue serge, and, covering his bald crown, was a small black silk cap, from beneath which fell a few straggling white locks.

"I have not brought you the book, father. Mr. Bright's man forgot to call. But I want to go to Hamley myself this evening, and then I will get it for you, if I can."

Mr. Bright was the village grocer. Hamley was the nearest town.

Helen, with quiet tired face, was now moving

about the room, and getting tea. She would not go up-stairs to take off her things just directly; her father might have something to say to her. He often had when she came in.

"Ah, well!" he returned, "never mind, though I thought I wanted it; but never mind." And then he flung down his inky quill—wheeled round on his high stool (his favourite seat)—and looked up at Helen. "I am getting tired of this place, my girl," he went on. "And lately I've been thinking of leaving it. People get rusty, and afraid to move, if they stay in one place too long; and we've been here going on for three years. What would you say to giving up school-keeping, and going to the other side of the world, if that's all! and beginning quite a new way of life?"

He was not observing Helen now; his eyes had wandered to his carefully-tended scarlet geraniums, that dotted the long window-sill, and made pleasant spots of colour in the little plain room.

His was not a common countenance, neither was it a happy one. And often and often—and this was not altogether unknown to Helen—her father felt that he had somehow made a great mistake in life—that 'this present existence, as he had known it, had proved itself wholly unsatisfying and incomplete—a mass of mere beginnings, and of hopes withered in the bud—a labyrinth—a puzzle'; and that he had as yet found no clue to guide him through the weary maze to a definite and welcome goal, a desired haven and resting-place.

At his words, Helen's heart had seemed to stop its beating; and, with a little panting sigh, she said—

"Oh, father! where should we go?"

Her father did not remark her emotion; his eyes were still fastened, meditatively, upon his plants—upon their glowing petals and healthy green leaves.

"I haven't quite decided yet," answered he. "All places are alike to you, I suppose?"

But then, as if struck by some sudden thought, he turned, and gave Helen a long, keen, searching look.

"I love Wyntoun-by-Sea," she replied in low, almost trembling tones; fearing, perhaps, to speak out, lest her words might end in a burst of tears—tears which had been gathering, and gathering—who could say for how long?

"Yes," said her father, vaguely.

And the next moment he had wheeled round upon his stool once more—picked up his pen, and resumed his writing.

"Yes. Well. We shall see."

And Helen, having finished getting the tea, went up-stairs, and sat down by the side of her bed, and wept as though her heart would break.

CHAPTER II.—THE "SUN SET:" THE GLAMOUR DE-PARTED,

PHŒBE BASSETT, with her heavy basket on her arm, and her glittering wares rattling at every step, entered the village shop.

Mr. Bright stood at his counter, stamping a letter for a customer who had just departed; for he (Mr. Bright) was village-postmaster, as well as grocer.

He was a pleasant-mannered and sensible young

The young grocer read it; then glanced at the girl's basket.

"Let me look at your things," he said.

And while Phœbe was taking them out, he stepped



"They were not strangers, -p. 417.

man, with a good-looking face, and dark and kind but rather sad eyes. A widowed sister kept his house, and her two little ones helped to make it cheerful.

Phæbe Bassett advanced to the counter, and held out a note.

"The clergyman told me to give it to you, sir," she said.

back into a pretty little parlour that opened out of the shop, and spoke in a low tone to some one there.

Only a short year before, Edward Bright had prepared that parlour for a young bride. But when their appointed wedding-day had arrived, she had bidden farewell to the joys and sorrows of earth for ever. And he had been left alone. He stepped forward to his counter again, examined Phæbe's wares, and once more looked at the note.

"Mr. Evelyn wishes me to buy some things of you," he said. "I think I can take all you have—if you like."

Phobe's tired face flushed with surprise and pleasure

"Thank you, sir," she said. "I am sure I shall be glad enough."

Mr. Bright stowed away the tin dishes, saucepans, etc., one by one, and then counted out the money for them.

"And now will you sit down?" he said to Phœbe, "And my sister will bring you a cup of tea."

Phebe began almost to think that she must be dreaming; she had not been told the contents of the hastily-pencilled note. And she resolved that she would be grateful to the kind lame clergyman as long as she lived.

She tried also to recollect something of what he had said to her. He had talked of a Friend—a heavenly Friend, she knew he meant; but she could think only of himself. She had, indeed, needed a friend, and he had shown himself one, for that day, at any rate. And Phebe was not in the habit of looking much beyond the day. Life, she might have considered, could not have a bright future in store for her. It was surely better, then, not to look forward.

While she was still wondering at what had happened, a nice-looking woman, in a black dress, with wavy dark hair, and lace collar and cuffs, brought a tray, on which was a large cup of tea, and a goodly pile of slices of fresh bread and yellow home-made butter. She set the tray down by Phœbe, glanced at her half-curiously, half-carclessly, and disappeared again.

The shop was very quiet. This was not the time of day for a run of customers. Phobe enjoyed her tea, and Mr. Bright was busy with his account books; and there was no one else to be seen either in the shop or in the hot glaring dusty road outside.

"How surprised father will be!" Phoebe was thinking now; "he will have to work hard to get ready things enough for me to take out to-morrow, but he will not mind that."

A little pause, and then she thought again-

"I would go to church on Sunday—I should like to go, if I had anything fit to wear."

And as she was looking down at her poor worn dress and old boots white with dust, she heard footsteps approaching the shop, and, glancing up quickly, she saw that Mr. Hugh Smith and Miss Dunsmore were about to enter—the former with a parcel for the post, and some letters in his hand.

Hugh had accompanied Carina Dunsmore to her home; and when the letters had been disposed of he intended to give himself the pleasure of accompanying her a second time. And later, she had promised, he knew, to attend a concert at Hamley with her aunt Miss Mowbray and the Rev. Godwin Brand, curate of the parish since the vicar's acci-

dent; and thither Hugh proposed to himself still to accompany her, if he could contrive it, leaving Godwin Brand to take care of Miss Mowbray.

Hugh's own home was farther on—in the same direction as Carina's—half-way between Wyntounby-Sea and Hamley. He spent comparatively little time there. He and his mother (the widow of an honourable and industrious tradesman, who had made a considerable fortune which he had not lived to enjoy) did not get on quite well together, it was said, and consequently, Hugh, as a rule, preferred the homes of his friends to his own.

Phoebe glanced for an instant at Carina's pretty white walking dress, trimmed with delicate embroidery and bows of blue ribbon. Its snowy purity quite dazzled her eyes, as the young lady stood full in the light of the afternoon sunshine that streamed in at the open shop-door. She gave just one look also at the coquettish little hat, that was wreathed with forget-me-nots. Then she rose.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," she said, clearly and simply, to Mr. Bright.

But then she hesitated, in doubt as to whether she would be hurting Philip Evelyn's—or any one else's—feelings, if she offered to pay for her tea.

Mr. Bright saw what was on her mind.

"The tea must be reckoned with the money for the things," he said, pleasantly. "It's all right, Good afternoon."

And Phoebe took up her empty basket, and was soon making her way along the road towards Hamley with a light heart.

"Poor girl!" said Hugh Smith, reflectively, as he looked after her in his absent way. "What should we do, I wonder, if we had no more to make us happy than she has?"

Carina only shrugged her shoulders, but Mr. Bright, as he took the parcel and the letters from Hugh,

"Mr. Evelyn sent her here, sir. She is poor, but very well behaved and respectable. I have bought little things from her on my own account once or twice; and to-day Mr. Evelyn wished me to make some purchases, and to give her a cup of tea. He is a very kind-hearted gentleman, is Mr. Evelyn."

"Yes. He seems to have won everybody's good opinion already." But here Hugh gave a great sigh, and presently he added, "Well, when it comes to the last, he won't have to mourn over a wasted life!"

Carina gave another little shrug.

"Just like Hugh's melancholy way of putting things!" thought she. "I never knew such a melancholy fellow."

He said no more, however. The letters were disposed of, Carina bought a stick of chocolate, and they left the shop.

There was Phœbe Bassett, a good way down the road by this time. Hugh eyed her receding figure more that half gloomily. Presently he said—his voice as he went on, taking a caressing tone that angered Carina greatly—

"I wish you would be a little kinder to me, Carina. If my mind was at rest about you, I could do much more to help Philip in all his good work than I do. Such friends as we have been—ever since our school-days—and I am delighted that he has come here! and yet I do little or nothing for him! Little or nothing for anybody. It is you who make me idle, Carrie," with a sigh.

They had passed through the village, and were walking by a dusty hedgerow now. On the opposite side of the road was the cliff-bank, dotted with daisies; and below that the blue cool sparkling water.

Carina held her white sunshade a little lower, so that Hugh might not see her face, and replied pet-

tishly :-

"Don't call me 'Carrie!" I might as well be Caroline at once; and you know I do not like the name. And what do you mean by my being unkind to you? I should be a good deal kinder—and like you a good deal better, if you would only not be so teasing and tiresome—if you really cared for me, as you say you do—you would not be so unkind to me."

He unkind to her! Hugh sighed again-more

heavily this time.

"I shall never call you kind to me, till you promise to become my wife, Carina," he returned, after a momentary pause, answering his own thoughts rather than her words.

"And that I never shall promise," rejoined she, coldly and clearly. "I have told you so before, Hugh. And you know that I do not easily change my mind."

Hugh's sallow face flushed darkly. She had made him angry, at last.

However, here was her home. He opened the gate without a word, and she entered. But he stood still—looking meditatively towards the prettily-built cottage, with its shading green-painted verandah—while he reflected that it could do no possible good to get angry with Carina.

"Is there any one else, Carina?" he asked, at

length, quietly enough.

"You have no right to ask," she returned, shortly.

"And I think I have a right," said he, but quite humbly. "And, of course, if there is any one in the way"—with a touch of bitterness—"I hope, after all, that I've got enough real love for you, whatever you may think, to leave off troubling you with my attentions!"

Carina was silent,

"Who is it?" he asked, still gently.

"I did not say that there was any one; and I am not going to talk about it!" And she turned towards the house.

But, who was that slim and gentlemanly, though not otherwise remarkable figure, standing in the doorway, beneath the green-painted verandah?

"Look, Hugh!" she exclaimed, in quite another voice, and with a little start, which he did not see; "here is Mr. Brand—just coming away! What a pity!"

She spoke with affected carelessness; but, as Hugh watched her, he saw a faint flush creep up—up—up to her very brow.

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"So, that is it!" he thought, savagely. Then, aloud, and very unceremoniously, "Well, I'm off, Carina! You can do without me now!"

Carina was, possibly, all the better pleased.

"Very well, Hugh "-with all her usual composure-" but don't forget the concert this evening."

"Concert!" he muttered, angrily, as he turned away, and stalked over to the other side of the road, where, walking by the cliff-bank, he began switching the heads of the poor daisies off with his stick. "What do I care for concerts! I suppose she wants me just to make a fourth, and to take care of her aunt, so that she may have him "—and he stamped his foot, and made the dust fly up in a little cloud—"all to herself!"

On he went, taking long angry strides, and stooping more than ever. Presently he continued—

"However, I'll go! And see the thing played out! And then I'll give up! And go and marry some other girl, and perhaps be happy after all! Who knows?"

Yet, for the present, he felt strangely desolate, His hope—his one cherished hope! had dwelt in his heart so long; and now, all in a moment, its throne was empty. And he could dream of it—and idealise it—and stand enraptured before its magnified rich promise, and wondrous imaginary loveliness—no more. And he told himself that "the sun of his life was set, and its glamour departed."

Never until now had he had the slightest suspicion that Carina thought any more of Godwin Brand than of many another young clergyman whom she knew.

"But she is cold," said Hugh to himself, more quietly now. "No wonder I did not see. She always told me that she was cold."

He slackened his pace—heaved another long sigh—and switched off the heads of a few more daisies.

"Life is a puzzle," he went on then. "And love is a puzzle. And it's all a puzzle together. Why was I so perverse as to fall in love with Carina, I should like to know? when something told me from the first that she did not care—would never care for me!"

He waited a moment, and then answered his own question.

"I suppose the explanation lies in the combined pride and folly of poor misguided human nature, that seems invariably to find a miserable aching pleasure in longing for and reaching out after something that it cannot have, instead of taking up greater and better blessings that very probably are not only close at hand, but actually waiting to be taken up!"

He was passing the schoolhouse now. It stood a little back from the road, but it had no screening hedge or high wall before it—only a low wooden fence. And Hugh, short-sighted though he was, could see the double-daisies, and the window gay with scarlet geraniums, and also the young school-

mistress standing in the narrow brick-paved path, with a few flowers in her hand, talking to a little girl, who held a basket on her arm, and appeared about to depart on some errand.

The schoolmistress seemed to be giving instructions, and, as she talked, Hugh saw her bend forward, and lay her handful of flowers in the little girl's basket; and then the child and she looked at each other with a smile. Neither of them had observed him.

"Now, why couldn't I care for her?" Hugh thought, as he walked on. "She wouldn't say 'No' to me, I daresay. And she is a good girl; a great deal too good for me. And I have no doubt that she does more good, with the few pence she has to spare, than I ever do with twice as many pounds, perhaps!"

He frowned; but the next instant a slow almost grim smile indeed—yet thoughtful still—crept over his face.

"I should like to do something with my life," he continued, "and she would be the very person to help me. And then, possibly, I might contrive to get out of this Slough of Despond in which I have been floundering—longer than I care to remember . . . But if I dared to talk seriously of taking such a step!"—and the grim smile deepened—then suddenly vanished, and another frown took its place.—"But I am not talking seriously! Orly like the poor miserable melancholy dog I always have been—and I suppose shall be to the end of the

And here he broke off abruptly, strode doggedly on his way, and forgot to switch off the heads of any more daisies.

CHAPTER III.—HELEN MARTIN'S EVENING.

THE Dutch clock was ticking drowsily. Two or three crickets were hopping about, quite at their case apparently, upon the hearth, and giving occasional chirps. And Helen Martin sat by the deal table, with a pile of school exercise-books before her, which she was correcting in readiness for to-morrow.

Her face was grave and serious still, though her father had been quite easy and cheerful at tea-time, and had said not another word about leaving Wyntoun-by-Sea.

He was seated at his desk, writing now. Scratch, scratch, scratch, went the noisy quill. John Martin spent more than half his time at that desk. But what he wrote even his daughter could scarcely have told. Once he had thought much of publishing. But he had had many failures and disappointments; and in these days he wrote chiefly for his own amusement.

"I can write," he would say, "and give my views upon different subjects. Why not? But I have outlived the wish for anything further. Perhaps when I am dead and gone, people may think it worth while to read what I have written. And if not, it

will not signify. It is of the smallest consequence, either way."

But, Helen—with all her thoughts of what the highest, holiest, happiest life might be, both here and hereafter—thought that it did signify, and that it was of all possible consequence. And she could have wept at seeing her father, whom she tenderly loved, arrived at old age, with no happier conceptions, no deeper joys, no all-absorbing and beautiful work and love, in one, in short, for his Lord and Saviour, such as he might have had. A work that would have made even death and the grave of small consequence when compared with it; and that, taking root down here among the shadows of time, would soar ever upward—spreading its branches, and ripening its glorious fruit, throughout a boundless eternity.

And what was this great work in Helen's view? How would she have defined it?—simply as serving the Lord Jesus for love, daily and hourly, and winning others to serve Him also for His glory and their own sweetest happiness.

But though she thought all this, she did not know how to say it to her father. He looked upon her as a child, and her knowledge upon any subject as a mere nothing; and whenever she spoke of religion in his presence he invariably manifested impatience.

Her life alone, then, might speak; and, ah! how she prayed and strove that it might—saying all that her lips could not.

Her father had been a schoolmaster, and a good and conscientious one, so far as worldly knowledge alone was concerned. He had taught her (Helen) all she knew. How, then, could she dare to take upon herself now to attempt to teach him?

She could not do so. She would only pray that his Maker might teach him; that the Lord alone might lead him, and guide him at length into all truth.

A quiet half hour passed. And then the little maid came in with her shopping basket.

The crickets hopped away in a great hurry, and Helen proceeded to dispose of her groceries, etc. And when this had been done, she and the child went up-stairs together, for a reading lesson.

For this was before the days of School Boards, and Helen's little maid had her work set out for her at home, and seldom got any instruction beyond that which Helen contrived to give her in the evening, when she came to run on errands for her.

They sat down by the open window that overlooked the neat back garden.

"Here is your lesson for this evening, Fanny," said Helen, with a smile, as she put a pretty reward-card into the little girl's hand.

Fanny looked at the bordering of gay flowers, then spelt out the text, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord."

And next she turned it, and first Helen read, slowly and distinctly, the three verses which were on the other side, the comfort of them stealing little by little into her own heart as she did so.

And then Fanny read-

"Away with needless sorrow, Though trouble may befall; A brighter day to-morrow

May shine upon us all.
"We cannot tell the reason

For all the clouds we see; Yet every time and season

Must wisely ordered be.

"Let us but do our duty.

In sunshine and in rain, And Heaven, all bright with beauty, Will bring us joy again."

"So you see, Fanny," said Helen, presently, "that we must not think too much of either joy or sorrow, but just set up the Lord Jesus in our hearts as King, and go on doing all our work as the would like us to do it—trying not to mind anything else—and then our sorrows will all fade, but our joys will brighten."

"And the Lord does not think anybody's work too trifling for Him to notice?" said Fanny.

"No. Other people may think it trifling—not worth the doing even—and it may seem so even to ourselves sometimes, but never to our dear Lord! for He is wiser than we are; and He Himself takes care, besides, that we never have, in all our lives, even five minutes' work that is really trifling, or not worth doing."

"That is wonderful," remarked Fanny. "But if we read the Bible we shall come to understand it all in time, shan't we, ma'am?"

"Yes; and that is why I wish you to learn to read well, you know, Fanny, that you may be able to study the Bible for yourself, and see and know for yourself how you ought to live, and what great and glorious blessings are yours, if you are the Lord's—one who loves Him, and one whom He loves."

The lesson over, and the little maid departed, Helen finished fitting some school work, which she had taken up while giving the reading lesson. And then she went down-stairs, for there were a few more "exercises" waiting to be corrected yet. Some household duties also must be attended to; cooking, amongst other things, in readiness for next day's dinner, as, of course, she would be in school all the morning.

And next she had a little needlework of her own to do, and a pair of socks to mend for her father.

John Martin was seated at his desk still—reading

John Martin was seated at his desk still—reading now.

And Helen, as she stitched away busily and industriously, was thinking of Pheebe Bassett, and how glad she was that Mr. Evelyn had seemed so interested in her. She thought of Sunday, also, and of Pheebe's dress; and then as to whether she herself had anything in the way of dress that she could spare.

And she determined, moreover, that she would go to Miss Dunsmore the very next day, and ask her advice and assistance in the matter.

"Are you going to Hamley this evening, Helen?" inquired her father, presently.

"Yes, father; and I will not forget your book. And will you be able to come and meet me? I may be rather late."

Her father readily agreed to meet her: he liked an evening walk; but when he found that she was going to see Phœbe Bassett, and to take her "a few little things," his cheerful pleasant look clouded over, and he turned to his book again.

"What good will you get by it?" asked he, in a disapproving tone. "What good do you ever get by it? You are always putting yourself out of the way for such people, and what gratitude do they show you? They take what you give them, and think, no doubt, that you must have some very good reason of your own for helping them, quite apart from their good."

"And in a sense," rejoined Helen, with quiet gravity—yet it was a gravity touched with brightness—"they are quite right. I love to help them, because I love to please the Lord; but also because His love for me makes me feel so happy and so safe, that I long for all to enjoy the same happiness. I must not "—and her voice became a little trenulous—"keep all my best things to myself."

Her father answered not a word, but sat quite still, with his head bent over his book.

A little later she was on her way towards Hamley, carrying a parcel for Phœbe.

It was a calm lovely evening. The sun was throwing long red gold beams aslant over the rippling water, white roads, and dust-powdered hedges, and hastening to its setting behind the hilly horizon.

The road wound away from the sea; Helen pursued it very leisurely, passing presently Hugh Snith's home. A large and handsomely built house it was, sheltered, but not hidden, by some majestic old clms, while its grey stone front was draped with creepers that later would present picturesque wreaths and patches of richest crimson.

Helen reached Hamley, got the book for her father, and then wound in and out among the old-fashioned streets, arriving presently at Phobe Bassett's home.

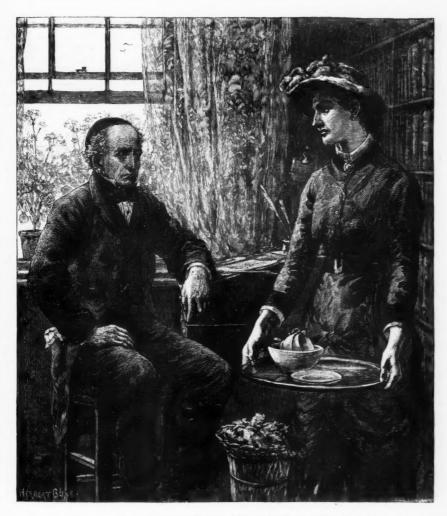
It was a small dismal-looking place. Close to the door was a narrow window, in which stood an oil lamp, feebly lighting up the gathering dusk, and showing a scattering of such wares as Phœbe carried, and also some bundles of wood, and a few red herrings.

Helen entered, and knocked on the old counter, and the next moment Phebe had appeared—with rough hair, forlorn-looking dress, and a face that expressed its usual dull weariness, but that brightened the instant the grey-blue eyes had recognised Helen, who was at once invited into the room behind the shop, where sat Phebe's father at his work.

He was an old man, with pale quiet countenance, and bushy white hair. He looked up, as Helen entered, and Phœbe explained who she was, but he did not rise. "How d'ye do, ma'am? You were very kind to talk to my girl as you did this afternoon; she's been telling me. Thank ye kindly, ma'am—and the parson, too."

"Father and I were just having our supper," said Phœbe, quite unconcernedly.

When the parcel which Helen had brought had been opened, and its contents examined, and re-



"He . . . wheeled round on his high stool and looked up at Helen."- p. 419.

The room was a miserable place, with no sign of neatness, or prettiness, or comfort about it. There was a black fireless hearth—an unswept floor—and a three-legged table, thickly spread with litter of all sorts, in the midst of which stood another oil-lamp. On an old wooden chair, beside the table, was a plate, containing half a loaf of bread, and a fragment of cheese on a piece of newspaper.

joiced over, Mr. Bassett reiterated his thanks—Phœbe also.

"You are most welcome," returned Helen, deprecatingly. "It is very little that I can do. We all belong to God's great family; we ought to help each other."

"Ah!" said the old man, with half a sigh, and shaking his white head as he bent it over his tin-

work again, "all do not think like that—I wish they did."

Helen stayed some little time; and if Philip Evelyn could have watched and listened unseen, he would have known—though very possibly he knew it already—that he had at least one helper after his own heart.

It was getting quite late when at last Helen found herself on her way home again.

She was in the better part of Hamley now, passing a brilliantly-lighted public room.

People were coming down the steps—carriages were driving away—and Helen paused for an instant near a group of lookers-on.

But who were those four persons now making their way down the broad stone steps? Helen started visibly, and drew back a little in the shadow of a wall.

There was Hugh Smith first, irreproachable as to

dress, which was not always the case, but looking gloomier, sallower, and more melancholy than ever. Yet he was taking the kindest care—he was always kind, Helen thought—of Miss Mowbray, Carina's aunt, a little neat old lady, in a grey silk gown, with timid face, and gentle brown eyes.

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Godwin Brand followed, escorting Carina, who wore graceful flowing robes of shimmering white, a soft white furred cloak round her shoulders, and white roses in her hair; but the whiteness was well relieved by the beautiful bloom of her cheeks and the happy brightness that shone in her blue eyes.

And young Godwin Brand looked to the full as happy; and at that moment a revelation broke upon Helen, over which, however, she had not time to wonder, for, even as it came to her, she caught Hugh Smith's eye fixed in rather surprised recognition upon her, and she felt the colour mount to her very brow.

(To be continued.)

THE INFLUENCE AND POWER OF PRAISE.

IN TWO PAPERS-FIRST PAPER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK TRESTRAIL, D.D.

"Whose offereth praise, glorifieth Me."-Ps. 1. 23.

MONG the various duties which created beings owe to their Creator, praise stands foremost. It is the act of glorifying Him with the heart and voice. And God is the proper object of praise, both on account of His adorable perfections, and their glorious manifestations in creation, providence, and redemption. Prayer has

on a persuasion of His ablisty to supply all our wants. Repentance regards His mercy, as ready to pardon. Faith turns upon His truth and power, as able and willing to save from sin and its penalty. But praise regards God as He is in Himself, in His highest glory, worthy of the most profound veneration, and is the proper tribute due from all intelligent creatures to the Eternal King.

The man who can contemplate the noble architecture of the universe—its beautiful order—the exact periods of the motions of sun, moon, and stars, their brightness and influence, and refuse to give to God "the glory due unto His Name," frustrates the design of creation, for "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handy work." Of this vast temple, man was made to be the priest, whose tongue should articulate what the rest of creation silently offers. It is his privilege to collect the incense which every material thing supplies; and to lay it as a sacrifice upon the altar; for sacrifice

is the idea underlying the words "offering praise." What force and sublimity does the prophet throw into his summons to the servants of God to contemplate His works, that they may be inspired by the spirit of praise!-" Lift up your eyes on high, and behold Who hath created these things, that bringeth out their hosts by number; He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power, not one faileth." (Isaiah xl. 26.) And the devout Psalmist, to whose mind creation was an object of irresistible attraction, takes up a similar strain :- "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. In wisdom hast Thou made them all." Animated by the sublime spectacle, he exclaims, in a burst of adoration and thankfulness, "Bless the Lord in all places of His dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul." (Psalm ciii. 22.)

No duty has in it more of the nature of privilege than that of thanksgiving, and yet it is one in which really devout people are lamentably deficient. Even when fully alive to the solemn realities of eternity, and impressed with the need of confession of sin, of pardon for it, and holiness of heart and life, how often this precious privilege of praising God is neglected. The knowledge of our duty is a great attainment; the will to do it is even, if possible, more important. The blending of the two constitutes happiness. He, therefore, who fails in this duty cannot be happy.

The advantages of cultivating this habit of thanksgiving are very numerous. Let us, then, notice a few of them, in the hope that our doing so may help us to be diligent in discharging this

duty of praising God.

I Consider how the habitual remembrance of the benefits we are constantly receiving from the Divine hand, conduces to serious and devout thoughtfulness. We are much more disposed to think of our trials than of our mercies; and when kept constantly in view, they loom so large as to shut out from our sight the innumerable blessings we continually receive. How contrary is this spirit to that of the Psalmist's when he penned the exhortation, "Forget not all His benefits."

Now the effort necessary to perform this duty is by no means difficult. Consider any day or any week, and we shall be surprised to see how immensely more numerous are the gifts of God's goodness, than are the strokes of His rod. If not thought of and expressed, these gifts will soon be forgotten. How often in the history of every family are there deliverances, which are not common, signal instances of mercy to one and another, escapes from disease and death; and if we also think of those which come to us with scarcely any interruption, such as health, the exercise of our bodily and mental powers, the comforts of home, the society of friends, the number of days of ease for one of pain, and the vast predominance of actual enjoyment over suffering, we shall acquire such a habit of grateful remembrance, that praise will be continually on our lips. Thus a vast number of causes for thanksgiving will be known, of which otherwise we should be ignorant, and they will daily become more numerous. No day, therefore, should pass, and no prayer be offered to the Mercy Seat, without praise. To any one who cultivates this habit, even sorrows will be wreathed in smiles, and every cloud will have its "silver lining," and the language of the Apostle will cease to appear contradictory or inexplicable, "We joy in tribu-

Now when we begin to think after this manner, and "praise is impossible without thinking," there will be no end to our wonder and gratitude. Our past lives will rise up before us continually, like a panorama filled with innumerable instances of the interposition of Divine Power shielding us from peril, and of the bestowment of the gifts of Divine Providence to meet our varied wants. The memory is a wonderful faculty, and like every other is vastly increased by exercise. It can cast its eye, so to speak, over the events of years past and gone, and call up to view persons and events which would otherwise sink into oblivion, and be forgotten for ever, until recalled by the memory, quickened into intensest action by the awful scenes of the last great day! devout Psalmist saw and felt all this when he illustrated the continued goodness of God by that simple yet sublime figure, "Thou openest Thine

Hand, and suppliest the wants of every living

thing."

II. Moreover, this habit of praise has surprising power to quicken our zeal. We should be overwhelmed by a sense of the loving-kindness of God, and of what He has done, and is continually doing for us, if we could not be active in His service. It is a positive relief, to what would be an overpowering sense of obligation, to work for Him. We shall never, when under the influence of the spirit of praise, think any work a burden. On the contrary, work will become a luxury and a joy. Incessant watching over the couch of a loved one prostrated by weakness and pain, may be a burden even to a nurse, however kind and faithful. Not so to a wife or a mother. Teaching the young may be to some a most wearisome toil, but not to one who loves it, and loves the children. Thus, then, when we feel the debt of love we owe to the Saviour, think of Him as having "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," and delivered us from the power, guilt, and penalty of sin, work for Him becomes at once the purest and highest delight.

How true are His words then felt to be:—"My burden is light." We rejoice in the opportunity of expressing our gratitude for "the great love wherewith He hath loved us." Zeal in His service thus quickened into life will not only be a defence against the force of manifold temptations, by usefully employing our thoughts and our time, but will enlarge our acquaintance with Divine truths—give us a deeper insight into our own nature, and bring us into a state of ready receptiveness of every holy influence. "If any man will know of the doctrine, let him do the

will of My Father in Heaven."

III. This habit of praising God is also wonderfully helpful to the troubled and sorrowful. It takes us out of ourselves, and lifts up our souls to Him who is the very fountain of life and peace. Merely thinking on devotedness will not make us devoted. Nor shall we become holy by thinking on holiness, nor useful by thinking on our resolve to be useful.* If we would live, if we would work, if we would be holy, we must aspire to possess the life which is hid with Christ in God. Praise helps us to reach the source of holiness and peace; supports us amidst manifold discouragements, and even turns our failures into a blessing; for a due sense of them brings us back to God, by Whom alone can our hopes be brightened, and our faith renewed.

The sufferings of eminently godly people, and the comparative immunity of the ungodly, has been a trying problem to the servants of the Most High in every age. How it perplexed Job, Asaph, and David! Nor were the disciples of Christ, and His holy apostles, free

^{*} The late Rev. B. Kent.

from all difficulty in regard to it. And yet Paul exhorted his fellow Christians to rejoice evermore. The habit of praise and thanksgiving is habitual obedience to this command.

We often see the blessed influence of praise on the character and spirit of those who have most reason to hang their harps upon the willows and to cry out from the depths of their distress, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious, and will He remember His mercy no more?" stead, however, of that state of mind, we often see the very reverse. Praise is continually on their lips, and so far from nursing their sorrows, they delight to recall the memory of God's great goodness. We, who are merely spectators, often wonder at this. We do not, in fact, see with the same eyes as these sufferers, and therefore do not understand why they never complain, or hardly ever advert to their griefs and pains. Where we should expect to see the expression of distress, we see a bright countenance showing outwardly their inward happiness. their affliction, they meet their Heavenly Father with happy faces and loving hearts; and He takes pleasure in beholding in them the reflection of His own blessedness, since He has made them glad with the light of His countenance. They are gifted with the strange and marvellous power of extracting joy from the bitterest root of human sorrow.

The reason of this is found in the habit of praise, and herein is seen its power. One simple example is enough by way of illustration.

A venerable Christian minister had in his church a member who was sorely tried, a helpless invalid. confined to her room for years, and always in pain. But she was cheerful and happy, and in his intercourse with her, he seldom heard any reference to her sufferings, but a stream of praise perpetually flowed from her lips. Fairly puzzled, he resolved to get at the secret. So one day he asked how she could be always rejoicing, when suffering so severely and so constantly. Looking at him with an expression of joy, she said, "Yes, sir, I am always in pain, but then it is not always so sharp, and that's a comfort. And then, sir, it is not always in the same place, and you can't think what a relief that is. And, sir, many kind Christian friends drop in, and I have their sympathy, and that is like balm to a wound. And then, too, God often gives me a good sleep, and you know I don't feel the pain then; and when I awake, how can I fail to praise Him? And, best of all, I have Jesus with me, and His assurance that He will never leave me nor forsake me. Dear sir, all things, mind, all things are working together for my good. Long as I live, therefore, I will bless His holy name." The problem was solved, and the pastor retired, not only realising how true are the words of the inspired writer-"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting "-but thankful for a more vivid perception of the meaning of the Apostle's utterance-" These light afflictions are but for a moment, and they work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

LL in his dainty cradle the babe is lying low, Like a pale pink rosebud newly blown in a drift of winter snow.

Fair are the satin loopings, and the misty falls of lace,

But the babe is fairest of them all, in calm sweet dreams of grace.

"Come to my heart, thou flower of God! come to my clasp and rest;

Hold out thy dimpled arms and come! close to thy mother's breast.

Oh, silence of the evening sky, my prayers are upward

Love is beseeching golden gifts before the gates of

What shall I ask for thee, my child? the laurelleaves of fame,

The warrior's sword of glory, or the poet's tender

The power the rich man holdeth, or the statesman's

Or else the great heart beating only to bless its

The choicest pearls of rhetoric, the ermine of the bar, Or bishop's stately throning, where the anthem pealeth far?

What shall thy mother ask for thee, to crown thy pilgrim quest?

I cannot tell, my darling, of the wisest and the best. I cannot trace the baby feet that in my dreams

I only see the quiet sky, and stars of amber fire.

O Thou, whose arms of sovercign love, once in the days of old,

Gathered the fair white lambs of earth, all in a restful fold,

Care for this little helpless heart, as Thou shalt best

Guide Thou the faltering baby steps; I leave his life to Thee."

Away the happy years have rolled; the mother's hair

Her prayer was answered long ago, from out the land of light.



O breaking heart that throbbed in vain, that infant life to save,

O yearning hands that still bring flowers to wreathe a tiny grave.

Nor crown of bay, nor earth's high seats, did Heaven's appointings own,

Nor guerdon of the soldier, nor the bishop's honoured throne.

Only the tender snowdrops, and the dew-wet grassy sod,

And a little child that playeth in the golden streets of God. M. S. MAC RITCHIE.

STORIES OF THE LONDON POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM CELLAR TO GARRET."

LITTLE NELLIE.

NLY seven years old! What a wonderful little old woman! Why, she seems to be quite a little mother to all her brothers and sisters. How long has her mother been dead?"

"Her poor mother died in this house, rather more than a year ago; and although little Nellie was at that time little more than a baby, as one may say, she tended her poor mother through her last illness, a great deal better than many paid nurses would ha' done, and did everything for her, ex-

nurses would ha' done, and did everything for her, except lift her in and out o' bed, which, of course, she hadn't the strength to do. Oh! it was such a sad sight to see that poor family during that last illness of the mother-six children in all, and all as helpless as babes, except little Nellie, and she not much more than a baby herself in years and looks. The father, of course, was obliged to be out at work all day, and there was the poor mother, left from morning to night, for weeks and weeks, in the last stage of consumption, and, when she could no longer crawl about, nobody to tend her or the poor children, except that little ministering angel; for I can call her nothing less. And when at last the poor mother's time came, and she knew she was dying, she said to Nellie, in my presence, 'Nellie dear,' says she, 'you've been a good child to me, and I don't know what I should ha' done without you; but I want you to promise me something before I go, and then I shall be at rest.' 'I'll do anything for you, mother dear,' said Nellie; 'but what is it you want me to promise?' 'I want you to promise me, Nellie,' says her mother, 'that, when I am gone, you'll be a little mother to all your brothers and sisters, and that you'll take care of father. You can do it, Nellie, if you try, young as you are, and I'm sure, for my sake, you'll try-won't you, Nellie?' I can't describe to you what then took place," added Mrs. Freeman, with tears in her eyes; "it is enough to say that Nellie promised, and has kept her promise. How well she has kept it, though, can only be known to the few that live about her and depend upon her, and, of course, to One Who knows all our actions, and He will reward her some day. But she has a hard time of it at present, poor child! between them all."

"What do you mean by a hard time of it, Mrs. Freeman?" I asked.

"Well," replied the good woman, "I call it very hard for a child of her age to have to get up and light the fire, and make breakfast by seven o'clock every morning, summer and winter, for her eldest brother before he goes to his work. I think the great lout ought to get up and do it for himself. The

father leaves about half-past five, so he has break. fast away from here. And then, after lighting the fire and making breakfast for her big brother, little Nellie has to wash and dress the two youngest children. and give all the rest of them their breakfast, and start some of them off to school. Then at nine she herself goes with the two youngest to the infant Then at middle-day again she has to get them all something to eat-you can scarce call it a dinner-but she has to cook potatoes and get them something in the shape of a dinner. In short, little Nellie is not only quite a little mother to her brothers and sisters, but she is the slave of the family, and works harder, I should say, than any grown-up woman in the court. And yet she is always as cheerful as a bird-never a murmuring word from her lips, but always a sweet smile for everybody, and such a sweet look in her thin pale face and large eyes! And then she is always so clean and neat in her appearance, and tries so hard to keep the other children neat and clean; and she is altogether so different from the common lot of children in such places as this, that I call her the good angel of the

Little Nellie, however, was not long allowed to enjoy in peace her proud position of housekeeper to her father. One day when I called at the door I found Mrs. Freeman in a state of great excitement.

"What do you think, sir?" she exclaimed, as soon as she appeared at the door, "what do you think that wicked man up-stairs has been and gone and done?"

"Do you mean little Nellie's father?" I asked.

"Yes, I mean little Nellie's father."

"Well," I said, "I hope he hasn't taken to drinking again."

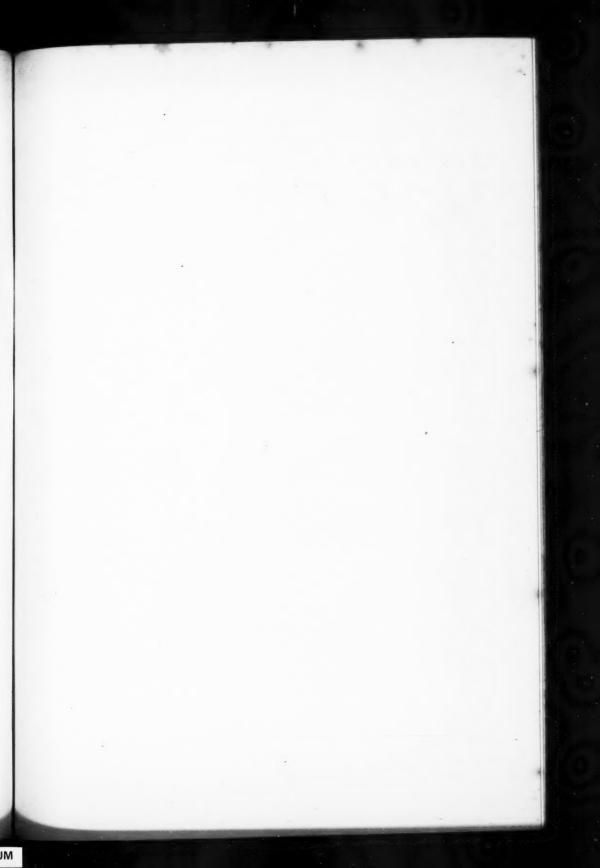
"Oh! much worse than that, very much worse than that!" returned Mrs. Freeman, raising her hands and eyes and groaning aloud. "It's much worse than that, and now there's no hope left for him or his motherless children—never no more! never no more!"

"But what has the man done, Mrs. Freeman?"

"Well, sir, he's been and got married—the brute!"

"Got married? and is that all?" If he has married a good woman, Mrs. Freeman, it may be all the better for his children in the end."

"Yes, if. But widowers with half a dozen children don't often pick up with good women, and they don't deserve it; for if they cared for their children, they wouldn't think o' marrying at all a second time; for it's not more than one woman in a thousand that would take kindly to her husband's children by the





"There, by the crib, patiently watching the infant sufferer, sat little Nellie."

"STORIES OF THE LONDON POOR .- LITTLE NELLIE."-p. 431.

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fev An cril by her poo I pat wh wh mig grie bec she I did no mig "a you all you to l thei wel to g first wife. And this woman that Nellie's father has married has got three children of her own, for she was a widder. Oh, it's a bad, bad job for poor little Nellie, and her brothers and sisters, and for the father too."

"But do you mean to say that this new stepmother has already taken possession of her husband's lodgings, and brought her children here to live with the other six? I understood Nellie's father only had two rooms, and the two families together will make eleven persons—eleven persons to live in two rooms!"

"Oh, as for that," replied Mrs. Freeman, "it's a mere trifle compared to the numbers that are packed together in some lodging-houses. But the fact is that the woman's not actually here at present, nor her children, though they came in on the day of the wedding, and stayed about a week. But a couple of days ago little Nellie's youngest sister—the baby—was taken ill of the fever—toyfoy fever, I b'lieve it's called. Then what does the new stepmother do but packs up her clothes, and marches off with her own children back to her old lodgings, when, as I believe, it was them, and only them, that first brought the fever to the house."

"And what has become of the poor sick child? And who is nursing it?"

"Oh, the poor child is lying up-stairs in a little crib that was sent here the day after it was taken ill, by Lady Emma. It happened luckily to be the day her ladyship was visiting the court. As for nursing, poor little Nellie does most of that."

I hastened up-stairs. And there by the crib, patiently watching the infant sufferer, sat little Nellie, whose weird eyes and beautiful face, now perfectly white, reminded one of some ministering spirit that might have glided down from the skies to succour and fetch home the little lamb that was lying grievously bruised in the wilderness.

"Here she is, poor 'ittle Dottie," said Nellie, beekoning me to the crib; "come and see her. Don't she look bootiful?"

Little Dottie was sleeping at that moment, and did, as Nellie said, look indeed beautiful. There was no expression of pain in the countenance, and she might have been taken for what Nellie called her—"a little sleeping angel."

"Have you been staying much in this room since your little sister was taken ill, Nellie?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply, "I've been here almost all the time, day and night. I couldn't leave her, you know, for I'm her nurse, and nurses ought never to leave their sick ones—ought they?"

"Oh, yes, nurses do and must sometimes leave their sick ones, Nellie; for even nurses want rest as well as other folk; and nurses must take care not to get ill themselves, or else they will not be able to tend their sick ones."

. "But I 'm more than a nurse," said Nellie; "I 'm poor 'ittle Dottie's 'ittle mother as well as her nurse; for you know when mother went to heaven she said I was to be a 'ittle mother to all the children, and

they 've got nobody else but Nellie to be a mother to them—I'll never, never leave 'ittle Dottie."

"But how do you manage at night, my poor child? Where do you sleep?"

"Oh, I manage very well, thank you," replied Nellie, cheerfully. "I make a little bed for myself here on the floor close to Dottie every night, and when I feel very, very tired I lie down and try to rest without going to sleep. But sometimes I can't keep awake, and fall asleep without knowing it. I know it's very wicked of me to do it, when Dottie's so ill, but I try my best to keep awake all night, only I can't." Then she suddenly looked up into my eyes, and asked—"Do you think Dottie will ever get well?"

I told her I hoped the poor child might recover. She then said—

"Would it be wicked of me not to wish it?"

"But surely you do not wish it, Nellie, do you?"

"Yes, I do wish it now, because I want 'ittle Dottie to be happy, and she can never be happy in a world where there's so much sickness and trouble and sorrow—can she now? Of course, I 'm doing my best to get her well. But all day long and all night long it sounds as if mother was singing to me 'There's a home for little children, Above the bright blue sky.' And, no matter what I 'm doing, it keeps running in my head and sounding in my ear, and I can't help thinking it's mother telling me not to cry for poor 'ittle Dottie,' cos she's only going up to her and to the Friend of little children above the bright blue sky; and, if it wasn't for leaving poor father and the other children, I should like to go with 'ittle Dottie.'

In the course of a few days, little Dottie was taken up to that "Home for little children" of which Nellie had been so fond of singing and was now for ever talking. But when the day appointed for the funeral had arrived, the father was nowhere to be found. The consequence was that there was no one to follow poor little Dottie to the grave except Nellie and one of her little brothers, as Mrs. Freeman was unable to leave her house.

Picture to yourself the scene that presented itself at that sad little funeral in the vast suburban cemetery—a tiny coffin lowered into a tiny grave, and two solitary children stretching their necks over the cruel hole to take a final farewell of their beloved pet, for whom they were the only mourners.

On their ore turn home, Mrs. Freeman sent one of the boys to look for his father, and the boy found him drinking in a public-house, but could not persuade him to go home. Then little Nellie went after him herself, and refused to return home without him.

"You know, father dear," she said to him, in gentle loving tones, "I promised poor mother, when she was dying, to take care of you, for nobody can take care of himself when he drinks too much—can he, father?"

Then when he refused to leave the tavern, and bade her in rough accents go home, poor Nellie burst into tears and told him that they had taken poor little Dottie and laid her in a grave, and covered her with mould. Then, losing all control over herself, she threw her arms around her father's neck and cried, as if speaking to the dead—

"Oh, mother! mother! why on your death-bed did you make me promise to take care of poor father? How can I take care of him when he won't let me?"

The man was naturally of a rough nature, but Nellie's gentleness completely subdued him. He came to himself all at once, and, suddenly rising from his seat, he said, "I will let you, my child." Then he took his little daughter by the hand, and without noticing his companions, walked with her out of the tavern and straight home.

But the strain that had lately been put upon her strength proved to have been too much for the poor child, and when they reached home she asked to be allowed to go to bed. And although she said she only wanted rest, the next day she was found to be in a state of high fever. Her father was like one demented, and for the first twenty-four hours sat by Nellie's bedside in a state of complete stupor. But he was at length aroused by Mrs. Freeman, who on the second day of Nellie's illness entered the sickroom, accompanied by two ladies.

"You are wanted, Page, immediately," said Mrs. Freeman, coldly; "your wife is taken ill, and wishes

to see you."

"Wife or no wife," replied Page, sulkily, " I can't

"But you must really go, Mr. Page," said one of the ladies, "for your wife is ill, and it is your first duty now to go and see her. We will take care of your child; we have come for the purpose. This other lady and I are going to nurse her between us, and if you have any regard for your child's welfare you will not interfere with us, but leave her entirely in our hands."

"I don't know who you may be, marm," replied Page, with a sort of sullen respect; "but if you are the Lady Emma as I 've yeered my little Nellie so often talk of and praise, then all I can say is, I 'm proud to think my poor child is took notice of by such a good lady, and I'm ready to obey your orders: and if you say I ought to go and see my wife, why, I 'll even go so far as that, though it's more than she deserves, after deserting me in my trouble."

After a little more conversation, to which Nellie had been listening without saying a word, Page stooped over the little bed to kiss his child, and in a voice choking with tears, said—

"Then good-bye, Nellie."

"Good-bye, father," replied Nellie, entwining her thin arms around his neck, and kissing him. "Good-bye! But don't cry, father, for I ain't in any pain; and if I don't get well, I shall go to mother and dear little Dottie, and then I'll tell them how good you've been to me since I was laid up, and how I know you love us all better than all the world."

"Oh! Nellie, Nellie! you'll break my heart, if it isn't broke already," groaned the unhappy man.

Then he sobbed aloud, with the terrible agony of a strong man.

Mrs. Freeman then took him by the arm, and gently led him away from the room. And little Nellie was left alone with her two gentle nurses, one or the other of whom remained constantly with her.

And it was wonderful to notice what a change those two ladies made in the sick-room before they had been there an hour—how it was suddenly, and as if by magic, transformed from its meagre state into one of great comfort and comparative cheerfulness. It was also very pleasing to see what a cheering effect their presence had upon the poor little Nellie, and how at first she seemed to revive under their careful treatment.

Meanwhile, John Page had a sad time of it with his bride, who, in the course of a few days, and in her old lodgings, to which she had fled with her three children, from fear of catching the fever, was herself the next victim to the fever, and died, leaving her husband nothing but three more children to keep, in addition to his own. This was a sad ending to the marriage; but for the children who had just lost their mother things might have been much worse; for, instead of being turned adrift, as they had expected, their new step-father took them to his own home, and treated them ever after as his own children; and, although he was only a bricklayer, he proved by his subsequent conduct that under his rough outside there was a large and warm heart. It is also gratifying to be able to add that, instead of having recourse, as before, to the tavern for consolation in his troubles, he entirely broke off all dealings with such places, and became a very steady industrious man, setting his children a good example, and doing his best, in his humble way, to make reparation for the past.

As for little Nellie, her task on earth was done, as Mrs. Freeman remarked; and after a lengthened illness, during which, however, she suffered little or no pain, and was constantly nursed by one or both of the two ladies who have been already mentioned, she was sent for to join her mother and her little Dottie in that land where there shall be no more tears, where sin and sorrow shall for ever cease, und where the weary are at rest.

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RUINS AT BAALBEK.

A MOONLIGHT GLIMPSE OF BAALBEK.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR GORE, M.A., VICAR OF BOWDON, HON. CANON OF CHESTER.

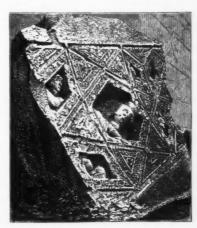
T four o'clock on Monday morning of the first of May, in last year, we were carried off in the dark to the Diligence office in Beyrout. The morning was raw and wet, and the cold became exceedingly severe as we ascended from the shores of the Mediterranean, through a pass of the Lebanon, to a height of 5,060 feet. It took us four to five hours to reach our highest point, six horses or mules, or horses and mules mixed (according to the nature of the ground), tagging patiently at the lumbering old Diligence, which seemed to have done no little service in France before it was transported to the East. But we were not without compensations for the tediousness of the way.

The ascent from Beyrout is zigzag, as in the Alpine passes, and some of these it certainly rivals in grandeur. We were a good deal in cloudland; but even in cloudland we could not but be struck with the glimpses vouchsafed to us. As we mounted in a kind of spiral, Beyrout revealed itself again and again, always in a new aspect, but always nestling in its luxuriant orange gardens and mul berry groves, and ever toyed with by the restless waves. At other turns we had the deep gorges at our feet, shadowed into rich purple by the heavy clouds. The road itself, as we looked back upon it, lay like a silver thread tangled across the dark wild mass of mountains.

From our greatest height we descended rapidly about 2,000 feet, to Shtôra, a little hamlet at the entrance of the Buka'a, or Valley of the Litâny; crossing which, and making our way through Anti-Libanus, by a lower and tamer pass, we emerged into the

Sandy Desert, and at length reached the Green Oasis of Damascus, the Diligence for a while running by the banks of the rushing Abana. The whole journey occupied between thirteen and fourteen hours.

It was on our return that we visited Baalbek. We regained Shtôra by Diligence, and then ascended the Buka'a, between Lebanon and Anti-Libanus, in private carriages. Shtôra, at the foot of Lebanon, is three thousand one hundred feet above the sea level'; Baalbek, twenty-three miles in direct line to the north-east, lies immediately under Anti-Libanus, at a height of three thousand nine hundred feet. The drive of six or seven and twenty miles occupied six



MASS OF FALLEN CEILING.

The sun was setting when we reached Baalbek. The ruins had been visible for about twelve miles, and as we now drew near to them, they clothed themselves in a beauty which it will be difficult ever to forget. We looked through a short vista of delicately and gracefully foliaged trees at the worldfamed six columns, with their surmounting frieze. You do not think of their gigantic height, so perfect is their symmetry. When, indeed, you have recovered the power of thought, you see that the tall poplar trees in front are absolutely insignificant. But it was the grace of form, and the rich tinting of the stone, and the glow of the only background, the undefiled snow of Lebanon, towards which the golden sun was sinking, which arrested us and made us silent. village was shut out from view; we were alone with the records of a mighty past.

After dinner, tired though we were with our four-teen hours' journey, we sallied out to visit the temples by "the pale moonlight." It was a weird sensation to pass in and out among the solemn shadows, meeting wonderful groupings at every turn. The past would press upon the mind. The generations of the dead seemed to haunt the place. The Phoenicians, the imperial Romans, the early Christians, the Saracens, all had been here.

In moving westwards from the village we came first upon a beautiful shrine of Venus, half hidden among rude dry stone walls and tangled foliage. The Cella is semicircular, entered by a portal supported by massive columns, and its interior enriched with niches. At one period this building was used as a Greek chapel. The exterior of the temple is, however, that which has most claims to attention. It consists of a peristyle of eight Corinthian columns. These support a richly ornamented entablature, bending back between the columns in concave curves towards the outer wall, in which are niches with shell-shaped canopies, their architraves supported by pilasters.

Quite apart from the shrine of Venus, though not far apart, is the acropolis, enclosing the two giant temples of Jupiter and the Sun. The ground-plan of these temples is simple enough. They stood on separate platforms side by side, and fronting to the east. The greater enclosure (sometimes called the Temple of Jupiter, sometimes, and more probably, considered to be a pantheon to all the gods of Baalbek) extended 1,100 feet from east to west-that is, considerably more than twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral. On the eastern front was once a noble stone staircase, 180 feet wide, and leading up to a portico, wider still by 60 feet. The staircase has been completely removed, and the portico stands 30 feet above the present level of the ground, The portico led into a finely-proportioned hexagonal forecourt, and this again by three grand portals, the central one being 50 feet wide, into the great court. This court must have been a magnificent feature of the whole. It is a rectangle, almost a square, covering nearly four acres of ground, A fine colonnade was

carried round it, and within this were exedre (small chambers or shrines), alternately semicircular and rectangular, all of them richly embellished with carving. From the west side of this court was the entrance to the shrine itself, to the splendour of which the six unrivalled columns, out of the fifty-four which once formed its peristyle, bear ample witness.

One has to think slowly in the presence of these ruins. You come near a pedestal only, and find yourself a dwarf. Then on the pedestal stands the column. It is fully twenty-three feet round at its base. It rises to seventy-five feet, in three lengths of twenty-five feet each. These are not cemented, but dowelled with iron cramps in the centre. How were they lifted up upon their base? And when, at length, they stood, who put on their capitals, and upon their capitals, the entablature, the frieze, the cornice, these last seventeen feet high, and weighing four tons to the superficial foot? And who, and how many, were the cunning workers in that hard stone, who enriched the splendid masonry with such redundancy of ornament?

Roman works these; but there was giant power and skill at Baalbek long before Rome was built, The Romans found the platforms ready for their temples; and the platforms moved our wonder, though 'not our admiration, more than the temples. The upholding walls on the north and west side are easily inspected. One course in the north wall consists of nine blocks, each block thirty feet long, and thirteen in its other dimensions; but the wonder of wonders-that which, notwithstanding all else that is amazing, has given to the temple the name of 70 τρίλιθον, the temple of "three stones"—lies on the west. These three stones, nearly equal to one another in size, and together, one hundred and eighty-eight feet in length, are raised twenty feet above the level of the ground. The course immediately beneath them is bevelled on the upper margin. The jointing in all cases is as fine as if a mason could lift the blocks in one hand.

The remaining shrine, that of Baal, or the sun, stands close by. Smaller than its neighbour, it is yet larger than the Parthenon in Athens. Its peristyle is much injured—partly by earthquakes, partly by the no less destructive Turks; but on the north side it is in tolerable preservation. It once consisted of forty-six columns, sixty-five feet high, and six in diameter. Those to the south are all dislodged, most of them flung outwards to the bottom of the substruction; but one was twisted the other way, and thrown black against the Cella, the stones of which it has battered, without receiving damage itself; its joints—for it, too, is jointed with hidden iron pins—not being in the slightest degree dislocated.

The portal, twenty-one feet wide and forty-two high, is justly regarded as the gem of the structure. The door-posts are huge monoliths, lavishly carved, and they support a lintel, formed of three blocks, to the full as rich in ornament.

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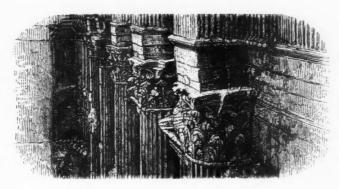
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But time and space would fail to tell the glories of the sculptor's art as exhibited in this, the best preserved of the temples. "It would take a day," writes Conder, "to make a drawing of one of the niches, and there are two hundred of them." David Roberts, challenge, or sought to stir the stone! And, strangest of all, Baalbek has no history. Its great ones are all unknown.

It is not referred to in the Bible. It is mentioned, under the name of Heliopolis, by Josephus and by



PILLARS AT BAALBEK.

whose sumptuous drawings should, if possible, be seen, declares that "this is perhaps the most elaborate work, as well as the most exquisite in its detail, of anything of its kind in the world. The pencil can convey but a faint idea of its beauty. One scroll alone, of acanthus leaves, with groups of children and panthers intertwined, might form a work of itself."* It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the exuberant play of fancy, which, in the utmost grace of form, has expressed itself in the hard stone with most perfect freedom of will. It is literally true that the mind sinks back baffled and oppressed from its effort to grasp the profusion of beauty which this stately temple offers for admiration.

I need not say that an inspection of three hours left us unsatisfied. Nor did we derive help from the thought how little of the whole is now visible, or from the effort to picture what shall be revealed in the day when Baalbek finds its Layard or its Schlieman to release it from its tomb.

But indeed we were not yet done with marvels. Within a few minutes of the temples we found the quarry whence these gigantic materials were hewn. In it lies the grandest rock of all, all but ready for removal. It is seventy-eight feet long, and contains stone enough to build a respectable church tower. It looks like a challenge from the ancients. "See our buildings," they seem to say. "And here—we have hewn this for you. Take it, and build." How many centuries, how many thousands of years, have lapsed, and none among the sons of men have taken up the

Pliny. It was made a colony by Julius Cæsar, a garrison by Augustus. Its coins are found from Nerva down to Gallienus. Its great temple contains inscriptions of the age of Septimius Severus. One of his coins bears the figure of a temple, or two temples, and the legend—Col. Hel. I.O.M.H. (Colonia Heliopolitana, Iovi Optimo Maximo Heliopolitano). A study of the coins seems to indicate that the temples belong to the time of Antoninus Pius—that about 130 A.D.

Baalbek was notorious for its attachment to heathenism in early Christian days. It had its martyr, Galasinus, towards the end of the third century. Constantine founded a Basilica in it. Under Julian it relapsed. Theodosius made the great temple a Christian church and the seat of a Bishop. It retained its splendour and importance down to Moslem times. It was sacked and dismantled in 748 A.D. And in the 13th and 18th centuries earthquakes added their devastating powers to complete its overthrow. One shock more, or, indeed, the rain or frost of another winter, may suffice to bring its few remaining columns to the ground.

They still stand a little while, witnessing what the heathen did for their gods. What like them has Christianity achieved for Christ?

On our way back to the village, we entered a small but bright and clean English school, filled with happy children, who sang for us and eagerly answered the questions we put to them from Holy Scripture. Who knows whether living stones are not being hewn out in this unpretending room, which shall have their place in a temple where no man shall ever see mark of ruin or decay?

Vide Roberts' "Holy Land," p. 78. London: Cassell,
 Petter, Galpin and Co.



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THE ANGELS' SONG.

"RAISE thou the Lord!" The angel-cry,
The song of peace and love,
Comes floating downward through the sky,
From unseen courts above.

And they who sing are clad in white,
The ransomed and the blest,
They sing within the light of light,
In realms of ceaseless rest.

And we on earth in shadows stand; Our robes with sin are stained; What know we of that angel band, Whose glorious crowns are gained?

We work 'mid sound of toil and strife,
The thick clouds dim our sight;
How can we heed the song of life,
How see the singers bright?

Yet sometimes through the smoke of care, And through the mist of tears, A golden radiance floods the air, An angel throng appears.

And ever and anon we hear
Their harmony of peace,
That bids us wipe away each tear,
Bids care and sorrow cease.

It tells a tale of faith and hope,
It breaks the deepest gloom
That shrouds the way we darkly grope,
It shines upon the tomb.

"Praise thou the Lord!" the angels cry, In music sweet and strong, And weak and faint with sin and sigh, Earth echoes back the song.

While darkness deepens o'er the land The angels come more near, And singing, lead us by the hand, Till Heaven's Morn appear.

L. G.

ON RETURNING HOME.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP AND COMFORT," ETC.



HE prodigal boy carried home in his heart. He could free himself from its presence, but not from its power. It lingered in his memory when he was far distant on his lonely way. We have to do now with the glad hour of his home returning. Here and there the fair

flesh is seen through the torn and tattered robe, his sandals are worn to fragments, his feet are bleeding, his eyes are red with weeping, and his matted hair tells of the night dews, and the stone pillow of the wilderness. He is tired and weary, hungry and thirsty, footsore and faint, beggared and cheated, and cast off by the flatterers, who know that his purse is empty. His gay experience is turned to misery and remorse.

But often the night is darkest just before the dawn, in a moral as well as in a material sense. There is one star in the sky, dark and threatening as that sky is. The distant thunder is shaking the hills, and gives presage of the coming storm—but, the prodigal hears a voice within; a still small whisper within his heart says to him, Return! return! This is the decision to which that angel music leads him: "I will arise and go to my father, and say I have sinned." But what about his father? If it is to be a "glad hour"

with him, poor boy, he must know how his father thinks and feels about him! Just then he sees in the dim horizon a figure against the sky! He is yet, "a great way off" from home; but sight, quickened by instinct, sees his father at the gates of the old home-farm. It is a moving figure too, for "while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion and ran!" Yes, glad hour indeed! Father and son draw near to each other, and the father "ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, and the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

It is to this one touch of description in the story of the prodigal boy that we give attention now. It seems so completely to meet the difficulty which many feel, that the greatness of their sin, and their distance from God, are excuses for refusing to return. Doubtless the distance he was off was a discovery even to the prodigal! It had been with him a steady downhill wandering away from home; he had lost his reason "in the arms of riot," and his reputation in the fellowship of vice, until it seemed to him as if happiness and home were lost for ever. This parable, so full of the Fatherhood of God, saves us from any idea of God which

makes Him exclusive or partial in His love. It shatters to pieces all conceptions of God which crown Him only with regal honours, and leave the supreme ideal of Him as Magistrate, Ruler, or King. There are hours of discovery in many lives, hours when the young find how little the world cares for them, when their health, their good spirits, and their money are gone! So long as the prodigal dressed gaily, and scattered his money freely, he did not want for flatterers and companions. But these gone, all was gone! His excited senses seem now to have calmed down, and he makes the discovery that he is a beggar indeed! Probably during his gleeful hours, he had heard satires and slanders on his father; probably he was complimented on his independency in leaving home, and on his magnanimity and generosity in spending his substance regardless of to-morrow, on his jovial and heartless companions. But now, in quiet hours, in steadier balances of judgment, he takes a different view of his father. After all, there is no place where love is so true and so tried as home.

Though a great way off, he was yet within sight. Where these words were spoken, the air was rare and clear, so that you could see long miles under the Eastern sky; thus there is nothing strained even in the picture teaching. But let that be as it may, it suggests to us that we are always in sight of our Father. We lose sight of our sons and daughters; they sail over distant seas, live in far-away cities, and sojourn in strange lands, where the eye can follow them no more. When "no helper" has been there, God has "visited His people," in the intricacies of the wilderness, in the lonely islands of captivity, in the darkness of the prisoners' dungeon-home. And so it is with the prodigal. Do what he will, wander where he may, that eye beholds him, that ear catches the first sigh of penitence, the first sob of prayer. No long array of words was necessary, for the boy to shape into speech the melancholy mistake of his young life. To arise was itself a confession, to feel that he had a father still was itself the spirit of prayer. He Who treasures His people's tears, can interpret the very eye of His child.

There have been different art criticisms about eyes. Michael Angelo made them full of repose, Rubens full of laughter, Raphael full of thought and emotion. But the most beautiful eyes in the sight of God are the eyes that weep with dropt eyelid over sin and shame. Yes, the father knew all. He whose eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good, saw the home-coming child.

Though far off, he was yet within reach. To be in sight has often been the sad lot of ship-wrecked crews, who, dying within sight of shore, have lifted up their cries in vain. We bless God here for limited vision, for it would be too terrible to see and be unable to help! Alas! how much at best is out of reach of the finite arm of human

help! With God all distances are done away. The most remote star is as much under His hand as the most distant world. Not one faileth: He. the Great Creator, is so near to all. Thus, too, is it in the moral world. Great as the distance at which the prodigal had put himself from God, the Great Father can come to meet him at once. What glad hours are represented by the words, The harbour is nigh! The gates of the City of Refuge are open! The lost home had still its lights burning at night, and its doors open continually! It is terrible to see human despair. It is worse to meet religious despair—to see the dejection, which comes sometimes from being educated amongst people of narrow opinions, and dark views of God! For there is often existent still, the despair which comes from thinking that some sin never to be forgiven dooms us to hopelessness. What a message of life and mercy is this-God is nigh! And He will come nearer and nearer as you yourself come nearer home. He meets every returning prodigal and welcomes him with the warm kisses of Fatherly love.

Though a great way off, he has yet a place in the Father's heart. Some cannot understand this. They say sin is sin, and God hates sin! Quite true. But can He alter His nature? Can He be other than a Father? I have heard words concerning His treatment of sin from which I have shrank. It has seemed as if we were living beneath the frown of Jupiter, or the thunderbolts of Jove! Never let us forget the image of the Great Father given us by the Lord Jesus Christ; given us, I mean, in His life and ministry, in His Cross and Passion, and in this parable, which came from His Own sacred lips.

Do you want to harden a man in sin? Tell him God has ceased to be his Father, and can only speak to him now in accents of condemnation. Pride and passion will revive, and the first tear of repentance will petrify on his cheek.

Say to him, You have still a place in your Father's heart, and there is a subdued joy in the "home" till you come back. Say to him that the Great Father is at the gates to welcome back

every lost child.

There are many pictures of the Old Masters, you would not know they have been toned, coloured, and restored, until one day some hand actually alters the entire expression. At a certain era comes a day of revelation, and genius wipes away the dust, and discoloration, and deceit, and behold the glorious countenance in all its pristine life and beauty.

So it has been with God. Men have distorted the likeness, as the Rabbis did the early image of God, till the glad hour comes when the human heart turns to the likeness of God in our Lord's parable of the prodigal, and says: Oh! I can love

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Though a great way off, there is still room for him at home. There were relies of the prodigal in the old home—the place of festival and rest; the place of song and dance; the place where the cattle lowed, and the shadows rested, and the birds sang. The God Who gave us the story of the fatted calf, and the music, and the making merry, cannot be other than a God—slow to

anger and of great mercy.

There was room for the prodigal! All were glad to see him back. The Father Himself knew, that his was no nature to be allied to revellers and rioters. No. He was made for higher, richer fellowship. So are we! Christ, Who spake the parable, left open the way home for all. The only begotten Son of the Fatherdied to bring the brothershome, and though I am a prodigal, I am a brother of the Son of Man, and the Son of God. A great way off I may be, but there is room at home for me. Though a great way off, the journey back is swift. It is no long weary path of penance. We read that in the ninth century seven years of abstinence from certain kinds of food, and other privations, restored criminals to ecclesiastical communion. Fastings were prescribed for others for long periods, and recitations of prescribed Psalms might abridge the penalty. And the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, in the eleventh century, advises monks not too eagerly or readily to expiate the faults of others! What arrogance! What perversion of the simplicity that is in Christ!

The prodigal does not say I will arise and do penance, or I will arise and seek my confessor, or I will arise and commence my prescribed fasting. No! It is all here! At once he came to His Father. At once! Is it not beautiful to turn to the sublime words of the Son, Who was with the Father before the world was, and Who knew His Father's will so well? Modern science is attempting to bridge over distances, and to insure swift and open intercourse between far-distant continents. But how Nature mocks us in her speed of light and sound. But the soul's relation to God mocks even Nature herself.

Only a look upwards and My Father sees me. Only a sigh and He hears me. Only a tear and He catches it. Only a step and He comes to meet me and to greet me. Of all the glad hours on earth—and may we not say glad hours in heaven too?—this is the one when not only is there music and dancing at home "because thy brother hath come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf because he hath received him safe and sound," but there is also "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

ONE TOO MANY.

AN ITALIAN INCIDENT .-- IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



THE sun was setting over Florence one lovely autumn evening. The whole scene was bathed in the golden glory, and the mountains which stand as inguard over the city — "the city of flowers and the flower of cities"—were the colour of amethysts.

A child was looking out of the window of a room at the very top of a

high house, which was situated in a lane off one of the many winding streets of Florence. He was really about twelve years of age, but at first sight it

would have been difficult to have come to a right conclusion on the subject. The little face, white as the marbles he loved so well, had a look of pain in it, and the long brown lashes shaded browner eyes, which told a tale of suffering. Bruno Vigi was now looking out at all the glory of the sun setting, and resting his eyes on the lily-like Campanile which Giotto has given the world—for it belongs to all who love its beauty. And Bruno was one of these. He was roused from his reverie of enjoyment by hearing his father's voice talking to a neighbour who had come in for a chat.

"Ab, well! when there are four mouths to feed, one soon sees to the bottom of the tegamino."

And he nodded in the direction of an earthenware pot, which Assunta, a girl of fifteen, had just placed on the table.

"Davvero—davvero, truly," said the friend, an old man with one eye, who spent his day on the steps of the Annunziata pushing aside the heavy curtain at the door, and expecting and getting some soldos for his pains.

"The fact is," said Vigi," who was a tall handsome man, "that it is hard work getting food. There was plenty so long as I had three children, but there—Bruno is just one too many."

"And he's a cripple, too, poverino," said the beggar.

"Yes, truly. He can never learn a trade, and there he is on my hands. His mother used to carn well as a model—ah, she's in many a picture of the saints!" put in Vigi, parenthetically. "But she's dead now."

"Can't he beg?"

A shade passed over Vigi's face. He had the greatest dislike to the idea of begging, and had never done so himself, or let his children beg. But he considered the feelings of his friend with all that fine tact in which Italians are not lacking.

"No, no! Ah, well! something may turn up," said Vigi, and then he called Bruno to come to supper, which consisted of *minestra* (broth) and bread.

"Well, I must go home," said the beggar, and he made off, while the family sat down to supper—Assunta and Rosina, the twins, who worked at a washerwoman's near, and Leonardo, a silent boy, who worked with his father at a carpenter's, and then came Bruno, whose sweet eyes had a very troubled look in them.

"One too many." It rang in his ears, and the next morning he began to wonder if he could earn something, and he asked his father's permission to try. The permission was readily given, with the condition that he was not to beg. And so on that bright September morning Bruno went down, and found his way into the street.

CHAPTER II.

It was with a strange feeling that Bruno went out. He was quite accustomed to wandering about by himself, but generally his rambles had had no further object than a church or a gallery, where he could fix his eyes on pictures and marbles, and all the beautiful things, which to him were a joy for ever. He was an artist, and he did not know it. He only knew that, next to his God, the dearest things to him were the pictures and the innumerable treasures of art and nature which are all meant by the word Florence.

That morning, after a simple little prayer for help, he went about to the different shops asking for work, and always meeting with a refusal. What was he fit for? Niente (nothing), and that word rang in his ears, changing only to the sad refrain of "one too many."

Wearied at last, he found himself near the Loggia dei Lanzi. He was so depressed and sad that he did not even glance at his favourite Perseus, the beautiful bronze of Benvenuto Cellini, but he went on till he came to the arcades of the Uffizi Gallery. It was a free day, and so he thought he would go in and rest himself by looking at the pictures and the marbles.

He was soon standing before a lovely picture of the Magdalen, by Carlo Dolci, studying it, and entering into it thoroughly. The picture itself is one of great beauty. The sweetness of the face is very striking, and the eyes raised make one think of the words that "she loved much." The hair falls in a loose knot at the neck, and in the clasped hand is the box of ointment to be broken and poured on a Saviour's feet.

"Who's the girl by with the pot?" asked a short fussy-looking Englishman of his daughter,

Miss Linner shivered. She was used to her father's remarks, but they jarred upon her all the same.
"I don't know, father; all the catalogues are

taken."

"We should have brought the other guide-book," said the gentleman. "I don't like the picture, though, myself, and I shouldn't care for a copy of it. After all, the Madonna we have chosen will be best, and the blue gown will go with the new curtains very well."

Bruno had not understood a word, but something in his face, full of worshipping grace, made the lady turn to him, and, in broken Italian, ask if he knew whom the picture was by.

"Carlo Dolei, signora."

"And the subject is the Magdalen, I suppose!"

"Yes, signora."

"Come now, Elizabeth, we have done this room; let us go on and get some lunch."

Elizabeth Linner paused before answering. Her keen grey eyes saw a great deal more than they were given credit for, and she had a natural sympathy and tact that made her as an angel of help and comfort to many.

"Will you go and get your lunch, father? and I will join you at Viensseux's later."

"Very well, my dear. Haven't had enough of the pictures, I see. Don't forget the time."

" No, I shall not," said Elizabeth, and Mr. Linner went away.

CHAPTER III.

MISS LINNER had been singularly attracted to the little lame boy, and she entered into conversation with him, drawing from him the little history of his life set in the framework of his poor Tuscan home. And then she found out that he was sad because he was not well and strong like his brothers, and could earn nothing.

"And you can do nothing?" asked the lady, taking up one of Bruno's hands, which lay, with brown slender fingers, on her light Suède glove. "This little hand does not look stupid."

" It can draw a little Signora—and—and——" Here Bruno hesitated.

"I will tell you, signora. I can paint a little, but I am ashamed of it."

"Why?" asked Elizabeth, as she saw the tears coming into his eyes.

"Because all I do seems so poor—so wretched. It seems fine enough when I compare it with the pictures my sisters buy on the bridge at the Festas, but when I come here—ah!——"

And Bruno sighed.



"Bruno had not understood a word."-p. 440.

"Tell me," said Elizabeth, encouragingly.

"I feel that they"—and his voice was lowered as he spoke of the painters with reverence—"are so high above me, how could I ever really paint—really tell with my brush the beautiful things God shows me?"

Elizabeth was silent for a moment. The little face before her was so full of awe—so truly an artist's face.

"And you do see beautiful things?"

"Oh, yes!" said Bruno.

A little more talk, and Elizabeth found that Bruno's head was not filled only with art dreams. He had a real knowledge of art, its history, and its heroes; and Vasari, whom so few read really thoroughly, he had at his fingers'-ends. He had a friend who kept a bookstall, and let him go and read.

CHAPTER IV.

"So the English lady you met at the Gallery is coming to see you?" said Vigi that night.

"Yes, babbo (father), she is so kind," said Bruno. And that night Vigi ate his supper and was not much interested.

His conscience reproached him slightly as to his words of the day before. He wondered if Bruno had heard that he thought him "one too many," and though he did not care to refer to the subject, he tried to be kinder than usual to his little son, and he did not tell him that his master had had a money loss, and was lowering his wages and Leonardo's too.

Next morning a firm step sounded on the stair, and Bruno, who was alone in the big room, opened the door to Miss Linner.

Miss Linner was spending the winter in Florence with a friend. Her father, who had lately married again, had come to see Florence, and "do" Italy generally. Miss Linner was a woman of independent means, and had never lived at home, having been adopted by her grandmother, who had died two years ago and left her a considerable fortune. She loved Italy and art, and though she could not draw a straight stroke, she was a real artist, and thoroughly "simpatica" to art, as the Italians say.

"Well, my little friend," said Miss Linner, "you are pleased to see me?"

"Yes, signora," said Bruno, smiling, and showing such pretty even white teeth.

"Now show me your drawings," said Miss Linner, coming to the point at once.

And Bruno did so.

Miss Linner had studied art all her life, and she knew at once, as she settled her spectacles and looked at the drawings Bruno with beating heart showed her, that they were done by one to whom the masters of drawing were familiar, and who had love to guide his pencil. She said little to Bruno, but took some of the drawings to an artist friend, who had a studio at the top of a house, formerly an old palace,

"Are they good? The boy who did them is a cripple, and twelve years old."

"Who taught him?"

"No one; he has studied the pictures in the galleries."

"Ah!" said Signor Avora, "they teach silently, but surely. These are excellent. Ah! I wish it was some poor child, who wanted to learn; how gladly I would teach him!"

Miss Linner smiled.

"The child is poor-very poor, and-"

But Signor Avora waited to hear no more.

"Let me see him."

And Bruno was brought to him. He stood there in what to him was a palace of enjoyment, a very threshold to Paradise, and yet his eyes could not wander from the artist's face. Signor Avora was a kingly-looking old man, with silver hair and deeplysunk eyes. It was all settled soon. Bruno was to learn from him, and Miss Linner took care to provide for him in other ways, so that it should be a real gain to him.

CONCLUSION.

Four years later.

Let us look at the Vigis one lovely day when Florence was smiling with flowers and gay with joy at the return of spring.

There, in a little studio, is a picture hanging a beautiful picture of a girl straining her eyes to the horizon as she leans out of her window, looking over the sea. It is beautiful, and the story tells itself as to whose is the little ship far against the sky.

Bruno had done it, and he now stands, with eyes sweet and lovely as ever, listening in thankfulness to his father's ignorant but honest praise. He knows the picture is valuable in his father's eyes, as it is sold to an Englishman for a large sum.

Bruno is an artist now—well, he always was that!
—but I mean success has come to him in reward for
true perseverance. And he helps his father largely;
and the latter never has to fret now about means
wherewith to feed and clothe himself and his children.

"You have been our good angel, Bruno," says his father, and Leonardo and the twins, who are so genuinely surprised at Bruno's talent, echo the words.

"And that was the boy I used to think a burden," said Vigi to himself.

There can never be "one too many" of anything God sends. He knows best; and, hidden in the burden that seems to us so heavy, is oftentimes something that will turn out for our comfort and good.

And all is right that seems most wrong, If it be His sweet will,

L. E. D.

Sail to the Lord's Anointed.



SHORT ARROWS.



THE GLORY OF FAITHFUL SERVICE.

HY should servants be faithful? Here are a few of the lowest reasons why. It is to their own interest that servants should be faithful. Faithful servants have generally wages to lay by; faithful servants, somer or later, find friends in need in their masters and mistresses; faithful servants build up good characters, and "character is power;" faithful servants win respect from all, and to be respected is pleasant, and also helpful; faithful servants lead, as a rule,

peaceful, quiet lives, and often scarcely know what trouble means; faithful servants are no burden to those they love, but instead a help and an honour to them; faithful servants not seldom find the house of service changing gradually but surely into a home for them. if these are the lowest reasons, what are the highest? The faithful servants of the Lord, who, doing all things for love of Him, have laid down earthly pride, and learned to make even "drudgery divine," have a prospect before them that words fail to describe. The faithful servant will one day hear-not the praise of man, but the "praise He will hear from his Lord's own lips, the words "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' The faithful servant has an inheritance undefiled, and that fadeth not away, laid up for him. The faithful servant will one day be a king; he will sit on the throne beside his Lord, Who is the King of kings, and will rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, in that Lord's dear love and constant companionship. And is this all? No. nor a thousandth part of all. But will the faithful servant be so gloriously rewarded because his faithful service has been perfect, and has wholly deserved it? No, but because he has poured it all out unmeasured, in the love and adoration of his soul for the dear Lord and Saviour Who died for him, accounting himself and his service as nothing, and less than nothing, but his Lord as all, and in all.

WITH THE CHILD-ACTRESSES.

"We are greatly in want of lady-friends who will interest themselves in our work," said the Secretary of the Mission to theatrical employées. And so one afternoon we wended our way to the premises occupied by this Mission, at 21, King Street, Covent Garden. What we there saw and heard convinced us how sorely needed, how greatly valued, is this effort to protect and befriend the young women and little children connected with the London theatres! Two floors of the house are rented for the purposes of this humble club: one for the elder girls, one for the little ones; it is open from noon till 9 p.m.; tea and coffee at one halfpenny a cup, and other refreshments at a similar rate, are provided. Bible-classes are held as opportunity offers. Instruction in needlework is given twice in the week, and there is a lending library. Besides this and other such resources, and games and scrap-books for the little children, some simple entertainment is given from time to time, such as a free tea, followed by dissolving views. The benefit of such a place of refuge for these young people between the hours of morning rehearsal and evening performance need hardly be enlarged upon. So distant are many of them from their homes, that their only alternative during this interval would be the streets or publichouses of this degraded locality; while so evil are many of these homes that the kindly Christian counter-influence of their club is invaluable. At the same time their homes are not ignored in this work, and a Sunday evening service for their parents has lately been arranged, in addition to the children's Sunday service at 6.30 p.m. Many little ones there are whose hearts have been won for Christ through

the ministry of this Mission, and their imperilled steps guided into the way of peace. An old woman, a dress at a notoriously low theatre, told lately how a certain little Minnie, a member of the club, had changed the whole inner life behind the scenes. "She brings her Bible and reads to us; and now, instead of profane talk, we have quiet and decency." This child cannot obtain her father's leave to give up the stage; but "I can try and live for Jesus," she says; and so she does. The average weekly attendance at the club is now 320. Many of the younger members are brought thither by their mothers, themselves mostly theatrical employées. Some of these little ones are only two years old. Children there are of nine years old who have crossed the Atlantic four times, in their capacity of stage dancers. One baby, aged 1 year and 5 months, exhibits as a hornpipe dancer on a stage table. It is hoped that some sleeping accommodation in connection with the club may soon be provided.

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" I HAVE LOST ALL TASTE FOR IT."

Not to speak of the abounding midnight snares in such a locality, cases have occurred in which tender little ones, missing, through some late performance, a last train or omnibus, have walked the streets all night long. It is not at special seasons only, as generally supposed, but all the year round, that many hundreds of little children are employed at our theatres, and many of these are so imbued. almost from birth, with a taste for such scenes, that when not performing at a theatre, they spend their evenings, as a matter of course, among the audience, every professional actor having a free pass at any theatre. "I have spent every evening at theatres for three years," said quite a young child to the secretary. No wonder they cling in later years to this calling; seeing also that, in comparison with others, the remuneration is high. But many there are who feel constrained to seek other employment, when their thoughts are raised to things above, and their hearts stirred by Christian teaching. "I have lost all taste for it, and am praying for a way of escape," writes a young actress, who on first coming to the club, asked defiantly for a library-book "with no religion in it." Erelong she was asking for one that would tell her "something about Jesus;" and after a while she openly confessed Christ as her Master, and after careful instruction, was, at her earnest request, baptised. An effort to open a temporary home, and find suitable work in such instances, is now in progress. For suggestions as to the many ways in which the work of the theatrical Mission may be forwarded, and records of what has been done since its opening, two years ago, we recommend our readers to write for reports to the Secretary at the Mission home; or, still better, to pay him a visit, and see for themselves what is going on ther

SPOILED LIVES.

There are poor little fisher-lads, who, as it is stated by the Sea-fishing Trade Committee, bind themselves "to masters of fishing vessels at the tender age of eleven for a period of ten years, and this without the intervention of any person whatever to see that they fully comprehend the conditions to which they subscribe, or that the obligations of the masters are fully discharged. It will probably astonish most persons," the paragraph from which the above is quoted goes on to say, "to learn that transactions so clearly open to abuse are perfectly legal, there being under the Merchant Shipping Act no limit of age under which a lad cannot be apprenticed, except where bound by guardians or overseers of the poor; nor is it made imperative that his parent, or, in fact, any person whatever on the lad's behalf, should be a party to his indentures. The appendix to the report comprises some curious disclosures regarding the systematic decoying of lads from their homes to serve aboard fishing vessels. Referring to the same subject the Committee observes that the

recent convictions of the skipper for the murder of the lad Henry Papper, on board the smack Rising Sun of Hull, and of the second hand for the murder of the lad Peter Hughes, on board the smack Gleaner of Hull, and of the skipper and of the second and third hands of the smack Achievement of Grimsby, for cruel, debasing, and disgusting treatment of two lads at sea, have disclosed, beyond all doubt, a state of things which, however exceptional it may be, renders some legislative measures for the protection of the lads imperatively necessary." It is possible that some earnest and true Christian, on reading this, may find himself so situated as to be able to make such efforts as shall at least pave the way for the rescue of a few-and perhaps many-of these spoiled lives, that they may not be spoiled and lost entirely.

WORK WAITING.

The Sea-fishing Trade Committee in its report draws attention to the "evils attendant upon what is known in the North Sea as 'coopering.'" The "coopers" are smacks fitted out for the sale of spirits and tobacco. "Not only," says the report, "do these boats lead to the bartering of ships' stores and gear for grog, and thereby to the direct encouragement of theft and dishonesty, but they bring about the demoralisation of the hands, and even of the skippers serving on board smacks, and directly lead to risk and loss of life. We have it in evidence that they are floating grogshops of the worst description, and that they are under no control whatever." Here, then, is the waiting field of labour: only one among many, for there is work waiting everywhere. But so also there are workers waiting everywhere, and to these we address ourselves. True, wholehearted Christian workers, ready to follow whithersoever your Lord shall lead—workers whose daily joy it is to scatter broadcast the seed of the Kingdom, the glorious "hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began"—can you do anything here? Workers who do not need that a fellow-creature should say to you, but who say continually to yourselves-

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save "—

can you, by God's blessing, bring love, and pity, and rescue here $\mbox{\texttt{?}}$

A PLEA FOR OUR POLICEMEN.

Why is it that we so seldom hear of efforts to encourage the policemen of our great city to attend meetings and places of worship? We hear of efforts made to convert heathen, and to rescue thieves and other wrongdoers, but seldom have we testimony to the benefits conferred upon the public guardians of our streets. Soldiers, sailors, and many other classes have great and praiseworthy attention paid them, but it would appear-though we will not assume the fact-that little attention is paid to our metropolitan or city policemen. We expect them to be honest, careful, and sober, and when a policeman is convicted of any crime we are more or less surprised. But do we take any trouble to do them good? We have read extracts from newspapers that, "at the invitation of members of the force," many meetings have been held by policemen. Superintendents and sergeants have been addressed by missionaries, but the initiative appears to have come from the police themselves. As a body, our constables are hard-working and deserving men. Many police "institutions" appeal to the public annually, but appeals for the spiritual welfare of the brothers and fathers of the widows and children who are supported by these institutions do not come before us as they should. This is almost a national question, and might with advantage be considered by some of our city missions, individual members of which have, as we are aware, devoted time to the good work we are advocating. But the necessary organisation, as far as we are aware, has yet to come. We shall be glad to hear that efforts have been, or are being made in this direction, and to chronicle the result of any association which will accept our suggestion, and institute a mission for our guardians of the peace.

HOMES FOR LITTLE BOYS.

Have any of our readers travelled down to Farningham. to inspect the cottage Homes, wherein so many bright and happy faces will greet the visitor? The difference between the present as it is to these children, and the present as it might have been to them, will be then realised. The past has indeed for them been dark and dreary, the shadow of their sad experiences may still cloud the memory of some, but the cheerful present, and the anticipated happy future serve to brighten the eyes of the boys at Farningham. There they are, clothed, fed, and trained for useful and Christian lives. The work also is voluntary, and we understand that assistance is also needed. But we are convinced that the same care which has watched over these lads will still be extended to them, and the Homes for the homeless will continue to flourish, and extend the benefits it possesses to those of future generations. The Prince and Princess of Wales take a particular interest in these Homes, and many influential names are enrolled upon the committee, whose appeal we are pleased to make known.

OUT IN BURMAH.

A short time since we called attention to the Railway Mission in this country, and now we are invited to mention the good work being accomplished amongst the railway employés in Burmah. These men are chiefly English, and they are in great want of books and papers. Far away from friends and relatives, news from old England is anxiously looked for and highly appreciated. A nucleus of a library is already formed, but, of course, it needs to be supplemented continually. Various games might also be forwarded for the men; chiefly parlour games are required. Mrs. Ingalls, who is interesting herself in this work, has instituted Bible readings for Sundays, and we would suggest that books suitable for Sunday perusal may also be sent out. There are so many excellent cheap works which are suitable for the day of rest, that there should be no lack of instructive literature, even in the railway library at Burmah. The book-cases are at present unopened on the Sunday; but we would have special volumes for that day, in order that the working men might employ their hardcarned leisure profitably and pleasantly. The steamship company would doubtless deliver the consignments of books, etc., to the manager of the railway, or to Mrs. Ingalls herself.

THE LATYMER RCAD MISSION.

In the November number of THE QUIVER we took an opportunity to mention the above mission, and with reference to our article, the Hon. Secretary says that since our "Arrow" was shot the mission has been fortunate enough to increase the number of beds at the Children's Home at Broadwater, near Worthing. The number, therefore, is now twenty-one. The Secretary adds that he will be pleased if any of our readers will pay a visit to the Mission at Notting Hill, where the need for such work as it carries on so energetically will be perceived. We were pleased to call attention to the work at the time, and regret to hear that the annual subscriptions are so limited. But we trust this will be amended before long, as the useful work becomes more appreciated. We can assure the Hon. Secretary of our sympathy with his exertions, while thanking him for his kind reference to THE QUIVER, and our little notice of the Mission, to which we wish all success.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELIERS.

The Christian Association supported by the commercial travellers in the Kingdom, is extending its influence wisely and well; so much so that the Secretary is enabled to hold out hopes of even a more comprehensive undertaking in future. More members are joining, and many efforts

have been and are being continually made to further the objects of the Association in the supplying of books, and other ways which experience in such work may demand. There is a great deal to be done, and there is a very large field of operation, but the numbers and influence of the commercial travellers, and the success that has attended so many institutions with which they are connected, lead us to hope than the efforts now being made in the cause of their Young Men's Christian Association will be successful. They are fighting in a righteous cause, and the means they are taking to diffuse useful knowledge will result in good. They have now got 137 libraries scattered over the United Kingdom, and thus resting places are provided where pleasant and profitable society and amusement may be enjoyed.

HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

A few of our readers may remember the condition of the side streets of Oxford Street some fifty years ago. Even within our own memory the neighbourhood of the smaller streets in that direction was anything but attractive, and many "rookeries" still exist within a stone's throw of the luxurious dwellings of our citizens. But the locality known as Gray's Yard has undergone a great change, initiated by the little Ragged School which Miss Chamberlayne started. From such a small commencement great results have followed. This neighbourhood, which can be reached from James' Street, near Portman Square, is now the scene of a really good work; one which confers substantial benefits upon the poor and helpless. It is a fact but too well authenticated, that poor people who are in distress, and above all hungry, will not attend the services of the church; and to remedy this a "Ragged Church" was instituted by the committee of the schools. This arrangement has proved most successful. The attendance of the very poorest class of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood has been secured in large numbers, and many of these are honest workmen who are anxious and willing to do better, and walk in the right way. Free meals are liberally distributed, and there is an annual festival every January. In the schools there is no sectarian instruction. The church and schools can be visited by any one interested in the welfare of the poor people, and if any readers be inclined to assist the numerous branches of the work which are contiually in full operation, they can visit the place and inspect the machinery which is daily doing good. We may add that clothing, etc., will be accepted as gratefully as cash, there being much to do and many to clothe.

THE INCURABLES AT CLAPHAM RISE.

Hopelessly incurable! There is something inexpressibly sad in the words. Can we picture to ourselves the condition of these poor and worthy inmates of the British Home for Incurables? Shall we, who are in the full enjoyment of health and strength, deny our sympathy and more than mere condolence to the maimed and suffering in our midst? The operations of the Home do not, however, limit themselves to the area of the Metropolis. whole of the United Kingdom benefits in some degree from the Institution, and we may remind our readers throughout the kingdom of this fact. This is no local in-The clergy, too, can do a great deal for such stitution. an establishment as this, which has been in working order for more than twenty-one years. It provides a home, good and tender nursing, and to out-patients an annuity or pension of £20 per annum is granted-these depend upon elections by the subscribers. No distinction of creed is recognised, the spiritual needs of all are provided for, as well as the physical well-being of the inmates, and there are 260 patients at present (or lately) receiving pensions. Everything is done that can be done to mitigate the sufferings of the people in the Home. During the last twenty years, 538 persons have been elected to the benefits of the Institution.

"OUR SOLDIERS AT THE CAPE."

Under the above title Mrs. Osborn has given an interesting account of certain homes which have been provided for our soldiers at Cape Town. Like many more important institutions, the commencement of these little coffeerooms, as they may be termed, was very small. The want of a resting place or a quiet home for instruction and recreation was noticed, and from a small beginning great results are already anticipated. It is not such an easy task to initiate and carry on successfully an undertaking like this in a colony, and the efforts made by the lady have, we fear, in a measure injured her health. We are given to understand that assistance of a personal character is needed, as well as any contributions in books, etc. Perhaps some of the great steamer owners will volunteer to carry a few cases of periodicals out free of charge, and there should be no difficulty in obtaining periodicals, and a sufficient number of volumes to make a consignment. The work, meanwhile, is steadily progressing at the Cape-Educational classes have been organised, and teachers have liberally come forward to assist gratuitously. The Homes are a decided success, and instead of the two or three who, seeking retirement for study or reading, first started the idea, we have now numbers of men willing to be taught, and gladly accepting the Bible as their guide. Miss Lowe, 6, Maberly Road, Upper Norwood, London-will no doubt be glad to hear from any one who can assist the Soldiers' Homes at Cape Town and Wynberg, either by personal aid or by contributions of books,

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THE FRIENDLY LETTER MISSION.

Some interesting information concerning this Mission, and the manner in which it originated, has come in our way, and we gather a few facts concerning it, for perusal. The object of Miss Skinner's efforts needs no explanation, but every credit should be given her for her perseverance in well-doing for the benefit of others. Her first attempt was made in public-houses, hanging up texts, and by going amongst the people assembled, endeavouring to interest them in higher things than worldly enjoyments and pleasures. These visits were soon enjoyed and anxiously waited for, and we may assume that many who had expected a far different result from the visit of husband or father to the tap-room, had reason to bless the name of the brave lady who ventured amongst sights and sounds sounpalatable. After personal visiting, a series of letters was addressed to the publicans, and the work thus set on foot was soon followed by other letters intended for other branches of trade, until some twenty different classes of the community were successfully appealed to. But the benefits did not end here. The work prospered to such an extent that at the present time the letters thus quietly put forth are now translated into several foreign languages, and find readers in widely distant parts of the globe. Many people knowing this may be glad to assist in the distribution; and the famous letters in English or other tongues can be procured from Miss Skinner, St. James' Square, Bath, if any one is interested in the permanence of the work so successfully carried on by the lady whose enterprise and devotion set it on foot.

LITTLE COLONISTS.

An association, entitled the African Settlement Society, has issued a pamphlet calling attention to the means it possesses for placing waifs and strays in the employment of Christian colonists in South Africa. Readers of these pages are aware of the success which has attended the efforts of Mrs. Birt's and kindred institutions which send the rescued girls and boys to Canada, and other portions of our North American territories. system has answered well, and philanthropists in the metropolis have placed themselves in communication with the African Settlement Society with a view to the emigration of a number of children from various charitable institutions. We trust that the necessary arrangements can be made, and that the funds will be forthcoming. It is obviously impossible that all the poor children can be provided for in the United Kingdom, and equally so that they can remain for their whole lives dependent on charity or the rates. It is proposed to permit the children to follow their inclinations in the choice of employment on their arrival in the colony. They will be obliged to attend the schools out there, but when a certain standard has been reached the boys will be permitted to pursue the trades they may have learnt in this country, and the girls will be trained for domestic servants and housekeepers in the fullest sense. The Government have given the land where such a settlement can be established, and no alcoholic liquor will be admitted within the boundaries. There is abundant promise in the enterprise, and if the arrangements be made and carried out as carefully as the Canadian emigrations have been, we shall have nothing but praise for the Society. Many people will be glad to study the Society's pamphlet for themselves, and copies may be obtained from the Secretary, 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

FOR OUR SOLDIERS IN EGYPT.

We have seen an appeal from a Scripture reader addressed to Mrs. Evered Poole, and hasten to extend the publicity of the application, which we believe has been already in part responded to by a consignment of Bibles, etc. Our soldiers are not unlikely to remain in Egypt some time, and it is feared that the climate will claim sad tribute from our ranks, and send many men into the hospitals. There is a sad want of religious books, and doubtless of other volumes, which can be filled up and supplied. There should be no cost for the carriage. Surely the authorities ill convey any such packages freely in the ships or transports which proceed to Egypt with the necessary stores? Any apparatus which is suitable for entertainments, particularly those conducive to Temperance work, for which Major and Mrs. Evered Poole have so long and so successfully laboured, will be thankfully received. There is a great deal to combat in Egypt; there are numerous and novel temptations to Europeans to be overcome, and the difficulties must be grappled boldly. By the time these lines appear no doubt much will have been done, but we shall rejoice if this Arrow, "shot at a venture," hit the mark, and be instrumental in re-directing attention to such disinterested efforts as are being made by Mrs. Poole. Any communications may be addressed to Enfield House, Southampton.

HOME TRAINING AND TEACHING.

Some weeks ago our attention was directed to a suggestion emanating from Miss Ellice Hopkins, who has made many efforts for the benefit of women and children. There is a great deal to be said for the view taken of our duties by the writer, who heartily advocates meetings at private houses, for the school children-a sort of children's meeting for Saturdays, we presume, in lieu of or in addition to Mothers' Meetings. It is proposed to open "our own houses" to the elder girls of the week-day schools, and that the children should be taught to look upon this half-holiday working class as a treat. The idea is a very happy one, and we fancy it will be found practicable if the inducement held out by the lady who superintends the class be sufficient to overcome holiday attractions. This initial difficulty conquered, the work of dressing dolls, and making up scrap-books for less fortunate little ones, would be proceeded with. It would be well to hold a bazaar at the end of the term, and permit each worker to keep her own stall, and take the money her unaided efforts might gain from selling the crewel or other work she had executed. Some such attraction or channel of emulation as this will, we think, be necessary before the idea can be carried out to the extent intended by the writer, who also insists that the work should be done not in school-rooms or mission-rooms, but in the drawing-rooms of our private houses. The beauty and the charm of the surroundings, it is contended, would be enjoyed by the young visitors, and the "refinements" would "raise the tone of the working girls." From this point of view the suggestion certainly deserves consideration. We fear some householders will raise objections, and it may happen that intimacy with "grandeur" will tend in individual cases to raise feelings of envy, and a desire for possession of the luxuries of life, or taste for

finery and display. We do not say that any such result will follow, but at the same time it will be as well to consider these points. As to the general benefits to be derived from the institution of such working classes we have no doubt. The good done will be great; but we would make a further suggestion. Could not the "working afternoon" be fixed for some other day than Saturday, the one leisure day of the six? If the class held at the lady's house were considered a "real treat," would it not be appreciated more highly if, purchased by good conduct, the attendance were fixed for some afternoon when less industrious children were kept at lessons? The treat would then be a real and substantial one-a reward indeed. The pleasant reading might be equally instructive, while busy fingers kept working for poorer children. Such modifications might be made as best suited certain localities; and no doubt many people will gladly give Miss Hopkins' plan a trial, at any rate. The idea is too good to be lost.

THE WISHED-FOR RESULT.

In continuing the foregoing question, let us look a little into the future; and the more the proposal is studied the more will the eventual benefits become apparent. Example is better than precept, and such examples as will be continually before the working girls in our private dwellings will, we believe, result in increased rectitude in after life. A higher standard will be reached, and an effort made to gain a firmer footing. Acquaintance with educated people will perhaps develope into friendship, and self-respect will be increased. An interest in the future of the workers would be awakened in the ladies, who would naturally take care that no protégée was placed in a situation unfitted for her. Advice and womanly counsel would be forthcoming for girls, who frequently choose the wrong road, not because they think wrong, but because they have none to confide in and to advise them. Thus the young women of this generation will be improved and elevated in every sense. The future of every nation depends upon its women-upon the mothers who have the coming generations to train and bring up. We hope that many readers will endeavour to carry out the suggestions made by the lady whose proposals we have

A STARTLING CHANGE.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "I was once an unbeliever-in fact, an infidel, and the change came about in a very marvellous manner." Then the narrator, who was well-todo, and of good appearance, told his story, which we here reproduce faithfully, as an encouragement to all. Some time ago the merchant was travelling in a wild and unfrequented part of the United States. He lost his way, and as evening was approaching, he determined to seek the nearest shelter. A rude hut was the only available place, and entering he requested food and lodging for the night. A woman gave him admittance until her husband returned, and when the powerful and well-armed trapper appeared the heart of the traveller sank within him. How easily could he be disposed of, and his money taken by this rough hunter! The merchant was greatly alarmed, and believed he perceived indications of treachery in his host. The traveller, therefore, sat up ready to repel the anticipated attack, and resisted all invitations to retire to rest. "Well, then," said the hunter, "you must attend our family prayers; I never go to bed without reading a chapter of the Bible, and thanking God for His mercies. The dreaded hunter was the better Christian, and when at length he rose from his knees, after committing all under his roof to the care of God, the merchant felt a degree of security, even in those wild surroundings, which he had never experienced even at home. The little grain of seed had been planted, roughly it is true, and undesignedly, by human agency, but it bore fruit a hundredfold. The merchant from that evening was a different being. He was healed from the fearful malady of unbelief, and went away from the rude dwelling which was indeed to him a very Bethel, and none other than the House of God.

A CARELESS AGE.

"In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh. Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his Lord hath made ruler over His household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."-St. Matthew xxiv. 44-46.



HE long, long years of vice and wrong, When superstition black as night Made slaves alike of weak and strong, Have passed for ever from our sight,

Gone are the dark old days, and yet, Although the Gospel light shines clear, Men heed it not, and quite forget That they are only servants here-

Servants entrusted from on high With sacred work-each man his own-And yet who put their duties by, And live for self and self alone.

And though the Lord Himself has said That He will come again with power When men expect not, they are dead To all the signs of that dread hour.

When countries into war are hurled, When tempests stir the mighty deep, When great disasters shock the world. They wake not from their foolish sleep;

But, lulled by sin into a dream, All heedlessly they drift along In Pleasure's ways, until they seem To reach the deeper depths of wrong.

And sceptics scoff, and waverers fall. Deeming that Christ will never come: While those who hold the truth through all Too oft are listless, if not dumb.

Oh, if this thing could only be! That many a careless heart to-day Might wake to serve God faithfully, And do Christ's bidding-"Watch and Pray;"

That when He comes again in might-The Father's well-beloved Son-They might be faithful in His sight, And hear His sweet "Well done! Well done!" G. W.

king of Gerar, made an oath there with Abraham. (Gen.

62. Joseph, whose body was preserved by the Israelites

during the whole time of their sojourn in the land of

Egypt, and afterwards buried by them in the land of

63. St. Peter, who is also called Simon, son of Jonas,

in the sepulchre of Abner, at Hebron. (2 Sam. ii. 8-10,

65. When the Children of Israel murmured against God

at Taberah, He sent down fire upon them, which became

66. She caused all the children of the Royal Family to

67. First, by Abraham, for the offering up of Isaac; second,

be siain, except one, who was saved by his nurse. (2 Kings

quenched at the prayer of Moses. (Numbers xi. 1, 2.)

Caanan. (Gen. l. 25, 26; and Josh. xxiv. 32.)

Cephas, and Simeon. (John i. 42; Acts xv. 7, 14.) 64. Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, whose head was buried

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

xxi, 30, 31.)

and iv. 12.)

xi. 1.)

74. What mountain is mentioned as being situated over against Jericho, and what notable event occurred

75. On more than one occasion God used hail as a help to his people Israel in time of war: quote passage from the Book of Job in which this use of hail is mentioned.

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82. What three rivers symbolised three great ancient nations?

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85. Which of the Psalms is considered as the oldest, and by whom is it supposed to have been written?

by David, to stay the plague at Jerusalem; third, by Solomon, at the rebuilding of the Temple; fourth, by Israel, on their return from Babylon. (Gen. xxii. 1-10; 2 Sam, xxiv. 18-25; 2 Chron. iii. 1; and Ezra. iii. 1-13.)

68. "If thou meet thine enemy's ox, or his ass, going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, thou shalt surely help with him." 4. 5: Luke vi. 27.)

69. Of St. Peter, after the terrible judgment which he brought on Ananias and Sapphira at Jerusalem. (Acts v. 12-16.)

70. Julius, who prevented the soldiers killing St. Paul when the ship was wrecked at Melita. (Acts xxvii. 1, 42, 43.)

71. Saul, king of Israel, who cast a javelin at his son Jonathan, to slay him. (1 Sam. xx. 30-33.)

72. Lazarus, whom the Jews threatened to kill after our Blessed Lord had restored him to life. (John xi. 1, 14, 44; and xii. 9-11.)

73. Omri, king of Israel, the founder of the city. (1 Kings xvi. 23-28.)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

59, Near the well Lahai Roi, where, some time before, the angel had appeared to Hagar when she fled away from the face of Sarah. (Gen. xxiv, 62, and xvi. 7-14.) 60. Ruth, the Moabitess. (Matt. i. 5; Ruth i. 22.)

61. It was digged by Abraham's servants, and was called Beer-sheba (the well of the oath) because Abimelech,

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HYMNS WITH A HISTORY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALTERS.

ROM that Passover night when Christ sang the Hallel with His Apostles in the upper room in Jerusalem, hymns have been among the most useful agencies in His church. Both in the Epitele to the Ephesians, and in that to the

Colossians, Paul exhorts the brethren to edify themselves by the use of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." The Crusaders were inspired and sustained by hymns. Luther's enemies declared that he did more harm by his songs than by his sermons, Coleridge affirms that he served the Reformation as efficiently by his hymns, as by his translation of the Bible; and another writer says, "The children leant Luther's hymns in the cottage, and martyrs ang them on the scaffold." The early Methodists were mighty Psalm-singers. In the revival of 1857 in America, hundreds of awakened and troubled souls found peace through the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea." And in later years, on both sides of the Atlantic, the singing of Mr. Sankey has been as useful as the preaching of Mr. Moody, in the numerous conversions attendant on their labours.

We might easily fill a volume with known cases of usefulness through hymns, but our space permits the record of only a few. In the city of New Orleans, a young Scotchman lay on his death-bed. A Presbyterian minister, to whom his condition had become known, visited him, and endeavoured to lead him to the Saviour. The youth, however, kept his heart closed against all the influences brought to bear upon him, and the good man's labour seemed lost. Discouraged, the minister turned to go away; and, as he was leaving the room, began to hum to himself that beautiful hymn, which, in one form or another, has come down through several centuries, and which has long been popular among the mountains and glens of Scotland-"Jerusalem, my happy home." The effect on the dying man was magical. A tender chord was touched. The memories of childhood proved more powerful than the minister's appeals. His heart was broken, and with sobs and tears he exclaimed, "Oh, stay, sir. My dear mother used to sing that hymn." The minister returned to his bed-side. His heart now was receptive of the truth. He came to Christ, and trusted in Him; found peace, and died rejoicing.

Poets, says one, learn in suffering what they teach in song. We have an illustration, in the case of Paul Gerhardt's well-known hymn, which we sing in John Wesley's translation, "Commit thou all thy griefs," etc. In consequence of some difference between the King of Saxony and himself, he was ordered to leave the country. Travelling on foot on account of their poverty, he and his wife came one night to a village inn, and sought refuge. His wife was so affected by their circumstances that she burst into tears. The poet reminded her of the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord;" and, going into the garden, wrote this hymn. That very night two messengers arrived from Duke Christian of Merseburg to invite Gerhardt to that city, and to assure him of a good temporal provision for life. Giving his wife the hymn he had written, he said to her, "See how God provides! did I not tell you to trust in God, and all would be well?" Mr. William Dawson, better known as "Billy Dawson," the celebrated Methodist preacher, once produced a marvellous impression on a congregation in Lancashire, with this hymn. It was at a time of commercial distress, from which many of his audience were suffering. The chapel was crowded, but, as he surveyed the assembly, he saw a look of despondency on all faces. Having announced the hymn, he read on till he came to the end of the fifth verse. He then broke off, and thus addressed the congregation: "On these occasions I often receive notice-papers of meetings and sermons, and after the service is over, I put them into my pocket, where they accumulate for weeks, till some day as I am walking abroad, I take them out and examine them all. One or two may require to be kept; the rest I tear up into small shreds and scatter to the winds. Now, this is what I want you to do with your troubles

"Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head."

The effect was overwhelming. Distrust and gloom vanished before the presence of God's own strength and peace, and the blessed results were felt all through that season of depression.

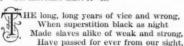
Who shall measure the usefulness of Isaac Watts! Doddridge tells us how he was once preaching to a country audience in a barn, from the text, "Followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises." After the sermon he gave out the hymn:—

"Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys—
How bright their glories be."

And so deeply moved were the congregation while singing it, that many shed tears, and some were

A CARELESS AGE.

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84. Quote passage representing the priceless value of wisdom

85. Which of the Psalms is considered as the oldest, and by whom is it supposed to have been written?

Cephas, and Simeon. (John i. 42; Acts xv. 7, 14.) 64. Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, whose head was buried in the sepulchre of Abner, at Hebron. (2 Sam. ii. 8-10, and iv. 12.)

Caanan. (Gen. l. 25, 26; and Josh. xxiv. 32.)

king of Gerar, made an oath there with Abraham. (Gen.

62. Joseph, whose body was preserved by the Israelites

during the whole time of their sojourn in the land of

Egypt, and afterwards buried by them in the land of

63. St. Peter, who is also called Simon, son of Jonas,

65. When the Children of Israel murmured against God at Taberah, He sent down fire upon them, which became quenched at the prayer of Moses. (Numbers xi. 1, 2.)

66. She caused all the children of the Royal Family to be siain, except one, who was saved by his nurse. (2 Kings xi. 1.)

67. First, by Abraham, for the offering up of Isaac; second, by David, to stay the plague at Jerusalem; third, by Solomon, at the rebuilding of the Temple; fourth, by Israel, on their return from Babylon. (Gen. xxii. 1-10; 2 Sam, xxiv. 18-25; 2 Chron. iii. 1; and Ezra. iii. 1-13.)

68, "If thou meet thine enemy's ox, or his ass, going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his (Exod. xxiii. burden, thou shalt surely help with him." 4, 5; Luke vi. 27.)

69. Of St. Peter, after the terrible judgment which he brought on Ananias and Sapphira at Jerusalem. (Acts v. 12-16.)

70. Julius, who prevented the soldiers killing St. Paul when the ship was wrecked at Melita. (Acts xxvii. 1, 42, 43.)

71. Saul, king of Israel, who cast a javelin at his son Jonathan, to slay him. (1 Sam. xx. 30-33.)

72. Lazarus, whom the Jews threatened to kill after our Blessed Lord had restored him to life. (John xi. 1, 14, 44; and xii. 9-11.)

73. Omri, king of Israel, the founder of the city. (1 Kings xvi. 23-28.)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

59. Near the well Lahai Roi, where, some time before, the angel had appeared to Hagar when she fled away from the face of Sarah. (Gen. xxiv. 62, and xvi. 7-14.)

60. Ruth, the Moabitess. (Matt. i. 5; Ruth i. 22.) 61. It was digged by Abraham's servants, and was called Beer-sheba (the well of the oath) because Abimelech,

HYMNS WITH A HISTORY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALTERS.

ROM that Passover night when Christ sang the Hallel with His Apostles in the upper room in Jerusalem, hymns have been among the most useful agencies in His church. Both in the Ephesians, and in that to the

Colossians, Paul exhorts the brethren to edify themselves by the use of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." The Crusaders were inspired and sustained by hymns. Luther's enemies declared that he did more harm by his songs than by his sermons. Coleridge affirms that he served the Reformation as efficiently by his hymns, as by his translation of the Bible; and another writer says, "The children learnt Luther's hymns in the cottage, and martyrs ang them on the scaffold." The early Methodists were mighty Psalm-singers. In the revival of 1857 in America, hundreds of awakened and troubled souls found peace through the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea." And in later years, on both sides of the Atlantic, the singing of Mr. Sankey has been as useful as the preaching of Mr. Moody, in the numerous conversions attendant on their labours.

We might easily fill a volume with known cases of usefulness through hymns, but our space permits the record of only a few. In the city of New Orleans, a young Scotchman lay on his death-bed. A Presbyterian minister, to whom his condition had become known, visited him, and endeavoured to lead him to the Saviour. The youth, however, kept his heart closed against all the influences brought to bear upon him, and the good man's labour seemed lost. Discouraged, the minister turned to go away; and, as he was leaving the room, began to hum to himself that beautiful hymn, which, in one form or another, has come down through several centuries, and which has long been popular among the mountains and glens of Scotland-"Jerusalem, my happy home." The effect on the dying man was magical. A tender chord was touched. The memories of childhood proved more powerful than the minister's appeals. His heart was broken, and with sobs and tears he exclaimed, "Oh, stay, sir. My dear mother used to sing that hymn." The minister returned to his bed-side. His heart now was receptive of the truth. He came to Christ, and trusted in Him; found peace, and died rejoicing.

Poets, says one, learn in suffering what they teach in song. We have an illustration, in the case of Paul Gerhardt's well-known hymn, which we sing in John Wesley's translation, "Commit

thou all thy griefs," etc. In consequence of some difference between the King of Saxony and himself, he was ordered to leave the country. Travelling on foot on account of their poverty, he and his wife came one night to a village inn, and sought refuge. His wife was so affected by their circumstances that she burst into tears. The poet reminded her of the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord;" and, going into the garden, wrote this hymn. That very night two messengers arrived from Duke Christian of Merseburg to invite Gerhardt to that city, and to assure him of a good temporal provision for life. Giving his wife the hymn he had written, he said to her, "See how God provides! did I not tell you to trust in God, and all would be well?" Mr. William Dawson, better known as "Billy Dawson," the celebrated Methodist preacher, once produced a marvellous impression on a congregation in Lancashire, with this hymn. It was at a time of commercial distress, from which many of his audience were suffering. The chapel was crowded, but, as he surveyed the assembly, he saw a look of despondency on all faces. Having announced the hymn, he read on till he came to the end of the fifth verse. He then broke off, and thus addressed the congregation: "On these occasions I often receive notice-papers of meetings and sermons, and after the service is over, I put them into my pocket, where they accumulate for weeks, till some day as I am walking abroad, I take them out and examine them all. One or two may require to be kept; the rest I tear up into small shreds and scatter to the winds. Now, this is what I want you to do with your troubles

"'Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head."

The effect was overwhelming. Distrust and gloom vanished before the presence of God's own strength and peace, and the blessed results were felt all through that season of depression.

Who shall measure the usefulness of Isaac Watts! Doddridge tells us how he was once preaching to a country audience in a barn, from the text, "Followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises." After the sermon he gave out the hymn:—

"Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys—
How bright their glories be."

And so deeply moved were the congregation while singing it, that many shed tears, and some were not able to sing at all. In another case, a person under conviction of sin, all at once remembered the verse of one of the "Hymns for Children," learnt thirteen years before at school, and forgotten till that moment:—

"He honoured all His Father's laws, Which we had disobeyed; He bore our sins upon the cross, And our full ransom paid,"

The lines contained the Gospel the awakened sinner was seeking, and faith brought peace. A London City Missionary relates the case of a Jewess, who seeing part of the hymn, "Not all the blood of beasts," etc., on a piece of paper covering some butter, read it, and could not shake off the impression produced. She was lead thereby to read the Bible, and found in Jesus of Nazareth her true Messiah. Although her acceptance of Christ provoked her husband to forsake and renounce her, and exposed her to many hardships, she was faithful to the end, and died in the Lord.

One of the most universal favourites among hymns is that which begins, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs." Miss Bird says she heard it sung at Richmond, Virginia, by three thousand negro voices, and the emotion produced was almost irrepressible. Of all the incidents recorded in connection with the hymns of Dr. Watts, one of the most peculiar in interest is noted by the biographer of Catherine and Craufurd Tait. He tells us that the venerable Jewish patriarch, Sir Moses Montefiore, when over eighty, was found one day by Mrs. Tait, (wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury), hearing the children of her orphanage in the Isle of Thanet repeat one of them, which he said his mother had taught him when he was a child.

Toplady's "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," is a hymn around which all Christians rally, and which has ever been one of the most welcome in the sanctuary, in the home circle, and in the closet. Dr. Pomeroy, an American minister, was travelling some years ago in the East, and went in Constantinople into an Armenian The people were singing, and though he could not understand the words, he was satisfied of their power, and of the effect wrought on the singers, for many of them were weeping as they sang. On inquiry at the close, he found that the hymn which had been sung with such feeling was a translation of "Rock of Ages," etc. The late Prince Consort received consolation from it in his last hours. Professor Duncan asked for it a few hours before he died, and stopped the reader at the line, "Nothing in my hands I bring," till it was repeated six times.

Countless stories of thrilling interest might be told in connection with the hymns of the Wesleys. The grand composition, "Rejoice for a brother deceased," and its fit companion, "Come, let us join our friends above," have been sung at thousands of funerals, and borne the faith and hope of the singers beyond death and the grave into the land where they die no more. What solemn thoughts and feelings gather year by year around the watch-night hymn, "Come, let us anew our journey pursue." In the West of Eng. land some years ago, there was a half-witted man whom people called "Foolish Dick." Taught, however, by the Spirit of God, he had become wise unto salvation. He travelled throughout the district, preaching in his simple fashion Chris Jesus the Saviour of sinners. His favourite hymn was that beginning, "How happy is the pilgrim's lot!" He sang it at every hearth which gave him a night's shelter; and died repeating the last lines :-

> "Now let the pilgrim's journey end, Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend, Receive me to Thy breast!"

In the early days of Methodism, the daughter of an English nobleman was led through its influence to become a true Christian. Her father did all in his power to break off her association with the Methodists, and induce her to give up religion; but all his efforts were useless. One evening, he requested her to entertain a large company assembled in his house with a song. It was extremely distasteful to her, but without hesitation, she took her seat at the piano. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then sang in a most charming manner:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here, For worldly hope, or worldly fear, If life so soon is gone; If now the Judge is at the door, And all mankind must stand before The inexorable throne!"

The solemnity of eternity fell on the guests; and, as soon as the singing ceased, without speaking they dispersed. The father, left alone, wept aloud; and sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter. With a full heart, she led him to the cross, where he found salvation, and consecrated himself and his property to God. An actress, performing in one of our provincial theatres, was passing through one of the streets of the town, when she was attracted by the sound of voices issuing from an open door. Curiosity led her to stop and listen. One of the company gave out the hymn—

"Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners spare?"

She went on her way, but the words followed her. She procured the book that contained the hymn, and the reading of it deepened her convic-



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE WITH THE CHILDREN.

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tion. She began to search the Scriptures, and there she found Christ and salvation. Once, and only once, after this, she appeared on the stage. The character she was to assume required from her, on her entrance, a song; and when the curtain rose, the orchestra began the accompaniment. She stood as if lost in thought. The music ceased, but she did not sing; and supposing that she was overcome by timidity, the band again commenced. A second time the music stopped, and still there was silence. A third time the air was played; when, with her hands clasped, and her eyes weeping, she sang, not the words of the song, but the hymn—

"Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?"

The performance at once came to a close; and, although her conduct was turned to ridicule by many, in the case of others it became the power of God unto their salvation.

Such instances of usefulness as we have cited might be continued in endless variety, but we have room for only one more. One starlight night, Duncan Matheson, a Scripture reader in the Crimean war, weary and sad with the delay of victory, was returning from Sebastopol to the lonely stable which he had fitted up as a lodging place, and as he trudged along knee-deep in mud, he thought of the spirits of the glorified above, and sang aloud Cameron's well-known hymn, based on one of Watts'—

> "How bright those glorious spirits shine! Whence all their bright array? How came they to the blissful seats Of everlasting day?

"Lo! these are they from sufferings great Who came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have washed Those robes which shine so bright."

A poor soldier, grown tired of life, had gone forth that night with his musket, intending to end his miserable existence. His attention was arrested by the familiar tune and hynn which he had learned at the Sabbath-school. He at once abandoned his intention of suicide, and returned to his tent. The following day he told Mr. Matheson how he had gone out the previous night for the purpose of destroying himself, and how the memories awakened by the hynn had frustrated his plan, and led him to think of the one thing needful. There and then he registered his resolve that henceforth he would serve the Lord.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS.



F we stand on a seabeach and watch the rolling in of the waves, we observe that after one unusually big has tumbled itself over at our feet there comes a lull. Nature seems to be taking breath before uprearing another monster. Just so one notices a "tide in the affairs of men." After exciting events a flatness usually succeeds,

sometimes contradicting our anticipations of consequences. After the extraordinary excitements recorded, Barbara Street—the portion of it in which we are interested—lapsed into a state of singular dulness. The very weather sympathised, and, after the brilliant day accorded to the excur-

sionists, turned gloomy and cold. Expectations and anticipations were alike contradicted. Grace found Mr. Waterhouse, when she came into his presence again, quite as circumspect in his behaviour as before the relaxed conditions of the day's intercourse, and that vaguely uncomfortable Sunday evening episode. Hester, when she went across to Miss Denston, like a guilty but repentant child expecting punishment, found herself greeted without anger, coldness, or even reference to her desertion of the day before. How could this be? She wondered, but felt it a grace which drew her to her friend once more with cords of love-now too often replaced with those of obligation. Between Denston and his sister, too, had again fallen silence. When they met again no reference was made to the subjects or the disclosure of the previous evening. It may, however, be supposed that, though the world of incident was just then barren, minds were far from lying fallow, and that there was movement going on there in which was stored up the electric force which serves to create incident. Circumstances, it is true, mould men, but it must be remembered that men make circumstances. Each act, each word, nay, each determining thought of our life goes to the framing of circumstance, helps to

create the external conditions in which our soul, and not only ours but that of our neighbour, has to live and move. We are all, whether we will or no,

history. It is an awful fact that we cannot be good or bad to ourselves only, even in our secret thoughts.

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"Denston gravely took the basket as they turned away."-p. 457.

our brother's keeper: involuntarily we frame his temptations, his sufferings, his faults. Our very thoughts are translated into remorseless facts which make or mar him, for the thoughts we indulge in issue in our actions as inevitably as the chrysalis developes into the butterfly, and our actions make

During this slackening in the tide of events, small probably in the estimation of some, but far otherwise if we believe events to be rightly measurable only as they affect human character, Grace, coming suddenly one evening into the bedroom which she shared with her mother, found her sobbing unrestrainedly, and clasping

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in her hand a miniature portrait which her daughter knew well. She knew also what her mother's emotion meant. How often in the time gone by had she seen her mother's composure overcome by these sudden on-rushings of memory, before which the intervening years, with their burden of other interests and cares, were swept away and the long-buried past left as the only rooted reality! Grace spoke not a word, but, just as she had been used to do when a tiny dark-eyed child of ten, came close to her mother's side, and waited patiently, with something of the faithfulness of a dog understanding little his master's grief, but offering in wistful dumbness what comfort may lie in a loving presence.

By-and-by her mother's sobs grew quieter, and she let the miniature fall into her lap. Grace took it up and looked at it. In her handling and her look there was that mixture of reverence and curiosity which maidens are wont to use towards the symbols of an experience which has never come to them. The only love-confidences to which Grace had listened had come from her mother's lips. The only romance to which she had been a confidante had been that of her father and mother, acted out long years before, and brought to a close so sudden, and so dark, that it had cast its shadow backwards as well as forwards, and blotted out the early brightness. Grace, gazing at the likeness, thought many things. It was a handsome face that was represented there; her mother had told her that when her father sat for it he had set himself to look as he would have done at her-his wife, and Grace could imagine well that it had been so. The eyes were looking straight into hers, and smiling, and there was a glow over the whole features which the painter had well caught and transfixed. Grace had another face in her mind's eye with which this one ill agreed, a face over which hung a heavy melancholy, and eyes which never smiled, nor rested on hers with the direct glance of a heart-greeting. Was there anything in this face which foreshadowed the other? Did the suggestion of a too passionate feverish grasping at the good things of life lurk in that genial mouth and eager eye, and foretell that early ruin of fame, and happiness, and reason, the shadow of which still hung over them? Grace did not love her father, but his idea was associated with vivid emotion of many kinds. She knew that as a child she had loved him dearly; she knew that her mother still loved him, and his image was encompassed with a pity full of awe, such as we accord to those whose sufferings have been exceptional. Mrs. Norris presently removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and looked up. It was an uneasy glance, as of one who eyes some treasure jealously. She held out her hand for the miniature, and, gazing at it, wept silently. Grace after a moment put her hand over her mother's, and covered the face from view.

"Mother," she said, "you have cried long enough to-night. Won't you put it away now?"

Her mother lifted her dark eyes appealingly. "You don't understand, Grace—how should you?

The grief that comes when I look at this is a relief. I can forget the reality, I can be almost happy. I feel as if I were twenty again. Grace, was not your father handsome? What beautiful eyes he had! You are none of you like him."

Grace had knelt down by her mother's side, perceiving she was ready to be comforted by ex-

pression and sympathy.

"Yes," said Grace, "he was very handsome, and, of course, you thought his eyes beautiful, because they spoke love to you. And you were handsome, too, mother, as you are still. I should think you are very little changed from what you were in those happy days, in spite of all the trouble you have had. At the present moment you look like a girl thinking of her lover. You feel like that, don't you?"

Mrs. Norris' cheeks were just tinged with colour, her eyes were luminous through the moisture of tears, and her lips parted in a dawning smile. But they

began now to tremble piteously.

"We have never been middle-aged people together, you see. I should have been happier and less sentimental otherwise, perhaps. I have nothing to think of but those days, my dear."

"You do not need any excuse, mother. Such love as yours is a most wonderful thing. What a long, long time it has lasted, and what stormy seas it has lived through!"

Her mother smiled gently.

"There is no wonder in that. You don't know what love is, Grace."

"No," said Grace, gravely, "I hope I never shall. I hope and trust it will not come to any of us."

"It would be better, perhaps, as things are," said Mrs. Norris, sighing; "but I should have wished a happier future for my daughters."

"We are happier as we are. I shudder at the thought of bearing the burden of a love like yours.

It seems to me a fearful thing."

"That is because you do not understand, my dear; but"—after a pause, and smiling—"why I should try to enlighten you I do not know. What a foolish mother you have got!"

"But dearer than the wisest Solomon of a mother that ever lived."

And some kissing ensued.

"Mother," said Grace, after an interval, "I think Hester could love as you do, and as long. I hope she may not."

"Hester, Grace? Why do you say that? Have you any reason?"

The two looked into each other's eyes.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Norris, "he does not think of it, I am sure. I have seen no sign of it. I think he seems more in love with me."

"That would show his good taste, and let us hope it may prove so; but the idea must have entered your head as well as mine, or you would not have caught it so quickly."

"I like him better than any young man I have

known. I think he is thoroughly to be trusted," said Mrs. Norris, musingly.

"Mother, this is madness!" burst in Grace, vehemently. "It is sentiment misapplied indeed! What greater misfortune could happen than that we should any of us fall in love? You know well we could never marry. As for me, I cannot think what maggot has got into my brain that I should be always imagining these things. A year ago I never troubled my head about them. I wish we had never begun to know young men. I had little idea they

were such disturbing creatures."

Mrs. Norris was paying small attention to this sally, which otherwise might have been suggestive to her. Her only answer was a sigh. She was again absorbed in the feelings uppermost with her that evening. Grace saw the look of pain which she had chased away, settling again upon her mother's face.

"Grace," she said, "I have so strongly the feeling that your father wants me."

"But, mother, you have often felt that, and you have so often proved that he does not. You should not distress yourself by dwelling on a delusion."

"But, my dear, I always have the feeling that it may be otherwise. You know they all think him better, and there is the letter he wrote me to prove it."

"And when we went to see him after you received it, was there any difference in him? Was he not just as apathetic and indifferent to your presence? And did you not come away almost heart-broken? Because he contrived to get hold of your address, and wrote asking to be taken away, which you know the patients are always doing, you make up your mind that he is getting better. Poor mother, how deluded you are!"

"You are very hard, Grace."

"No, mother, I am not. But I cannot bear that you should hope and be disappointed."

"Well, Grace, I must go and see him."

"Now, that is just what I feared. It is so short a time since the last visit, and you were so unhappy after it. If you go I shall have to see my little mother looking sad and ill for weeks."

"Nevertheless, I must go, Grace. You cannot understand the craving I have to see him. Besides, we do not know how much he feels and understands. I believe that he would miss my visits, and that he remembers when I am gone how I smiled at him and loved him, and till I know to the contrary I will never neglect him. Oh, my dear, if he would but look once as if he remembered and loved, I would ask for nothing more. Oh, Grace, that is all I ask of God! I must go and see whether He is not willing to grant it now."

The tears were in Grace's eyes, brought there by the yearning tone of her mother's voice.

"Well, mother, we will go to-morrow," she said.

And the two kissed each other, and Grace smoothed her mother's hair, and bathed her eyes with eau de Cologne, and then they went down-stairs together. The next day they traversed once more the way associated with so much fruitless pain and misery—the way never willingly taken by Grace, for their visits gave no pleasure to her father; indeed, they knew that his gloom was always heavier afterwards: and to her nother the occasions were fraught with anguish, which yet she was ever craving to bring upon herself.

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To Grace, her mother's love towards her husband, so persistent, so inexhaustible, was a continual source of awed wonder. Fourteen years seems an age to the young, and to those who have not loved it seems a marvel that love should not be quenched by "many waters." It was not possible that Grace should realise how the eleven years of wedded love and happiness, in which her husband had been the very soul of her life, should be to her mother more vivid and more real than those colourless fourteen, in which she had been as a widow and an exile, and which had been lived out without enthusiasm or hope. To Grace they had been the years of her growth from childhood into womanhood, of the development of her mind and tastes and feeling, while she had had a child's feeble hold on that time to which her mother looked back as that of her own most intense life.

And after that terrible crash which had come into the midst of her mother's unsuspecting content, when, through her husband's carelessness and extravagance, ruin had fallen upon his own family, and many another: after the one awful night, the horrible incidents of which Grace only guessed at, when that idolised husband had attempted to take both her life and his own, and she had been forced to struggle against the dear hand, and at last, when she could struggle no longer, and all her efforts at soothing failed, to call others to her help; and then, when, after his wife was compelled at last to consent to be separated from him, and he was removed by the doctors to an asylum, he had lapsed into a state of hopeless gloom and apathy, from which for fourteen years her visits had never roused him, except to a kind of passive aversion, nor ever drawn from him a look or word of responsive affection-after all this, what miraculous spring did the love flow from, which could live still in unwavering intensity and unabated tenderness? Still, her mother loved with the fervour of the lover, the constancy of the wife. After the separationthat she might not hear her husband's name on lips which would condemn and reproach-she had buried herself with her children in that unknown dreary London, which knew no more of her than she of it.

The worst feature of her husband's case had been that, knowing ruin to be all but inevitable, he had, in his desperation, tried to retrieve his position by getting in loans on every hand; and it had only been in consideration of the effect which the final calamity produced on the bankrupt that his creditors had refrained from insisting upon his prosecution. But the noise of the disgraceful failure

and the ruin it had spread, had gone over all the country, and therefore Mrs. Fleetwood dropped the name which was in everybody's mouth, and took instead her husband's Christian name, that she might still bear a name that was his. And the younger children, as we know, had never been taken into their mother's confidence. They believed their father dead, and their mother would not have it otherwise. As she had kept the secret so she would still, with a blind tenacity that would not reason. She clung to the one idea that she would keep the sad story from every ear-above all, his children must never know it. And Grace, who resented the principle of sacrificing every consideration to her father, who strenuously disapproved of the concealment from her sisters, and felt her mother's persistency in visiting the asylum grievously mistaken, and who, to make her objections the more potent, was possessed of an uncommonly strong will, which she was in the habit of exercising as successfully in respect of her mother as of any other person, yet exerted little effort to enforce her will in these directions. The fact was, her will was relaxed by the influence of that same awe of which I have spoken. The love which she saw in her mother was a thing so wonderful, inexplicable, and almost fearful, that she dared not meddle with it. A strong man is mastered by the tiny hand of a child, which has a force in it subtle and immeasurable. And Grace was mastered by this passion of her mother's, which was half weakness, half force, and the stronger for the union.

The institution in which Mrs. Norris had placed her husband, and in which he had remained during the whole period of their separation, was situated in a southern suburb of London. It was a handsome building, standing in extensive grounds, and the inmates were surrounded with luxury. The heavy fees bore a large proportion to her income, and left her and her children much straitened, but that had never been thought of as a sacrifice.

Grace and her mother were informed by the matron that Mr. Fleetwood was in the garden, and she offered to take them to him. She chatted cheerfully the while she walked with them, in the way people have with whom familiarity with painful matters has bred indifference if not contempt. She was used to receiving visitors who, like this tall and dignified looking person, dressed shabbily though carefully, showed pale cheeks, and bore a fast-throbbing heart.

"Do you consider Mr. Fleetwood better?" asked Mrs. Norris, tremblingly.

"Not much as to his spirits, I think, but he is perfectly quiet; he goes about wherever he likes by himself, and interferes with no one. Dr. Poynter was saying only yesterday that he considered Mr. Fleetwood's mind was becoming more rational while his strength was declining."

"But his health is good, is it not? There is nothing the matter?"

Grace looked at her mother anxiously, for her pallor had become excessive.

"No," said the matron, in a doubtful tone; "there is nothing the matter, I believe, but Mr. Fleetwood is not the man he was. He is getting older, you see."

"I suppose I can see Dr. Poynter before I leave?"
"Certainly; he is always in his room at this time in the morning. I will leave you now, for there is Mr. Fleetwood sitting under the tree. He always goes to that seat when he is left alone. Sometimes he will sit there for hours together, without seeming to take notice of anything, unless he is roused."

The matron turned back to the house.

"Stay here, Grace," said her mother. "I am going to see if I cannot surprise him into speaking to me. I shall go up to him just as I used to do."

Grace, under that influence which she could not resist, never interfered with what her mother chose to do here.

Her father did not raise his head as his wife approached him.

Grace, standing where she was left, watched her mother as she crossed the grass towards the cedar, in the shade of which her father was sitting, and sit down silently very close to his side. He stirred restlessly, and moved his head from side to side; but still he did not raise his eyes. His hands were clasped between his knees. She put her hand—a soft ungloved hand—upon them, and said, tremulously—

"Your hands are cold, Norris; it is cold to-day in the shade."

The attempt at matter-of-fact succeeded only in achieving pathos, for the tone was more eloquent than the words. Her husband turned his face towards her, with a hurried eager movement. "Oh; Grace!" he said. A glimmer of recognition, the ghost of a smile flashed over the vacant face. He had spoken only two words, but they were words of response, of greeting. Across a gulf of fourteen years his love had leaped to meet his wife's once more. Grace caught her breath sharply—what was going to happen?

"Oh, Norris," cried her mother, clinging to his arm, "Norris, it is I; yes, it is Grace. You are glad to see me! Tell me you are glad to see me, Norris!"

The unlooked-for success had swept away the poor fabric of diplomacy. The passion of her voice and tone seemed to seare away the spirit which she had coaxed for a moment to return. The pleading fell once more upon callous ears, and the arm to which she clung remained rigid and unresponsive. With the quick instinct of love, she saw the mistake, and compelled her trembling voice to return to its first tone.

"Shall we walk about a little, Norris? It is cold sitting still. Put your hand through my arm."

He turned on her a curious look of distrust and suspicion.

"I must go back to the house for a short time," he said, "if you will excuse me. I think I heard some one calling. But there is no need for you to come.

I can walk by myself. Who is that lady on the grass? Your friend, I suppose. Pray excuse me."

His wife made no effort to detain him.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said, "I shall soon come again to see you."

She held his hand for a moment, and kissed him gently and without agitation, looking into his eyes with a smile of loving radiance beautiful to see. He turned away, raising his hat, and Grace, with a swelling heart, saw her mother's look, as it remained fixed on him, slowly pass from radiance to a piteous distress—the tender smile leave the quivering lips, and the eyes fill with slow painful tears. Then Grace went to her, and Mrs. Norris burst into uncontrollable weeping.

"Oh, Grace," she cried, "he is better. He called me by my name. You heard him? Did you see that for a moment he loved me? He is better; I am sure he is better."

Grace did not contradict her mother; she remained silent, and, when Mrs. Norris grew composed, they went back to the house, but her father they saw no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT OCCURRED AT THE EARLY MARKETING.

It was about this time that in Philip Denston's mind a course of action which had at first presented itself as an idea assumed the appearance of a positive duty. After the communication he had made to his sister he looked for an abatement in the number of Hester's visits, but he looked in vain. He watched the two together once or twice, and could perceive neither a change in his sister's manner, nor a reflection of it in the girl, who was, he was assured, sensitive enough both to feel and to betray that she felt any difference in the relationship. One day he spoke to his sister. "Lee and the triple was here etill" be said.

"I see you have that girl over here still," he said; "it surprises me."

"Why?" asked Miss Denston, coolly. "I am not apprehensive about you, after your assurance the other evening. Besides, you come scarcely at all into contact with each other."

Denston shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I thought that absurdity was done with," he said. "My idea was that it was hardly fitting to be making a friend of the daughter of a man whose memory you loathe, and receiving so much attention from her. It offends some sense or other in me."

"Have you not also received services from his wife, and are you not intimate with the whole family?"

"True; but there is this difference—I never condenned Fleetwood as unsparingly as you did, nor indulged myself in hating him. Your way of regarding the calamity as a matter of personal resentment did not commend itself to me. The man doubtless had his struggles and his temptations, like the rest of us. Why abuse him? Rebel against the Divine decrees if you will, but be merciful to the feeble wretch who was used to enforce them." "You are irreverent, Philip," said his sister. "I have never rebelled against Divine decrees, and trust I never shall. But, as you know, the failure of the bank was entirely owing to the bad conduct of the proprietor—it is he who has been the cause of all our misfortunes. The man is dead, and can make us no direct reparation, but it has been ordained that his daughter shall make to me some amends. It is to me a most impressive discovery, illustrating as it does the wonderful secret workings of Providence."

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Denston was dismayed. It seemed that he had completely defeated his own ends, and succeeded only in riveting Hester's chains more firmly, by taking from his sister's mind every sense of obligation towards the girl, and causing her to feel that for Hester to give and her to receive was only a just reprisal for her father's misdeeds. He bit his lip and said no more-further speech was useless. It served him right, he said to himself in his mortification, for meddling between women, a thing he had never done before, and would take care never to do again. But even as he said so his mind was at work revolving further methods of pursuing the very course he pronounced abjured. The fact was now that he had by injudicious action brought Hester into a worse position than before, common chivalry caused him to feel more than before bound to extricate her, if it were possible,

And now recurred to his mind an idea that had previously struck him, It was improbable that Hester's family were aware of her position. They did not know his sister's character, nor the nature of her claims upon Hester. be injudicious to make an appeal to them on her behalf? Nay, how could it be injudicious to appeal to a girl's own female relatives-people of good sense, to whom her interests were as their own? These questions being decided in favour of the scheme, it might appear natural that Hester's mother were the person to whom to apply. What process of reasoning brought Denston to the conclusion that Grace was the proper person? Grace's personality being very strong, it was not perhaps to be wondered at that she should occur first to the mind, and then inclination is a powerful, even when latent, factor in the reasoning of the most logical of individuals. An unfortunate man like Denston counts pleasures what a man accustomed to prosperity would reckon pains.

My readers will perhaps have surmised what certainly not one of his associates has had the faintest suspicion of—that Denston's ready denial of feeling in the case of Hester would not have been so easily given had Grace been the subject of his sister's anxiety. Denston possessed almost unlimited powers of self-restraint. He cared nothing for the opinion of others concerning him, but, to balance that, he cared a great deal for his own. He had always been a law to himself, had resisted temptations, and practised virtues upon that basis, and had become somewhat of a Pharisee in consequence. During his illness, in which the

mysteries of life and death had shown themselves under a new and more solemn aspect, that groundwork had been severely shaken, and something of higher, because lowlier, motives had sprung into being. He now conceived himself to be more faulty and others less so, and the mellowing influence of that new disposition of mind was bringing a gentler tone to his voice, and softening the severity of his features. For this hardness his original nature was not altogether to be blamed: the circumstances of his life had, since attaining manhood, been so unmitigatedly ungenial as to serve as an excuse for some resulting bitterness in the opinion of any but such as are themselves hard, But though his character was to some extent undergoing modification, its main features would of course remain, and the power of self-restraint among them. And therefore, feeling confident that he would betray nothing which did not lie in his scheme of action to betray, he now made up his mind to allow himself the indulgence of intercourse with the woman whom he had hitherto constrained himself to avoid. It was perhaps only another development of his sister's feeling which induced him to come to this resolution, in consequence of the discovery he had made of Grace's parentage-only it differed in the important respect that in his case the reparation he proposed was one that left the unconscious agent none the worse off. To slacken a little the reserve he had hitherto maintained in the presence of the woman whom he loved, but to whom he knew he should never speak of love, with a pungent sauce consisting of the hidden knowledge that to her father he owed the misfortunes of his whole career, was a pleasure which some men might have considered more akin to torture.

Having made up his mind to consult Grace about her sister, how could he best approach her on the subject? It was a matter of difficulty to get speech with her alone in any natural way, and he must both see her alone, and do it in a natural informal manner. The only possible occasion seemed to be when she did her early marketing. It was a regular thing for her to go out alone after breakfast for this purpose. He must watch her movements, and follow her. A most unsuitable inconvenient time it would be for an important discussion, but needs must avail himself of the opportunity. The next morning, accordingly, after observing Grace's exit, he went out himself-his sister being still in her room-and came up with her at the turning into the Chester Road. But he did not immediately accost her. His cold firmly-composed features did not soften and glow as those of Waterhouse would have done under similar circumstances; nevertheless, it was a piquant pleasure to him to follow Grace unseen, to be the observer of her curious rapid bird-like movements, of the decision with which she turned from one shopfront, or the earnestness with which she studied the wares in another. By-and-by she stopped at the greengrocer's, and, turning round, caught sight of

Denston. He joined her, and shook hands, and then her attention was taken away from him, and bestowed upon the vegetables and fruit, which demanded it all. She had a basket in her hand, which was rapidly filled—it must be understood that in London to procure such produce cheaply, and to advantage, it is necessary to buy at the shop, and bring it home one's self. Denston gravely took the basket as they turned away.

"Oh! are you going my way?" asked Grace.
"Don't you mind carrying the basket? What a
pleasure it is to buy these carly peas!"

"They are very dear, aren't they?"

"Oh! I should not like to eat them; I should feel it a positive sin. But as Mr. Waterhouse has no conscience at all on such matters, I get the pleasure of buying them. I was a stranger to such sensations till he came to overturn all my notions of economy. It quite frightened me at first, but I find one soon gets used to spending money."

"It seems that to be rich has, after all, some advantages in your eyes—one can, at any rate, buy

early peas."

"Yes, of course, and many things besides. You have not heard the news yet. What do you think Mr. Waterhouse has done? He is paying for Charlie to go to a convalescent home at Brighton, and we sent him off yesterday with such jubilation, and an outfit of nice clothes provided by Lothair!"

" Lothair?"

Grace laughed and blushed.

"See the danger of giving way to a bad habit! I will positively never use a nickname again."

"You will probably be withdrawing your ultimatum on the subject of rich men."

"My ultimatum? What was that?"

"That you disapproved of the species."

"I don't think I ever said that."

"Pardon me, yes, the first time I ever saw you."

Mr. Denston spoke earnestly, and the thought flashed through Grace's mind—"After all, my surmises as to his feelings towards Hester are probably as unfounded as mother considers them, for here he is quite complimentary to me this morning, with his recollections of my first speeches!"

"Oh," she said, lightly, "if I said that, perhaps I have altered my mind. I am often guilty of that

weakness."

"That is generally considered to be a feminine prerogative, isn't it?"

"Isn't that rather commonplace cynicism?"

"Truths are generally commonplace."

"This rudeness," thought Grace, "is more like himself, and is preferable to the other style. A man should always keep in character—it is so upsetting to the equilibrium of things otherwise."

"But," continued Denston, "you will be turning home directly, and I have not yet spoken to you on a subject which is important enough to have brought me out now on purpose to discuss with you."

"Indeed," said Grace, whom the gravity of the

tone had instantly sobered. "But here is the grocer's, and I must go in."

"It is about your sister Hester."

Grace felt as if the ground had suddenly given way under her feet. The grocer's shop afforded an opportunity for collecting her nerve. They were entering it as Denston spoke. Grace made her purchases, but hardly knew what she was doing. Denston stood aside and waited, with little idea of the commotion he had excited in Grace's breast. Her one thought was, "Well, it has come, but I really must not let him speak. It will be better to stop the confidence till we can think over what is to be done." So, when they were outside again, and turning towards home, which had suddenly assumed in Grace's eyes the character of a refuge, she said—

"Don't you think you had perhaps better not speak

about it?"

Denston, surprised, said, "Why not? Do you know what I am going to say?"

"I don't know—I fear so; and I think it would be much better not to speak of it, at any rate at present."

Denston paused. "You rather bewilder me," he said, "but probably you have seen more than I supposed. There is no reason for delay, that I can see. The sooner you fully understand the position of affairs, the better; but this is of course a most unsuitable occasion for discussing a serious matter, shouldering one's way through these people."

"So it is," said Grace, eagerly perceiving a chance

for at least putting off the disclosure.

"Well, then, can you fix any other time for me to see you alone? For I persist in thinking it most important for your sister's sake that I should discuss the matter with you."

Grace considered. She must not refuse altogether; she might be doing harm instead of good by that. It seemed to be her duty to let him speak, if he persisted in wishing it. "You cannot come out in the evening, or I should be alone on Sunday evening. It will be my turn to keep house, and Kitty could be easily disposed of."

" I will come then."

"But would it be prudent during this east wind?"
"The height of prudence, if I put on the comforter

your mother knitted for me."

"Very well, then, I will expect you about seven o'clock,"

Little more was said till they reached home. On approaching No. 47, they were met by Waterhouse, who was just leaving the house. He glanced at each in turn, and at the basket Denston carried. His brow gathered gloom, and he passed them with a formal salutation. Denston, in spite of deterrents in the shape of good-feeling, friendship, and gratitude, experienced, temporarily, an elation which was an unfamiliar sensation in his breast.

Grace was in no condition to notice such indications of feeling. She took into the house with her an acute anxiety, which she knew not how to subdue.

That Denston was attracted by Hester she had had for some little time no doubt, but that his feeling was ready to take shape thus was a dénouement for which she was quite unprepared. Had Hester herself any idea of it? What was the state of her feelings? Was she already committed to that self-surrender, that enduring emotion, which to Grace appeared so awful a thing? To the worldly-wise side of the question Grace, in her inexperience, gave scarcely a thought. She was not occupied in deprecating Denston's pecuniary position, and his ill-health. But as she watched her sister's graceful movements, and studied her features, she felt some shadow of that awed emotion with which we regard one who is about to pass through the great portals which open and close for each one alone. A gulf threatened to yawn between Was it possible that Hester was going to separate herself thus from her sisters-to step out of the familiar sanctuary of untroubled maidenhood? No; impossible! Yet such things happened every day, How dare Hester love? Never, never will it happen to me, thought Grace, with energy. But how to find out Hester's feelings? That ought to be done in preparation for the momentous interview she had promised. Yet it must be done without awakening Hester's suspicions, for perhaps Hester was innocent of all such thoughts. "Hester is so reserved," reflected Grace, sighing. She looked yearningly at the face, with its inscrutable calm, its quiet ineloquent hazel eves. But with the sigh came the question, often raised within her of late, as to how much of Hester's reserve was due to that tacit barring-out, which had been effected by her mother's absorption in her hidden emotions, and her own absorption in her mother. Had she, indeed, done what she could -even under the incubus of that enforced restraintto understand Hester-to get below the mask which her sister wore? Under the influence of a generous self-reproach, Grace ignored the fact that Hester had maintained the mask in spite of many a loving effort, and that while she had been often occupied in striving to understand her sister, Hester had seemed content to misunderstand her.

That evening, while the girls and their mother were at work, and Grace, unusually silent, sat pondering these things, an opening came, such as circumstances will generally afford for starting any subject our thoughts are dwelling upon.

"There goes the pretty Miss Brooks," said Hester, who sat at the window. "Don't you want to see

your pet admiration, Grace?"

Grace, who was deep in a reverie, started, and then jumping up from her seat, came to her sister's side. The lady in question passed down the street in company with a gentleman.

"She must be engaged to be married, I think," said Hester. "One sees her so often with that gentleman."

"Poor girl!" Grace exclaimed.

"Why so?" asked Hester, quickly.

Grace went back to her seat, and did not reply for

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a moment. It seemed to her as if much might depend upon the way she led this talk. Could she not at least find out how Hester regarded such things? Hester's question seemed to promise this, for her tone was more eager, more interested than usual.

"The pity was quite involuntary," said Grace. "I always pity people who are in love."

"You are rather paradoxical," replied Hester, not looking up from her work; "it has always been supposed to be at least a happy state."

"A precarious, selfish, and feverish happiness,

then."

Hester reddened. "Why talk so about what you know nothing of? It seems to me narrow. Mother, who knows what love is, would not so underrate it—would you, mother?"

"Oh, my dear children," said Mrs. Norris, smiling gently, as at two birds who should chatter of human affairs, "you do not know what you are talking of."

"Yes, mother," continued Hester, insistantly, "that is just what I said. Grace is scornful of what she is quite ignorant of. I do not like to hear her speak lightly of an experience which must be so deep and sacred, and which most of us must be intended to pass through."

"No, Hester, I did not mean to speak lightly of it. On the contrary, I think it a most awful fate, and I trust we shall none of us be called to pass

Mrs. Norris uttered a deep sigh, and, rising hastily, left the girls alone. But they were both too much absorbed to take this as an interruption.

"It is not likely, indeed," said Hester, raising her eyes, and fixing them upon her sister without any consciousness in their calm depths, but with an unusual earnestness of expression, "but I cannot understand how you can call it awful to love and to be loved. It must make life worth more. It must bring happiness. Is such a thing to be feared?"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times," cried Grace, passionately. "We are happier as we are. We have love—love far more to be prized, more sweet and peaceful. Hester, you love me, don't you? We love each other, and there is mother to love us both."

Grace had risen, and was holding out her arms to Hester. Hester, struck with astonishment at Grace's unusual passion and the glowing of her dark eyes, had searcely time to respond before Grace suddenly fell back into her chair again, and, covering her eyes with her hands, burst into tears. Hester had not seen her sister cry since she was a child—indeed, even as a child, Grace's spirit seldom allowed her to betray emotion thus in the presence of others. But Hester's emotional nature was drawn to her sister, not seared by the unusual exhibition of feeling. Grace, however, would not tell her what was the matter. She began to laugh through her tears, and said—

"Well, I declare! I did not think I could have done such a thing."

"But what was the matter, Grace?"

"A warning that my brain is going to soften, I should think. Give me a kiss, and let us forget what a baby I can be as fast as we can."

Hester kissed her sister quietly. The emotion was quite gone out of the air. But she pondered over the incident, which revealed something unsuspected in Grace's character, and shook a little her established judgments.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GRACE HAS NEED OF JUDGMENT.

THE Sunday evening came at last, and Grace sat awaiting Mr. Denston. It was seven o'clock; she had sent Kitty away. No one knew of the approaching interview. Since she had been the one chosen to bear the brunt of it, she would not give her mother needless suspense by informing her of it beforehand. Besides, it was possible that what she was going to hear would need to be told to no ears but her own, and if so, so much the better. At this, the last moment, she was conscious that after three days and nights of questioning and reflecting she was no nearer to being prepared for the interview than she had been on the morning when it was arranged. After turning over in her mind all possible forms which Mr. Denston's communication might take, she could not establish herself on one as most likely, and she was absolutely in the dark as to what she should reply. Her watchword must be prudence-that much she could decide upon in the midst of perplexity. The rest must be left to the inspiration of the moment. She heard footsteps mounting to the front door. She pressed her hands over her eyes and murmured a prayer for guidance as Denston's quick rap followed. She opened the door, and the two shook hands gravely. Denston followed her into the parlour, and the door was shut. Grace pointed out a chair and seated herself. These were mere details-unnoticeable preliminaries to her. But Denston found himself strangely and unexpectedly moved by them. The anticipation of this evening had occupied his mind also for the last few days to the exclusion of any other interest. At night it had possessed his brain feverishly; in the day it had remained as a background to all his actions and speech. Not that he had, like Grace, any perplexing uncertainty as to the part he should play; he knew exactly what he intended to say, and did not therefore trouble himself about that. Nor did he in the least calculate that when he found himself an actor in reality in the scene he had so incessantly imagined, he should feel other than the self he was accustomed to-a self finding it completely easy to say this, to do that, to look so, while holding in reserve much that would contradict if suffered to escape. But to-night, for the first time in his experience, he found himself possessed of a self that promised him difficulties. He came into Grace's presence; she awaited him; he

was face to face with her; she manifested in her air and in her eyes that her mind hung upon what he had to say; no ready smiles flitted over her face, and sparkled in her eyes; no gay speeches fell from her lips; she was grave and gentle, and looked at him with dark glowing eyes, her small smooth brown hands crossed on her lap. Denston felt a strange trouble. He sat before her, and could not raise his eyes to hers. He began to tremble inwardly. As for Grace, she perceived his emotion, and she, too, began to tremble, for it seemed to mean the realisation of her fears. How intense must the feeling be in so self-contained a man which would thus betray itself in the presence, not of the woman he loved, but of her sister! This was like the love she had seen in her mother-alas, that it should come again into their lives! But something must be said by one or the other-some beginning must be made. Grace made it with a commonplace remark.

"You had something to say to me?"

Her manner was timid, hesitating. A dangerous fancy seized Denston. What if he should say—

"Yes, I have something to say to you. It is that I love you, that I delight in every tone of your voice, every look of your eyes, that to be with you is to me

a bitter joy."

But the idea, mere fancy though it was, recalled him to himself, and caused him to make a strenuous effort to throw off the species of enchantment that was stealing his senses from him. He raised his eyes boldly, and Grace, who was looking at him, had the instant reflection, "What singular eyes he has!" But she did not interpret further the bitterness which was concentrated in them at the moment, and which had caused her reflection.

"Yes," said Denston, "it is about your sister. You are aware that she is much with Georgina, my sister."

How cold a tone he employed! Grace did not feel herself drawn to him. She felt she did not understand him—so cold, so matter-of-fact was he now, when a moment ago he had appeared so moved. He was singular, contradictory, hard. She waited for more. He rose abruptly and stood on the hearthrug, looking down.

"It is a difficult and an unpleasant subject," he resumed. "You will think it a strange position for a brother to take, yet as I am the only person who can take it, it has appeared to me right that I should

do so."

He hesitated again. He found it strangely difficult, now that he was here, to speak. He had promised himself to have it all said promptly, in the most forcible way, and to enlist Grace's most active sympathies and co-operation. He had looked forward as to a great pleasure to thus setting up relations between them, to forming a bond which must necessarily connect them with each other; but it was all turning to dust and ashes in his mouth; already he felt that the interview was a failure, that there was some intangible, impassable barrier between them. Grace was still silent: she was experiencing surprise,

even to the extent of bewilderment. It was not of love, then, in any degree or form, that he was going to speak. She was relieved, but still anxious.

"Has it ever struck you," asked Denston at length, raising his eyes, "that your sister's intimacy with mine has been hurtful to her, or disadvantageous in any way?"

Grace breathed more freely, feeling that she had somehow got solid ground under her at last. She addressed him with her usual frankness.

"I will not say," she said, "that I have not wished matters otherwise. Hester makes an idol of your sister, and I have feared disappointment for her."

She was too loyal to say what might have been said with truth—that she believed Hester's relations with her own family had been injured by it,

"Well," said Denston, "at the risk of appearing in your eyes a treacherous brother, I must tell you how it has struck me. I have seen a great deal into matters since my illness, and I am convinced that my sister is making a slave of yours. She is taking advantage of your sister's attachment to her to make demands upon her which the girl herself is beginning to feel overstrained. My sister is not a woman to whose generosity it is safe to trust; she has had an unhappy experience, and it has made her as exacting as only the unhappy can be. Now, I thought you perhaps, if aware of the state of the case, night set things right by influencing your sister, and strengthening her to break through her habits of submission to my sister's will."

Grace was now listening with all her ears. Denston had warmed to his work, having now forgotten himself, and returned to his habitual concern for

Hester's welfare.

"Oh," said Grace, after a pause, "how I wish Hester were not so reserved!"

"You consider her reserved? She has always appeared to me singularly incapable of hiding her feelings. My idea was that you had not had my opportunities of observing them; and she is, I was aware, too loyal and noble-hearted voluntarily to expose my sister."

Grace was struck with amazement, which speedily turned to dismay, by this speech. Hester not reserved! Then was she only reserved at home, and expansive towards the rest of the world? Either it was so, or that towards this man she had not guarded herself—she had allowed him to break down the fence.

"Oh, Hester! Hester!" cried Grace, in her heart, with a yearning reproach.

She looked up at Mr. Denston, who, unconscious of the wound he had given, awaited a reply.

"I thank you very much indeed," she said, "for your frankness. I think it extremely good of you. You may be sure that I will do what I can, but I am afraid what I can do will be small."

"Do not say that," replied Denston, with a faint smile. "Your influence will be great if you believe

in it."

Grace shook her head mournfully.

"Allow me to believe in it," continued Denston, "for mine has been ineffectual both with my sister presuming. I feel myself a lifetime older than she, and I have a certain sense of responsibility in the matter."



"Grace . . . jumping up from her seat, came to her sister's side."-p. 458.

and yours, and I am loth to give the matter up. Your sister should be a noble woman, but she will be only half-developed if Georgina continues to dominate her. There is a great deal of nobleness in the very exaggeration of her devotion. She needs only a little guiding. You will not, I hope, consider me

"Have you, then, spoken to Hester herself on the subject?" asked Grace, full of quickened anxiety.

"Yes," was all Denston's reply. He advanced to take leave. He had said all he intended to say, he had done what he could to effect his purpose; already Hester and her interests were fading from his mind. They had been as a talisman to keep off the turbulent emotions which had assailed him on his entrance there. With alarm he recognised the trouble returning to his spirits, which had in the course of the conversation become steadfast as usual. He could only feel, "I must go." Grace recognised the recurrence of emotion, and referred it to the more vivid image of Hester, which would be called up by her question. He was going. How little she knew of his feelings! He was leaving her in the midst of guesswork. Better so, perhaps; yet oh, if she only knew! One remark she hazarded as she shook hands-

"Hester ought to be very grateful to you."

"Oh, no," said he, with a smile, but one full of embarrassment, as it seemed to Grace, "I am Interested in her."

He was gone, and Grace was left to review the position.

As for Denston, he went to seek solitude, to face the commotion he had raised within himself, to abuse and contemn his weakness, to wrestle with the despair that for the first time threatened to master him, and finally to make a mighty resolve that he would never again place himself in the way of temptation. For Denston knew and practised, after all, some philosophy of the right kind. He knew that true strength lies in avoiding the temptation that threatens to overcome us, as true courage often lies in avoiding danger. In that hour he had proved himself a weaker man than he had held himself to be, but, though he despised himself, therefore we shall not despise him. We may even hope that the discovery of his weakness brought him nearer to the Divine strength which is withheld from the proud and given to the humble, and so was but a step upward in the course in which he had just set his feet. And we may even think more highly of the strength of will which brought him at once to the point of relinquishing those schemes of indulgence but so lately and so ardently conceived than we should have done of that which he had proposed to exercise in carrying them through triumph-

Grace, meanwhile, sat till the dusk gathered round her, and the clock striking eight recalled her to the facts that she had forgotten Kitty and that the others would soon be home. The interview had by no means removed her perplexities. It had gone, indeed, in the direction of confirming her fears, but it had not changed fear to certainty, and therefore had not removed the difficulties in the way of action. Mr. Denston's interest in Hester, the trouble he had taken for her sake, the sacrifice of brotherly loyalty that he had made, the emotion he had at some points betraved, all pointed clearly to an attachment real and deep, but which, not having been confessed, must not be taken for granted. And Hester? Had she gathered anything of her feelings? It seemed only too significant an indication that her unapproachably reserved sister had so contradicted her character towards this man. This fact, added to the recollection of Hester's attitude during the discussion the other evening, brought something like conviction to her own mind; yet that Hester herself was conscious of her feelings seemed at least doubtful. In the face of these well-founded suppositions, which yet could not be treated as admitted facts, was there anything for her, Grace, to do? One thing was palpably clear. and had been ever since she reached home the other morning, and that was that Hester must be enlight. ened concerning her father, if with her mother's consent, so much the better, if not, then without it. She had also promised Mr. Denston that she would use her influence with Hester on the subject of her intimacy with his sister; that promise must be kept, though the subject was dwarfed to insignificance in her eyes by the side of the more momentous one of Hester's relations towards himself. Did that involve letting Hester know of Denston's interference in her cause? Probably, and that again would perhaps involve the discovery to Hester of her own feelings, But that might be safer for her than ignorance. In such labyrinths of conjecture and reasoning did Grace's mind travel to and fro that evening. Before bed-time she had formed the resolve to speak to her sister that very night, and, with a beating heart, but a steadfast mind, had decided, without consulting her mother, to let her know something of the truth about her father. If she first asked her mother's consent, she knew that she would have to face reproaches and tears, which would weaken her will, and, after a painful contest, ending in failure, she would have to do it in spite of her mother's refusal, for do it she had made up her mind she must and would. "God forgive me if I am wrong," was her inward cry, while, apparently unabstracted, she made one of the family circle, and enlivened the supper-table as usual. But, afterwards, she ran up-stairs into the dark and sought enlightenment and courage in an earnest prayer. For what was good and constant and lovable in Grace had a deeper source than those whom she fascinated would probably have supposed. Her gaiety and sweet brightness were but the blossoms of a character which spread its roots deep in the wholesome soil of a childlike religious faith and dependence.

When their mother was gone to bed, it was something of a custom for the two girls to sit reading for a time. Grace had calculated on this opportunity. When it came, she felt so great an access of fearshe so shrank from the task before her-that her limbs trembled as she sat in her chair, and a faintness began to creep over her, which threatened to rob her of the very physical power to speak. But Grace, timid by nature, and dreading pain either for herself or for others, had ever possessed her soul in quietness, and risen by force of spirit above constitutional weakness. The case was too desperate for any half-measures, or any preparatory speeches. She had strength to make the plunge, but not to prepare Hester gently for it. So that Hester, quietly reading on a corner of the sofa, raised her eyes at the sound of her name pronounced in an agitated voice to behold her sister before her, pale and trembling.

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"Oh, my dear Hester," cried Grace, sinking on to the sofa beside her, "I have so much to say—so much to tell you."

Hester's astonishment increased. She had seen Grace a few moments before apparently in a quite ordinary mood. What could be the meaning of this extraordinary and sudden change? With an affectionate impulse, she put her arm round this trembling little sister, usually so gay and self-sufficient, who now seemed to need support.

"What is it, Grace; what can be the matter?"

"Oh, Hester," said Grace, "can you bear me to tell you something painful? Do you feel strong?"

"I don't know," replied Hester, beginning to tremble in her turn; "but," with a sudden inspiration, "if you are going to tell me something which I ought to have known long ago, I can bear anything."

"You would have known it all long ago had it rested with me, but mother would not have you know. You will seek to know no more than I tell you, Hester?"

"I will ask no questions," replied Hester, quietly.

"All I can say will soon be told; it is very painful. Our father was a banker, and he failed, and mined many people."

"But surely that was not a crime," interposed

"Yes; he was to blame—I do not know exactly how. But his name was in all the papers, and in every one's mouth. Mother could not bear to hear it, so she changed her name, and hid herself from every one who knew her—from every one except Mr. Martin, the lawyer, who knew her when she was a girl, and who has done all our business for us, Our name was Fleetwood. His was Norris Fleetwood."

"Yes," said Hester.

"That is all I can tell you."

There was a silence. Hester was conscious that there was much unexplained, but her mouth was sealed. Under the circumstances, she could not be expansive, for self-restraint was what was demanded of her. But Grace yearned for some response. She said—

"Oh, Hester, you will love me better now. There has been always this between us."

"I have loved you always, of course," said Hester; "but I have misunderstood you."

Hester's voice broke; she could say no more. The girls sat for a time in silence, with arms round each other. Hester broke the silence by saying—

"Why have you told me this to-night?"

"Now," thought Grace, "here is the critical point—what am I to say?"

She had need of instantaneous decision, yet of careful judgment.

"Because," she said, after a pause, "you are now a woman, and have a woman's thoughts about things. You spoke the other night of marriage, and that made me realise more vividly the position of ignorance you were in. Marriage, whether desirable or not for others, must have a different aspect for us, with this disgrace hanging over our heads. I decided then to do at once what I had long felt must be done, in spite of mother's wishes. I don't know whether I have done wrong."

" No, you have not done wrong."

Grace felt herself pressed against Hester's breast. There was a significant vibration in her voice. Grace braced herself anew. All must be done now—such an opportunity would, perhaps, never recur.

"Mr. Denston has been in to-night," she said, in as indifferent a tone as she could command,

"Indeed!" said Hester.

"And he began to talk about his sister—and you. He was very kind; he seemed to think you did too much for her, that she was exacting. He thought that perhaps I did not know, and that you did not like to complain, but really needed sympathy."

Grace uttered these phrases hesitatingly. She did not know what effect they were having upon her sister. She dreaded to feel the pressure of Hester's arms slacken, and deeper down in her mind was the wonder as to what Hester was feeling about Mr. Denston. But Hester's arms retained their pressure; her lips were silent.

"Mr. Denston is, I think, truly kind, though his manners do not give that impression," said Grace, with a half question in her tone.

"He has been very kind to me," replied Hester.

"I am very sorry for him," said Grace.

"Are you?"

"He appears to me very ill. He is so thin and strengthless,"

"Oh, yes!" replied Hester, through whose heart had darted a sharp pain.

"And he is so very poor."

"Yes." Hester's laconic replies did not seem to promise much enlightenment for Grace, yet she felt that her silence might mean more than speech.

"Has he nothing to live upon but his salary?"

"I don't know; but they are very poor, as you say. Georgina has told me that their family was ruined by the failure of a bank—in Liverpool, I think. Mr. Denston has had a sad life."

Hester uttered this last sentence with an accent of tender melancholy; but Grace scarcely heard it, for an idea had penetrated her at which she had need of all her self-control to restrain a cry. It seemed to her by a miracle that Hester had escaped at that moment the conclusion that the Denstons had been ruined by their father. Grace's thoughts were thrown into such confusion by the discovery that to conduct further her researches into the state of her sister's heart, requiring so much delicacy and presence of mind, was an impossibility. She perceived that her very stand-points were no longer solid under her, and that a crowd of new emotions was rising in her own heart. She could only remind Hester that it was late, and that her mother would be expecting her.

(To be continued.)

"Light of Those Whose Dreary Dwelling."



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SALT AND LIGHT.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Ye are the salt of the earth. . . Ye are the light of the world."-MATT. v. 13, 14



HE Lord Jesus here likens His disciples to two most familiar things, Salt and Light. "Ye," He says, "are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world." This must have occurred to those who listened to Him as a very singular mode

of addressing, not a number of priests and rabbis, profoundly versed in the mysteries of the law, or men of light and leading, acquainted with the literature and science of the day, but a few unlearned and obscure peasants and fishermen. Just imagine men, not better informed than the fishermen on our own coasts, and the peasants in our own fields, addressed in such terms as these: "Ye are the salt of the earth; Ye are the light of the world!"

Yet this is what Christ said, much to the surprise, no doubt, of those who were assembled on that hill-side, and most of all to the surprise of those to whom these words were addressed. And still by the great majority of those whom the world calls wise, the followers of Christ are looked down upon as good, harmless people enough, who are weakly and vainly striving after things placed quite out of human reach, but in nowise worthy to be considered either as the salt of the earth, or the light of the world. But while such is still the prevailing opinion of men, we shall endeavour to show that these words of Christ present us with an appropriate and truthful description of the nature and influence of Christian life; certainly of what Christian life should be—and in some degree of what Christian life really is.

In uttering these words Christ was reversing the decisions of ages, and contradicting the almost universal opinions of men. The class to which His disciples belonged had been regarded as the hewers of wood and drawers of water for their more fortunate brethren, but not as the salt of the earth and the light of the world. How, then, are we to account for their newly announced and newly acquired importance? Such conservative and illuminating influences as are to flow from them as Salt and Light result from their connection with Christ: whatever they had of any distinctive worth they owed entirely to Him.

We have here, then, Christ's estimate of Christian influence. It is to be conservative—it

is to be illuminating. It is, in some measure, to stay the progress of the world's corruption and sweeten the springs of the world's life. It is, in some measure, to be the means of dissipating the world's darkness. In each case we have a statement of fact and a caution appended. Ye are the salt of the earth; see to it that ye lose not your savour. Ye are the light of the world; see to it that your light is not hidden or obscured.

"Ye," says Christ to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Ye are to exert a preservative influence. The world is corrupt, and if left to itself would soon work out its own ruin; and God's Church is set in this world as so much preserving salt. The world's best friends are those whom the world has ever been most ready to despise, and who are described as the salt of the earth. The world does not think much of salt, but what would it do without it? As salt will prevent dead but still organised matter from lapsing into utter corruption, so the influence of God's Church in the world is to check and restrain those principles of evil which would otherwise develope into the most monstrous and horrid forms.

Salt does three things:—It conserves what is good; it counteracts the influence of what is evil; it imparts a pleasant and healthy savour to what would be otherwise insipid or injurious. It is one of those natural figures of speech which instantly commend themselves to our reason and imagination; and Christ's Jewish auditors, familiar with the use of salt under the law, would at once apprehend His meaning when He said to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." They, whom He addressed as members of His Church, as His representatives in the world, were to preserve what was good; to stay the progress of corruption around them, and impart a pleasant and healthy savour to life.

All this the Jewish people should have been to, or have done for, the world; but the salt had lost its savour, the nation had become utterly corrupt and demoralised: all taste of the Grace of God had departed, and now, like insipid salt, they were only fit to be cast out into the great highway of nations, and trodden under foot of men. And so looking away from them to His disciples, the germ and nucleus of the Church He came to establish, He says, "Ye are the salt of the earth," and from that time to this has the Church—have the people of Christ, in less or larger measure, been doing the work of salt in the world—conserving the good, checking the tendency to moral

corruption and putrefaction which in so many different ways declares itself, and in imparting some savour of pleasantness and some tone of

health to human life.

The preservation of what is good, the holding in check of what is evil, whatever of health and pleasantness we have in this land, we owe to the presence and power of the Christian Church, the direct and indirect influences of the Gospel of Christ. But for the Gospel, and the influence of those who have received it, we should have been as Sodom or Gomorrah, or as Greece and Rome in their worst and lowest stages of corruption and demoralisation. And whithersoever this salt is carried, whithersoever it finds its way, its influence is felt, and this good and gracious work is in some measure done. It is impossible to measure the extent and power of this influence. The world is bad enough now, you say-the question is, What would it have been without the salt, which has done something at least to stay the progress of corruption! and wherever we are placed individually, our influence should be felt-what is good should be stronger for our presence, what is evil should be checked, and every one should feel that from us flow forth influences of life and healing.

But we have a caution addressed to us, unto which we should give heed. Our Saviour adverts to it as a possibility that the salt may lose its savour, and become good for nothing. Some things may be spoiled for one use, and yet remain serviceable in other respects; but spoiled salt, salt which has lost its savour, is good for nothing, but to be thrown out and trodden under foot of men. And this is a caution which we should lay to heart as individuals. If we have any savour of grace and godliness, we know where it comes from, and how it may be maintained. We owe it entirely to Christ, and it can only be maintained, as our relationship to Him is maintained. Let us then see to it, that as salt we do not lose our savour by needless intermingling with the world, or exposure to its evil influences.

But Christ not only says to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth," but, "Ye are the light of the world. The action of salt is not only silent, but secret, hidden—there it works, no one can say how, its influence is recognised in its result; a fitting emblem of that personal influence, the influence of Christian character and life, which

secretly does so mighty a work.

But Christian life is not only to work secretly as salt, but to declare itself openly as light. Neither modesty nor fear should lead us to hide the work of grace. Indeed, in its very nature the Christian life cannot be hidden; it must declare itself. If we are truly Christians, we must be so different from others in our characters, our principles, our pursuits, that we shall be recognised as such. If we attempt to cover up a fire,

a living flame, with a bushel, a wooden measure, either the fire will consume the cover, or the

cover will extinguish the flame.

This second figure comes in to correct any false inference which some might be inclined to draw from the first. You are to work, says Christ, secretly as salt, but you are also to shine openly as the light. Ye are the light of the world. Christ Himself is the Light of the world. He came to enlighten every man that cometh He lets heaven's light, the into the world. light of life and salvation, into the heart and soul of man, and we, receiving this light, living in this light, become luminous; the light with which we shine is not a self-originated, independent light; it is a light which Christ kindles and keeps alive; it is a light which falls off us on others only because it has first fallen on us from Christ. Thus are we the light of the world. The moral, spiritual light, communicated to us by Christ, is of more value than all merely scientific and intellectual light. Men had cultivated minds and extensive knowledge before Christ came, but morally and spiritually they were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Christ, as the Sun of righteousness, arose, and He asserts that He directly, and His followers indirectly and derivatively, are the world's true

And what a beautiful and striking picture of Christian life are we here presented with! Light! The light of the world! No encouragement here for dark, harsh, gloomy views of religion and the religious life. It is a thing of beauty, and rightly apprehended, renders beautiful all with which it comes in contact. There is much, we must confess, which bears the name of religion which is far from beautiful, but we must not hold religion responsible for those corruptions and distortions of it, which have often made its very name a byword and a reproach. Where even there is some measure of true religion, it may be associated with much that is unfortunate and unpleasant. Let us, however, remember that true religion is likened to light, and if we want to know what the true light is, let us look to Christ and see how He lived like light, purely, quietly, beautifully. In true religion we shall find that combination of "sweetness and light," which all the culture of the world apart from religion can-

not secure.

In the case of man, even in the most favourable circumstances, we do not see religion alone at work; it is religion struggling against sin and corruption, and the manifold imperfections of a sincorrupted nature, and so we do not get a simple result; and yet true religion may be likened to light, rendering radiant and beautiful all on whom it falls.

Light serves to illustrate the influence of Christian character. Direct voluntary effort,

the work which is accomplished with the consciousness of working, must not be overlooked or disparaged; such forms a very important part of Christian life. But while not overlooking this let us also recognise those mighty, silent, everemanating influences, which like light flow forth from Christian life itself. The involuntary influence of character is the mightiest which the Christian exerts. Our direct and conscious efforts can only be occasional, and comparatively infrequent; they do not adequately represent the real inner life. That nameless mysterious influence to which we have referred, falls upon the outer world in one unbroken stream, and produces an impression deeper and more permanent than any produced by our voluntary activities.

truly Christian man produces an impression upon every human conscience brought within the range of his influence. The belief which he cherishes, the relation to Christ which he sustains, gives a character and colouring to his whole life, and renders that life a living epistle seen and read of But to exert this religious influence we must have a religious spirit. This is what Christ means when He says, "Ye are the light of the world; let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," If there be light, it must shine, and we can do more good by showing men than by telling them how to live. Let us remember that we are the salt of the earth-that we are the light of the world.

HOW WILLIE GUY SWAM ASHORE.

BY F. BAYFORD HARRISON.



WAS thinking the other day about a cousin of mine and his noble actions; and it struck me that boys and lads might feel an interest in his life and his heroic deeds, though he was neither soldier nor sailor, nor ever killed any one in all his days.

I will tell you his real name—William

Guy. I hold it in reverence, and so will you when you have read what I have to tell you about him.

William Guy was the eldest son of a timber-merchant in Canada. He had two brothers and four sisters; his mother had died many years before the time of which I am going to write, and his father was advancing in years. Mr. Guy had formerly had a large business and a large income, but of late the timber trade in Canada had very much fallen off, in consequence of the same trade increasing very much in Norway. It is, of course, much cheaper for the countries of Europe to import their timber from Norway than from Canada, the freight being much less. This change in the trade was a very good thing for the world in general, but a very bad thing for old Mr. Guy and his family. His boys and girls were all growing up, William being now about twenty, and expenses increasing, while the income was yearly diminishing.

William had been brought up to his father's business, and was as steady and hard-working a young fellow as lived on either side of the Atlantic; he did his best to keep the business together, and hoped

that if things did not improve, they would at least not grow worse.

One morning a sudden and terrible blow fell upon the Guy family; they found their father struck down by paralysis. The doctor assured them that he would recover to a certain extent, but not so far as to enter again into business matters.

"Then," said William to himself, "I must turn to, and be a father to these six young ones."

It was a task that certainly would have appalled Hercules; but it did not appal Willie Guy. He knew where strength is to be sought and found, and he sought and found it.

The poor father lingered on, almost helpless, and quite useless. His sons worked for him, and his daughters tended him. Willie toiled early and late at the counting-house; while other young men were at the rink, or at parties or picnics, or driving sledges over the snow, or shooting wild-fowl at the lakes, he sat at his desk writing letters and making calculations, begging people in England to order timber from him, and striving to make the two ends meet, both in the business and in the house.

The future of his brothers was a thing that weighed heavily on Willie's mind. The next boy, Harry, he managed to send out to China, where he, also a quiet hero like Willie, toiled and slaved, in a most trying climate and in lonely exile, to send home money for his father and sisters. Thus, Harry was provided for. The youngest boy was quite a child, and was at school.

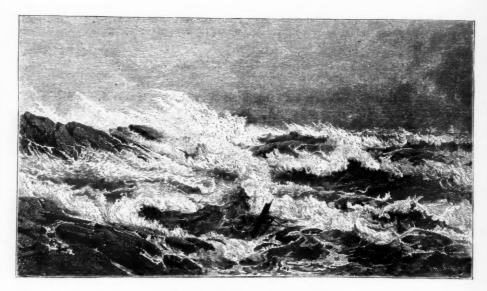
After a few years of this life, Willie found that business did not improve, and his friends advised him to go home to England (Canadians always speak of England as home) and try if, by personal application, he could obtain more orders than by merely writing. He was loth to spend so much money as a trip to

England would cost, but older men assured him that it would pay in the end. So lie took his passage to England, his father's native country, and within a fortnight arrived in London for the first time in his life.

This was the occasion on which I saw my cousin, and learnt to know and love him. He was nothing remarkable to look at; he was a good height, about five feet ten; slightly made; had a very dark complexion, and a round, ordinary face. You would never have taken him for a hero—fighting against sin, the world, and the devil—but so he was. Many

Sail after sail was torn, mast after mast snapped; but no one thought much of these misadventures, as a steamer trusts almost entirely to her engines. The vessel rocked about, pitched, rolled, plunged, and did everything that was dreadful. The women were terribly frightened, and shrieked and cried in a way to wring one's heart: and the men laughed in a way nuch more heart-breaking, for they only laughed in hopes of cheering the women.

Night came on, The captain knew that he was quite near the rocky coast of Newfoundland. Safety



"The wind blew and the waters raged."

a soldier fights the enemy's troops, but makes no stand against sin; many a sailor conquers the raging elements, but goes down before the world and its wicked ways. But Willie Guy was a hero all round, as you will say presently. He was a pleasant simple young man in society, and one saw that he had only one aim in life—to do right.

He went about London, all over the City, persuading the timber merchants, ship-builders, and others, to order their wood of him, for the sake of his paralysed father and his pretty young sisters. Then he went to Scotland, and did the same; then to Ireland, and did the same. Then he came back to London, to say farewell to his relations there, after which he began his return journey to Canada, very well pleased with the success of his visit to England.

On the passage he was well and happy, and all at first went prosperously; but when the steamer drew near the coast of Newfoundland a storm arose. All one day the wind blew and the waters raged.

was to be found in the harbours, but danger was here, within hail of safety. Snow and rain fell in sheets; the wind screamed louder than the women; the steamer drove on wildly, not to be governed by the helm.

"Captain," said Willie, "this is very bad."

"Very bad, Mr. Guy; before morning we shall either be on shore or in——"

The captain turned away, and Willie went down among the women. They were lying about the cabins and in the companion-way, some mad with fear, some quiet with awe. He said what he could to comfort them, told them to hope and to pray. He went on deck again.

There was a sudden crash, as if the very heaven and earth had met in conflict; the vessel stood stock still, then rushed on wildly, then threw up her head, then seemed to remain stationary.

"Struck," grouned the captain; "filling, sinking." The women flew up on deck, all calm now that the worst had come; the men set to work with one accord to get out the boats. They knew they were near the coast; some might be saved, perhaps.

The first boat was lowered, the children were hastily thrown in: they cried and clung together, but they knew not their danger. Then two or three women were placed with them. Each oar was taken by a sailor, and they went off to seek for land, if haply they might find it when morning broke.

A second boat was ready; one after another the women were lowered into it. There was an elderly lady who cried out for Sarah, her maid.

The captain shouted, "She shall come in the next

But the next boat was rapidly filled, and Sarah did not come forward. She was a staid middle-aged woman, and while she held back, or was pushed back, some of the male passengers jumped in; Sarah was the only woman left on board.

There was one more boat to carry one woman, and a crowd of men, including the captain and Willie.

"Go on, you," cried Willie, as he pushed man after man to the side; "now, captain, you next, and then I'll come." For Willie did not see the woman who was nearly hidden by the darkness and the sleet.

"No," roared the captain, "I am the last to leave my ship," and he pushed Willie forward.

Now, Willie being a hero, expected other men to be heroes, and he knew that it was the captain's duty to stand by the ship until the very last. She was sinking fast, the water rushing up through and through her. And through Willie's mind came the thoughts of his helpless father and sisters, and how his life was the only one between them and penury. Probably there was no more valuable life in the whole ship than that of William Guy, and he was young, only five-and-twenty; he did not wish to die yet. But he was a man and a Christian, both in life and, if need were, in death.

"I am saved, thank God," he said, as he sprang into the boat. And then, as the sailors lifted their ears, leaving behind them—oh, fearful, miserable thought!—the captain and two or three other men, there came forward a female figure, dimly seen in the darkness. It was Sarah, the maid. When she saw the last boat departing, she gave a piteous cry.

" Take me !"

"Jump!" shouted Willie, standing up to catch her.

"No." cried the sailor in command: "No! Back.

"No," cried the sailor in command; "No! Back, woman, back! one more and we are swamped."

Willie seized a rope that was swaying from the side of the ship.

"Then I'll go back!" said he.

"Sit down," growled a passenger. "It's only a woman. Keep your place,"

"Only a woman!" cried Willie. "And I am a man!"

And he began to go up the rope, hand over hand. In three seconds he was on the deck, pushed the woman over, saw her caught by the sailors, and turned to the captain, holding out his hand.

"So, captain, you and I must go down together. Well, one must die somewhere—and why not at sea? Heaven is still overhead, though we cannot see it."

"You are a brave fellow!" said the captain.

"Yes, we must go down, unless we can swim ashore.

I shall try it."

"So shall I"-" and I "-said the other men,

"And so shall I!" said Willie.

Each man man seized a hen-coop, or a bit of plank, and, just as the vessel went under the water, each man flung himself as far as he could from the sinking ship, lest he should be sucked under.

"God bless you all!" said the captain.

And Willie saw no more of his companions.

He was a good swimmer, and for a long time—he could not tell how long—he kept himself up. But he was greatly buffeted about by the waves, and began to grow benumbed by the cold, and very weary. But he held on.

"My father and sisters!" he murmured; "if I die, what will become of them? Why, God will take care of them. And Harry is doing well. How cold it is—and dark!"

A horrible rushing noise was in his ears; his strength gave way; he felt that all was over.

Opening his eyes once more, he saw that the day had broken, and in the faint light he caught sight of the shore. It was not the bleak barren coast he had expected to see, but he could make out purple hills, green woods, and houses beginning to shine in the morning glow. His courage revived; his strength returned. He found the water growing warm, and the waves no longer knocked him about, but carried him towards the coast. He let himself be borne onwards, and thanked God Who had so wonderfully brought him through the dangers of the deep.

He drew near the shore; two or three more strokes, and he would be safe on land; on the shore stood One holding out a hand to grasp the rescued hero, who had been willing to lay down his life for another. As Willie caught hold of this hand, the Stranger said to him—

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into rest."

So William Guy gained the eternal shore, having struggled through the waves of this troublesome world

I cannot tell you how Sarah spent the rest of her life. The captain and nearly all the others who had tried to swim were drowned. I trust they joined my cousin Willie in the land of rest.

Harry Guy got on extremely well in China, and supported his father as long as the old man lived. The two younger sisters married rich men. The two elder have been well provided for by Harry. The youngest brother went to Australia.

Any boy or man who has to fight a hard fight with either the waves of the sea or of the world, let him remember how Willie Guy swam ashore.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

IV.-THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. PHILIP T. BAINBRIGGE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. PHILIP'S, REGENT STREET.

"And I heard a loud voice saying in Heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the Kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ."-REVELATION xii. 10.



EAR by year the Subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven are led to look back to the first coming of their King in

great humility.

As the simple Gospel story is read and re-read, old, yet ever fresh, we almost seem to hear again that thrilling chorus of the angel host which rang out long ago upon the stilly air to the affrighted shepherds as they watched their flock by night; with them, in vivid fancy, we go even unto Bethlehem, and find Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. And then, a little later, we commemorate the Epiphany, the manifestation of our King to us Gentiles, when wise men from the East rejoiced with exceeding great joy when they saw His star, and came into the house and worshipped Him, and opened their treasures and presented unto Him giftsgold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

It is well that we should thus look back to the first coming of our King to this earth. That Advent is a pledge of God's good-will to us; it is the source as well as the assurance of our peace with God; it is the reason wherefore we should dwell in peace with men; it is the cause above all others which should move us to give glory to God. But it is most important, also, that we should not fail to look forward to the second coming of our King in glorious majesty. There is too little disposition to do this. Yet it is only by so doing; it is only by dwelling often upon the passages in the Bible which speak to us of this second Advent; it is only when "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ"—i.e., according to the Greek, of Him who is both our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ; it is only thus that we can find cheer in our despair, explanation for our perplexities, and energy that shall brace us up to rally like loyal soldiers round the banner of our King!

We, subjects of the Kingdom of heaven, are not fighting a losing battle; a final triumph over the foes of the Kingdom-far off, unlikely, as it may appear to merely human judgment-is foreshadowed, is distinctly foretold to us in those Holy Scriptures which were written for our learning and for our comfort, and which we

believe to be the Book of God.

What are we told about it? Let us try to catch a few faint gleams of its brightness to beckon us onward, as we move through the encircling gloom.

The first grand feature of this final triumph will be the revelation, the appearing to His subjects of their King in fullest splendour. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." We know what it is to long and long for the sight of a much-loved face, which perhaps on earth we may see again nevermore, nevermore! We have read with what ardent enthusiasm, with what supreme devotion, kings and queens of earth, even though they had the faults of a Charles I., have been able to inspire their subjects, so that they were willing to sacrifice wealth, lands, health, life itself in their sovereign's cause, and thought themselves amply repaid for the utmost toil and risk and pain by a word of thanks, by a single glance of gratitude.

A Friend indeed, whose love to us is wonderful, passing the love of women, is He for Whose coming we wait, for Whose glorious appearing we look, upon Whose countenance full of transcendent beauty we long to gaze. A King, indeed, in Whom is found no fault at all, is He Whom we serve; His royal promises are sure and stedfast, and never can be broken, nor does He ever forget -as do sometimes the great ones of earth-the smallest service that His subjects render. Yea, though their little deeds of kindness, done for His sake, in His name, pass from their memories, He remembers, He treasures them up as though done unto Himself. He hath said, "Hold fast! till I come." He hath promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Ah! what encouragement is this to perseverance now! Ah! what unutterable bliss to hear Him say, at His appearing, in His beauty :-

"Soldier and servant of the Lord, well done! Come, all ye blessed of my Father, come, Inherit ye the royalties and realms Ere the foundations of the world were laid For you prepared and destined. Heirs of God, Joint heirs with me, receive your heritage: Come, ye who bore My cross, and wear My crown, Come! share my glories, ye who shared my griefs."

"And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation and strength, and the Kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ. The salvation is the precise force of the original. The salvation so long promised, so long hoped for, so long delayed, is come, is come at last!

The Kingdom of the God of heaven has been set up on earth, from small beginnings it has grown to be a mighty power in the world; human kingdoms of gold and silver, of brass, of iron, of

clay, have prevailed and have perished in turn, but the stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands is smiting all the kingdoms, and is filling the earth. We do not know precisely how far the sway of that Kingdom shall spread before the second coming of our King; only we know that it must be proclaimed in every land. But when He comes, then shall be the final triumph, the full, complete salvation.

And it is not, as some would have us believe, a triumph of the gradual perfecting of the human race, in which individual souls of bygone generations shall have no share, because they have been resolved again into their elemental particles, and have ceased to exist with any personal identity. No such chill and depressing doctrine as this is taught in Scripture. "The salvation" will be shared by countless myriads who have peopled this earth before us, and who shall follow after us while the world lasts.

"Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!" This shall be the song of the redeemed, of the great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues.

Freedom from everything which unfits us for, or which hinders us in, the work of pleasing God; emancipation from everything which fetters us down to low ideas, to littleness of purpose; release from suffering of every kind, from the weariness which makes work a toil, from the sadness which so often embitters our sweetest cup of joy; the days of mourning shall be ended; and the subjects of the Kingdom shall obtain joy and gladness!

They shall find strength, too. How often we want that now! Strength of body to carry out that which we desire to attempt; strength of will for high resolves and for the undertaking of noble work. Hereafter the subjects of our King shall serve Him, but serve Him in strength, instead of in the weakness which now so often spoils their work, and makes their service irksome. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said Christ; and we cannot suppose that when the final triumph is come His subjects will have nought to do but rest in blissful idleness.

Rest, indeed, there will be, if rest means relief from fatigue and weariness; unbroken rest, if by that we mean a perpetual spring of freshness and vigour. Our King has left us this commandment:—"Occupy till I come," and when He cometh, be sure that He will find us, each one, fitting occupation, nor shall we then be sore let and hindered any more.

To the subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven strength shall be given, salvation shall be secured at the final triumph, when the Kingdom of our God shall fully come, and the power of His Christ shall be put forth to smite with unconquerable force the foes of the Kingdom. And what of them in that dread day? "Sin?" The power of sin shall be destroyed; so that henceforth we shall not serve sin. No! nor want to serve sin. "The carnal desires," "the fleshly lusts," the manifold temptations which come over us through the body, which overcome us so often, needless to repeat the black list which one knows too well, these all shall vanish for ever; from these there shall be salvation, for the body itself shall be purified and made glorious.

If now we are the sons of God, if now we are subjects of His Kingdom, and true to the King Whom He hath set over us, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Have we been made the children of God? Is our citizenship in heaven? If so, from thence, my fellow citizens, are we to look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who shall change this body of our humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory.

Is not that enough for us to know? the servant as his Master, the subject as his King! The creature in the image and likeness of his Creator!

And then that second foe of the Kingdom, "the world," what of that? No longer will the subjects of the Kingdom be surrounded by circumstances of outward temptation.

Those among men who have remained obdurately hostile, who have scoffingly refused to receive the Gospel of the Kingdom, shall cease from troubling. The vain pomp and glory and wickedness which exist even among those who are outwardly subjects of the Kingdom, now in this life here, shall have no place, no power, to entice or vex the subjects of the King of saints in the life of the world to come, for "The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity." And "the devil," Satan, that arch-foe of the Kingdom, who brought the curse on man, and who deceived many, shall be cast into the lake of fire for ever and ever. "And there shall be no more curse."

"The last enemy that shall be abolished is death." Then cometh the end; for Jesus the Christ, our King, having done away with all rule and all authority and power which is hostile to Himself, having put all the foes of the Kingdom under His feet, shall deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, and shall present to Him for loving acceptance the loyal subjects whom He has found among men.

"Then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him."

And the Final Triumph of the Kingdom of Heaven is this, that God shall be all, in all!

"READY!"



RE you looking for father, lad, silently looking to me?

Come near, and stand by my side; I thought you had heard it at sea.

You were far out then in the bay, last week, in the cruel weather;

We thought of you, spoke of you, lad, prayed for our boy together.

We were standing here on the rocks, ere the winds rose wild and wide;

At sunset the waves deep hissed, and the sea-birds wheeled and cried.

"There broodeth a fearful night the Channel round," said he,

"May God light up His stars across the darkening sea."

Down, down the storm-clouds came; up seethed the flashing foam,

And we thought of struggling lives near to the cliffs of home.

And then we heard a sound, clear through the angry air,

And the cry of a hundred hearts answered the gun's far prayer,

They were all upon the beach—the strong, brave lifeboat crew,

And they launched her with a cheer, for our men are leal and true.

There were women who must sink if the lifeboat were too late,

There were babes and little children—oh the need was sore and great!

And he was ready first—in his place ere voice could call; Remember all your life, he was first among them all.

His lips had clung to mine; I shall never lose that strain,

I shall know it hour by hour, till I see his face again.

We waited through the night, we watched the rocks grow grey

And sharp against the sky, beneath the star of day.

All in the morning-shine, the lifeboat touched the land

With the women and the children, and a crowding rescued band.

And e'en as cheer on cheer rose like one mighty breath.

Old Reuben told me softly, "He was faithful unto death!"

Faithful unto death! he went down in storm and strife,

Where the waves were fiercest, darkest; but he saved a child's young life.

Heart and step more true, more ready, never proudest conqueror had;

You have eyes and lips like father—be you worthy of them, lad!

Oh, the rocks are lone, my darling! but above are calm fair skies;

And the Lord Who buried Moses, knoweth where our hero lies.

And his voice shall yet ring out, as among the lifeboat crew,

When the waves grow still for ever, at the crowning of the true.

M. S. MAC RITCHIE.

JOHN BOST, PASTOR AND PHILANTHROPIST.

BY THE REV W. L. LANG, F.R.G.S.



HE death of this devoted servant of God, who some months ago resigned his earthly labours for his heavenly crown, is a real loss to French Protestantism. It is not possible for us to present more than a brief sketch of this good man's life, which was so unusually

full of labours of love.

John Bost was a Swiss by birth, and descended

from Huguenot refugees, who were driven from Dauphiny upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was the second of the ten sons of Ami Bost, who in March, 1817, the time of the birth of this remarkable son, was pastor at Moutier-Grandval. His early childhood was passed amid the heavy privations which his father had to endure. This close acquaintance with misery on the one hand, and self-sacrifice on the other, doubtless laid deeply the foundation for the intense practical

sympathy with the sorrowing and suffering which, in after years, burned in the breast of John Bost.

His elder brother, in a contribution to his memoirs, lifts the veil from the early home circle, and shows us how such characters were formed by that exiled pastor's cottage fireside. Indeed, Ami himself, in his own diary, further rejoices

that early impressions, developed by prayer, so soon bore such good fruit. He has thus preserved, and presented to us, the first accents of John's impetuous piety, which in later days was heard resounding in so many of the churches of France. "I arrived home one day somewhat jaded and cast down, when I was met on the threshold by my little John, then about four years old; he was holding up to my view a soiled piece of waste-paper, shouting at the same time, 'Do you see, papa? 'Very good, very good,' replied I, brushing past him into the house. The dear little fellow was not thus to be foiled of his purpose, for he squatted himself resolutely before me, and in a somewhat indignant tone thus challenged me, 'You do not love the kind

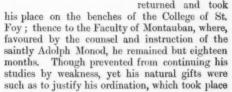
Saviour, then?' Such an appeal commanded my instant attention, and I read his bit of paper. It had nothing whatever to do with the Saviour; it was simply a rude bucolic ballad of a shepherd and shepherdess; but the dear child knew as yet no other Shepherd. He cried, as if in triumph, 'Ah! the Good Shepherd.'"

We must linger yet to dwell upon another of these beautiful household tales, so fragrant of spiritual teaching. "I recollect one day reproving one of my children—it could only be John—when the child responded to my reproof in a very interesting way. Being then a boy of four, he had committed some little misdemeanour. At table I said to my wife, without even looking in the

direction in which the child was seated, 'This child has behaved to-day in a way very unlike a child of God.' Thereupon the child dropped his spoon upon his plate, and cried out, lifting up his two little hands, 'Oh! he says that I am not a child of God.'"

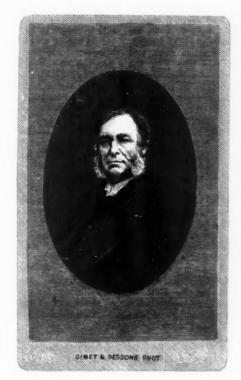
In 1829, he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, but his taste for music, which he had inherited

from his grandfather, who formerly was choir-master at the Church of the Madeleine, led him to cultivate the art. His pianoforte tutors were Wolff and Liszt, both famous composers. Heafterwards entered the Swiss militia. find him in Paris in 1839, as a musical student, living as best he could, a spiritual uneasiness causing him much anxiety. At this period he went to Pasteur Louis Meyer, whose loving sympathy soon had the desired effect, and the last night of 1839 was spent in agony of soul, with others in a like condition. To John, at any rate, the lifting of the veil of 1840 discovered him to be a new man in Christ Jesus. He paid a brief visit to Ireland. in the character of a tutor, but he soon returned and took



at Orleans in 1844.

A number of believing brethren at La Force, disapproving of the State pastor set over them, seceded, John Bost becoming their pastor, and he and they consequently became dissenters. Thirty-six years later he applied for his Bachelor's Degree, in order to re-enter the National Reformed Church. At his re-ordination he chose a



JOHN BOST.

singular text, "Ye shall find a colt tied; loose him, and bring him the Lord hath need of him." The sense in which he used these words was to set forth the sincere avowal of his readiness for the humblest service for the Lord. Within two years the church was opened by his father. The school soon followed. The method by which he secured a master for the latter illustrates both the pastor's tender heart, and how he was led into ever increasing responsibilities.

One cold and gloomy winter evening he found, on a retired road, a poor limping beggar, who had been passing from door to door, exhibiting a wax image. Exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and sickness, he had fallen down, and was unable to proceed. Moved with pity, the young pastor went to him, helped him to rise, and led him to his manse, where he received a night's shelter. But on the morrow he was still unable to move, and he was found to be suffering from anchylosis in one hip joint, the relief of which, it was evident, would take much time. But kind attention and good food soon did wonders for his general health; but the difficulty regarding the use of his legs remained. In the meantime, while hoping for some possible improvement, all efforts were used to do him good. He soon showed intelligence, and learned to read, and the kind services rendered to him exercised upon his spirit an irresistible influence; he became, under the leadings of Christian charity, a new man. Pastor Bost of course rejoiced at these great results, but the future prospects of this hopeful protége gave him some cause for uneasiness; for even at the end of eighteen months, he yet remained a cripple. While in this state of uncertainty, Bartier (the cripple) solved the problem himself, by writing a letter, in which he asked his benefactor to aid him in his attempt to fit himself to become a teacher. He was soon admitted to a training school in Paris, and, at the end of 21 years, gained the first place among sixty-five who took certificates at the same session. He then became master of the pastor's new school, and subsequently married a young girl who was about to leave the institution, and he had the further joy of welcoming to his home his aged father, who ended his days there in peace.

Even while he was a student at Montauban, John Bost had conceived the idea of founding an orphanage, on a larger scale than any then in existence. Now his dream began to develope into a serious plan, and the Vincent de Paul of Protestanism, as Dr. Pressensé calls him, began to dawn on the world. He came to Paris, and thence he proceeded to England, to advocate the claims of his projected institution, and returned with a considerable sum of money. Then again he put his faithful parishioners to new proof of their regard for him.

On the 24th of May, 1848, while contending

parties of idealists in Paris were cutting each other's throats, the "Famille Evangélique," as the orphanage for Protestant girls was called, was opened. This first essay at practical philanthropy, on the part of the bold young pastor, seemed to engender, as by a sort of logical necessity, various other useful adjuncts. Among the children received were some whose state was hurtful to the rest, and therefore demanded a distinct treatment. Others came whose claims he could not repel, nor did he desire to do so.

Thesecond institution, called Bethesda, was called into existence by the seeming accident of some person having sent to the manse a poor shapeless mass—an idiot—contrary to the pastor's wish, Ton, the pastor's servant, taking charge of it, and also another which had been previously received, and the pastor himself undertaking their education, or, he says, his own. This was in 1855.

The next, Siloe, owed its origin to a cry of despair uttered by a youth totally crippled, who, on being beaten by his stepmother, was informed that the asylum of Bethesda was for girls only. "Are not boys," he said, "worth as much as girls?" Four cripple lads were the first stones of

this building in 1858.

"Come quickly—Bethesda is in consternation," this was the awakening call which resulted in the founding of the next house of mercy. One of the inmates of Bethesda had been seized with an attack of epilepsy, the idiots had fled, and the blind had taken shelter under the trees in the garden. Looking at the prostrate form of the sufferer, the decision to found an asylum for epileptics, and the ejaculation of the name "Ebenhezer" seemed simultaneous. One instance of the power of this Christian philanthropist to move all hearts, and to bear down all resistance to his loving projects, occurred in reference to the foundation of this home. M. Bost, after reading his annual report, at a meeting of his sympathisers in Paris, mentioned the project as having passed beyond the initial stage. His audience, as if by concurrent inspiration, rose in the attitude of protest. The pastor's answer was as quick as it was effectual in silencing every objector. "It's for epileptics, for poor epileptics; have pity upon them." The audience at once caught his emotion; a cheque for a thousand francs, from the chairman, and numerous promises of help, with many a "God bless you," were the ultimate response. But even such a giant in faith was once the subject of despair, the circumstances of which he had the courage to place upon record. They were these: "Siloe" being designed solely for epileptic girls, there came a flood of most distressing appeals on behalf of boys so afflicted. "Do, for mercy's sake," was the climax of one of these heartrending epistles. The incensed director, for the moment off his guard, tore up the letter, saying, "Do they take me for a God? Is there no one

who will care for epileptic boys?" Very soon this lapse was severely reproved, the more so because the reproof came from the same source as all his encouragements—the recorded words of the Master, the utterance of Love incarnate, "Bring him to Me," led to the formation of the next institution. Ebenhezer for epileptic girls, was opened in 1862, and Bethel for boys, in 1863.

Just previous to the foundation of the first of these, John Bost had married, at the somewhat late period of 44 years of age, to one of his parishioners, Mdlle. Eugénie Ponterie, who proved to be a real helpmeet for the philanthropic pastor, in his multifarious good works. From that time he set his heart upon the erection of a new church. which he carried forward to its realisation in 1867. He aimed to serve two purposes by that step, first, to separate the ecclesiastical from the purely philanthropic part of his work, and so secure, ere he should be called away, the recognition of the State for the former; and, secondly, so to construct the edifice that the epileptics might attend the services, without disturbing the congregation, in case of sudden attacks of their malady.

Amid the pressing daily cares of such a family, so variously afflicted, other forms of human misery were not forgotten by him. His extensive experience of the world had brought him into contact with many useful cultured women, both widows and unmarried, who, in the decline of a self-sacrificing life, have to experience both poverty and neglect. A home called *Le Repos*, was opened for such in 1875, and in 1878 another, *La Retraite*, for women of inferior social position, and less intellectual cultivation, nurses, or servants.

Surely, one might be disposed to conclude that philanthropy had by this time found at La Force its fullest representation. No! is John Bost's reply, for the development of some of the forms of suffering already installed in its special home, furnished cause for further effort to mitigate it. There were idiots sunk in complete degradation; epileptics whose disease had reduced them to violent madness or sullen imbecility. Their wild cries seriously disturbed the more fortunate inmates of Bethesda and Ebenhezer. But Twoold Protestant ladies, descendants of Huguenot worthies, offered to give 100,000 francs, upon the

modest condition, that no "chronicle in stone" should be made of that act upon the buildings. Space forbids any description of the clever adaptation of the two houses which were the outcome of this fresh departure. Suffice it to say that for their purpose they are perfect, the design being the pastor's own. The one called La Miséricorde was inaugurated in 1875, a notable year in the history of the institutions of La Force. The companion institution, La Compassion, has been finished since the death of the respected founder, as a tribute to his memory.

Just a word as to the institutions in their working condition. They contain 403 inmates, whose varied wants are attended to by 45 loving attendants. The cost of maintenance involves a daily expenditure of £20. They have no State support, but they have been so far recognised, as institutions useful to the community, as to be allowed permission to inherit property.

In passing through the buildings, one is struck with the order, cleanliness, and air of content, together with the spirit of mutual helpfulness, of the variously afflicted groups. John Bost himself said on one occasion, when he saw the tender care with which an idiot was attending to a sick girl, "Oh, that I might have such a watcher at my bedside, on my departure." On entering the common room of La Compassion some of the inmates laughed aloud, whilst others hid their faces in their aprons, and cried. One poor shrivelled thing, twenty years of age, looked on with grim sullenness, and seemed no bigger than a girl of ten. In the Famille we found a girl with no hands, who with her bare stumps produced a splendid piece of caligraphy, composed of these words, which was her message, by us, to the girls of England :-- "Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost." This bright girl, with others, sat for examination with the specially trained children of the district, and took a high place. She threaded her needle and executed a set piece of woolwork before the inspector.

Truly, in the words of his biographer, "John Bost, at the end of thirty-six years of public life, so full of labour, of touching scenes, of anxieties and struggles, but also of consolations, and even of triumph, was enabled to finish his work to garner his sheaves, and to say to his Father, in a measure, as did his Master, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."





"'You know the rest, Annette?" - p. 477.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.



EY were in the parlour behind the shop-a small shop, situated in a dingy but very busy street of North London.

"Life is full of hard conditions," Annette was beginning. as with a discontented air she threw down her needlework. and pushed aside her young brother's lesson-books, which he had flung on the table when he ran in from school, "and I can't see-" But here her

sentence was broken, for, hearing footseps in the shop, she rose and hurried away.

Three or four customers had come in together; and, without a moment's waste of time, or an unnecessary word, Annette Bradbury began to serve then.

First she had to weigh a quarter of a pound of salt butter for a respectably dressed poor woman, who carried a well-worn shopping-basket on her arm. And then a little timid half-clothed girl inquired if she had any "cracked eggs."

"No," answered Annette, coldly, "we have not." And the next moment she was cutting half a pound of cheese for a third customer.

Then a poor old woman with a very patient face brought in a small rasher of bacon, which she had chosen from the slab outside; and Annette weighed it. And next she was asked for two ounces of butter and a pennyworth of Dutch cheese.

And all she had to do in answering the requirements of her customers she did cleverly and quickly, yet without the least appearance of hurry, but also without the faintest show of interest or pleasantness. Her eyes might have been glass, for any expression of feeling in them, as she looked at those who addressed her; and her rather sharp-featured face might have been a mask for any change that came over it as she made her replies.

The shop, however, was her mother's, and Annette did not, as a rule, serve in it all day; but Mrs. Bradbury had gone early that morning into the country to visit a sister, and to enjoy with her a rare holiday; and Annette had been left in charge.

At length the small wants of her many customers had been satisfied for the present, and Annette returned to the dark little sitting-room, and, ringing the bell, desired Lizzie, the maid, to bring tea.

But was Annette going to have her tea alone, then? No. On the worn horsehair couch lay a young man, of six or seven-and-twenty, perhaps, pale and delicate-looking, but with a bright, happy, peaceful face. And he it was to whom Annette had addressed the words, "Life is full of hard conditions."

And as she cleared the table of her needlework, in readiness for the tea-tray, this young man, Paul Manvell by name, watched her. He had heard every word she had uttered in the shop. And he had heard her speak in that same quick cold manner many times before to-day.

Four years previously Paul Manvell had gone out to South Africa as a missionary. Nearly three years he had laboured unremittingly; but then his health had failed, and at length he had decided to return, at any rate for a time, to England.

He had spent some months among the Cumberland mountains, regaining health and strength daily, and then he had come to the Bradburys.

Annette's mother and his mother had been close friends in their girlish days, and though by marriage they had been necessarily divided, their early friendship had never been forgotten. And when little Paul had been left an orphan, Mrs. Bradbury had taken him and had been a mother to him, having looked upon him from the first as given her in place of her own firstborn son, who had died in infancy.

With the Bradburys, then, was Paul's only home. And with them, for the present, he would remain, patiently waiting, and resting, and learning new lessons meanwhile—lessons of which he trusted to make good use by-and-bye, when, please God, he should be able to go back to Africa, and to take up yet again the work he loved.

Tea was ready, and he left his couch, and took his place at the table.

And Annette poured out tea, with what he had once called her "shop-face"—hard cold, and quiet.

"Annette!"

"Yes."

"Why don't you finish what you began to say just now about 'hard conditions?"

CHAPTER II.

PAUL was smiling as he spoke. But his smile was a very gentle one, and Annette could not possibly have

taken offence at it. But, indeed, it must be owned that she very seldom did take offence at anything that Paul Manyell said or did.

"It is one hard condition, in my eyes," she returned, "that I should have to do all the little trifling things that come to me every day, instead of all I feel I could do! I am thinking now of the shop especially. There we stand (mother likes it, but I do not), cutting and weighing pennyworths and ounces of cheese and bacon and butter from morning till night. Is such a life worth living, I often wonder?"

"'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much,'" quoted Paul, meditatively, as he sipped his tea, but ate next to nothing. "And it is not so much what we do as the spirit in which we do it that is of consequence—

" A servant with this clause Makes drudgery divine.

You know the rest, Annette?"

"Yes," she returned, with a slight sharpness in her voice again. "But I tell you that I cannot look at these things as you do. If I could I daresay I might be happy; but, as it is, I cannot! But do eat something, Paul!" pettishly. "I can't think how you can expect to get strong again if you will go on starving yourself at every meal."

Paul took a slice of bread and butter.

"I daresay I can eat something, if I try," he rejoined, good-humouredly. "It was only that I was not thinking of eating just then,"

"What were you thinking of, I should like to know?" said Annette, smiling a little now, but gravely. "Of finding fault with me, perhaps? However, you are quite welcome to do so, if you feel inclined. It would not be the first time, and I have no doubt I could bear it."

Paul did not answer just directly, and forgot to eat again.

"Suppose," he said at length—and his grey eyes were looking at the blank discoloured bit of wall, which was all that could be seen from the window of the room; but he was gazing with mental, rather than with bodily eyes, and was just then seeing things which mere bricks and mortar had smallest power to hide from him—"suppose, whenever you were in the shop, Annette, instead of thinking of the small-



"Annette read them again, and yet again."-p. 478.

ness of the quantities you have to serve, you were to take 'Faithful in little' for your motto? The 'much' would, if God saw fit, without doubt, come in time; and all the sooner, probably, if you made up your mind never again to fret and rebel at the littles."

He paused, half absently, but, with a disturbed look on her face, Annette was balancing her spoon on the edge of her cup, and she did not speak.

"But why should we be so ready to despise the littles?" Paul went on. "They too are good, and useful, and helpful, or our lives, we may be sure, would not be so largely made up of them. What a pity it is that we so often spoil them, and lose the clustering blessings that would come to us by them, in our feverish efforts after, and all-absorbing watch for the coveted 'much.'" Still not a word from Annette, and Paul once more continued—

"Suppose again, Annette, that you were in a grand shop, serving out large quantities and good qualities to people who could afford to pay for them, would you be any nearer happiness? I know you would not. Happiness is in ourselves, not in our work, or surroundings. And what pure pleasure you might ever have in what you do now, if you prayed for strength, and for heavenly love and sympathy, to remember every moment that the Lord Himself placed you where you are, to serve His poor with the littles, which are all that they can afford to buy. Poor things, they have, many of them, smallest comfort in this world, and even a kind word in a shop, and to be pleasantly served, would add something to their scanty joys, and lighten, if but by a feather's weight, their heavy burdens."

Paul waited an instant, and then, softly and thoughtfully, as though he had been repeating the lines to himself, he added—

"Speak gently, 't is a little thing Dropped in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy, that it may bring Eternity shall tell."

But had he wounded Annette? She rose—pushed aside her cup with a hasty jerk—and, with averted face, went quickly into the shop.

As she reached her place behind the counter, and was striving to quiet herself as best she might, two customers entered.

One wanted a penny rasher of bacon and a French egg, and the other a pennyworth of butter-scrapings.

Annette uttered no sharp words this time, for she did not open her lips. And when she again returned to the sitting-room, Paul had taken a book, and appeared not to observe her disturbed face.

Tea was cleared, and needlework got out again; and Paul had returned to his sofa. No other customers came for half an hour or more,

Annette, with her head bent over her work, sat in silence for some time; then she said-

"Do not suppose that I never look at, or feel for,

the poor things who come into the shop, Paul. It is only lately that I have grown so cold and hard. What is the use of empty feeling, when I can do just nothing? My life is filled with work already. And that is exactly what I was thinking of, when I spoke of 'hard conditions,' just now. I know so many things that I would do, if I could. Look at that alley close by us. There is work in it for half a dozen people, and work that I should like; yet what can I do?"

It was Paul's turn now to keep silence; and Annette continued—

"I very often dream of the poor miserable children who run in and out of that alley, looking as though they had never had the least real love or care shown them in all their poor little lives. And I should be ready to cry for joy if I one day found myself able to do all that ought to be done for them. But when I think of that 'ought,' and feel how entirely it is beyond me, I am overwhelmed."

"We need never allow the thought of any work to overwhelm us, dear Annette," answered Paul, gently. "The Lord our God never asks of us more than we can do, and often, when we are alarmed at all that seems to lie before us, we have only to go as simply and easily on our way as before, and still to be faithful in little. But what have you done? In the work you speak of, I mean?"

"Nothing, Paul," with a little quiver in her voice.
"I know I am selfish, and wicked, but I could not be satisfied to do a little—and so—I did nothing."

Paul's eyes had been attentively fixed upon her downcast face; and now, for some reason or other, he spoke very cheerily—

"Was that wise, dear Annette? Remember that the littles are often as the paving stones over which 'Much' presently drives his carriage. I have been into the alley you speak of. Suppose we do what we can for it, together, while I stay?"

Annette looked up with surprise and pleasure in ner eyes, and soon gladly agreed. And then the two went on talking till they were interrupted by customers.

CHAPTER III.

I lay my wants on Jesus, All fulness dwells in Him; He heals all my diseases; He doth my soul redeem. I lay my griefs on Jesus, My burdens and my cares; He from them all releases; He all my sorrows shares.

"READ'em again, my dear—the beautiful words! the precious words! Read'em again, if you will be so good!"

And Annette read them again, and yet again, till the weary eyes closed, and the withered hands were still, and the poor lonely bed-ridden old woman had fallen into a peaceful sleep. And then Annette closed the hymn-book, and sat with thoughtful gaze fixed on the bare floor of the attic.

She and the sleeper were alone in the house—lodgers, and children, and all were out, as very often happened. And Annette's thoughts went back to the day when she had first stood by that miserable bedside, and had found its patient occupant starving alike in body and soul.

Many weeks had passed since then, and one small improvement after another had Paul and Annette together worked in the tiny place. The broken window had been mended, and cleared of dust and cobwebs; one or two plainly-printed texts relieved the bareness of the walls; and the ragged coverlet of the bed had been taken away, and a new one of gay patchwork substituted.

And the poor old woman had been delighted at these and other changes, even though her eyes were growing almost too dim to distinguish them.

But as her bodily sight faded, the eyes of her soul grew clear and strong; and that very day, as Annette had read to her sweet Bible words of comfort, and then her favourite hymn, a ray of heaven's own glory had beamed into that attie with the earthly sunshine, and the soul which it had entered had tasted such joy as would make the discomforts of this world fade into insignificance for evermore.

And this was one of the "littles" that had been awaiting Annette so long—and only one.

But now she heard a footstep on the stairs—one she recognised, to judge from her face—and quickly and softly she rose, and, looking down the staircase, put up her finger, then drew back for Paul Manvell to enter.

"She is asleep," she murmured, in gentlest tones.

"But I read her to sleep, so that I daresay our voices will not waken her. And, oh, Paul, she is so happy!"

And then, oh, how many thronging thoughts flashed through Annette's mind in an instant; thoughts of joy and gratitude that she had been led to take up a work which was daily growing dearer to her, and in which she seemed, as it were, to see souls growing under her hand; thoughts of regret and self-reproach that she had neglected such a work so long; and thoughts of sorrow, and rising faithlessness also, as she said within herself, "But now Paul will soon be going, and I shall have to work on alone."

Paul also was thinking his own thoughts, and he presently drew a little nearer to Annette, as they both stood in silence by the bed.

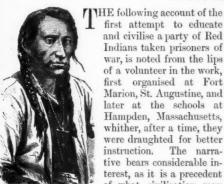
And then—had minutes or hours passed? Annette felt as though she could scarcely have told. She heard Paul say very softly—

"Will you go back to Africa with me, Annette?"

And Annette did not say "No;" but left her work in the alley to her mother and sisters, and then went to take up her own thread of the selfsame work in far-away Africa. And six months later saw her Paul's happy wife and courageous and devoted fellow-labourer among the heathen. And as she had learned to be faithful in that which was least, so now she was faithful in much.

HOW OUR RED INDIAN BRETHREN WERE CIVILISED,

IN TWO PARTS.-PART I.



of what civilisation may perform in the future for these wild tribes of the prairie border.

The origin of the Hampden Schools, where the negro and the Red Indian now sit side by side in friendly intercourse, alike anxious to secure the advantages of education, and learn "the white man's road," is due to General Armstrong, the son of a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, where, brought up among the natives, he acquired a profound knowledge of the character and habits of uncivilised races.

When the war broke out in America in 1861, young Armstrong had just graduated at the University of Massachusetts. The exigencies of the hour caused him, however, at once to join the volunteer force raised for his country's protection, where the qualities he possessed of sound common sense and energy, soon raised him to the rank of brigadier general of the volunteer forces.

As soon as the war was over, General Armstrong was nominated to the post of superintendent of the freedman's bureau, near Norfolk, in the district of Hampden, on Chesapeake Bay. This depôt, with others of a similar nature, had been established by the American Government for the protection of the black population, who, although

freed from slavery, were in a most abject and pitiable condition, and totally unfitted to accept the freedom which after so lengthened a conflict had fallen to their lot.

At this crisis General Armstrong proved himself the foremost friend to the negro cause; for, recognising that nothing short of education would ever dispel the fanaticism and natural idleness of the negro character, he

exerted himself to start a normal school where negro teachers might be educated, through whose influence the entire negro race might, he hoped, be raised into self - dependence. His plan was approved, friends came forward to assist, sufficient funds were raised to purchase land whereon to raise the school buildings, and for the culture of a farm, of considerable dimensions. The farm was placed under the care of an excellent new England farmer, well stocked and provided with all the needful implements of agriculture, whilst the best teachers that could be procured were engaged for the school, many volunteers offering their services in the work.

In the education given to the negro, special care was taken not to make it superficial. This object being recognised as of paramount importance, viz., that the pupils were to return and live among their own race, to uplift

and not over-ride them, and they were therefore instructed mostly in such practical matters as would enable them in the future to cope with the ignorance and superstition they were avowedly being educated to go forth and subdue.

As time and means allowed, a girls' school was added to the work at Hampden, and the marked success which attended General Armstrong's scheme made it universally accepted as the pioneer of negro civilisation. In the year 1878, several of the tribes of the border Indians became more than usually troublesome, and, overstepping the reservations drawn for them by Government,

they made raids into the United States, plundering, killing, and barbarously treating the captives whom they took. Much might be said in defence of these poor Indian marauders, who, born and bred in the belief that the entire country around them was given to them for "happy hunting grounds," were accustomed to satisfy the restlessness of their nature by scouring the plains on horseback in wild enjoyment of their liberty.

That the earth was given to man to subdue and cultivate did not come within the boundary of their creed; a command, alas! which, in its fulfilment, has ever proved fatal to the native occupiers of the soil.

These Indian raids became, however, so frequent, and were accompanied by such horrible atrocities, that the American Government was at last obliged to interfere, and sent a column of troops to subdue the marauders.

In the conflict that ensued, sixty of the Indians were taken prisoners, among whom were several warriorsor "Braves," as they are termed, from the mixed tribes of the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, etc., who glared defiance at their captors, and in their wild rage at being taken, were almost dangerous to approach. One of their number, indeed, succeeded in committing suicide, whilst another nearly

murdered the official in charge of him.

Being at last disarmed of their bows and arrows, the Indians were placed in irons, and, ignorant of the fate that awaited them, were sent, under the care of Captain Pratt, to Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, Florida. Captain Pratt was a man of large humanitarian views, and well suited to the task assigned to him. He had to deal with desperate men-so desperate, indeed, that they might almost be likened to wild beasts; but he had long been engaged in repelling their raids, and knew that, savage and crafty though they were, they yet possessed qualities of heart on which he



AN INDIAN "BRAVE,"

believed he could work. Determining, therefore, to try the law of kindness instead of that of brute force, Captain Pratt had the whole party of Indians marshalled before him, and told them that if they would pledge him their word to conduct themselves quietly, he would trust them and strike off their irons on the spot. The promise was eagerly given, the prospect of even partial liberty lighting up each dusky face with joy. The prisoners were then freed from their chains, dressed in the United States uniform, and received a primary lesson in drill, whilst as much freedom was permitted to them as was consistent with their position.

The next day they were again marshalled before Captain Pratt, who reasoned with them on the advantages of civilisation and humanity, and on their testifying a desire to be taught, they received instruction in many useful occupations, which served alike to amuse them and keep them from mischief. The rapid effect produced on them by kindness is apparent in the following

anecdote:-

One of the oldest of these Indians, and at the same time the most sullen and ferocious, was a Brave called "Minimec;" defiant, stolid, and savage in bearing, he appeared for a long time quite unimpressionable. To win this man over became Captain Pratt's earnest desire. So one day he invited him to take a walk, trying in every way meantime to interest him in one way or another, but in vain. On returning home Captain Pratt found it was too late to enter the barracks, and being unwilling to rouse the guard. he bade the old Indian follow him to his own home, and surprised his wife by telling her the "Brave" was to sleep there that night; then, taking Minimec to an upper chamber, he gave him a lounge, and locking him up till morning, left him. The next day, when the family breakfast was prepared, Captain Pratt fetched the Indian down, and sat him next to him at his own table, offering him a mess of porridge such as was served to himself and his household. The Brave refused it sullenly, and sat silent and moody, yet with a proud and erect bearing. Mrs. Pratt was much disconcerted, and believing that it was the food he disliked, she made signs to him that a beefsteak, the favourite dish of the Indian, should be speedily cooked and served up. On this the old warrior's countenance suddenly changed, and rising rapidly from the table, he burst into tears, saying, with great emotion:—"It was not that I wanted, and I don't know what to do or say to you. See: I was your enemy. I would have killed you if I could; and now you have taken me into your house, and sat me down at your own table; and I cannot break bread with you unless I may first shake hands all round in token of peace"and he proceeded to grasp the hand of every member of the family.

At the time of the arrival of these Red Indians at Fort Marion, many families were in St. Augustine, it being the season when it is frequented as a health resort, and several ladies offered their services to teach them, an offer Captain Pratt gladly accepted.

Apropos of these classes, an amusing anecdote is related, which, albeit not of a very dignified character, is too good to pass over without record-

ino.

The teaching in the class was generally conducted by the black-board and sign and object system, and one old lady, who had thrown herself into the work with great zeal, undertook a class of the red Indian "Braves" who had grown grey in fighting, killing, and scalping their foes, and in facing every kind of danger

recklessly.

The lesson began, and in the course of instruction, the teacher desiring in vain to make her class understand the meaning of the word "tooth," opened her mouth and touched her teeth by way of explanation; she then pointed to the word on the black-board. Still the idea was not caught up, and so in further elucidation -, to make her class comprehend her meaning, took out a set of false teeth, and held them up to them. If a bomb had fallen in their midst, it could not have created greater alarm. The effect was in fact magical, for in a moment the whole native class uttered a wild cry, and fled terrified down the corridor, exclaiming, "Miss --- no good; she bad teacher; she be no woman—she be witch;" nor could they be induced to return that day to their lesson.

This party of Red Indian "Braves" were detained at Fort Marion for three years, when, their term of imprisonment being over, they were released. Only one of their number, however, when he returned to his own country, rehabited himself in his blanket, the sign of barbarism, whilst many of them begged to be allowed to remain at the Fort, and work for their own maintenance. This request was forwarded to head quarters, and the War Office granted them permission to remain in the States, though not at the barracks. Tenders were therefore issued by the Government for their reception

and maintenance.

General Armstrong, who was then arduously engaged at his work at Hampden, at once offered to receive them there. The General had long felt deeply for the Red Indian, whose wrongs stirred his soul; generations of Indian treatment having, he considered, been but a lengthened injustice to the red man at the white man's gain, and he felt strongly that in depriving them of their maintenance and lands, justice demanded that education at least should be given to them as an equivalent, and he himself offered therefore to make the experiment of civilising the party. His offer was accepted by the American Govern-

ment, who agreed to pay for each man 150 dollars yearly. The remainder of the Indians' cost of maintenance was supplied by private benevolence.

General Armstrong's theory in thus mixing the negro and the Indian, was, that in respect to their education, the former already being a step in advance of the latter, the Indian would make the negro a standpoint of progress, and thus gradually bridge over the distance between

himself and the white man.

The experiment answered well, and the Indians, both grateful and anxious to learn, made themselves useful on the farm, working hard with spade and hoe, performing all kinds of labour, which in their savage state they would have scorned as only menial occupations suited to their women. However anxious they were to work, it was found that their muscular development, however, was far more in favour of horse exercise, and that physically it did not answer to allow them to labour hard for long at a time; they were, however, very skilful at various handicrafts, and painted well in a style of their own, much after Egyptian design, and pottery was furnished to them for art decoration.

This Indian industry soon became much in request, and they were thus enabled to render themselves partially independent.

After a residence of about two years at Hampden, twelve of these men were converted from ferocious savages into useful and civilised members of society, and joined the Christian Church from pure conviction of Christ's saving Grace. The baptism of these Red Indian warriors created deep interest, and was conducted in the simplest form possible.

The minister, as they knelt before him, addressed each Brave by name—"Bear's Heart, Soaring Eagle, White Bull, etc., will you take God to be your Father? Jesus Christ to be your Saviour? The Holy Spirit to be your Guide? Are you willing to make God's book your book, and His people your people?"

Then each dusky face, bright with the joy which faith imparted as it recognised the privilege of the rite, was raised, and his voice made answer in tones of earnest reverence—"Yes, I

will;" "I do."

Thus through this simple rite, these once wild savages were brought into union with Christian believers

DOUBLY BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," ETC.

CHAPTER IV .- A SUMMER DAY.



FEW weeks have gone by.

Godwin Brand had felt quite hopeless of ever being accepted by Carina; but brighter days have dawned for him now, for Carina has accepted him—the engagement is publicly known, and he is happy.

But, as Godwin's horizon had brightened, poor

Hugh Smith's had, as a matter of course, grown dull and grey, bereft as it had been of all promise.

As it had been—not as it was. Only three weeks had passed, and Hugh was very moody and miserable still; yet he was beginning to think that he saw a new hope, however faint and small.

And to-day, with his usual rash haste, he has arrived at a decision concerning his future conduct,

which he has as yet told to nobody; and upon this decision he is proceeding at once to act.

It is another bright hot summer day, and he is on his way to the village school. At Philip Evelyn's request he goes there whenever he feels inclined, and gives the elder children a kind of conversational lesson.

But, for nearly a month now, he has not even entered the schoolroom, though he used to go two and three times a week.

"I might do worse by a long way," he is saying to himself, as he takes long strides over the fresh green field path, thinking of something widely apart from the lesson he shall give.

"And what right has anybody to interfere with me?" he presently continues, with determination written on every line of his sallow face. "Yet they will interfere!" And he sighs heavily and impatiently. Then suddenly, forgetting his stoop, and drawing himself up to his full height, he adds, "And they may! And I shall do exactly as I please all the same!"

And, leaping a stile, he leaves the fields behind, and in a few minutes is at the door of the school.

He listens for an instant to the hum of the children's voices, and then enters. And as the little ones all rise to receive him, respectfully making their best bows to him, he bows very seriously to them in return, giving not the shadow of a kind smile

to-day; and the children know at once what a very uninteresting lesson they will have !

He finds a faint smile for Helen, however, as he bends towards her, and takes her hand in the gentle manner which he uses towards all women. Yet his short-sighted eyes, though they can be quick occasionally, take no observance to-day of her pale face, which was crimson a moment ago; and neither does he notice her extreme nervousness in answering his greeting.

She arranges a class of boys for him, then returns to her girls and their needlework.

And now what is Hugh going to do with, or for, the busy little minds before him? He has not the remotest idea. But do not imagine that he is feeling by any means at a loss. Not he. Truth to tell, he scarcely knows that the boys are there—or that he is there himself, indeed.

But—some one lets a slate-pencil fall; and, with a little start, Hugh begins quickly turning over the leaves of a small English history which has been given him, and soon, pouncing upon a page, he says, briskly—

"Now, boys, turn to page 38."

There is a great fluttering of leaves for a few seconds, and some whispering; and then silence, for the page is found. But, alas! "teacher" is far gone into the land of dreams again. And this time he does not so readily return.

One slate-pencil falls after another; the boys begin to talk, and then to make a noise with their feet. And one or two sigh impatiently—possibly with disappointment—for everybody knows that "teacher" is clever, and that he can give wonderfully delightful lessons; and that, moreover, behind all this cloud of gloom and dreaming, he is extremely simple-minded and kind-hearted, and universally and deservedly beloved by both young and old.

At last two books fall simultaneously, and once more Hugh comes to himself with a start.

"Begin," he says, laconically, to the top boy, who has scarcely done so when he is stopped with a question. Something has roused "teacher's" own interest, and for five or six minutes he talks and teaches with all the zest and ardour imaginable.

And the boys look at him—and at their books—gathering up their thoughts, and beginning to take hold of the lesson, when once more they are left to their own devices, and Hugh—the real Hugh—is far away again. There sits his body, but that is all they have of him.

And so the time allotted for the lesson wears away, and school is over; and, with a long breath of evident relief, Hugh rises.

And a few minutes later Helen and he are left alone, save for a little crying boy, who has been kept after the rest for idleness. Soon, he too is dismissed with a few words of reproof, and then Helen begins to wonder a little why he still stays—for he seems to have nothing whatever to say.

Her wonder upon this point lasts perhaps three

minutes—and then it is looking in a different direction, and magnified tenfold—while Hugh is standing close beside her, with her trembling hand in his, and with his great dark melancholy eyes fixed anxiously upon her downcast face.

Can she have heard aright? No; surely not.

"O no, no!" she says, with something like a sob.
"I must not listen; it is very foolish; you do not—cannot care for me! You think so now because—because—"

But tears are choking Helen's voice, and she can get no further. She strives hard to control herself, and would withdraw her hand, but Hugh will not suffer it.

"No," he says, firmly, "tell me that you do not love me, and I will bid you farewell instantly; but if you cannot do that, I shall not release this hand, which I trust may soon be the hand of my wife." And with all the reverential chivalry of his nature he lifts it gently to his lips.

And Helen does not try again to withdraw it. Her cheeks are crimson now, and little flickering smiles of joy are breaking through her tears.

And then Hugh draws her head to rest upon his breast, and as his lips touch her hot cheek, he whispers—

"You shall have time to prove me. I did love Carina, as you know, but she had no heart to give me. If you have, I shall be a happy man."

Some warning monitor deep down in Helen's heart answered these last words, and her blushes faded.

"I am afraid," she murmured, presently, while her face is hidden, "that I should not know how to make you happy."

"Why not, dear? I know I am a poor worthless fellow—not worthy even to think of a wise, good, gentle girl like you. But if you will take me, and bear with my dull ways, your love will help me to do something better with my life than I have ever done yet. You do love me?"

"Yes," she uttered, softly. "But O, I am afraid that by-and-by you may be ashamed of me; and, besides, what will everybody say?"

At the "Yes," Hugh had clasped her, fondly, and renewed his gentle caresses; but at what followed, he drew himself up with all the hauteur imaginable.

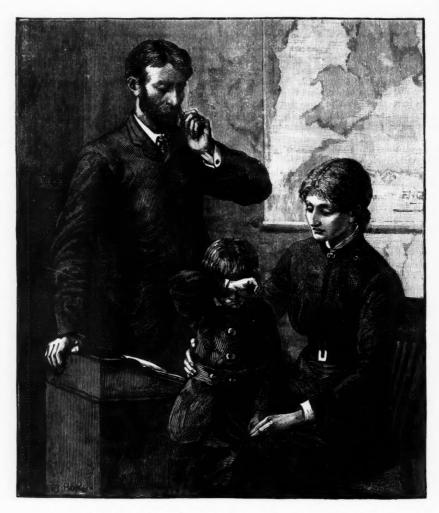
"Ashamed of you!" he said. "Nonsense! You are far more likely to have cause to be ashamed of me! And as for all the gossips and busy-bodies——" and Hugh unbent again, and there was actually a smile in his eyes, "they may talk just as fast as they like! We can surely afford them that little amusement, if we are happy, Helen."

Hugh was gone: and, unwontedly late, Helen hurried indoors.

Life is ever changing. One hour brings us sorrow—the next joy—the next sorrow again it may be. Sad, sad days Helen has passed lately—since the evening of the concert—imagining that Hugh had

been altogether displeased at seeing her standing there alone at that hour; and that he would never come to the school, and never lend her books, or be kind and friendly to her again,

apparently looking at the gorgeous display of flowers in the beds that bordered the lawn—rich buds and blossoms, lying on their green leaves, heavy with the glancing raindrops,



"A few minutes later Helen and he are left alone, save for a little crying boy."-p. 483.

And now—a very short time, comparatively, had passed—and who, in all Wyntoun-by-Sea, was happier than Helen Martin?

CHAPTER V.—IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?
Two years had passed away. A soft summer rain was falling. Hugh and Helen, long since husband and wife, stood by the open drawing-room window,

But Hugh's face was gloomy and frowning, and Helen's full of a gentle patient pensiveness. It was plain that neither was thinking just then of the flowers, lovely though they were.

Helen laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"You will do it, Hugh?"

"I will not!" he answered, suddenly and passionately. "Why should I wrong my wife in that way?"

She joined her other hand to the one already on his arm.

"When you were so ill, Hugh"—and she looked up at him with tearful dark eyes—"you cannot think how I felt about it all. And when I knew that you were recovering, I determined that I would ask you——"

He interrupted her, impetuously.

"You must be out of your mind, Helen! I shall never be an old man, you know; we are not a long-lived family. And do you mean to tell me that if I left all I have away from you, and you had by-and-by to go back to your father, and to live on a mere pittance again, that it would conduce to your happiness?"

"I do, Hugh."

The moodiness, and gloom, and sadness written on his countenance all deepened visibly. He drew away from Helen.

"Dear Hugh"—but she did not move towards him—"please do not imagine that I can possibly intend the smallest reproach to you!"

"Oh, no!" he said, bitterly. "You only mean to say that it was a mistake we ever got married—that is all. I told you, over and over, that you would be disappointed in me, you know."

They were nearer each other again now.

"Do not speak so, Hugh. And did I ever say that I was disappointed in you?"

And the tears stood in her eyes as she looked up at him.

"Only," she went on, "I was not born to riches—and I would rather not be left alone with them."

"Well," said Hugh, after a few moments of silent consideration, "and what if I agree, as you seem so set upon it? Though if we had had a son——"

And he paused again.

He would have said a "child," but he was thinking of Carina's boy—a fine little fellow, just a year old now.

There was grief, and coldness also, in Helen's eyes; she knew her husband's thoughts. She had not been blessed with a child.

"If we had had a son," she said, with studied quietness, "of course, everything would have been different."

"Then, you really mean it, Helen?"

"I do," she said.

"And you do not care to whom I leave all I have, so that it is not to you?"

"No, Hugh," she answered, in the same quiet voice.

He left her, and that very day the new will was made, the contents of which Helen neither knew nor sought to know.

It was a few months later, in the middle of a mild beautiful autumn. Helen sat in her own room, sewing—alone to-day.

Though paler and more delicate-looking than in former times, Helen did not appear sad to-day. There was a light, as of some soft new hope, shining in her eyes; and she did not now ask herself, as she had done so many, many times since her marriage, "Is life worth living?" But, glancing back over the past, she was, perhaps, thinking that happier days might be in store for her even yet; for Hugh had been less moody and restless and wayward lately, and altogether more uniformly kind to her than ever before.

"And life is worth living," she murmured to herself. "How faithless I must have been ever to have asked the question. It is worth living, for through it, and its trials and sorrows, we ascend to the life everlasting. And ah, how very many of our trials and sorrows come from placing the affections and the affairs of this life before those of the life everlasting!"

And then she sewed on in silence, looking sometimes for a moment down upon the leaf-strewn walks, and still, in her own mind, musing over the past.

How cold her friends, Philip Evelyn, and Carina, and Carina's aunt, Miss Mowbray (who had since died), had been when first they had heard of her engagement to Hugh. But nobody's coldness had lasted, she was thankful for that, and Carina was now one of her truest friends. And even Hugh's mother, during her last illness—she had died six months before—had been quite reconciled to her daughter-in-law, more than reconciled indeed, for she had praised Helen to Hugh, and had actually told him that she was "too good for him," to which he had humbly and entirely agreed.

Helen was thinking over all this, and much more, when there came a little tap at the door.

"Come in," she said.

And little Fanny Turner appeared.

Fanny had grown and improved since the days in which Helen had taught her to read, though even now she was scarcely more than a child. She had been Helen's little maid for some months, and her mistress, whom she dearly loved, still gave her lessons in the evening.

"If you please, ma'am, can Miss Bassett see you?"
"Certainly," answered Helen, with a look of plea-

sure. "Ask her if she will mind coming to me here, Fanny."

Phœbe was soon ushered in, clad, not in a dusty travel-soiled and faded dress to-day, but in one of some fresh bright brown stuff, while her neat white straw bonnet was trimmed with autumn leaves. And Phœbe's pleased gentle countenance, and her whole manner and bearing, were as much changed for the better as her dress. Her large grey eyes did not tell of any weary hopelessness to-day, but of truest peace and happiness instead. Her father and she lived in a rather better part of Hamley now, and kept a respectable general shop.

And Phœbe's work was to assist her father in attending to this shop, and also to keep house; while her pleasure was to do all she possibly could for the friends who had done so much for her, and who had been so unfailingly kind to her. And she had, too, a dearer pleasure even than this; it was to talk, evening after evening, to her father, as he sat with his white head bent low over his work, of the new and beautiful hope that had come to her—of the dear Lord and Saviour Who had given her all, and for Whom she strove daily and hourly to keep the first and best place in her heart and life, till He should come again, as He had said, to take her to one of the many mansions, where she should dwell in joy with Him for ever.

Her father, while she talked, simply worked on and listened, seldom making much reply. But his quiet face had been gaining, during the past months, a new happiness which none had ever read in it before. He had once felt that passing away from this world would be to him like going out into a nameless void. But now, what glorious visions of endless beauty and joy passed daily before his mind's eye as he sat there in that dull back room! And what comfort and peace, both for the present and as regarded the wondrous future, he gathered continually, as Phœbe and he read the Bible together—never for duty, but always for love!

And sometimes Phebe went to spend an hour with, and to talk to, Helen's father also, at Helen's own request. And John Martin would lay down his quill, and turn round on his writing-stool, and listen to the simple, happy young girl, as he had never listened to his daughter.

He still lived in the same cottage, which Hugh had used his influence to keep for him, but which was, of course, no longer called the schoolhouse.

After the death of Hugh's mother, Helen had invited him, at her husband's express wish, to live with them, but he had quietly and firmly refused. Then Helen had implored him with tears; but his answer had been the same—

"No, my dear. You and your husband are very good, and I am by no means insensible of your kindness. But you have your ways, and I have mine; and I like my little cottage and my bit of garden better than anything you could give me; though I should like very well to come and look at your grand place every now and then, you know—if you will allow me."

Phobe Bassett had been to see him this afternoon, and she had, on her way home, called to give Helen some simple message from him.

But the message was never delivered,

Phobe had taken a seat by Helen, at the latter's invitation, and was answering some kind inquiry, relative to her own affairs, when there was a sound of hurrying footsteps, in the hall below, and then on the stairs.

"Go and see what it is, please, Phœbe," said Helen, very quietly.

Phoebe went, and returned. With pale, frightened face, she sat down, and leaned her head on her hand.

Helen rose, and went to her, laying a trembling hand on her shoulder.

"What is the matter, Phobe?" she asked, with

dilating eyes; and then, in a voice of unnatural calmness, "Has anything happened to Hugh?

CHAPTER VI .- MINGLED TROUBLE AND JOY.

HUGH SMITH, in endeavouring, in his usual impetuous manner, to stop a runaway horse, had received such severe injuries that he had died before he could be conveyed to his home.

Two months have passed since the sad accident, and Helen has returned to her father.

For, Hugh's will being read, it was found that, with the exception of a very small annuity to his wife, a few legacies to old servants, etc., he had left all he possessed to Carina Brand. The will gave a brief explanation of his reason for this, and also contained an injunction to Carina to "take care of Helen."

Helen had listened to the end, and then had fainted. And as she had fallen back on the couch, Phebe Bassett, who had been sitting beside her, and watching her anxiously, had heard her say to herself—

"What have I done?"

It is a winter afternoon. John Martin is writing busily at his desk. His daughter, in her widow's weeds, sits by the fire at needlework.

The afternoon is dull and dark, and the sky looks stormy. And the light fades, and fades so fast, that at length, though it is yet early, Helen can see to sew no longer, and folding her work, she puts it upon a shelf near, on which she used to put the school-work in former days.

And then she leans back in her chair, with her hands lying listlessly on her lap, while her eyes are fixed in dreamy sadness upon the bright little fire, over which the kettle is just beginning to sing cheerily.

John Martin's noisy quill has also paused in its labours; but though the pen is resting, its master's brain is still working busily.

A sound of children's voices comes now to Helen. The children are leaving school. How vividly their little unconscious tongues are recalling the past for her!

And, as she sits there, presently closing her eyes, she could almost imagine her brief married life to have been but a chequered vision—of mingled brightness and gloom.

But does this last thought disturb her? For now she rises, murmuring to herself under her breath—

"No, no! Not a vision, thank God—not a vision! And yet—
Oh! have I any right to be glad?"

And then she begins to get tea, just as she had been used to do in the old days.

And her father turns around on his stool.

"What! tea-time, Nellie?" he asks, both brightly and tenderly.

"Yes, father."

He rises, and helps her; and, when everything is ready, draws his chair up to the table.

"Shall I trouble you, my girl, if I tell you what I have been thinking of doing, I wonder? I mean, will it tease you to hear of your old father's plans and fancies?"

For answer, Helen suddenly bends forward, and touches her lips to his hand, as it rests upon the arm of his chair.

The old man smiled—a pleased happy smile. Very gradually, yet very greatly, had he changed within the last two years. He had always been fairly contented—his was a contented nature; but now he was happy. Come death, come life, come sorrow, and disappointment, and loneliness; or joy, and love, and companionship to the end of the way—it would make no difference to this new and glorious treasure of happiness of which he had become possessed. Nothing now could rob him of that everlasting portion, of which he had first learned, by God's blessing, through the simple heartfelt words of Phebe Bassett.

And now he felt a longing to tell others the story, that he might, perhaps, lead them also to drink of this wondrous living water, that had quenched in him a lifelong thirst.

And it was this longing of which he wished to tell Helen. He had it in his mind to sit at the old inky desk, before which he had spent so many only half-satisfactory hours, and to make his good quill do better service than it had ever done yet, and to write living loving words that should no more be hidden away.

"And then," he said, with quiet happy thoughtfulness in the tone, as, having finished his tea, he sat round, facing the fire, "I could depart in peace. I feel that my time will soon come now, Nellie. But, please God, I will not go until I have told something of His goodness and love and mercy towards me, All these many years I have been blind; nowthanks to a gracious Lord !- I see. I set much store by my little gleanings of earthly knowledge. Then I read in the Book of books, 'Thy wisdom and thy knowledge it hath perverted thee.' And grace was given me to lay down my pride, and wisdom from above was poured into my heart instead of it. Oh, how I bless the day! I thought my God too great and high and holy for mortal and fallible man to approach; and He taught me that, as He made me-that as He had tasted death for me-so He surely loved me, and was my Friend, all unworthy though I was and am, And now, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for He-my heavenly Friend, my Lord, my Life, will be with me still."

And as he talked, sweetest heavenly comfort and encouragement stole into Helen's heart. For this, her father's happiness, she had prayed; and the great Hearer and Answerer of prayer had granted her request. Might she not trust Him to grant another petition also? a petition for pardon, for guidance, for peace from faithless troubled fears, which she put up daily, nay hourly?

It was the old way of life—yet how different! The days passed quickly, and not altogether sadly. She had not the school to think of constantly, as in former times, yet she often went to take a class in it. And when she returned to the house now, and saw her father sitting, as usual, at his desk, her heart went out to him in yearning thankful joy, instead of in pleading aching pain, as of old.

The winter went by, and spring came again. It was a bright warm afternoon, vivid young greens were just beginning to deepen with darker richer tints of summer; flowers were blooming everywhere, and Helen sat in her old place, between the little deal table and the fireside, with her little spring flower in her arms—her little baby girl, who was old John Martin's joy and delight, and in whom he took great and continual interest, watching her while sleeping, talking to her when awake and lying on her mother's lap, carrying her up and down the little room in his arms at every available opportunity.

He was busy in the garden just now, however, and Helen was alone, except for the little one.

But a visitor was on her way towards her—one who had been a very constant visitor lately—Phœbe Bassett.

She tapped softly, and then entered; and soon she had taken the little babe from Helen, and was sitting down by her.

And Helen was weeping.

How many many times she had wept over her child! How many times she had said, as she did now—

"Ah, if I had but been more faithful, and taken what a good God gave me, instead of putting it unthankfully, away, I should not now have to leave my Hugh's little girl—with scarcely enough even to educate her, as her father would have liked! Oh, poor child, how I have wronged her! My darling, my darling!" and she bent over the little one, as it lay in Phœbe's arms, and her tears fell fast upon its tiny unconscious face. "Will you forgive your mother by-and-by, when you know all? Oh, Phœbe, Phœbe! how wicked I have been!"

And Pheebe soothed her, tenderly and patiently, as she had often done before.

Phobe had had her trouble, also. Her father had died a short time since, and she was now alone in the world.

But, to everybody's surprise (her own included), her father's savings—of which she had known nothing—proved sufficient, when carefully invested, for her independence. She had therefore given up the business, which, small though it was, she could not carry on alone; and she had also bidden farewell to Hamley as a home, and dwelt now in Wyntoun-by-Sea, and was as a ministering angel in the place, and as Philip Evelyn's right hand.

"Do not grieve, dear Mrs. Smith," she said now to

Helen; "the Lord knows all about it. He will take care of your little darling."

Here Phoebe paused abruptly, for as she had stooped to kiss the sleeping babe a sudden thought had crossed her.

"My dear father is old, you know, Phœbe; but, old though he is, I shall go before him. And when he dies, what little he has will die with him; and I—it is my own fault that I have so little!—O baby darling, your mother is sometimes almost wicked enough to wish that you had never been born!"

"You do not know of all, both here and hereafter, that the Lord may have in store for her," rejoined Phœbe, gently. "He can bring the greatest happiness for her out of all that you dread, can He not?"

"O yes, yes, Phœbe!—and thank you for reminding me, dear! But I am so weak—so sad!"

"Would it be any comfort to you if——" Phobe was beginning, when Helen suddenly held out her arms for the baby.

"There is Mrs. Brand, Phoebe! Will you let her in, please, dear?"

Phœbe did so, and then soon bade Helen farewell for the present, having only waited to receive and answer Carina's pleasant unaffected greeting, and to bestow also a few moments' kissing and petting upon that lady's little spoiled son, whom she had brought with her.

He, Master Bernard Brand, was, of course, a mere baby yet; but he was a fine little fellow. As Phæbe, who had petted him before to-day, and of whom he was very fond, closed the door behind her, he toddled to his mother, and stood, holding fast by her forefinger, and gazing with imperious blue eyes at the baby, who had opened her great dark orbs now—so like her father's they were, that they often made Helen's heart ache.

Presently, little Bernard, with a pout and a frown, turned and ruffled his dark curls, as they peeped out from beneath the silk-lined brim of his hat, against his mother's dress.

"No!" he said, pettishly. "Not like baby!"

"Oh, Bernard!" said Carina, with laughter in her voice, and taking the baby herself, and holding it down to him. "I am ashamed of you, sir! Love her, directly, the little darling!"

But Master Bernard turned loftily away. And Carina, smilingly returning the baby to Helen, for fear of making her boy jealous, went on talking.

"Dear Helen," she said, by-and-by, "do not look so sad. Hugh left you in my care, you know, and you must let me say it. I never will consent to rob your child of what is rightfully hers. Of course, if poor Hugh had known——"

But here Helen burst into bitter weeping.

"It was I who robbed her. Oh, Carina, I called myself a Christian, and I seemed to have no faith left."

Carina wisely allowed her to pour out her sorrow for a little while. Then she said—

"Godwin was talking about you this morning,

dear. Shall I tell you what he said? It was this, 'that as even the best and wisest Christians seem unable to keep from making a good many of their own troubles, we must suppose that even our mistakes are, in a certain sense, good for us. But, Helen dear!"—after a moment's pause—" I did not finish what I was saying just now. You need not trouble yourself about your dear little baby. Godwin and I will take her, and bring her up as our Bernard's sister, unless you— Oh, look at him, Helen!"

While his mother had been talking, little Bernard had once more approached the baby. He thought better of her now, it appeared, for suddenly, as his mother and Helen watched him, he made a little loving, cooing sound, and, darting down upon the little creature, kissed her small soft face, but very gently, so that she made no very decided signs of disapprobation.

Carina smiled, and whispered something to Helen—something that called a faint colour into her pale cheeks, and the shadow of a sm le into her eyes.

"I am in earnest, Helen. What do you say to it?"

Helen looked up with mingled anxiety and doubt, "You would not——" She paused,

"Supposing," she continued again, "as is very likely—that they should not care."

"Oh, dear," laughed Carina, softly, but merrily, as Helen hesitated yet again, "are you afraid already that I may by-and-by play my part of obstinate guardian, and do my best to force their young inclinations? I do not think you need trouble yourself. I hope I shall love them both too well for that. But, seriously, Helen—whether my fancy ever comes to pass or not—your child, if she lives, is to have all that was her father's. Godwin and I are both agreed upon that point."

And now Carina, having said what she had come to say, went to the door to see whether Fanny Turner was there, with Master Bernard's tiny carriage.

"You have set my heart at rest," said Helen, looking up with grateful eyes, as Carina kissed her in farewell.

CHAPTER VII,-HELEN'S DAUGHTER.

THE years rolled by—bringing changes, as they always must.

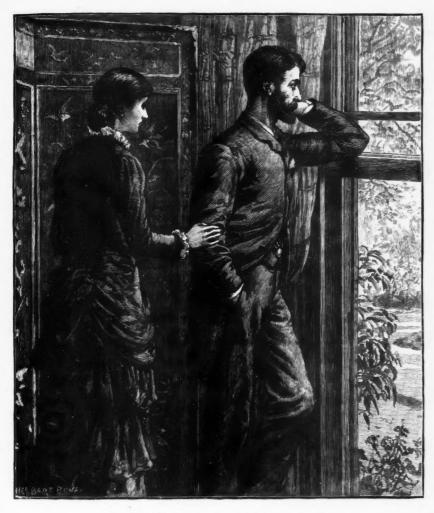
Helen's weary, self-accusing spirit had long since departed—in bright hope and perfect peace at the last.

Her father had finished the self-imposed task at which he had laboured for a month or two with eager joy and love; and then he, too, had gone to his last rest, yielding up his breath in a faith simple and happy as a child's.

And the manuscript which he had left behind had been Philip Evelyn's care. And it had long ago gone out into the world to make its way and to do its work, which work would bring its author golden sheaves in the great reaping-day to come.

Carina Brand was a widow now. Godwin had died suddenly some five years before. And Carina, living with her boy, and the little Helen Smith, in

- "Only to the post-office, child."
- "I want to go with you," he said, importantly.
- "No, Bernard," returned his mother, more firmly



"Helen laid her hand on her husband's arm."-p. 484.

the home which had once been Hugh's, spoiled both children, but especially Bernard, and had no one in these days to give her loving warning.

It was a winter afternoon—a sharp wind was blowing; Carina, in warm mantle and dark bonnet, appeared in the hall, where the children were playing.

"Oh, mamma! where are you going?" inquired Bernard.

than usual. "You know Dr. Wilton said that this cold wind might make your eyes very bad indeed! and, now that they are almost well and strong again, that would be a great pity, would it not?"

"I want to go!" repeated the little boy, obstinately.

"What!—and perhaps not be able to read any story-books for another month!" said his mother. "No, dear, I cannot think of taking you."

Bernard began to stamp about the hall, in a rage. Little Helen now spoke.

"Stay at home, Bernie," said she, in rich full tones of gentleness and affection, "and I'll read to you!"

"Will you?" he returned, discontinuing his stamping for a moment. "But I want you to read 'Masterman Ready,' and all about the savages! And directly we come to that, you always want to leave off! Just like a girl!"

And he turned away from her in lofty disdain, and was just beginning his angry stamping once more, when his mother said, coaxingly—

"Go back into the nursery now, dear, where it is warm and comfortable. And you, too, Nellie."

"Oh, mamma!" resumed Bernard, in a tone of peevish fretfulness this time, "I did want to go to the post-office! I like Mr. Bright—because—because—he lets me take a sweetmeat out of his large tin."

"Oh, if that is all," laughed his mother, "I can bring you a whole bag of sweetmeats! And I'll do something else that may, perhaps, please you. I'll find Miss Bassett, and bring her back with me, if she will come, and we will all drink tea together! And then, after tea, she may like to have a game of play with you!"

Both children were highly delighted at this, and Carina got away without the disturbance she had probably feared.

She had returned, and now sat with Phœbe and the little ones at a bountiful tea, which nurse had provided for them in her (Carina's) own especial and pleasant little sitting-room. And, among other things upon the table, was a gay china dish of sweetmeats, which Bernard often lifted and offered to Phœbe, but from which she again and again declined to take anything.

"Have you thought of a game that we can have, Miss Bassett?" asked little Helen Smith, in her lovely voice, which Phœbe always declared sounded exactly like music.

"He mentioned it first, of course—you understand, Phoebe," said Carina. "And he seemed so thankful, poor fellow, when I promised to do what I could."

Phebe's face wore a disturbed look, which Carina felt that she did not altogether understand.

"I think you have not seen my toy-farm that Mr. Evelyn gave me on my birthday?" put in Bernard now. "Have you, Miss Bassett?"

"Is there no hope for him, Phœbe?" asked Carina, speaking quietly and easily, that the children might not notice her words, or bring their busy inquisitive little minds to bear upon them. "He is a good man. You do not dislike him?"

"I think we might play with the toy-farm, dears," Pheebe said to the children. "I should like that, if you both would," Then to Carina, in a quiet

almost sorrowful tone, "Oh no, no, I do not dislike him! But I wish he had not spoken. I shall never——" She paused, then added more quietly still, "I daresay I shall always remain as I am."

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For it must not be imagined that Phœbe had lived all this time in Wyntoun-by-Sea, constantly showing loving unselfish kindness to all around her, without raising hopes in more than one young man's heart, that he might be the fortunate one who should win her for his wife.

But Phœbe had not proved easy to win: and one had tried, and failed, and another, and another; and then they all agreed that they might as well give it up, for that she was too good for them.

And the only one who would still keep hoping was Edward Bright, the village postmaster. Like the rest, he frankly owned that Phæbe was too good for him, but still he wanted her,

Many more years passed.

Helen Smith was a lovely young girl now—slender, dark-eyed, and dark-haired, inheriting some of her father's melancholy, and more than her mother's sweetness of disposition and power of loving.

And Bernard Brand was a handsome young man, with dark curling hair and eyes that were fairly strong now; yet he liked being read to still. In character he was reserved, proud, and imperious, and his manners were cold and changeful. Sometimes he treated Helen as a sister, at others almost as distantly and haughtily as though she had been his mother's hired companion.

During the years that had gone by, Carina, in the matter next her heart, had shown herself a good diplomatist; not an altogether excellent and faultless one, but simply a good one, which should be praise enough.

But recklessness, it has been said, possesses women at critical moments. And perhaps—on a certain day in early spring, when the wind was in the east, Bernard in an unusually captious temper, and Helen lying down with a headache—such a critical moment came to Carina, and she was reckless.

She was seated comfortably near the fire, with a book in her hand, which she was merely pretending to read. Bernard was standing by the window, gazing out with dissatisfied face at the uncompromising grey sky, lawn sodden by recent rain, and evergreen shrubs and gaunt bare branches alike shivering in the keen cold wind.

"Why did you find so much fault with Helen when she was reading to you just now, Bernard?" asked his mother at length, throwing aside her book with a vexed air.

Bernard made some impatient movement, but did not reply.

"You break the poor child's heart when you behave so unkindly to her," his mother went on. "And, while I am upon the subject, I may as well tell you that you also greatly displease me whenever you treat

my adopted daughter in the coldly patronising manner that has been too much your habit lately. She does not deserve it of you, Bernard. If she had been really my daughter, she could not have shown herself kinder to you, as a sister, than she has done already."

Bernard turned from the window and approached the fire, by which his mother sat, and their eyes met

"Am I, then, to look upon Helen Smith, the daugh-

ter of the village schoolmistress, as my sister?" he coldly inquired.

Carina waited an instant, and then replied deliberately, and with meaning—

"It might be as well, if you did not."

Bernard frowned, and a slight flush mounted to his brow.

"Perhaps you will explain, mother?" he said, almost haughtily.

(To be continued.)

SOME QUAINT INSCRIPTIONS ON OLD HOUSES.

IN TWO PAPERS.-FIRST PAPER.



N the old times before us, the custom of inscribing texts and mottoes upon the façades of houses was more common than it is in the present day. Not only in England and Wales, but in Scotland and Ireland, and on the Continent, buildings were more frequently ornamented with these inscriptions than may be supposed by those whose attention has not been directed to the subject. Besides palaces

and public institutions, the mansions of merchants, as well as ecclesiastical buildings, were often adorned with these sentences over the doorways or along the window heads, or on tablets inserted in the walls in conspicuous positions. Occasionally, also, they were placed indoors, on the mantel-pieces, along the beams of the ceilings, or around the walls of the chief chambers, near the cornices. Many of the examples that remain to us are in Latin; some are Scriptural texts; some consist of a few words of warning, entreaty, or incentive; and others are quaint little verses to suit the edifices on which they appear.

In Bailey's dictionary (1747) there occurs the following word:—"Arseverse, a spell written on an house to prevent it from burning."

We may assume, therefore, the fear of arson, or dread of accidental burning, may have dictated the use of some of these inscriptions. Pride of ownership, of course, accounts for most of the numerous initials and heraldic carving; and real piety, probably, was the cause of the profuse use of Biblical texts, as when Sir Thomas Gresham inscribed upon his Exchange, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

In the southernmost counties of England,

where there are old thatched houses that appear to be veritable man-nests, planted down in the rich pastures full of buttercups that are nearly as high as the window-sills; houses that are low and white, and others that are red and tall and thin; and here and there some that are cream-coloured and flesh-coloured, with russet roofs; and farther apart, crumbling, tumbling, half-timbered houses set in green fields and orchards; where there are houses of every aspect, in short, except that of the dovecoloured dwellings of North Wales and Cumberland, there are several examples of these oldfashioned legends.

In Biddenham, Kent, is a sun-baked timber and plaster house, dated 1578, inscribed over the front door, "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keepeth it."

In Minehead, Somerset, fronting the old market-place, is an alms-house thus inscribed, "Robert Quirck, sonne of James Quirck, built this house Anno 1630, and doth give it to the use of the poore of this parish for ever. And for better maintenance I do give my two inner cellars at the inner end of the Key, and cursed be that man that shall convert it to any other use than to the use of the poore, 1630." A ship is engraved below this inscription, with the motto, "God's Providence is my inheritance.—R. Q."

Still in flowery bowery Somerset, over the door of the parsonage-house at Chew Stoke, dated 1524, are armorial bearings with Laus Deo on either side of them, and a legend on a scroll. A manor-house at Kingston Seymour, in the same county, is inscribed, Rose en Soleil.

Parsonage-houses and almshouses are frequently chosen for adornment in this way. An almshouse at Tiverton was thus ornamented by its founder:—

John Waldron, merchant, and Richoard his wife Builded this house in tyme of their lyfe.

At such tyme as the walls wer fourtyne foote hye He departed this world, even the eightynthe of Julye. A.D. 1579.

In Devonshire, too, there is a vicarage-house

at Colyton with a motto over a window. And in the parish of Walborough is a small hospital, or almshouse, founded by Lady Lucy Reynall in the days of the Stuarts, inscribed:—

The Widowes House, 1638. Is 't strange a prophet's widowe poore should be? If strange, then is the Scripture strange to thee.

Ely has a remarkable example. This ancient city is built, for the most part, with pale buffcoloured bricks, and tiles of the same coloured clay, toned down here and there to earth-colour, and lighted up here and there to a primrose tint, according to the manner in which the winds and rains have worked their will, and altogether has a light and creamy aspect. There are cosy latticed dormers, with lozenged panes, coming out of the roofs in unexpected places, and clusters of foliage in many an odd nook, and overhanging many an old garden wall. There are also delightfully venerable-looking silver-grey bits of glorious architecture, grave archways, captivating oriels, groups of fantastic chimneys, and the like, and looking down upon them all is the cathedral with its superb lantern. The bishop's palace stands at the corner of an open space near the cathedral, with its hoary front enlarged by out-stretched wings that were added to it in the sixteenth century; and on the splayed panels of a large bay window in one of these wings, is carved the whole duty of man. On the left-hand splay is our "Duty towards God," and on the right, our "Duty towards our neighbour."

Looking northwards, we find there are several Elizabethan mansions round about Manchester and Liverpool that have inscriptions upon them. Speke Hall, which is situated about eight miles from Liverpool, has a chamber with pious sentences carved all round it, all having a general drift to the effect that life is short, and that watchfulness and prayer are the only safeguards, As we travel through this part of the country, so altered by the cotton industry, it is difficult to realise that it was once as picturesque as any part of Lancashire. We note, occasionally, a white windmill with black sails, or a black windmill with white sails, rows of trees dotting the apparently radiating hedges, groups of horses, cows, and sheep in various fields, red roof-tops among distant foliage, square church towers rising above tall trees, all overpowered, however, by collieries, tall chimneys, limekilns and factories. Yet, the presence of these fine old mansions is an abiding testimony to the former beauty of the district, Handforthe Hall has the following statement cut on a carved and moulded lintel :- "This house was builded in the year of our Lord God, 1557, by Miriam Brereton, Knight, whom maryed Margaret, daughter and heare of Willyam Handforth of Handforthe Chause, and had issue 6 sonnes, and 2 daughters."

Cumberland and Westmoreland have numerous examples of these old-world legends. An old house at Eamont Bridge has in Latin:—"H.P., 1671. Every hearth is a fatherland to the strong man." Barton Hall and Barton vicarage have both Latin inscriptions. Huthwaite Hall has engraved upon its front:—

John Swynbvrn esqvire and Elisabet his wyfe did make Coste of this worke in ye dais Of ther lyfe, anno domni 1581, Anno regime 23,

On an arched gateway at Asklam Hall there runs :—

Thomas Sandford Esquyr For this payd meat and hyre The yeare of ovre Saviovre xv hyndred and seventy fovre.

The outer gateway of Brougham Castle says: "Thys made roger." Catterlen Hall, now a farm-house, has a tablet carved with the arms of Vaux, around which runs: "Let mercy and faithfulness never goye from ye," and below is carved this sentence:—

At thys tyme is Rowland Vaux Lorde of this place and bui ded thys hall yr Of God 1577.

Johnby Hall is inscribed reverently: "O God, give me wisdom to belove Thee."

Over a door at Newbiggen Hall is inscribed:—

Christopher Crackenthorpe thus ye me calle Whye in my tyme dyde bylde this halle The yer of oure Lorde, who lyst to se

A M fyve hundred thyrty and three.

And on the western front of the tower now incorporated in Cliburn Hall is a doorway over which a square slab has been inserted, which bears a shield and this inscription, in old English characters:—

> Rychard Clebûr thus they me cawl Wch in my tyme hath bealded ys hall The year of our Lord God who lyst For to neam 1567. R. D., mayson.

Carlisle Castle has a tablet which was at first between the keep and Queen Mary's tower, but is now on the inner side of a rampart facing the captain's tower. It bears a shield with the royal arms of England and France surmounted with an imperial crown with E on the dexter side and R on the sinister, and below it—

Dieu et mon Droit.

With a Latin line to the effect that Lord Scrope, while warden of the western marches, erected this work at his own expense in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE INFLUENCE AND POWER OF PRAISE.

IN TWO PAPERS.-SECOND PAPER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK TRESTRAIL, D.D.

"Whose offereth praise, glorifieth Me."-Psalm l. 23.



N the former paper praise to God as the Creator and Governor of all worlds was considered, first, as an imperative duty, and second as a most exalted privilege—both of them, indeed, as of the highest interest and importance. A few of the benefits of Praise were then noticed,

such as its power to induce the habit of serious and devout thoughtfulness, to quicken into activity our zeal, and to help the weak and fearful.

We may notice farther-

Its power to support the downcast and the doubting. The Christian life is one of great vicissitude. Like the tides in the natural world, it has its ebbs and flows. Sunshine and shade, cold and heat, sorrow and joy, often succeed each other in rapid succession. Few attain to maturity who have not experienced these, either in personal affliction, or in the bereavement of relatives both near and dear. And some of these trials appear so severe, and are felt to be so bitter, that the heart sinks down, and calm trust in the Divine wisdom and goodness is subjected to a terrible test. "But every vessel of mercy must be scoured in order to its brightness. However trees may grow in the wilderness without culture, trees in a garden must be pruned that they may be fruitful; and corn-fields must be broken up when barren heaths are left untouched." Praise has a power which will enable the child of God to reach the altitude of calm and perfect trust which led Job to exclaim, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Oh! ye downcast, suffering, and doubting souls, cultivate this habit of praise. Think more of the gifts of Divine goodness, and less of your sorrow. Darkness and doubt will flee before praise, for it is the key which opens the prison to them that are bound, the antidote to unbelief, and the inspirer of confidence and hope. And though you may be cut off from all opportunity of active usefulness, and unable to go up to the house of the Lord, take this comfort to your souls, that by this habit of praise you will be the means of convincing those around you that religion can make even you happy, and you will be helpers to confirm the faith of your fellow Chris-The timid and the doubting will take courage when they see your patience and your joy; and no unsaved soul, however careless, will

come into your presence and leave it, without the conviction that there must be something real and true in your religion. No, you are not cut off from all opportunity to be useful; you are the means of more good to others than you think; and the thought that your sanctified affliction does this, will turn the affliction itself into a joy. Murmur not, then, at your lot, for it is wisely ordered. In your case, "praise is the beginning of heaven." Listen to the words of the poet Cowper, who was an awful sufferer—ofttines the victim of the deepest mental distress, when remonstrating with the disposition to dwell perpetually on the sorrows of life, rather than on its joys, for his words teach the same lesson which it is our object to enforce—

Have you no words? Ah! think again, Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow-creatures' ear With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent To heaven in supplication sent, Your cheerful songs would oftener be, "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

And think how praise helps us fully to enjoy fellowship with God, when we join His saints in their acts of solemn worship. Adapted as Christianity is to the social tendencies of our rature, its first effect is to draw converted persons into union with each other. When saved by Divine grace, they instinctively fall into church order. Union to Christ, by faith, unites to each other all those who are first drawn to Him. Solitary discipleship would never advance the Kingdom of our Lord. Individuals can present no bold front to powerful foes. A soldier, however brave, could do but little to repel an army; it is only when numbers are massed together, and act under the direction of a skilful general, that soldiers fight successfully and well. It is therefore the duty of every disciple to unite with other disciples—to join some congregation of Christ's church -to combine personal effort with the efforts of others, and thus insure a concentration of power.

Praise effectually secures this end. What a different thing it is when offered by many, from what it is when offered by a few, or singly and alone! The power of song is a great power, and its influence is vastly augmented by the union of many voices. It is our duty, therefore, to cultivate this gift, not only for our own sakes, but for the good of others, and the glory of God.

The joy of Christians does not float on the surface, but dwells in the deepest recesses of the heart; and if they do not "rejoice in the Lord always," it is because they do not live up to their

privileges.

And this is an exercise in which nearly all persons can join. The gift of song is widely distributed, and those who cannot sing at all are the exceptions. There is no part of Divine worship more pleasant and animating; and too much pains to improve it, and make it effective, cannot be taken.

Of late years, the improvement has been rapid and surprising. The love of song has become nearly universal among us, and good singing is a great power in drawing people to the house of

praver

To confine praise to a select few formed into a choir, however skilful they may be, is not worship. The proper function of a choir is to lead-to stimulate others to unite with themand to secure the harmonious blending of the voices of all. When this is done, there will be heartiness, sympathy, and power. Nothing so theroughly unites a numerous gathering of people as praise, Those who have good voices-who have cultivated their gifts, should be foremost in this exercise, instead of sitting silent as they too often do. It would be a great advantage if they took their place in the choir. Somehow, a feeling is abroad among us that this is scarcely respectable. We seek the best for the pulpit. No one is too cultivated or too respectable for that. And why should the choir be almost invariably occupied by those who move in the humbler walks of life? It is next in power to the pulpit itself. We should esteem it an honour and a privilege to assist in rendering praise more effective.

The class of persons to whom we are now referring are best able to interpret the meaning of the words of our hymns, and to give suitable expression to them. They may not think so, but they become, in fact, teachers of the people, and helpers of the comfort and joy of fellow-worshippers, through the power of praise!

But to answer its end, it must be heartfelt and sincere. It is no lip-service merely. The best song falls powerless on the ear if there be no deep sympathy with its theme. Singing with the heart makes melody to the Lord. A voice without the heart is a very different thing from a voice with it. There can be no true praise when there has been no repentance for sin-no sense of pardon-no faith in Christ-no enjoyment of Divine love. They only who have been the subject of these convictions and feelings can praise God as He ought to be praised. To suppose we have done it when we simply employ our voice, without any profound reverence, or fear, or love of God, is to "mock Him with solemn songs upon a thoughtless tongue."

On the other hand, when we praise God for the light of the sun, the air we breathe, the food we eat, the peaceful slumber, and the blessings of salvation, we shall have eyes to see goodness and mercy everywhere; and an ear for the music which wind and rain, the voices of children, the greetings of friends, and the praises of God's afflicted but uncomplaining children, join to pour into the heart of him who praises God for all things. A day spent without praise is a day lost. But when, throughout its hours, praise has ascended to the Giver of all good, we tread the vestibule of the heavenly temple, and have a foretaste of the joy that awaits us when we shall take our place amongst the triumphant hosts of

the redeemed.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

N the changing lights and shadows
Of a tranquil night in June,
I watched the silent meadows
Gleam white in the silver moon.

The odour of bud and blossom
Was wafted where I lay,
And fell like balm on my bosom,
To deaden the pain of day—

The pain that was making me weary
Of the ceaseless toil and strife,
The pain that made nothing so dreary
In the world as human life—

Nothing so worn and wasted, Nothing so utterly lone, And never a one that tasted So desolate as my own.

And kneeling there in the meadow,
On the velvet cloth of grass,
I prayed that the terrible shadow
That clouded my life might pass:—

I prayed with my hands uplifted In the star-lit temple of night, Till I saw the clouds were rifted By the beams of the breaking light.

And when upon bud and blossom
The glory of morning lay;
The shadow had gone from my bosom,
The burden had passed away.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

RAKE'S ENEMY.

F thine en-em-y—enemy, hun-hunger, feed him; if he t, h, i, r, s, t—thirst, give him drink' ——"

Then, Rake suddenly shut up the book with a bang, and flung it on the

dingy form.

"I'd be very sorry to go and do anything of the kind; what would be the use of having an enemy at all if I did?" he demanded, indignantly.

The teacher, a thin pale-faced girl, looked rather puzzled. "I think," she

said, "it means that it may be better for you, than if you were to try to hurt him back again."

"It would be a jolly sight better for him," was the decided answer, "and if you'd got an enemy like mine, you wouldn't look at it in that way," he added, in an injured tone.

Miss Ball shut up her book. It was almost closing time, and she was tired. "Have you got an enemy already?" she asked, looking down at the childish figure that seemed so out of keeping with the sharp elderly face.

They were in the corner of the big ragged schoolroom. It was Sunday night. Miss Ball was a dressmaker by profession, consequently Sunday evenings were the only times she could take a class; perhaps her stock of knowledge was little larger than her pupils', but it was her contribution to the treasury, and given faithfully according to her light.

The room was close and oppressive, and Rake's shrill voice, as he related his grievance at her elbow, got mixed up with the Babel of sound on all sides; but as the history went on, she grew interested, in spite of the confusion, in the pitiful little story.

It was about a cat—she had not taken Rake, as far as she had thought about him at all, to be a lad likely to care for animals; but it was evident that this cat, with its ragged ears and abridged tail, personal defects which Rake touched upon as lightly as possible, had been the one centre of his affections.

"Why, it would know my whistle half a mile off, and there wasn't ever a night that it didn't go to sleep close under my arm."

And then the enemy had come upon the scene, a big lad, Stoney by name, and nature, too, it seemed, and Rake and he had differences, and one day he waylaid the cat on the stairs, and held it at arm's length out of the attic window, by way of taking vengeance on Rake.

"He held it out a long time, and I didn't say a word; I thought he was only doing it to frighten me. And then he just let it s.". I heard the bang down on the stones. And," said Rake, doubling his grimy little fist, and speaking staccato, "I'll pay him out for it, if I have to wait till I'm grown up first."

"Was the cat killed?" asked Miss Ball, forgetting, in her sympathy, to rebuke this declaration.

"I covered it over in my bed all night, and sat on the floor, but it was dead in the morning, and I carried it four miles away inside my jacket to find a nice green place to bury it. There's a river beside it, leastways the canal; but, you know, it looks different when you get away from the streets."

The school closed as Rake finished his story, and Miss Ball went away, not feeling quite sure if Rake was called upon to forgive this enemy. There were exceptions to every rule, she had heard, and possibly this might be one of them.

Rake sauntered home, down the sloppy rainy streets, with a rather forlorn face. The relation of his wrongs had revived the old sore; and the sight of the offender, as he turned in at the broad door of the venerable house, that, unlike its tenants, had seen better days, did not help to improve matters.

He walked wearily up the stairs to his attic, followed by a chorus of mocking "mews" from the foot. The sting of it lay in the fact that he had no choice but to bear it; the enemy was half as big again, and was sure to come out at the top in any encounter.

"If he had only been as high as me!" the victim muttered aloud, as he sat down on an empty box, and surveyed his barren abode. "It's hard!"

And then his mind travelled back to the verse he had left unfinished in the ragged-school book. He had not been a visitor at that institution long, but he had noticed the great respect that was paid to that same book. Why, bits of it were stuck up, in red letters, between all the windows. Insensibly, a kind of reverence for it had been stealing into his own mind, but to-night's injunction had shaken it to the foundations. Forgive that great hulking lad, indeed, with those derisive "mews" still ringing in his ears!

"I won't! It's not fair in the book!" he cried, as he kicked off his two odd boots, and went to bed.

In the early morning he was awakened by strange sounds from the adjoining attic. It was like the growl of a dog at first, and he sat up in bed to listen, but they presently resolved themselves into moans.

Nobody lived in that room but the enemy, and his father, who drank—fathers generally did drink, was Rake's opinion; he congratulated himself often upon his good luck in having escaped that blessing.

The sounds were not deep enough to be the father's. With a sudden joyful rush, the glorious idea dawned upon Rake's mind that it might be the enemy himself, who in some mysterious fashion had come to grief. He slipped across the little landing on his bare feet and peeped in.

It was a much more luxurious apartment than his own, inasmuch as it contained a fire-place, several



"'Why, it would know my whistle half a mile off,"-p. 495.

more boxes, two chairs, and two pallet beds. One, the smaller of the two, was in the corner, where the roof sloped lowest, and on it—with flushed face and dull heavy eyes—lay Stoney. Rake gave a great gasp of absolute satisfaction at the sight.

The sufferer caught the sound, and turned his head a little.

"Here, you there, go down and tell that woman to come up and get me something; I've got awful pains all over me."

Rake was very human, not a hero by any means; he put his head right in, with a long exultant "Hurrah!" and shut-to the door, to prevent the sound of the groans bringing any one else to the rescue,

That was the most cheerful day Rake had experienced for some time; sleet, rain, mud, even bad trade included, failed to bring him down to the ordinary level. The only drawback was an occasional haunting fear that Stoney might chance to get well again immediately.

His evenings were passed generally prowling about the lighted shops, and the neighbourhood of the clubhouses; he found a readier sale for his papers there, to say nothing of the superior society, but to-night he hurried home hours sooner than usual, to reassure himself about his enemy's condition.

The door stood ajar, when he stole softly up the stairs, and the room was brilliantly illuminated with the light of a tallow candle, in a bottle on one of the chairs; an old woman was stirring something in a basin beside it; best of all, Stoney was still in bed.

"It's so cold and miserable up here by myself," he was complaining, as Rake twisted his neck round the angle of the door, for a fuller view.

"I can't help that," said the woman, setting down the basin beside him. "You must take that, and do the best you can till to-morrow. I've something else to do than trudge up and down, to wait on you."

This was delightful. Rake drew back into his own den, till the woman limped away down-stairs; then he returned to his position in the doorway, to survey the prostrate foe at leisure.

"Feel comfortable?" he inquired, politely.

"Comfortable! my head's like a coal of fire," gasped Stoney.

He was in too sore a plight to resent insults, or even to feel them properly, it seemed to Rake. Curious! he was nearly sure he had seen something about "coals of fire" in the book at the Ragged School; they were short easy words, lower down the page where he was reading his verse. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." The words came back to him, standing there, as sharply as if some one had spoken them in his ear. Rake wished he hadn't chanced to remember them just now. Why had he gone to the ragged school yesterday? or, going, why had he got that particular verse? He stood for a minute looking

wrathfully at Stoney's rough red hair—in colour it was not at all unlike the fiery coal he had mentioned —then he went back to his own quarters, and tumbled into bed.

But he did not sleep. For almost the first time in his life he lay tossing and turning from one side to another; for one thing, it was much before his usual time for turning in, but another was an uncomfortable guilty feeling that was stealing over and taking possession of him.

He heard Stoney's father stumble up the stairs. It says something of Rake's experience of the parental bond that it never once occurred to him that there might be anyhelp for his foe in that quarter. He heard the noises gradually die out in the house below, and a distant steeple ring out the first of the small hours, and still he lay, with wide-open eyes, staring out into the dark.

Folded away under all the ignorance there must have been some blind sense of something higher in the lad's mind—some instinctive faith in the old dog's-cared book in the ragged school. For the first time it had reached out into his own life; and in the dark Rake was finding out for himself that if he dodged this verse he must drop the book altogether. It would stop him getting any further; he couldn't go on and pretend he didn't know it was meant for him, though why he should be called up to help a person who had done him nothing but injury grated sorely upon Rake's sense of justice.

He put his head down on the hardest knob in his little pillow at last, and cried some salt tears over it; but the matter was settled when it came to that stage.

(To be concluded.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE PARABLES.-CHRIST'S SERVICE.

No. 1. THE CALL. LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

Chapter to be read-St. Matt. xx. 1-17.



NTRODUCTION. To understand this parable must go back to last chapter. (See xix. 16.) Young ruler came to Christ, wanted to be disciple—young, pure, humble, seemed most promising,

but one thing kept back—was rich; could not give up possessions, went away sad. Disciples ask what they will have, who had given up all for Christ—answered by this parable. Will get reward, but there is danger of serving merely for reward. Some first will be last. Probably pointed at Judas, who became disciple for what he could get.

I. THE CALL. (Read 1—7.) Describe the scene. London children have read of such at the Docks. Ships come in wanting to be unloaded, overseer finding crowds of men about eager to be hired, ordinary day's wage offered—accepted; men sent in to work. Country children may be reminded of busy time, hay to be cut and made, harvest to be reaped, ctc., all spare hands eagerly hired. More found to be wanted, other labourers engaged, again and again same thing. Each set of workers promised fair wages. "Whatsoever is right shall ye receive."

What does it all mean? Who is the house-holder? What work can we do for God? Can teach the ignorant, visit the sick, feed the hungry, even win souls for Him. When does He call us? In childhood, in youth, in after life. None of those being taught can say they have not been called. How does He call? By conscience, teachers, sermons, etc. By His love, His works around us, His providences, always calling to serve Him. Are we obeying His call?

II. The Reward. (Read 8—16.) Day's work over, time for pay. Last called up first. What a kind master! A day's pay for an hour's work. So the others too. All received alike. What did the first do? Would have been content with the penny, because had agreed to it, had they not seen what the others got. Showed spirit of discontent. Were rebuked and dismissed. Got that for which they worked, and no more.

What is all this to teach?—(a) God's rewards are free. He gives not according to what we deserve, for that is nothing. (Rom. iv. 4.) Thief forgiven at last hour, went to paradise—so did aged Simeon. (Luke ii. 29.) All who serve God at all will be rewarded at His will. (b) Danger of mercenary spirit. How

does our Lord end the parable? Remind of disciple who joined Christ for what he could get, was a thief, stole from the purse which kept Christ's money, hoped to get rich by Christ's death, so betrayed Him, in remorse hanged himself. One of first became last. Possible to have same spirit now. Must serve God because it is right, not for possible honour

and advancement. Leave that to Him. God is debtor to no man.

LESSON. Work while it is day.

No. 2. The Refusal. The Wicked Husbandmen.

Chapter to be read—Matt. xxi. 33—46.

Introduction. Last parable showed ready workers in God's vineyard: this one will show dishonest ones, refusing to render an account of their work. That was spoken to disciples, workers for Christ—this to chief priests and Pharisees who rejected Him. This parable spoken in court of Temple—one of last days before crucifixion. Story of every-day occurrence.

I. THE PARABLE. (Read 33—41.) Jews accustomed to vineyards. Grew on every slope in Palestine. What did the owner do to make it complete? Hedge to keep out animals—tower for watchman—press for crushing out juice of grapes. Let it out—was to receive some of fruit as payment

for rent. Whom did he send? What was their treatment? Whom did he send last? Surely they will respect his son. Did they? Alas! his treatment the worst of all. What was their punishment? They will be destroyed, and the vineyard given to others.

II. THE EXPLANATION. (Read 42—46.) So simple—can be no difficulty—Christ Himself explains—besides, the consciences of the Pharisees showed them. Who are the husbandmen? What vineyard had the Jews the charge of? Remind how they alone had knowledge of true God. They had temple, sacrifices, priests, Scriptures. Vineyard may be called God's Church. They were left on trial—to see how would fulfil their work. Who were

sent from time to time to remind of their duty? Remind of Elijah reproving Ahab (1 Kings xviii. 18), of the prophet going to Jeroboam (1 Kings xiii. 2), and many others. How were they treated? Jezebel tried to kill Elijah-Jeremiah was put in prisonothers were stoned, etc. (See Heb, xi. 36, 37.) Who was sent at last? Christ came to His



ANCIENT LAMPS.

own, but they received Him not. What prophecy was there as to this? (Isa. liii. 3.) Know how He was treated. How were the Jews punished?

LESSON. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and so ye perish.

No. 3. Excuses. Marriage of the King's Son. Chapter to be read—St. Matthew xxii. 1—14.

Introduction. This parable spoken in Temple—same occasion as last. Can picture Christ in centre of group—Scribes, Pharisees, Elders—Jews crowding around—all listening eagerly.

THE INVITATIONS. (Read 1—10) Describe the occasion. King's son about to be married—preparations for great feast—highest and greatest invited to do honour to king and receive pleasure themselves. Wedding-day arrives. Servant sent to call expected guests. Do they come quickly and readily? Alas! refuse to come at all! Make light of their promises—despise the sunmons—go about ordinary business. What did others do? Actually

killed the messengers! What did the king do? Must punish such conduct. Must also do honour to son by calling other guests. Picture King's servants in royal dress collecting all sorts of persons—telling the news of the feast near and far—all who will come shall be welcome—however poor and unworthy to sit at a king's table. No wonder the house was soon full.

II. The Feast. Now the feast has begun, and the king goes round to see and welcome the guests. How are they dressed? Each has had dress provided—must not appear in his own mean clothes. What does the king see? What does he ask the man? Has he any excuse to give? No; dress was provided, but he would not put it on—preferred his own. What was done to him? Too late to get one now, must be shut out of feast.

LESSON. Without holiness no one will see the Lord.

No. 1. The End. The Ten Virgins. Chapter to be read—St. Matt. xxv. 1—13.

INTRODUCTION. Another parable about a wedding. Last spoke of the feast—this speaks of the time before the feast, waiting for coming of the Bridegroom. Teacher should read up description of Oriental marriage customs, pointing out the differences between theirs and ours.

I. THE PARABLE. (Read 1—12.) Question on the story. What is Christ comparing? Remind of otherparables in which "Kingdom of Heaven" spoken of. What does it mean? The visible Church of Christ on earth—all who profess and call themselves Christians. To whom are they like? Contrast the wise and foolish virgins. Foolish—no oil in lamps or vessels—quite unready when wanted—unable to borrow because others had none to spare—going off hastily to buy—returning to find bridal party gone into feast—they shut out—too late—no admission now—their regrets—their shame—their disappointment. Wise—all ready—preparations made in time



THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.



GOING TO MEET THE BRIDEGROOM.

—oil in vessels and lamps—ready when called went into feast—their joy and happiness.

Explain Jewish customs. Bridegroom going at midnight to fetch bride from father's house. Bride's attendants, the virgins waiting to join the procession on the way. All slumbering alike. The brightly lighted room where the feast was—the outer darkness beyond.

II. THE MEANING. (Verse 13.) Who are the Virgins? All professing Christians. For whom are they waiting? What is Jesus Christ coming to do? Will all go into heaven with Him? Remind of parable of "Tares and Wheat." Good and bad mixed now. Christ coming will show who are really His people. Now as to the oil-what is it? God's grace to forgive sin-God's love to guide our lives-God's Spirit to make holy. How is the Holy Spirit like oil? It is healing. Good Samaritan poured oil into wounds. So does Spirit cleanse heart. (Ps. ciii. 3.) It is refreshing in hot countries. (Ps. xxiii, 5.) So does Spirit make heart glad. (Ps. li. 11, 12.) Also a sign of purity and holiness. Thus Christ was anointed with Holy Ghost. How can it be obtained? Is not bought for money, but freely given. (Isa. lv. 1, Luke xi. 13.) All there may have it-nay, must have it or cannot be admitted to glory. Do all seek it? Alas! put off asking for it -do not expect Christ to come just yet-may slumber, i.e., pursue ordinary life-no hurry. Then will find death come, or Christ come to judge, and too late to seek.

LESSON. Watch and pray.

THE STORY OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

Remember Handel? Who, that was not born Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets, Or can, the more than Homer of his age?"

COWPER, "The Task."



HANDEL.

S there any one insensible to the power and sublimity of Handel? Who has not been moved by the pathos of "He was despised," the solemn grandeur of the Dead March in "Saul," or the martial grace of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes?" It needs not that one have a great knowledge of music, and the

laws which govern the harmony of sounds, to feel and appreciate the majestic grandeur of these and many of the other gems which grace the immortal compositions of the "Divine Saxon." Handel was essentially a composer for the people. His works bear no trace of that high straining after effect which seeks to depict in musical language the heat of a summer day, or the cries of the agonised in purgatory; hence it is that his music continues to be appreciated, and will live when the overstrained compositions of modern masters have long ceased to be heard in our concert rooms. With Handel, simplicity, combined with strength and beauty, is the leading characteristic; and in his music there is no lack of that without which no music can be made truly popular—genuine melody. Indeed, to the predominance of this, the highest of all the creative principles in musical art, must be attributed in great measure the universal favour with which the most of Handel's sacred masterpieces have been met. But it is not by his melodies alone that we are to judge of the merits of Handel as a composer. Graceful and full of feeling as many of these are, they are yet insignificant when compared with the mighty grasp of his choruses. To take the "Messiah" only. What composer has ever rivalled the "Hallelujah," "For unto us," or the "Amen" chorus? In each of these there predominates such a grandeur of conception as makes itself felt by the untrained listener, as well as by those whose knowledge of music enables them to analyse their construction. No wonder that Handel, replying to some one who asked what

his feelings were when composing the "Halle lujah," should have confessed with tears in his then sightless eyes that he thought he "saw heaven opened and the great God Himself." Such massive harmonies, and such masterly elaboration, to this day remain unequalled.

It has been said that the general public know little more of Handel than that he was the composer of the "Messiah." This is perhaps as much as many care to learn regarding him, and when we reflect upon the immortal character of that work, we must confess that it is something to know even the name of its composer. Whatever be the extent of the general community's knowledge of Handel, the facts regarding the first performance of the "Messiah" are not widely known. Even Hawkins and Burney have fallen into error regarding the matter, and the former has the extraordinary remark that the "Messiah" consisted chiefly of choruses, and the airs contained in it were greatly inferior to most of his operas and former oratorios. How posterity has reversed this criticism of the historian need not be said.

It was in the year 1741 that Handel received an invitation from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to visit him in Dublin. The invitation was accepted, and the composer started from London about the 4th of November. Owing to contrary winds, his journey was delayed at Chester, and it was while here that Handel, wishing tomeet with one who could sing at sight some parts of his new oratorio, was recommended to Janson, a member of the Cathedral choir. The vocalist was engaged, but does not seem to have pleased Handel, who is reported to have said, "You scountrel! Tid you not tell medat you could sing at sight?" To which the irate composer received the meek reply, "Yes, sir, but not at first sight." Handel arrived in Dublin on the 18th of November, and went to reside in Abbey Street. From the 23rd of December to the 27th of April following, two series of six concerts were given, and on the 13th of April, 1742, the first performance of the "Messiah" took place, the objects being "the relief of the prisoners in the several jails, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital, and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay." The price of the tickets was half a guinea, and it may be noted by those curious in matters of fashion, that a request was published, "that the ladies who honour this performance with their presence would be pleased to come without hoops, as it will greatly increase the charity by making room for more company." Faulkener's

Journal contained an account of the rehearsal in the following terms :-- "Yesterday Mr. Handel's new grand sacred oratorio, called the 'Messiah,' was rehearsed at the Music Hall in Fishamble Street, to a most grand, polite, and crowded audience, and was performed so well that it gave universal satisfaction to all present, and was allowed by the greatest judges to be the finest composition of music that ever was heard." Regarding the first public performance the Dublin News

Letter said: "The best judges allowed it to be the most finished piece of music. Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience," etc. The performance realised four hundred pounds, and this was considered so satisfactory that the oratorio was given a second time on the 3rd of June following. Mrs. Cibber gave her services gratuitously for the first performance, and so thoroughly did she enter into the spirit of the music that Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift, who was present, exclaimed, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven!' Thus took place the first performance of a work which has gone on increasing

in popularity—untouched by time, unrivalled by progress. In the words of an early Edinburgh Review writer, "It has almost won the reality of an article of belief, and the solemnity of an object of worship, by its power to adapt itself to all intelligences, to touch the lowliest, to raise the loftiest, to content the most fastidious." And to think that this immortal work was completed in twenty-three days, when its composer was fifty-six years of age!

Very different from that of Dublin was the reception accorded to the "Messiah" in London. Handel announced it as a "New Sacred Oratorio," and a performance took place in 1743. Such, however, was the hostile feeling in some quarters

against the composer that the oratorio proved a failure, and it was not till 1750, eight years after its first performance in Dublin, that the "Messiah" met in London with the success its merits should at first have commanded. After this it was received with enthusiasm on every occasion of its representation, and it must have been difficult to realise that this was the same work which a few years previously had been received with such apathy, if not disapprobation. The last time the

"Messiah" was given during the lifetime of Handel was on the 6th of April, 1759, just a week before his

death.

While so much has been done by than it does now,



of two hundred and fifty instruments, which included no fewer than twenty-six oboes and twenty-six bassoons. This number fairly represents the proportion of these instruments in the bands of Handel's time, and when we reflect that our modern orchestras usually contain only two oboes and two bassoons, we shall have difficulty in realising the effect which must have been produced by such an excessive preponderance of reed-tone.

It must not be forgotten, too, that female chorus-singers were unknown until nearly twenty years after the death of Handel, so that the great composer had to rely upon the thin and unsatisfactory voices of boys, probably from the



HANDEL'S ORGAN.

London choirs, for the rendering of the treble

parts in his oratorios.

When we look at what Handel achieved under these circumstances—an orchestra limited as to its classes of instruments, and an imperfect means of securing effective performances of his massive choruses-we cannot avoid asking ourselves what would have been the results if he had lived in our time, when the resources of orchestra and chorus have been so much augmented. We have become so accustomed to the additional accompaniments of Mozart in "The people that walked in darkness," and other numbers of the "Messiah," that they appear to us like parts of the original work; and yet, while Mozart wrote with all the advantages of a modern orchestra before him, it is impossible to doubt that Handel would have turned these to greater account in adding to the broad choral harmonies which so distinguish his sacred compositions. Whether he would have followed the plan of his modern would-be improvers by supplementing his scores with the largest brass bands that could be brought together is a question which must be left undecided. It is certain, at least, that in our day Handel's instrumentation is not being improved. The firing of cannon and other devices, calculated to add to the general effect, which have at one time or other crept into performances of his works, savour more of vulgarity and charlatanism than genuine art, and the results can at best only be characterised as noise. The tendency of modern times, as an able writer in Grove's Dictionary remarks, is to fill up our orchestras with brass instruments originally intended for, and only endurable in, a band played in the open air, instead of which the tone ought to be increased in fulness by adding to the In an oratorio of strings and the wood-wind.

such martial character as "Judas Maccabæus," we might excuse the reinforcement of the ordinary orchestra by a regimental band; but in most cases the effect of such an addition can only be to obscure the meaning and ideas of the composer. No one has suffered more by "additional accompaniments" than Handel, and if the tendency increases as it has been doing of late years, we may by-and-by have some of Handel's works as he wrote them, performed as a curiosity. The modern ear has much to be responsible for.

We are already on the eve of another Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. What would the great composer have thought if he could have heard a performance of his "Messiah" such as will be listened to by thousands at Sydenham in the course of the present year? His mind would inevitably have been opened to a fresh conception of the power of music, and we may be sure that he would have turned the experience to practical

account in some future work.

It has taken many years to bring the Handel Festival to its present high state of excellence, The coming festival, though it will be officially reckoned as the eighth, is in reality the ninth, for we ought not to forget the celebration of 1859, intended as it was to mark the centenary of Handel's death. From that time until now the Handel Festival has been given triennially, each performance being marked by better artistic results than its predecessor. Now it is looked forward to by musicians of many classes and countries as a regularly recurring national fête, and we may feel certain that it will live and prosper as long as the people of England continue to appreciate that which is genuine and uplifting in musical art. JAMES C. HADDEN.

PURITY.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."-St. MATTHEW V. 8.



ONG years ago the Gospel light Dawned in an Eastern inn, Yet still the world is in the night Of ignorance and sin.

In city streets fell vices throng;
They thrive in country air;
And we—we seem to pass along
Almost without a care.

And thousands know not purity, Save as an empty name; And in their wickedness they see No need for grief or shame.

And virtue often seems unknown, Or humbly hides its head; While vices occupy the throne Where purity lies dead,

O loving Saviour, Who dost know The weakness of man's heart, A measure of Thy grace bestow, Thy purity impart!

And grant to every one of us

To practise what we preach,

To live more blameless lives, and thus

Enforce what we would teach!

And oh! to faithful souls one day
What glory will be given!
"Bless'd are the pure in heart, for they
Shall see their God in heaven." G. W.

TWO SPARROWS.

(St. Matt. x. 29.)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



HE poetic power of Jesus Christ is one of His most attractive qualities. Those vulgar contrasts which flippant ignorance has drawn between the practical and "useful," on the one hand, and the romantic and "useless" upon the other, belong to that earthly blindness which perceives not, nor can apprehend the things which are only spiritually discerned. It needed

more than common genius in Isaac Newton to recognise that—

The very law which moulds a tear And bids it trickle from its source, That law preserves the earth a sphere, And guides the planets in their course!

And it is a power, differing but in degree, in kind the same, which catches, in the life and sustenance of the Sparrow, the sublime law of our Father's care, and of His servant's security in His hands.

These images and pictures which Christ's delicate touch has shaped and coloured, have done much to spread His teaching in all climes, and to perpetuate it through all centuries. They belong to that range of simplicity which appeals equally, like the songs of Burns, to the heart of the ploughman and of the peer. For the commonest facts of life rank under the most general laws of the universe. They influence the reason but remotely; they immediately and directly fire the imagination and move the heart.

Thus the lilies of the field and the wandering fowls of the air have lived for eighteen centuries to man in testimony of God. They and all their associates are the "supporters" of that shield of Christ, upon which are emblazoned the quarterings of His divinity.

The grand lesson of these two sparrows, then, is that of God's tendance upon His own.

But who are they? Arcturus and the Pleiades, the hoar frost and the rain, the secrets of the deep, and the mysteries of the darkness pass before us in the march of Job's stately chaunt, and tell,

each of them, the one name, God! And the goat and the eagle, the horse and the hawk, echo back the tongueless voice of nature, and proclaim that all are God's, and He careth for them all.

And Jesus Christ draws an argument from these. He is ill-content with a vague truth, and He narrows this one down with a growing intensity to man himself. He strikes a ratio and proportion between man and the beasts and birds that die. And he concludes that, as much as man is more precious than they, so much greater is God's care for him than it is for them.

And, as in the progress of civilisation, and (contrary to our experience in other things), while man increases in number, the individual life increases in value; so God enters into this enhancement, and declares that, when He drives forth wickedness and pride from the earth, a man shall be more precious than that symbol of supreme wealth—even the gold of Ophir. Is there not here, then, some explanation of the later activity of the Church? The desire that not one should perish? The determination to reach the lowest and save the worst? The acting out, in grim and almost fevered earnestness, the parable—the life-picture again—of the sheep that was lost?

But, best and chiefest of all in value and in interest stands the Saint of God. It is in him His Father takes pleasure. In him the Spirit shapes His shrine; for him the mysterious stone is engraved with the secret name. For him the destiny of earth is stopped until his prayers are presented on the altar; and for him the gates of pearl thrown back, and the crown of gold pre-Hence the sons of God shout for joy. Hence the threadbare coat of the homeless, and the cottage of the labourer, surround lives that gather sunshine from heaven, and walk as priests and as kings. Hence the imperial democracy of the celestial city, where all are not equal, but all out of their humility contribute to the general good; and where envy lives not, because there no failure, nor hatred, nor fear are bred, because that faith and love preside as angels over every

But let us apply this closer still, and see how God cares for His saints, and how He keeps them. It is plain that He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him. It will help and encourage us to know how.

1. He keeps us from evil. (2 Thess. iii. 3.)
Is it the evil of want? Well, there is no lack to
them that fear Him. The evil of temptation—

either in that which must be an universal lot, or in those sweeping, burning trials that come once or twice to all? In the former we are upheld by the promise, * "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee:" and in the latter by the assurance + that He will not lay upon any of us more than we are able to bear. And suppose that the world must bend beneath its own provoked tribulation as the lashed forests bend under the ruthless tramp of the tempest; in that case He will keep us away ! from the very time when the shock and the agony come. Is this not why "the good die first"-signalled into port from the approaching storm? And may it not relieve the oppression of many a mother's sorrow over her lifeless child to think that-

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade, Death, with a tender care, The opening bud to heaven conveyed, And bade it blossom there.

The promise is sure-"He will keep you from all evil."

2. He will keep us in peace. § It is to the steadfast that this promise is given—those whose minds rest upon the Lord and trust Him. In fact, the stronger the confidence, the deeper the But this peace has two bearings. one God keeps us in peace as the element of life; while in the other, | the peace of God shall hold us in ward, or watch over us as a guardian and protector. In both it is God's peace, and in both it is perfect. Here, then, is the consolation of the saints; and here the reality of that which pride and vanity affect. For pride is the overdone confidence in one's self and satisfaction with one's own action; while vanity is the consciousness of the applause of others, and the emotions which that consciousness awakes. The peace of God enters a heart which rests only upon Him, and assures the favour and applause of one who alone is worthy to be pleased. Let men then do their worst, and let them offer their best. Let the jealous eye follow and the envious tongue detract. Let the successes of earth arise around us, as courtiers to attend their king; and its failures strike with palsying force upon household, and wealth, and fame. We all the time turn up our faces and hearts to God, as the moon turns hers towards the sun; and like her we shine with light borrowed from Him, and sail calm and placid amid the stormy skies.

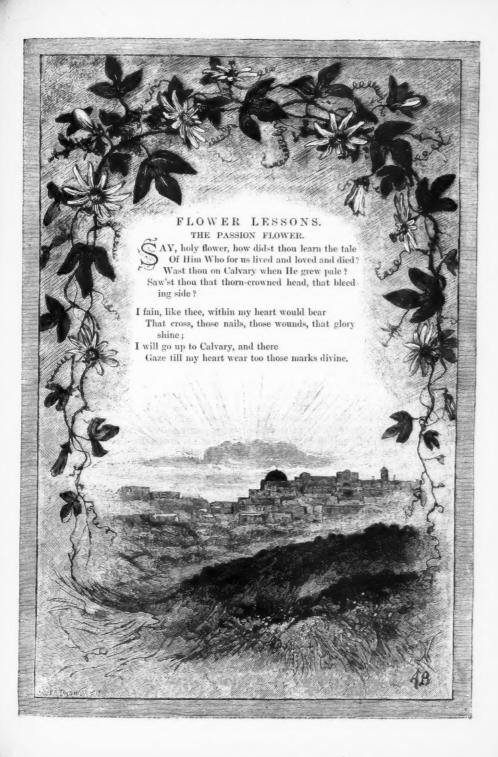
3. Lastly, "He keeps us in all our ways." (Ps. xei. 11.) We are told that He preserves our going out and our coming in; He is the

shade upon our right hand against sun and moon: He is our Keeper, and "He that keepeth us shall not slumber." These words teach the direct providence and care that He exercises on our behalf. They place us under His eye, within reach and touch of His hand. In daily work, in daily danger, it is the strong Shoulder that walks with us along the highways of His own world, and works with us at His own work which He has lent us to do. And there is another method of His which it is well we should realise; for we shut out too often the means through which God works. There is, about soul and mind and body, an atmosphere: within there are various organic growths; above them and on every side fostering and blasting influences, as there are above, within, and about the earth. We should understand little of the science of nature, if we did not take these into full account: and so with the science of the Spirit; and one of the many influences and facts which we have omitted from our audit is the office and work of the angels. The Psalmist, the Saviour, and the Apostle, alike acknowledge their functions. They are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. They ever look into the face of the children's Father in Heaven. They announced or ordained the law which the Lord first made for And so we cannot be surprised that man.* they are given a charge over us, and "Keep us in all our ways, lest we dash our foot against a stone." Now let us broaden this truth. Let us look upon all God's people as His ministers, ministering as the angels do to the heirs of glory. Let each one regard himself as a "messenger," with a message to his household, his companions, his work, his age. Let us look around, and behold the seething crowds of men, as kept in some way, and for some purpose, by Him Who made them and us. Let us see in the movements of nations, in retrogressions and progress, the footsteps of One Who Himself was sent and has since been given all power in heaven and earth, and let us recognise that every ray of sunlight, and every sigh of summer wind, that every tree of the wood and flower of the garden is the Lord's, and we shall speedily find that all these are given us richly to enjoy, and that they from their fulness (as we ought to do from ours) distribute their Father's goodness around.

And so the two sparrows, valued in the world's market-place at one farthing, rise into the system of His mighty plan; and plead with us for a faith, a confidence, a trustfulness, which commits to Him all our being, and believes that He will keep and provide for us as He has always kept and provided for them.

^{*} Acts vii. 53; Gal. iii. 19.

[§] Is. xxvi. 3. | Phil. iv. 7.



A NIGHT WITH EAST LONDON RESCUE WORKERS.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.



have sat up the long night through is no uncommon experience. Sickness in the home, the pursuit of business or pleasure, sometimes even mere caprice are all held as sufficient causes. But to have spent the long dark hours in pacing one street after another, in peering here and there into dismal and unsavoury corners, in stumbling and groping amongst laid-up carts and barrows, in seeking for forgotten outcasts in the maze of East London streets, in seeking and

often finding, in finding, and sometimes being the means to save—this is an experience of another order. Be the season and weather what it may, snow, sleet, or thunder-shower, the cool refreshing air of summer nights, or the keen strong wind of winter, there are, as evening falls in London, thousands who can only look forward to wearily dragging their tired limbs from street to street, or crouching where doorways, arches, carts, or barrows offer a precarious shelter. Some of these wanderers are young girls and lads who, from no fault of their own, are without a home to seek. The crime of child-desertion is unhappily too frequent to make such cases rare. There are others, too, perhaps older in years, and fallen into evil courses, but now anxious for return to an upright life. Our mission was to these.

We met at a small room in the heart of London, and yet in a district where poverty and vice were rampant. The party numbered five, one clergyman diversifying the lay element; and all were experienced in the ways and needs of East-end poor. In the room a bright fire was burning, a kettle sang merrily on the hob, and other preparations were visible for giving warm food to such as would entrust themselves to our hands.

When we left the room it was twelve o'clock on a cold winter's night. There was no moon, but now and then the rain-dreps fell, and a searching wind swept up the street. It was a night to draw the curtains close, and heap up the fire with fuel, an evil time for wanderers to breast the wind in scanty and ragged clothes, whilst their feet, bursting from worn-out boots, shrank from pressing the icy ground.

To Aldgate our steps were first bent. But there the wayfarers were few in number, and not such as we sought for. The Whitechapel Road was more crowded, and we reached it about the time when public-houses close. Presently we passed a

prosperous one, brave with much gas-light and glaring trade announcements. Several women of decent aspect were standing near, possibly waiting for husbands to finish their night's carouse—the ghastly mirth of the gin-shop for them, the cold hearth, bare room, or open street for the wife and little ones. The half-hour struck, and out they came. There had been a full house that night, and some of the company—God help them!—were mere boys and girls. The street grew noisy with their songs and shouts as, this way and that, they stumbled off.

"Turn to the left, here," cried our guide. We followed his directions, for the Casual Ward must be visited, in the hope of rescuing any who may have sheltered there whilst young in such a life, Λ few minutes' walk brought us there, and our leader's face speedily procured admission.

"Are you full to-night?"

"Well, yes, sir, on the men's side; but not on the women's."

"Any promising enough to be worth having a talk with?"

"Not one, sir; all old stagers. Would the gentlemen like to see the wards?"

Acting on this invitation, we entered the long narrow room appropriated to the men. We found them stretched out down the ward in two lines. The beds, if they may be so called, were of a very simple contrivance. A piece of sacking, or some coarse material, was stretched from iron frames at the head and feet. Raised in this way some nine inches from the ground, the casuals lie there wrapped in dark-coloured rugs.

As we passed along the narrow gangway, a few men peered at us over their coverings. Some indulged in a prolonged stare and impudent Others-but these were distinctly the minority—hastened to hide their heads; whilst a few snored on, peacefully unconscious of the midnight visitors. To the two latter classes we were profoundly grateful, for such faces as were visible varied only in degrees of repulsiveness. Adjoining this ward our attention was called to a bath, in which the casuals undergo compulsory and very necessary ablutions prior to the night's rest. It may, perhaps, be that their well-known antipathy to soap and water partially explains the repugnance many feel to entering the ward.

We did not examine the women's side, but with thanks to the courteous official, and regret at finding no inmates promising enough for our attention, bade him good-night and departed.

We return to the Whitechapel Road, now grown more quiet. An occasional cab sounded strangely loud, and the tread of an approaching passenger

was discernible far in advance. At the corner of Commercial Street three young girls, apparently about one age, were standing quietly together. At our approach they moved slowly up the street, and then sat side by side in a wide doorway. So, alternately walking and resting, we knew that they would pass the whole night until the kitchen of their common lodging-house was opened in the morning. Shuffling listlessly along, or crouching in corners, were many other wanderers, men and women of all ages. Some had little ones with them, and in one or two instances there came from a babe in arms the feeble cry eloquent of pain and hunger. Lodging-houses throng this neighbourhood in the villanous bystreets; hence the number of those who, lacking the fourpence for a bed, were wearily watching the hours pass till the kitchen, with its welcome fire, would be free to them again.

Presently we heard yells and cries from an adjoining street. Following the lead of a policeman, who was hurrying to the spot, we turned a corner by Spitalfields Church, and were soon mingled with a surging crowd. In the middle we descried a stoutly-built fellow struggling in the grasp of several officers. More policemen arrived, and more men and women ran up to swell the

throng.

"Let the man go!" yelled a sympathiser from the crowd's edge, and a dozen voices at once took up the cry. The possibility of rescue is an event always canvassed in this quarter. But the police were too strong, and the crowd confined themselves to shouting. The exponents of law and order having presently prevailed, the prisoner went off at the head of a long procession.

Our path now led towards Shoreditch. Under a dismal railway-arch dived our leader, we following dutifully in his wake. A sharp turn, and then a narrow, low archway. The passage was dark, and every step seemed to send the slush plashing around our ankles. Higher up in the yard a couple of spring-carts were standing. By the gleam of a lantern we saw curled up in one of these a young girl fast asleep. We left her in good hands, to be presently guided to our temporary quarters, and then passed on in search of others. Boldly we tramped down another narrow passage. Then something got up at our feet and scuttered away in the darkness. Boys, without a doubt. This, it appeared, was a wellknown resort for them, and many more finds were looked for. But the weather must have driven them off in search of drier quarters, and we made no capture.

Another trudge farther afield, until a row of tall old houses was reached. We walked circumspectly here, hoping to see things in their normal condition. Our leader gently pushed one of the doors. It opened at once, for the houses being let out in single rooms, the street-door was

everybody's property and nobody's care. We entered the passage on tip-toe. As the lantern's light fell on the stairs, it revealed an old woman, crouched on the lowest step, knees and nose together, and with her rags drawn closely around her. We entered another house in like manner. A better find there; two urchins curled up together in a dirty hole under the stairs. One, alarmed by the lantern, and taking us, no doubt, for the police, escaped before we were on the alert. The other stood blinking in the rays of light, and probably much wondering into whose hands he had fallen. But he soon observed our intentions to be friendly, and eagerly fell in with our proposal of better things. By this time our presence in the lane had been discovered by some of its watchful inhabitants. Here and there an upper window was cautiously opened, and the heads of divers watchers could dimly be descried, wishing to fully rouse the place, we beat an orderly retreat.

It was a pleasure to be once more in open thoroughfare, although the wind blew more keenly there. We traversed Bishopsgate again. How quiet it was! Scarcely a sound could be heard save the steady footfalls of the police.

But a noise in the distance soon claimed our attention. It speedily defined itself as the sound of an approaching hansom, the driver of which was standing up and lashing his horse into a gallop. Then we remarked a red glare in the sky, and knew that he was hastening to bring first tidings of the fire. The station was close at hand, and here the driver pulled his reeking horse on to its haunches and shouted the news to a group of firemen, already on the alert. In a few minutes the fire-escape started, accompanied by a crowd which had suddenly sprung into existence. Another brief delay, and then the engine went rattling down the street. Our first inclination was to follow in its wake, as the conflagration was certain to bring a number of the But the distance young wanderers together. was against it, and we therefore bent our steps towards a neighbouring vegetable market. Here, though the morning was yet young, business was already in full swing. The wagons were being swiftly emptied of their country loads, and buyers drove up from all directions. Here our wary leader pounced upon two or three more boys, who proved to be suitable objects of our attention. Fatherless, motherless, and homeless, the prospect of rescue from the streets greatly took their fancy. So with us they returned to the little room where the rest of our workers and the captives were assembled. There some of us waited, until the working day had commenced all over London, going thoroughly into the case of each. Thence later in the day they were sent, some to one institution, some to another, and in most cases time has shown the result to be satisfactory.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

JUNE.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."-Philippians iv. 11.

N the meadows flowers are growing,
Peeping towards the light,
All the rainbow's colours glowing
In their petals bright;
Loved by every bee that passes,
Smiled at by the sun,
Sheltered by the nodding grasses,
When the day is done.

Far away from woods and valleys
Other flowerets bloom—
In the city courts and alleys,
In the cottage room.

Many a day from sunshine parted, They are pale and wan, Yet amid the gloom, glad-hearted, Still they struggle on.

Surely like the flowerets growing
In dark sunless ways,
Elossoms, too, we should be showing
On Life's cloudy days:
Loving trust without repining,
Sweet content to rest
Waiting for the sun's clear shining,
When God seeth best.

SHORT ARROWS.

MELICAL MISSIONS.



HE question of sending medical missionaries to places where doctors cannot readily be found, has for some time occupied the attention of the promoters of the work of Gospel teaching. But within a few months, the subject has extended to a wider range, and it is proposed to maintain such missions in Palestine and amongst the Moslems, in Asia Minor and other places. We have been favoured with copies of corre-

spondence, and have seen printed reports which advocate the establishment of medical missions in Palestine upon a permanent basis. In some towns, no doubt, there are already doctors, but in the majority of places there is no adequate provision made for the bodily wants of the Jews, even though their conversion is sought. Thus, at the outset, both Mussulman and Hebrew will be indebted to the Christian teacher, who will, under such circumstances, have a far better opportunity to impress the benefits to be obtained from the great Healer of souls upon his infidel patients, and even to press home upon the chosen people the truths of the Gospel. Religion should be the true basis of all our teaching, and particularly in the East, where the white man has to set an example (for good or ill), which will be assuredly followed. From the distant ages, a doctor, or "medicine man," has always been held in the greatest veneration by untutored races, and when this authority is used judiciously to stimulate the patient to the cure of his soul, and for his eternal welfare, the result promises to be successful. These are some of the opinions we have gathered in. Let us now look at the testimony of eve-witnesses.

THE NEED FOR MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

We need not quote from the correspondence before us, but we will endeavour to give in a few words the record of the work already done. Mr. James Mathieson has taken considerable interest in the Missions to the Jews, and in his opinion it is very desirable that the medical stations should be opened so as to coincide with the time of the return of the Jews to their own land. Any careful student of the signs of the times will have perceived that this exodus from Europe to Palestine has already begun, and already there are medical missions at Joppa and other

localities. In Beyrout, again, a devoted lady is carrying on the work amongst native girls, and with most encouraging success, so after many years the fruits of her labours in the mission field are yielding a hundredfold. Many girls who were formerly waifs and strays have been rescued and taught. They are now in turn teachers, either in the schools or as mothers of families, extending the sphere of usefulness of the missionary. The effect of medical mission work is described as "very marked." The advancement in truthfulness, morality, and religious earnestness, is becoming annually more apparent, not only among the younger portion of the population, but amongst the adults, who willingly attend the Bible-classes. In the same way the Lebanon district is rapidly improving. There can be no doubt that the increased number of establishments with medical aid will in future, as in the past, bring many under the influence of the Gospel.

HALFPENNY DINNERS.

There is not much to be obtained for a halfpenny in London by people who are accustomed to spend shillings and pounds. Many of us bestow pennies with very little thought or care, believing at the best that the recipient, with other pennies, will be able to obtain some food and shelter for the night. But halfpenny dinners, we make bold to say, have never occurred to us. Nevertheless, there are meals to be obtained for halfpence, and if any one will take the trouble, he or she can go and watch the distribution on Thursdays at Brewer's Court, Great Wild Street. The admission is only a halfpenny, and for that small sum a wholesome and very satisfying meal of bread and soup is provided. The children who have succeeded in gaining admittance are at once placed in front of homely tables, and waited on by the kindly hands which have volunteered their services to the poor; and this waiting is no sinecure. The children are like so many "Oliver Twists," and continually ask for more; but, unlike the hard-hearted over-seer of the tale, the "waiters" do not reprimand or punish them for their demands for food. It is on record that on one occasion, a boy having rapidly demolished seven platefuls of soup, demanded another helping, and enjoyed it. He probably fancied, and his experience was doubtless prophetic, that he would not receive such another meal for a week at least. But is it not practicable to supply the soup-kitchen twice or three times a week,

and to give girls and boys who are honestly endeavouring to earn a subsistence, one comfortable meal during the day, be it tea or dinner? One full meal a-week is an excellent thing from a kindly and charitable point of view, and the sustained efforts to afford such dinners at such a trifling cost, reflect the greatest credit on the organisers and promoters of these cheap meals. But we learn that efforts are made in other directions to benefit the parents as well as the children by Sunday-schools and services, penny banks, clothing clubs, and such excellent agencies; so, with such machinery, is it not possible to give the poorest children some further meals? If funds be wanting, no doubt subscriptions will be sent in for meals alone, for experience has proved that human nature is never less susceptible to enlightenment than when the body is craving for food. We trust that the efforts now made to benefit the parents will bear fruit in causing such of them as can do so, to work for the children, to set them a better example, and provide them with daily bread.

OPIUM SMOKING.

We have lately met with an extract from a paper pubhshed in China, which will be of considerable interest to those who favour the views of Opium Abolitionists, and may perhaps influence the advocates of the confirmed use of that pernicious drug. At any rate the Chinese authorities appear to entertain very positive opinions on the question where the army is concerned. The barracks, which the correspondent of the paper visited, are not far from the missionaries' residence. At the barrack-gate is a proclamation, or rather general order, forbidding soldiers to smoke opium. The reasons given are because it is hurtful to the constitution, and affects the general health of the troops. Under these circumstances the men are strictly forbidden to use the drug, and knowing the tendency of the lower classes to indulge in this species of intoxication, absolute abstention is enjoined under penalties. Individual examination is made, and any one who is convicted of indulgence in the vice is removed. We perceive in this the influence of the Protestant missionaries, who no doubt have declaimed against the use of this debasing drug, as other preachers have against the charms of alcohol in the United Kingdom.

A PEEP AT SHADWELL SCHOOLS.

The more one looks into the vast and complicated machinery which is continually at work amongst us for the benefit, both spiritual and temporal, of the inhabitants of London, the greater is our surprise that any considerable number of them remain in such deep poverty and ignorance of the Gospel. From month to month the unwearying application of hundreds of good men and women are directed to the work of reclamation, and still there can be no relaxation of effort. We have before us a report showing the work done by one of the London City Mission Stations at Shadwell during the past year, which has resulted in encouragement tempered with disappointment. but brightened by the pleasure those concerned have taken in the work. This is no doubt the same everywhere. Religious services are held on Sundays and Tuesdays, and the attendance has been fairly satisfactory. Bible readings for working men, Temperance Work, Sunday Schools, and other means are all in working order, and a library is in operation. In this many residents at a distance may take an interest, and we trust they will do so. We have before this indicated the way in which donations of spare or discarded volumes of a suitable character can easily be distributed. Prizes offered for the best flowers or for little articles made for bazaars might do a great deal of good by employing profitably the leisure hours of the poor inhabitants of the district, giving them an interest in their homes, and bringing a wholesome spirit of emulation to bear upon them. If such means were more continually resorted toand if sufficient public interest can be aroused they would be-we should have less despair and poverty to contend against, and more self-respect to help us in our work. Sympathy will go a great way, and if we can show the apparently abandoned that we take an interest in him, that

we are ready to bind up his wounds and take care of him, and come again, we shall doubtless be doing an excellent service, and helping the local Missions materially. We are convinced that amongst our readers there are many who would gladly help, did they know the way. There is plenty of opportunity in the service of the London City Mission, and an immense field for them to work in to the glory of the Lord of the Harvest.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

An instance of resignation founded on sincere faith came to our knowledge the other day, and the encouragement to both elders and children which the incident contains makes it worth reproducing. A little girl who had been early taught the right way, was in the habit, when any trouble overtook her, of going to her room and thinking it over with her simple petitions. On one occasion she met with a great disappointment. Some money which she had anticipated the use of for some present, was, under stress of circumstances, given to her brother. The matter was explained to her, but the girl could not see why she should give up her share, and she could not say she was willing. At length she went away to her room, and after a while returned to her mother, saying," Mamma, I am willing now that the money should go." A tearful kiss was the mother's reply, and the self-sacrifice was accepted; but the circumstances were impressed upon her heart, and the household extravagances which had led to the diminution of ready money were curtailed, greatly to the benefit of the family generally. The lesson had been taught by the child. The unheeded expenditure was checked, and some luxuries which had almost been elevated into the position of necessaries relinquished. Meantime the girl's unselfish conduct had reached the ears of an old and not overliberal relative. but his heart was also touched at the young girl's act of disinterestedness. He at once forwarded to her the sum she had expected formerly from a far different source, and the child could not but believe that her prayer for guidance had met with its reward, and the sequel confirmed her in the notion, for the secret was kept. Nothing was said to her about the money having been sent as a reward, nor did she know that it had come from her relative, whose heart had been so unusually moved to part with a considerable sum. The gift with which the girl parted for her brother's sake bore fruit in his case also, for he prospered with it, and thus her act of self-denial was blessed to all concerned,

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE INDIANS.

Considerable progress is being made amongst the Indian tribes, and reports tell us how, after the teaching of the missionaries, many of whom, braving what appeared to be certain death, went boldly forth to preach. The incidents we have read occurred in Canada, and have been copied into local papers as the experience of the minister. On one occasion, after a service had been held in an Indian camp, an aged native rose and made a speech expressive of his thankfulness for the Gospel light which had shone upon his tribe. As he proceeded, he' told how, not many years before, he and his people had been gleefully counting the scalps which had been taken from the enemy, and how the war-cry had been heard in the districts around him. Now, he continued, we have peace, and the blessing of the Prince of Peace is upon us. Three years ago the very name of the Saviour of Mankind was unrecognised amongst the people; now there are numerous followers and adherents of the Gospel. Thus the good work is rapidly progressing, and the younger members of the Indian families are becoming as alive to the benefits and the blessings of Christianity as the older ones who have witnessed the improvement in its development. Several settlements have thus been awakened to their spiritual needs. The bravery of the preachers has been rewarded, and their safety is assured.

"TRUST IN THE LORD."

Not long ago, a poor child was obliged to go forth to school without any food. There was nothing in the house

for him, and he proceeded to his daily task weary even as "Pray to God to supply our he set out, sad and hungry. need," his mother had said that morning. "We are told to call upon Him in the day of trouble." These words came into the mind of the lad as he slowly proceeded to his school, and on his way he noticed the door of a church open, and a woman sweeping. There was no one else visible, so he slipped in, and kneeling down, made the following prayer:-" Dear Father in Heaven, we children have nothing to eat. Our mother has no food for us, and without your help we must be starved. Oh, Lord, help us! It is such an easy thing for you to help us." He added a few more childish petitions in the simplest manner, and left the church. He continued his way to school, and though very miserable and hungry, managed to get through his work. Faint and weary, he dragged himself home again, and what was his surprise when, on entering the home, he perceived the table laid for dinner, with meat, eggs, and bread. He looked at the table, and said to himself, "He heard my prayer. Mother," he asked, "did an angel bring us this? "No," was the widow's reply, "but these things were sent in answer to your prayer, my boy. You went to the church, and a lady who was in the aisle saw you kneel down, and heard you pray for help. She at once came and inquired who you were, and then sent us this. She says she will look after you, too, till better days come."

THE APPLICATION OF THE TEXT.

The above incidents are no fiction, and at this time of writing, when so many poor children are daily sent to the Board schools fasting, and have to remain there half fainting, we trust that even more extended efforts will be made by Christian friends to alleviate the sufferings of the little scholars who are compelled to leave home starving. Where charity is essential, let alms or food be freely bestowed; but in cases where parents' idleness or vice is the cause of the children's sufferings, the little ones should be fed at the schools, or in some convenient place. Public attention has already been directed to this crying anomaly, of endeavouring to teach children whose frames are sinking, and when the mind is unable to grasp the meaning of the words it hears. Let us be consistent in this matter, and not reverse the order of nature. Can we wonder that the seed sown in such poor ground does not bring forth good rich fruit? Let us rather prepare the ground by supplying what it lacks, and then let the planter come with his lessons and good seed, which will develop into good fruit in due season. We shall have more to say on this subject by-and-bye.

SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS.

As we sit here penning these notes, and about to write an appeal to many Christian hearts for "those who go down to the sea in ships," the first mutterings of the terrible storm which is even now threatening our shores are borne to our ears. During the winter and spring last past, the tempests have wrought terrible devastation upon our coasts. Many families have been rendered fatherless, many wives have been left widows; the fathers and husbands having met death doing their duty upon the sea. Several men are killed in a skirmish, many are wounded. Perhaps in a railway accident five or ten poor people are hurried suddenly to their deaths, and we are immediately shocked, while subscriptions are opened and medals given for deeds of valour. But when forty or fifty fishermen perish in one night, the sad intelligence is received with an absence of sympathy hard to be understood by those who go amongst fisher-folks and learn their ways. Is it less honourable or noble to go out weekly at the peril of one's life, to hold that existence in the hand to provide sustenance for other people in a fair and honest way, than for so much a day to destroy one's fellow-men by fire and sword? And yet we give medals and crosses for the latter, while the fishermen and the merchant sailor receive no public rewards. The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society has certain defined national objects in view. First, comes assistance to the shipwrecked of all classes

without distinction. Secondly, relief to members, and granting compensation for loss of boats or clothing by storm or wreck. Thirdly, relief to non-members according to circumstances; and lastly, to award medals for saving life and for heroic deeds. The executive of the Society, with its numerous agents and representatives in various parts of the United Kingdom and other countries, gives relief in one form or another to many thousands annually. No more praiseworthy object can be imagined. Suppose, what is too often the case, that some man is wrecked, barely escaping with his life, battered, bruised, drenched, and half-naked, what is he to do?

WHAT BECOMES OF THE SHIPWRECKED?

Have we ever, when reading an account of some sad shipwreck, wondered what has become of the survivors of the crew, and what is to become of the widow and the fatherless children of the drowned? The Secretary of the Society under notice can answer these questions for us. They are tended and assisted by the humane Agents, who are generally on the spot when the life-boat and her brave crew have come back with the saved. True charity takes them by the hand, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked. houses the friendless, while its Benevolent Institution cares for the widows and orphans. There are twelve hundred stations upon the coasts of the various countries, and during the forty-three years that the Society has been in existence, there have been assisted, under one or other of the three headings already mentioned, nearly 339,000 individuals, and rewards amounting to over £2,000, besides medals, have been awarded for more than 7,000 lives saved by the fishermen and sailors. During the quarter ended 31st December, 1882, 3,606 people have been relieved or assisted. What, then, becomes of the shipwrecked? They are taken care of until they can again go forth to battle with the sea, and it is for no ephemeral object that we invite our readers' sympathy, or put before them these statistics. A pretty little magazine called the Shipwrecked Mariner will afford much interest and information; it can be obtained at the office of the Society, Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge, E.C., of Mr. W. R. Buck, the Secretary.

THE MOUNT HERMON HOME.

There are three Homes under the protection and superintendence of Miss Cole at Kilburn, and by the time these lines appear in type a fourth will be in working order, and ready for the reception of the convalescents. building is at some distance from the original domicile, and is, we understand, intended for the reception of the less strong girls, all of whom are orphans. Miss Cole, who founded these useful institutions, affords an example of the results that can be obtained when energy, and application are brought to bear upon religious principles. There are now nearly one hundred children under this lady's care, and our informant testifies to the feelings of respect and affection which exist between superintendent, teachers, or helpers, and the children in their charge. No one who pays a visit to the orphanage will come away unimpressed, and many doubtless will also feel inclined to assist the directress on her way. There are times, no doubt, when the necessities of the case seem to demand supplies which are apparently hopelessly distant, but somehow or other-we need scarcely ask how, for there is always an answer to prayer uttered in faith and trust-the desired assistance arrives, and the "little ones" are cared for. We cannot tell how we may be moved towards any good object, and if any of our numerous readers living near or in Kilburn will visit the Hermon Home, the visit paid will not be in vain, we are sure.

IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

A sentence in the above paragraph—"We cannot tell how we may be moved towards any good"—brings suddenly to our recollection an instance of God's dealings with man, which came under our observation some time ago. We can vouch for the truth of the anecdote, and as it made quite an impression on us at the time, we may

record it in these columns. Some time ago, a person who had been sorely tempted, and sinning, feared the results, and was, by what appeared to be an the results, and was, by what appeared to be an "accident," separated from the scenes and companions that had led him astray, and sent into the country. While there, he became of a better mind; he sought relief in prayer, and was comforted. Feeling confident of his strength when he returned to the town, he made no great effort to keep away from, and actually, he says, prayed to be permitted to mix in his former pleasant ways, if only to set an example! His desire was not at first gratified. Circumstances, as he said-Providence, we may say-kept him "accidentally" away from his former haunts, until one day he determined to go, and was for a wise purpose permitted. He fell almost immediately under the influence of the evil spirits which had on former occasions beset him, and could not tear himself away. But even in the midst of his sinful pleasures, "like the hand-writing on the wall," as he expressed it, was the "loud inward condemnation" of his act. He found that he had relapsed. His wish-his secret wish to visit his old haunts-had been acceded to, and behold the result. Satiated for the time, but still unsatisfied, he was conscious that all his "pleasure" had been but as ashes in the mouth when he anticipated a tempting and pleasant fruit. From that day forward he has entirely changed. He perceived at once how mercifully Providence had permitted him to go back and see in its true light the horrible side of the so-called "pleasures" of his former existence. Truly "God's ways are not our ways." With a repentant thankful heart, he says, he returned to his better life; and when we last heard of him he was continuing in the straight path, for, though temptation has assailed him, he has been enabled to resist it, and to quench the craving for excitement which had formerly been almost unsupportable. Here is a plain statement of facts which all can read, and estimate the mercy which, as in the case of St. Paul, called the sinner to repentance and life from the high-road to ruin and death.

READY TO EVERY GOOD WORK."

Little known perhaps in England, but well worthy of our sympathy and gratitude, is a work carried on during the last ten years by Moravian missionaries among Englishspeaking sailors on the coast of Labrador. The Christian love and zeal of these German brethren has led them to extend their ministry beyond their Eskimo charge to the crews, often not less ignorant and heathen, of the fishing and trading vessels, chiefly from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, which in ever-increasing number visit those bleak shores. In 1879, eight hundred such vessels passed that way, and one morning no less than seventy-two were in Hopedale Bay, the principal Moravian station; each vessel manned by twelve or fourteen men. Much cause has there ever been for the missionary to tremble for the influence of these often ungodly and dissipated visitors on their native flock, so easily tempted to drunkenness and immorality. "Drink away!" a captain of a brandy-laden schooner was heard to say to an Eskimo lad. "I had three hundred gallons of brandy on board, and only fifty are used up." And much they have felt the need of God's sheltering arm when occasionally drunken and disorderly gangs of seamen have threatened violence to their peaceful settlement. But these faithful servants of the "Friend of publicans and sinners" have earnestly sought to reach these profligate natures and hardened hearts with the message of His love, and not in vain. At first, owing to their scant knowledge of English, they could do little but distribute Scriptures and tracts among them; but about ten years ago an Englishspeaking missionary was sent from Germany, expressly commissioned to visit among these crews, and unite them to English services in the little mission church of Hope-Very varied have been this brother's experiences in his ship-to-ship visitation. Fierce curses assailing him sometimes from some crews, and the utmost indifference displayed by others, while he struggles to moor his boat to their vessel, and clamber up her side; now and then a joyful welcome, where some sick man is craving a Christian visitor; or where a former acquaintance, blessed in time past by his means, greets him with gratitude and pleasure.

IN THE ESKIMO CHURCH.

The sailor-services ashore are now much valued: it is seldom that any special invitation to these is needed, and many a vessel which otherwise would pass by Hopedale now anchors in the bay on their account. As to their effect the experience of the missionary also varies greatly. Time has been when seamen have attended the services solely to create disturbances; but all this is past. Not seldom now it is said among them, "It is a treat to have an English service; it comes right home to us." Strange and touching is the sight of these sunburnt and weather-beaten Englishmengathered in an Eskimo church listening often eagerly to the Word of Life. In days past the hymn-singing was sometimes literally a solo on the missionary's part, but since a supply of hymn-books has been given, the singing, if not harmonious, is hearty. Last summer for twelve successive Sundays the church, capable of holding 300, was quite filled at the seamen's service; and often these rough men gather round their minister at its close and shake his hand with evident emotion. How his heart rejoiced when one of them said to him, "I strolled into this little church during a prayer-meeting, just a poor tar-jacket as I am, and there I found my Saviour." There was a time when Bibles and tracts offered to these seamen as gifts were often rejected or mishandled; now there is a large and ever-increasing sale for them, as well as for religious books. "I've never had a Bible, nor wished for one," said a rough, stalwart seaman, one of a group gathered in the missionary's parlour; "but you've been so kind to me, I'll buy one;" and all his comrades followed his good example. During last year's fishing season, 107 Bibles were sold, and 2,000 religious books and tracts either given or sold among these English crews.

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS."

Mr. Stevens, the active superintendent of the Leicester Square Refuge and Soup Kitchen, writes us as follows:—Will you kindly allow me to thank all those who have kindly responded to Miss Anne Beale's appeal for this charity in the QUIVER of February, and to acknowledge the following anonymous donations?—From "A Reader of the QUIVER," £1; M. A. C., 5s.; "Every Little Helps," 10s. If each reader would only remember that "every little helps," and send that little in stamps, how soon would all our difficulties be overcome! We only need "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table." I trust that many more of your readers will kindly send a few bricks each (or stamps as more convenient), towards the new building which will shortly be proceeded with.

"A WITNESS UNTO ALL NATIONS."

"It would be difficult to name a country upon the world's surface that has not sent its representative to the Crystal Palace." "During the past twenty years, 17,000,000 of Bibles, or Bible-portions, in fifteen languages, have been sold or given at the Crystal Palace Bible-stand." These facts in combination surely claim our cordial interest in the work from whose report they are quoted. It is good to read how amongst the thronging pleasure-seekers at the Crystal Palace on Bank-holidays, Foresters' fêtes, and the like, tens of thousands of Bibles, New Testaments, and smaller Scripture portions are circulated by gift or sale, many being carried home as Crystal Palace souvenirs by sight-seers from the country; while to every trade-deputation or excursion party from abroad, distribution is made of the Bible-stand treasures in their own tongue. And this treasury is a source of supply for God's ministering servants in all directions; the East-end worker, the missionary among our soldiers and sailors, the colporteur in foreign lands. One very fruitful branch of the work has been the distribution of Scriptures in Flemish, Dutch, and French, by book-post to 1.516 towns and villages in Belgium. Of course, priestly opposition has arisen; we read how

peasants of Zele, in Flanders, threatened by their curé with a nocturnal satanic visitation on account of the "bad books" in their possession, assembled one night, well armed, to receive the foe. To while away their tedious watch, they examined the said books, and becoming greatly interested, read them through the night. Their good report spread through Zele, every copy not seized by the curé was eagerly read, and application made for a fresh supply. During the past year there have been given at the Bible stand 205,514, and sold 10,354, Bibles, New Testaments, Gospel, and smaller portions of God's Word.

SAVED BY A TESTAMENT.

We have heard of a photograph which has been taken showing the course which a bullet took through it in one of the engagements during the late campaign in Egypt, and a letter has been published which seems to confirm the statement that the Testament saved a soldier's life at Telel-Kebir. The man, it appears, is in one of the Highland regiments, and was of the attacking party that memorable

morning. The Testament was in his haversack, hanging by his side, a proof that the soldier was in the habit of reading the Gospel, for he carried the book with his daily rations, and not with his baggage. The Egyptian bullet passed through the Testament and entered the man's thigh, passing through it in turn, and coming out of the leg lower down. Judging from the direction in which the ball penetrated the Testament, by the leaves of which it was deflected, it would have entered a vital part, and the soldier would have been killed. As it was, he is severely wounded, but to the protection afforded by the sacred volume he owes his life. His case has no doubt been quoted as an illustration of the doctrine of "chance;" but those who reflect will find something more conformable with the Christian creed they profess, in the saving of this man, who is reported as a sincere believer. The extract from the letter concludes thus: "When jumping into the trenches I placed dependence on Him, and He saved me.' In this sentence we may all find some encouragement and comfort.

"QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

SIXTH LIST.

Being amounts received up to and including March 27, 1883.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

86. What contemptuous name was given by the Athenians to St. Paul?

87. What two Greek poets spoke of man as being the "offspring of God," and are referred to by St. Paul ?

88. Who is it speaks of "crying out after a thief in the

street"?
89. Which of the prophets enforces the duty of offering up sacrifice daily to God?

90. What passage in the Psalms describes the godless state of men's minds prior to the captivity in Babylon?

91. What Psalms were usually sung at the feast of the Passover? And which of these formed the hymn sung by Jesus and His Apostles at the last supper before they went out to the Garden of Gethsemane?

92. Where do we find the expression, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke?" What is understood by it? 93. Who are understood by the term "Grecians," used

in the sixth chapter of the Acts?
94. What other disciple was a Roman citizen besides St.
Paul?

95, Where was the first Church Council held, and under whom ?

96. What proof have we that Saul dealt harshly with Jesse the father of David, because of his hatred to David? 97. Where is the Word of God mentioned as the young man's sure guide through this world?

98. Who is generally considered to have established the "Schools of the Prophets," and what places were noted for these institutions?

answers to questions on page 448.

74. Mount Nebo, from whence Moses was shown the land of Canaan before his death. (Deut, xxxiv. 1-4.)

75. "Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" (Job xxxviii. 22, 23.)

76. "That no decree or statute which the king has established can be changed." (Dan. vi. 15.)

77. The kingdom of Moab. (Jer. xlviii. 16, 17.)

78. It means that the person thus sinning shall not prosper, but become more and more degraded. To have a lamp or light in one's house, being expressive of general welfare. (Prov. xx. 20; see also 1 Kings xi. 36.)

79. Simon Magus offered money to the Apostles that he might obtain the gift. (Acts viii. 18, 19.)

80. The Church at Berea. (Acts xvii. 10-13.)

81. "I am like a pelican of the wilderness," "I am like an owl of the desert," "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." (Ps. cii. 6, 7.)

82. The Nile the emblem of Egypt; the Tigris of Assyria; the Euphrates of Babylon. (Jer. xlvi. 7; Isa. viii. 7; Isa. xxvii. 1.)

83. The angel Gabriel. (Luke i. 19.)

84. "It [wisdom] cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof—no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies." (Job xxviii, 15–18.)

85. The 90th Psalm, generally considered to have been

written by Moses.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE WICKED.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"Truly God is good [God is evermore good] to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart."-PSALM lxxiii. 1.



HESE words announce a victory over fierce temptation. Asaph had been so foolish and ignorant as to be envious of the wicked. He saw them pampered until their eyes stood out with fatness, and proud until they set their mouths against heaven. He

saw them secure when he expected them to be under sentence to die; but there were no bands of death, no chains of the condemned upon their limbs, nor did they even come into the common plagues of other men. And he was very nearly brought to think them enviable, and to complain that he had washed his hands in vain.

Now this temptation is common to all time; but it was most fierce when the human race was young, because the doctrine of a future life to redress the balance of this one lay rather in the background, and upon the border-land of thought, while more stress was laid on the fact that God judgeth in the earth, and already.

Thus Abraham was made rich, Moses victorious, David won his crown, while Egypt was plagued and Canaan given up to the exterminating sword. Men were bidden to honour their parents, that their days might be long in the land. Men grew old without ever having seen the seed of the righteous begging their bread. For, indeed, we can easily understand that good and evil would work out their natural results more surely and plainly among simple and primitive races than in our complicated and artificial societies. Never let us forget that present happiness is the natural result of good, and present misery of sin. Thus we teach our children that if they are good they will prosper, and be rewarded, and be loved by all; but if not, they will be unloved and miserable. Such is the plan of nature.

And yet our own experience, when we began to emerge from the simplicity of childhood, may show us how far such teaching failed to cover all the ground. We were bewildered when we saw bad men enriched by wickedness, and good old people sustained by the Church's alms. It seemed as if the very foundations were removed, on which we rested for our conduct in life. And even still, in our wider experience, how hard it often seems to reconcile the events of life with our belief in the supreme justice. The insulting triumphs of dissolute luxury, the welcome by society of bloated speculators, swollen with

the plunder of orphans, the impunity for a while of some gigantic crime—all these stagger our convictions, and strain our faith until its anchors seem to drag.

David never saw the righteous forsaken. We have heard the cry of the righteous One, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

No wonder, then, if the Jew, with his simple notions of a Providence which paid its way as it went, was severely exercised by this great problem.

The Book of Job is an astonishing record of the searchings of heart, the misery, the questioning of God and of Fate, excited by such experience in a blameless sufferer and his friends. This Psalm tells how the same question had been approached from the other side, and filled the mind of Asaph with misgiving, not because of righteous suffering, but of guilty prosperity.

And it is edifying to observe how he faced the problem and solved it.

1. We know pretty well what a Greek or Roman sage would say. Virtue is her own reward. When you chose her, you were not promised riches or pleasure, and why do you complain at not receiving these? Virtue is what you were promised; be content with her. And besides, vice is its own punishment. These proud revellers are punished by being what they are. To be licentious, worldly, violent, is curse enough, and it needs no providence, nor furies with blue snakes and scourges, to avenge the guilty. Let them welter on in their guilt.

Now all this is true. When the religion of Christ has done its work, and raised our race above its sordid vileness, men will at last feel it to be a fearful malediction which says, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

But it is not enough to start with. Man's evil nature offers to bear that, if it has nothing worse to bear. Society could not hold together for a week if it were announced with authority that the sole punishment of the murderer shall be that he is blood-stained, and of the thief that he is a rogue. A few elect souls would feel that these remaining penalties are the worst of all, but the knave and the assassin would laugh. And there are moods when none of us would bear the strain-mocking and cynical moods, when good does not seem very good, nor evil very evil; despairing and reckless moods, when good and ill seem to be so confused, so interwoven and twisted together into the very tissue of our every-day lives, that not even the power of grace can wholly disentangle them.

2. Asaph then is not saved, and neither will mankind be rescued, by fine words about abstract virtue. Men have heard and said such things from the first, and continued to obey their appetites and passions. No. While the storm lasted, he tells us that he simply did what he knew to be right; he resisted the impulse to say what would offend against the generation of God's children; he held fast by God. And this is one great rule in life. Whatever stars grow dim, whatever false lights dazzle us, the beacon fire of duty is not quenched by speculations about how duty is rewarded; we still know right from wrong.

Let us go on, then, even in obscurity; "for if any man is willing to do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine; unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness, and light is sown

for the righteous."

Nor is it unreasonable that God should demand what every parent must require sometimes from his child—"Trust Me, though you do not see the meaning of your life; obey Me, and

you shall understand.'

3. When this tempted yet obedient psalmist went into the sanctuary of God, then it was that he was raised above his doubts, into a purer air, where the mists lay far underneath his feet. Notice how the thought of God, Whom he addresses directly and freely, floods the latter portion of the Psalm with light. And let us ask whether it may not be through forgetfulness of God that many of our modern perplexities appear so dense.

As he thinks of the great life of God, the brief prosperity of guilt is felt to be only for a moment. For indeed this is one curse upon all unholy joys, whether openly rebellious or only Godforgetting and secular, that they hurry men through our little life, amid excitements which make the years rush past, too rapidly, to their extinction. Oh, how soon do their victims consume away as in a moment, he cries, and they make death dreadful, bringing men to a fearful end.

And thus a modern singer tells of

Another day of ease and luxury Making it harder still for one to die-

to lose all, to go forth naked into the darkness that is illumined by no festal torches, the silence

that is broken by no festal song.

We express this sentiment in a worn-out image when we speak of such lives in their hollowness and brevity as a dream, of which the false hopes and joys are over when reality comes with death, which is the awakening. But Asaph moulded the same illustration into a more sublime, a more daring form. To his eyes, the prosperity of the wicked was not their own dream, but that of the righteous Judge, whose slumber lasts not long. The awakening of God is the end of all unholy

joy. "As a dream when one awaketh, so, O God, when Thou awakest Thou shalt despise

their image."

4. And as he now begins to look with clearer vision into the hearts of the men he had so nearly envied, new revelations come to light. Cares he knew not of, distrust, fear of detection and exposure, mutual estrangement, the dread feeling that one is a mark for envy, greed, and violence—all these are the portion already of the prosperous guilty, and these his quiet heart had well-nigh forgotten in comparing their lot with his own. "Surely Thou hast already set them in slippery places." We envy their elevation, but they find it hard to stand; and, "suddenly, they are cast down."

Is not this true still? The life of the ungodly is a life of struggle and suspense. What man of the world knows the moment when he may lose all, even the very life itself for which, as Satan in Job says, the men whom Satan knows best will give up all that they have? And even Paul could remember the time when, through fear of death, he was subject to continual bondage. That is a bondage which earthly successes do but intensify. The Spanish Bourbons were reduced by it, when at the summit of earthly grandeur, to literal imbecility. The proud King of France forsook the loveliest of his palaces and raised another at vast expense in an uncongenial waste, merely that his horizon might not be broken by the cathedral towers which marked where his bones should lie. And thus, against all the splendours of vice, Asaph weighs these two compensations—its uncertainty, and the one dreadful certainty which closes all.

5. But one might object, "Are not all lives, just and unjust, alike insecure?" If this consideration is to be weighed, has the righteous any lease of life? do not time and chance happen unto all? If the footing of the wicked is so slippery, is your

own very secure?

Again the objector is confronted not by abstract advantages of virtue, but by the thought of God. He helps, He fortifies the weakness of His own. Thou, the same Who didst set them in slippery places, Thou holdest me by the right hand. Thou Who wast as it were asleep during their prosperity, and Who shalt awake to despise their image, Thou art always watchful over me, Thou shalt guide me by Thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory. Yes, I am weak even as they. Left to myself, I too must perish, but never shall I be thus forsaken. My heart and my flesh faileth, but Thou art the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

6. Hereupon, another contrast is discovered. Wickedness may give many gifts, but possessions, however ample, cannot feed a starving heart, and wickedness never wins real affection. Flatterers and parasites are not friends, and all that corrupts and hardens the heart renders it equally incapable of loving and of being loved, and dooms it to loneliness, to solitary confinement in the midst of its glittering toys. Now the world itself has applauded great sacrifices, the loss of station and riches and even life, for love. And so it is plain that the scale is entirely turned when you take the affections into the account, for Asaph has a Friend, for ever faithful, compared with Whose affection the wicked and their joys are alike contemptible.

And therefore he exclaims, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee,"

Yes, this is the true answer to all his doubts,

not that virtue is the reward of the virtuous, but that God is the reward of the godly.

And we know God in aspects in which Asaph never dreamed of Him. We have seen Him wearing our very flesh and blood, breaking bread for our hunger, with healing in His hands for our diseases, and pardon in His heart for our transgressions. And hereafter, when all else is over and lost, we hope to see the heavens opened, and the Son of our very manhood standing at the right hand of God—standing, as having risen from off the eternal throne to receive His child unto Himself.

To us, therefore, much less than to him, is it allowable to be envious at the foolish, when we see the prosperity of the wicked.

MY FATHER'S FACE,

BROW upon whose broad expanse a toil-worn sorrow lingered,

Grave-shadowed eyes, within whose depths a mighty will lay shining,

As kindly as a woman's eyes, without their soft repining.

A man in truest truth wert thou, as strong and simple-hearted

As ever martyr, for Christ's sake, to doom and death departed.

O thin grey hairs, grown grey for me, when life and hope were broken, Ye held for me a sanctity unfading though unspoken. O steadfast eyes, that now are blind to Earth in quiet sleeping,

Ye sadden now no more, I trust, at human wee and weeping.

O lips, whose kindly words are dumb to answer my faint greeting,

I pray that in some future day there be another meeting,

That, with the mists of Earth forgot, in an unclouded weather,

Within the golden courts of God we stand again together, F. HERBERT TRENCH,

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A COMMUNICATION FROM DR. POYNTER.



ATERHOUSE stood looking at Grace, as she spread his dinner-cloth, and arranged the glass and silver with quick deft movements. And at length certain feelings, which had threatened to become irrepressible during the last few days, broke bounds. He pushed his hands through his hair—a usual introduction with him to impetuous speech—and said—

"Miss Norris, what is the matter with you?"
Grace started at the sound of this loud-toned address, which broke in upon a preoccupation from which her mechanical task had not roused her.

"The matter with me?" she repeated, smiling and looking up with eyes under which dark lines had latterly appeared; "why, nothing."

"You cannot deceive me," replied Waterhouse, in a threatening voice; "you are either ill or you have got something on your mind."

Grace was too used by this time to Waterhouse's unembarrassed speech to feel herself called on to take offence therefrom.

"Murder, one would think, from your tone," she suggested.

"You will not put me off by making game of me; though this, by-the-by, is the first time you have done so since the day but one before yesterday. Have you been to see the doctor?"

"Why, if it is murder, can he minister to a mind diseased?"

"Well, I have never myself had recourse to a doctor, and I don't believe in them, but I thought women generally did."

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"Yours is the insolence of youth and strength, Poor Mr. Denston has not the luxury of despising them."

"Ah!" broke in Waterhouse, diverted to some extent from his subject. "There is another anxiety. I am half distracted with one thing and another; I believe that man's going into a decline! And here am I, wallowing in coin, and can't induce him to entertain any scheme involving the expenditure of a sous of it!"

Grace looked at him.

"What do you want to do?" she asked. "I am afraid he is stubbornly proud. I wish you could overcome it!"

"Would you be pleased?" asked Waterhouse, eagerly.

"Of course," said Grace, in a quieter tone, as she left the room.

When she returned, Waterhouse did not take his seat at the table.

"Do not imagine you have put me off," he began.
"You are not looking yourself. Have you got a headache?"

" No."

"Are you tired?"

"No; but while you are thus catechising me, are you aware that your fish is getting cold?"

"I am aware that I am bothering you; but allow me to say one thing. I am exceedingly miserable when I see you suffering, and if I could do anything under the sun to relieve you, I should be glad to do it at any cost."

"Kindness does not bother me, Mr. Waterhouse; and the best way I can thank you for it is to say that if I ever needed help from you I should ask it without any hesitation."

Waterhouse was silent in reply. He could not find words that would not express too much. He was not under any delusion as regarded Grace's manner. It gave him no encouragement to venture on dangerous ground. It had long ceased to be coldly repellant, but its candid friendliness was quite as repellant to Waterhouse's pretensions. His comfort under the discouraging recognition of the subtle barrier which she maintained between them lay in his belief that she was quite unconscious of his desire to overpass it. And he was so far warranted in the belief, in that Grace, though at one point disturbed by a suspicion of it, had soon returned to a comfortable conviction of having been mistaken, based on certain reasoning concerning Mr. Waterhouse's kindliness of nature, which appeared to include everybody alike under its sheltering wing.

Grace had succeeded in parrying Mr. Waterhouse's anxious inquiries, for without being exactly snubbed, he had learned nothing; but she had been considerably startled to find that the disturbance of mind from which she had been suffering had made itself so patent to observation. She reflected, however, that no one else had appeared to notice that anything was

the matter, and the reflection served to reassure her as well as to confirm her opinion of Mr. Waterhouse's exceptional kind-heartedness. She had, indeed, spent a very wretched time since her talk with Hester, The long hours which she had passed at night in anxious thought instead of sleep had given her a look of fatigue, while the preoccupation of her spirits had resulted in a forced instead of a heart-whole cheer-The conviction that the Denstons owed fulness. their misfortunes to her father had come with a very terrible shock to her. To make the conviction a certainty, she had inquired, and learned the date from Hester of the bank failure which had ruined theminquired with trembling, for she feared, in doing so, to convey the truth to Hester's mind. But Hester, to whom the facts of her father's history were still very shadowy and faintly realised, and who was not aware of the identity of locality, did not connect the two occurrences beyond perceiving with wonder the similarity of fate between the two families. She was, indeed, absorbed in other feel-That Hester must be told eventually, Grace knew; but her own ideas had been cast into such a state of confusion that she felt compelled to give herself a little time before she made the communication. As to her mother, it seemed impossible that she should ever bring herself to give her the pain of the knowledge-she who had already suffered, did even now suffer so keenly. It will be perceived that the particulars of the little scene at Ridley, where Denston had learned Mrs. Norris' secret, had never been communicated to Grace by her mother. This unusual reticence had been due to the fear of strengthening Grace's disapproval of the concealment, and dislike of the uncertainties and miseries of a false position.

So the days had gone by one by one, and Grace passed through phases of mental pain and strife which told upon her sensitive organisation. Her life had not been a pleasant one, except as her own temperament had made it so. But though there had been deprivation, there had been little positive suffering in it, and she had been happy. She had lived much in the atmosphere of her mother's sorrow; but however tenderly we may sympathise with the sorrow of another, it cannot make us writhe with the keen whip-sting of a personal pain.

But now, for the first time, her mother's trouble had in reality become her own, and was the more bitter because there was no love to soften it. She had never loved her father, even when his fault and attendant disgrace had belonged to an ill-realised past, and bore very little significance in the present. But now that of a sudden these had started up in her path like spectres, spectres which unseen had been dogging his family all these years, her indifference turned to something like horror of him who had first raised them. Like so many scorpions were the thoughts that thronged upon Grace, proud, sensitive, and keen of feeling as she was. The poverty, deprivation, and ill-health of the two Denstons afflicted

her with positive torture; and in the night, when a prey to the horrors of imagination, they appeared but as the types of a shadowy crowd, who, from out of had by an apparent accident been brought into

bade that on that account his children should go mourning all their days. But these two with whom they



"She caught her hand and pressed it."-p. 519.

all kinds of distress, turned their accusing eyes upon her. But when daylight returned, and with it quietness of nerves, there remained still the facts to face. There might be-probably were-many others suffering through their father's fault, but reason forconnection—these two God had surely delivered into their hands. Grace wept as the thought was borne in upon her that He did not mean to punish and afflict by thus bringing them face to face with their father's shame, but rather to extend to them the grace of a

possible atonement, an atonement which could not be adequate, but which might ease the intolerable burden of their own hearts. But how could they make atonement? What did God mean them to do? The idea of giving up their little income to the Denstons, and of separating, and of earning their living as governesses, was that which appeared most satisfactory and soothing to Grace's mind. Something thorough, something involving prodigious sacrifice, was what her feeling craved. But she knew well enough that the idea was a wild one. She was absolutely certain that Philip Denston would scout it, as, indeed, would any man not absolutely base. In the case of his sister, a door was open: that Hester should devote herself to her appeared now most just and right, and marvellous did the way appear by which Hester had been led to do so. Grace felt it now unfortunate that she had thrown her influence in any degree on the side of a slackening of that devotion, and so nervously anxious was she to undo anything she might have done in that way, that she took the earliest opportunity to renew confidential talk with her sister, and to say that though she had repeated Mr. Denston's remarks, she herself must not be understood to coincide with them, and that for her part she had full sympathy with Hester's self-sacrificing attachment, and honoured her for it, and would never say one discouraging word.

Hester listened with some amazement, for she had clearly perceived that Grace had quite failed to sympathise in the past; and she wondered as to the meaning of the change. But she would no longer allow herself to distrust Grace in any way, for having been mistaken in one direction, she felt the possibility of mistakes elsewhere. She kissed her sister tenderly, but did not confide to her the experiences of her relation with Miss Denston, for the new habit of confidence towards her, though sweet, was still novel and strange.

Poor Grace felt the kiss which expressed the trust, inexpressible by Hester otherwise, almost painful, for she was conscious of still holding communications in reserve. She could not at present see how her discovery was to bear in the matter of Philip Denston. She feared its effect on Hester. If she, Grace, were so agitated by it, how much more so would Hester be! Had not Hester enough to bear aheady in seeing Mr. Denston ill, and in trouble, without having the torture added of knowing the source of it? And if Hester did not love, and Mr. Denston did, would not Hester be drawn into responding through the force of that thirst to atone which she was experiencing? And even were Hester thus to seek to atone, would it be, after all, an atonement? Perhaps Philip Denston, when he came to know, would repulse an affection offered him by her father's daughter; and, in any case, marriage was out of the question, for Hester could give him nothing but herself, and Philip's future was very black. It was understood that his employers valued him, and were ready to wait some time for his recovery, and had been generous, also, in giving him a present to defray the expenses

of his illness; but what was all that in the face of his long-continued weakness, the dependence of his sister upon him, and the small salary he received for his work, even should he be able to return to it?

All this, indeed, would, it occurred to Grace, in thinking over the matter, probably account for the contradictions in Denston's manner which had repelled her. Her heart swelled with painful pity. How hopeless his attachment must appear to him! She had made an absurd mistake in supposing for a moment that he could intend to reveal his feelings, It would account also for his evident avoidance of them all lately. Since the day of the expedition, he had dropped the habit of coming in constantly, which had apparently excited little notice in the family, for her mother, with whom he had been so great a favourite, had been absorbed in the feelings connected with her visit to the asylum. Hester must surely have noticed it, but then she could not attribute it to indifference towards herself, since it was during this very period that he had showed how much of his interest she possessed. Grace brooded over all these facts and conjectures, and got no nearer to peace of mind as the days passed. And Waterhouse was the only one who noticed her changing

How long this condition of things might have lasted cannot be told, for one morning, when Grace and her mother went down to breakfast, they found a letter awaiting them which fell like a thunderbolt in quiet air. It came from the doctor at the head of the asylum of which Mr. Fleetwood was an inmate, and ran as follows:—

Dear Madam,—You will not, I apprehend, after my conversation with you concerning your husband, on your last visit, be surprised to hear that a change has taken place in his condition. It has been gradual, and I have thought it wise to wait till well assured concerning it before communicating with you. He has now become perfectly sensible of his position here, and deplores incessantly his separation from you. At the same time I must not conceal from you that his strength is failing rapidly. Under these circumstances, I should advise his removal home, which has become very strongly desired by himself. There can be no possible danger attendant upon it, and if delayed longer it may become impossible, owing to the increasing weakness. I would not recommend a visit from you till you can arrange to take him away with you, as I should deprecate the agitation in his present state. Awaiting your decision of a date on which his removal could be accomplished, I am, yours truly.

EDWIN POYNTER.

On reading this letter, Grace was thrown into a state of extreme agitation. She was unfitted by her previous suffering to sustain further shock, and the consciousness of having to rally her forces to meet this new emergency had an overwhelming instead of a rousing effect, such as would, in her ordinary condition, have been the case. She calculated on having to sustain her mother, as she had so often had to do before, but when she turned towards her a white terror-stricken face, which she in vain endeavoured to compose, she found that Mrs. Norris met it by a

look inspired and brave, and in all that ensued it became evident that the two had changed places.

Some moments passed without further speech than that which passed from eye to eye. Grace felt herself reanimated by the sight of her mother's face, She felt that her mother would act, and that she need only bear. She would not be asked to do the impossible, for at that moment to act with energy and force seemed to her impossible.

"Well, it has come," were her mother's first words, and her face wore a look of solemn triumph. "I knew it would come."

"Mother," said Grace, fearing for her a sudden reaction, "he must be very ill."

"My dear, I knew last time I saw him that he was going to die; but do you think that distresses me, when God has given him back to me? I have known a worse separation than death."

Grace made no reply in words, for at that moment Hester came into the room, and Kitty behind her. But as she passed her mother in order to take her seat at the head of the table she caught her hand and pressed it. When the others were served Grace poured out a cup of tea for herself, and drank it, but she could eat nothing. She watched her mother opposite, and marvelled to see her look so calm and firm

Grace's brain was in a feverish tumult, running hither and thither over arrangements and consequences, and filled with one predominating anxiety as to how her sisters were to be told, and what would be the effect upon them. As Grace looked upon them, sitting unsuspectingly on each side of her, she realised with a force she had never done before that the concealment had been unnatural and wrong. Did not her mother feel with her a sense of humiliation in the presence of these two who had been barred out from what they must now be initiated into, with a strange and violent shock, but which might and ought to have been a bond drawing them all together, during the years that were passed, into closer and more sacred union? But Grace could not find it in her heart to blame her mother now, as she sat before her, with that wonderful look on her face. After breakfast, Mrs. Norris, as usual, read prayers.

"Surely," thought Grace, "the children will see the tears that she has to brush away, and will hear the strange thrill in her voice."

No one, however, appeared to notice that there was anything unusual going on. Hester and Kitty repaired to lessons, and Grace and her mother were alone again.

"Mother," said Grace at once, "are you not going to tell the children?"

"That may be left for the present," said Mrs, Norris; "let us make our arrangements. In the first place, of course, we shall have to send Mr. Waterhouse away."

The same necessity had almost at first occurred to Grace's mind. She found it even more distasteful now that it began to be pressed home,

"That would be a great pity," she said, doubtfully; "the money would be very useful."

"Oh, there can be no question about it, my dear; we could not possibly do with him, and you know we shall have the money hitherto paid to Dr. Poynter."

"But, mother, it would seem very sudden to Mr. Waterhouse. Should you tell him the reason? We ought, you know, to give him netice."

"I think I can manage it. I must do so, however. He is, you know, very obliging, and will have all the feelings of a gentleman. I shall, I think, tell him we want the room for a visitor. I must go and see him at once. Yes, that is the first thing to be done."

Further talk followed as to ways and means, As soon as Mr. Waterhouse had breakfasted, Mrs. Norris repaired thither, and Grace set about her morning duties. The prospect before them grew more and more black and strange in her eyes. How hard to receive this father, unknown and unesteemed, with due love and rejoicing! Nay, how hard to keep down fear and distrust. Their hous—old life was to be turned upside down, and nothing would remain the same. And, if her mother were right, there was the shadow of the awful unknown angel of death hanging over all. She went about her work distraite and pale, making no effort to rise above the trouble of her spirits.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Norris was not finding such smooth sailing as she expected. Waterhouse had always regarded his landlady with some awe. Her passionless dignity was in the habit of freezing his impetuous speech at its source. But his consternation, when at last she succeeded, with some difficulty, in making him comprehend her errand, swept away such slight embarrassments, and he poured forth such a torrent of indignant amazement and question that she found her little schemes of polite evasion and apology altogether inadequate, and finally retired with a sense of failure, to talk the matter over with Grace, to whom she expressed her fears that Mr. Waterhouse did not really understand that he was to go immediately, though she had done her best to express herself clearly. Seeing that her mother was sadly worried by the affair, and that she looked for some such reply, Grace promised to try herself to supplement her mother's efforts, though, she reflected, there was little chance that in any case she would have escaped a discussion of the matter. The morning and afternoonpassed, and Grace, feeling totally unfit for the strain upon her nerves, was careful to keep out of Waterhouse's way, knowing that at dinner-time an interview was unavoidable.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. WATERHOUSE OFFENDS.

WHEN Grace reached the door of Waterhouse's room she was trembling. Her nervousness was due, however, more to the anticipation of the scene with Hester that evening than of the dread of having to cope with Waterhouse's vehemence. The former anticipation had been with her all day, for though her mother had said nothing on the subject, she could hardly suppose it possible that the communication would be longer delayed. She felt she ought to let her mother know that Hester was already aware of some part of the truth, but a certain extraordinary paralysis seemed that day to have overtaken her faculties, usually so bright and alert, and she had not obeyed this dictate of her reason. When she passed the threshold, however, the impulsive accost she expected did not greet her ears. At first she did not lift her eyes, but, surprised by the silence, she at last raised them. Waterhouse was standing by the mantlepiece regarding her, but in his look there was no indignation. On the contrary, an unmistakable air of dejection hung about him. He looked thoroughly miserable, and a neglected person added to the effect. He had not changed his morning coat, and his bair was tumbled up in confusion. Grace, who had put herself on the defence for this interview, expecting to be greeted by a renewal of such speeches as her mother had reported, was instantaneously disarmed, and felt a sensation of pity spring up in her breast, notwithstanding that there was scarcely room there to admit a new emotion. She recollected that Mr. Waterhouse had no family, nor near friends to whom to betake himself, and that he had often complained of the still more solitary life he had led before he came to them. However, when Waterhouse continued to regard her with a doleful face, and she caught herself indulging in reflections which she knew were conveying an equally doleful expression to her own, a ludicrous aspect of the situation struck her, and she had much ado to restrain a laugh, which would probably have resulted in hysterics. The situation was prolonged eventually so long that she felt compelled to break the silence, as Waterhouse evidently did not intend to do so. She made some trivial remark, to which she got no reply. At last, however, Waterhouse said, in a melancholy tone, as unlike his ordinary ones as could well be-

"Are you feeling any better this evening?" Grace looked up with a start, the address was so contrary

to what she expected.

"Why do you ask that? I have never been ill,"

"Why do you deceive me?" asked Waterhouse, with a momentary return to his old impatience; "do you think I do not know why you are turning me out?"

"I think you must be under somedelusion about it."

"You are mistaken; I know only too well; but it did not strike me till after your mother was gone this morning. Why did she not tell me candidly the truth about it? If it was to spare my feelings, she made a great mistake."

"What, then, do you take to be the reason, Mr. Waterhouse?"

"Do you think I am blind, that I cannot see how miserably pale and ill you have been getting? But, Miss Norris," he continued, in a pleading tone, "won't you let me get a servant for myself? Why should you work as you do, when I have plenty of money?"

"Oh, Mr. Waterhouse," exclaimed Grace, really moved by this kindness, "you are very good, but you are quite wrong; I am not ill in the least,"

Waterhouse instantaneously changed from dejection to fury.

"Then what is the reason?" he exclaimed, loudly. "Why am I to go?"

"That, I am sorry to say, I cannot tell you," replied Grace, taking her stand firmly, perceiving that she must now face the brunt of the expected storm,

"Oh, but I must insist upon knowing it."
"That you cannot do, Mr. Waterhouse."

"Yes I can. I have a right. I will not be kicked out like a dog, without knowing why. If I chose, I could insist upon notice being given me."

"Yes, but, being a gentleman, and a kind one too, you will not do that when there are women in the question."

"But, come, do you think I have deserved it?"

"That you have not indeed," Grace could not help saying.

"Good gracious! how can human beings treat each other like this? To live under the same roof with one in some sort of friendly relationship for six months, and then turn one adrift without so much as a reason! I suppose I shall learn what human nature is by-and-by."

"We are very sorry indeed," began Grace, rather

falteringly.

"Why, Miss Norris," he continued, "I shall be wretched. I haven't anywhere to go. I never knew a day's happiness since my father died, till I came here. I am the sort of man that can't live without some one to care for, and I may say that I care for you all."

This pleading was harder to bear than the storming. Grace stood looking at him for a moment, and then, without a moment's warning of what was coming, she felt herself beginning to cry, a thing that could never have happened to her at any other point in her life. Her overstrung nerves in this way took their revenge. But by no other means, however well calculated, could she have better slipped through the difficult position. Since she could not have given him the reason he demanded, and as subterfuge was quite foreign to her, this utter breakdown was more effective than a dignified self-possession. In a moment it changed the current of Waterhouse's feelings from self-commiseration to self-forgetting anxiety. He perceived that there was something seriously the matter, and that by his persistence he had been aggravating Grace's troubles. When he saw her begin to cry he could not speak, and he dared not touch her, though a mighty impulse seized him to do so. He threw up his hands with a gesture of desperation very eloquent, but Grace, whose face was buried in her handkerchief, did not see it. Her emotion was soon mastered, for the tears were accompanied by a horror of the extraordinary weakness. She said, as calmly as possible, as soon as she could speak—

"Mr. Waterhouse, I am very sorry you are going. We are all very sorry. I hope you will believe this, and that it is only because we are absolutely obliged

that we ask you to go."

Waterhouse made no reply to this, except by muttering, "I am a brute!" and walking off to the window. He turned round again, however, by-andby, to say—

"Do what you like with me. I'll go to-morrow, if you like. Please forgive me, and I'll not tease

you with another question."

"That is very good of you," said Grace, earnestly.

And she was pleased to be able to take to her
mother so good an account of Waterhouse's behaviour. She did not, however, describe to her the
means by which the success had been brought about.

The evening had come, and the day seemed a very long one, but it had not yet brought forth all it held in store for the Norrises. About eight o'clock, Grace, who had gone into her bedroom after waiting upon Mr. Waterhouse, and who happened to be looking out of the window in a dreary reverie, saw a brougham drive down the street. She gave it only a mechanical attention, until she perceived, to her intense surprise, that it was stopping at their own door, The carriage door opened, and a gentleman got out, whom she recognised immediately to be Dr. Poynter. There was apparently some one else inside the carriage, for he put his head in for a moment at the window before turning to mount the steps. Grace concluded that it would be best for her to open the door, and take the visitor into the back dining-room. Who could tell what he was come to announce? But her mother had apparently also seen the arrival, and was beforehand with her; for Grace ran down-stairs to find the front door open, and her mother half-way down the steps into the street. Dr. Poynter turned, and followed her more leisurely, but Mrs. Norris was already inside the carriage before he reached her. Grace stood in the hall, looking on in astonishment at her mother's proceeding.

By-and-by Mrs. Norris emerged from the carriage, but not alone, and Grace recognised her father in the trembling figure whom her mother supported up the steps. Dr. Poynter, who perceived Grace's air of stupefaction gave nimself the trouble to explain to her what he had already endeavoured to explain to Mrs. Norris, who had, however, taken in no more than the fact that her husband was outside before she rushed past him to the carriage.

"You will be surprised to see your father here already," he said. "I trust you will consider I have done right to bring him. He became so seriously ill the latter part of the day that I apprehended the impossibility of removing him to-morrow. At the same time, I considered the risk not too great of bringing him to-day, for his anxiety to return home was doing

him harm. As you would get my letter this morning to prepare you for it, I concluded myself warranted in putting him into my carriage at once, and driving him over without waiting even to telegraph."

By this time they were all in the passage, and Grace threw open the door of the dining-room. By a happy chance the girls were neither of them there. Mrs. Norris never thought of them, but Grace trembled as she realised the shock that awaited them. Her father sank into an arm-chair, and her mother, oblivious of everything else, occupied herself with him. Dr. Poynter stood looking at them, while Grace said—

"We are very grateful to you for doing what you thought was best, and bringing my father yourself. I suppose we must send for a doctor here?"

"By all means. The sooner you put him under the care of your medical man the better. In the meanwhile, keep him very quiet. Get him to bed at once."

The doctor then took his leave, and his carriage wheels rolled down the street. The whole scene had occupied only a few moments, and Grace might have thought it a dream but for the spectacle of that wasted figure in the chair, before whom her mother knelt chafing his hands, and murmuring caressing words. It was indeed no dream, but rather a reality requiring all the presence of mind that could be summoned. Her mother might be depended upon for taking the sole charge and responsibility of the invalid, but beyond that Grace saw that she would be of no use. Upon herself would devolve the necessity of breaking the news to the girls, and of communicating something or other, how or what she did not know, to Mr. Waterhouse to get him out of the way at once. She went up to her mother.

"Come, mother," she said, "we must make arrangements for getting him to bed."

"Yes," said her mother, rising, but keeping her hand clasped over her husband's, "he must have Mr. Waterhouse's room; the others are too high up to nurse him in, and perhaps if we put him elsewhere to-night we should not be able to move him to-morrow. Can you ask Mr. Waterhouse to move into my room up-stairs, or shall I? You can sleep with Hester."

Mrs. Norris was perfectly cool and composed. She looked younger and more vigorous. Grace felt herself, on the contrary, truly crushed. Amid all that this crisis involved, the loss of her mother seemed most cruel, for Grace clearly perceived that she, who had been her mother's very life, and from whom she would have dreaded to part for a single night, had become now an altogether secondary object in her thoughts. Those who are accustomed to be always first can alone understand the full bitterness of being superseded, and we must not judge them hardly. But at this moment there was little scope for the indulgence of any sort of feeling.

"Very well, mother," said Grace, "I will manage

it all as quickly as I can. In the meanwhile I will keep the girls away from here, and you can stay with

my father until the room is ready."

But at that juncture the door opened, and Hester appeared. As soon as she had entered Grace ran to the door and locked it, filled with annoyance that she had not thought of the precaution sooner. Then, putting her arms round Hester, who stood looking round her in a distressed bewildered fashion, she said, in an undertone—

"It has all come out now, darling, and I am glad of it. Don't speak to mother. Come away with me, and I will tell you all about it. I want you up-

stairs to help me."

But Hester did not in any way respond to Grace's embrace. She stood, at first, as impassive as a statue, and then began to tremble violently.

"Who is it?" was all she said.

"Oh! come away, 'Hester!" whispered Grace, carnestly, fearful of some hysterical outbreak. "It is our father!"

She had already opened the door while speaking, and managed to draw Hester away. She kept her arm round her, and they passed up the stairs in this way, but without speaking. Grace led the way to Hester's room.

"Where is Kitty?" she asked.

"Gone out with Sarah."

"That is well," and Grace gave a sigh of relief.

Still Hester asked no questions, and Grace, with a kind of moan, uttered, almost without knowing it, the thought in her mind.

"Oh, Hester," she said, "how badly you are taking it!"

"Am I?" said Hester, with a dreary accent; "I can't help it."

"Oh, dear, what am I to do?" cried Grace, in desperation. "You do not ask me anything, and I am too bewildered myself to explain things to you, and there is so much to be done."

Hester's chest began to heave painfully, and tears to well up slowly and roll down her cheeks. Grace's reproachful tones revived sensations in her brain

benumbed by the shock,

"Darling," said Grace, with an immediate return to tenderness, "I am going to sleep here with you to-night, and we will talk then, and I will tell you everything. We shall both feel better then. Our father's return is quite unexpected, and I, too, am feeling overwhelmed and confused. Come and help me, dearest, to remove the things from mother's room. Mr. Waterhouse is going to sleep there to-night, and father is to be nursed in his room. He is very ill, as you saw, no doubt."

Grace dared not tell Hester at this moment where and in what condition their father had been all these years, considering what effect the mere shock of seeing him had had upon her. Hester revived a little under Grace's tenderness, and began to cling to her. Together they went into their mother's room, and then Grace began to collect her forces for a new interview with Waterhouse. Hester seemed at first so bewildered that she could not find it in her heart to leave her, but by-and-by, with a kiss, she explained to her the necessity, and went away hoping that in employing herself over the work in hand she would gradually become herself again.

Grace knocked at Mr. Waterhouse's door, and receiving permission to enter, found him seated at the table, with his head on his hands, and without a book or any pretence at occupation. When, however, he perceived who had entered, his listlessness changed to animation. His heart, which had seemed to have sunk into some remote recesses of his frame, gave a bound, for this visit announced something extraordinary, possibly even a repeal of his sentence of banishment.

"Mr. Waterhouse," said Grace, "I have come to ask you to do us a very great kindness."

Waterhouse started up eagerly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I am sorry to say that the necessity for your leaving is more immediate than we supposed. The visitor who must occupy your room is already come, quite unexpectedly."

Though the reaction was cruel after the sudden raising of expectation, which only a man as impulsive as Waterhouse could have experienced, he said, with a kind of enthusiastic resignation—

" And you wish me to go to-night?"

Grace smiled. "No, not to-night, for it is too late; that is if you would not mind sleeping up-stairs. Our visitor is ill, and could not be nursed anywhere but in your room, or you may be sure we would not trouble you."

Grace's smile, which appeared to mock his enthusiasm, set Waterhouse's temper on fire. This unlooked-for second visit of hers was trying his self-control almost beyond its strength.

"That is an absurd speech," he blurted out, "to make about a trifle, when you know that nothing you could ask me to do would be a trouble."

Grace was smitten with sudden alarm, by the manner more than the words. She was moved by it to take the affair lightly.

"That is fortunate," she said, smiling again, "for you must set to work at once to move your things. I will send Kitty to help you. She is a capital little valet."

She made her escape, 2nd rejoined Hester, with whom she found Kitty, large-eyed and astonished, but otherwise appearing, to Grace's apprehensive glance, delightfully unmoved by the communication Hester had just made to her. Grace intended to see no more of Mr. Waterhouse that night, led thereto by a vague fear. She instructed Kitty to help him, and occupied herself with other arrangements, but occasionally she had to pass him on the stairs, and the carnest looks he gave her on doing so did not relieve her uneasiness. Several times she had to run down, to consult her mother.

On one of these occasions a consultation was held

about a doctor. Mr. Denston's doctor, Dr. Black, had been suggested by Hester, and Mrs. Norris fell in with the idea. Sarah was despatched with a note. The arrangements were at last completed, Mr. Waterhouse was again shut up in the drawing-room, and Grace and Hester were putting the last touches to the room which had been his, when she heard the dining-room door open and her mother run up-stairs hastily.

"Grace," she cried, "where are you? Come to me at once."

Grace ran out, and followed her mother, who had already turned back again. It seemed that her father, after drinking a cup of broth, had suddenly fallen into a sleep of exhaustion, from which it was impossible to rouse him. Mrs. Norris renewed her efforts, spoke in his ear, and pressed his hands. Then they looked at each other in dismay, for how was he to be got up-stairs in this condition?

"Can we get him to the sofa?" suggested

"My dear, that will never do; he must be got to bed somehow."

"Would he be very heavy? Could we not carry him?"

Grace appeared quite ready to try; her slight, small frame, animated by a will worth more than muscle, did not appear to her ridiculously inadequate, as it might have done to a spectator.

"Yes," said her mother, struck by a sudden thought, "he will have to be carried. But of course we could not do it. Mr. Waterhouse appears very strong. He must be asked; there is no help for it."

Grace marvelled at this further sign that her mother's most cherished feelings were consumed on the altar of her absorbing devotion to her husband. Mr. Waterhouse, a stranger, to be taken thus into confidence! Grace felt bewildered, and sore at heart, Her mother desired her to fetch him; but, for the first time that day, Grace rebelled. She declared the request would come better from her mother, and she had better exercise her own judgment as to how much to tell him.

"As for me, I can deceive no more," she said.

Her mother scarcely heeded what she said, but went off at once on the errand. Grace, left alone, gazed on the worn face, with its thin grey hair, and at the wasted hand of the sleeper. Pity rose in her heart, profound and wondering, but not love—that emotion was far from her; it was impossible to realise that there existed between this man and herself so close a relationship. Her mother quickly reappeared, and Waterhouse followed her. The latter merely glanced at Grace with gravity. Without a moment's delay, he took up the thin frame of the sleeping man in his strong arms, and carried him off with apparent ease.

"What have you told him?" whispered Grace, as they followed.

"The truth," replied her mother.

Grace uttered a long quivering sigh of relief. The

necessity for concealment was then at an end for ever. There was to be no more mystery, no more pretence. A great burden, to which she had been long used, seemed to roll off Grace's heart. If the trouble were now to be one bravely acknowledged and openly faced, its bitterness was gone. The thought of probable repose and happiness in the future, better established than that of the past, came to illumine the troubled present. Waterhouse laid his burden upon the bed and went away; but when Grace came out of the room to bring up the doctor (whose knock had just been heard) she perceived Waterhouse hanging about the stairs; and when she reappeared again, leaving Dr. Black with her mother, she found her escape cut off.

"I see that you are trying to avoid me," he said, in an undertone, whose agitation communicated itself at once to Grace; "you have been doing that all the evening, and perhaps I ought to take the hint. But the fact is, I am past it. Any man's power of endurance has a limit, and perhaps you will forgive me if you remember what I have suffered to-day."

Waterhouse had advanced very near to Grace. By the dim light of the gas in the passage below which fell upon his face Grace could see that it was moved as she had never seen it before. She started back, and said, passionately—

"And do you think I have not suffered to-day? I am worn out with excitement and misery. And now you are adding to it. Do leave me, for pity's sake."

Had Grace understood that the suffering of which Waterhouse spoke was caused more by the sight of her trouble than by his own, and that a day of miserable brooding, culminating with the discovery of the family situation, and aggravated by the anticipation of being sent away on the morrow, had driven him almost beside himself; and that consumed by the impotent craving to do something to help her in her trouble, he did not see that he was doing the very thing which would increase it, she would perhaps have spoken soothingly, have begged him more gently to leave her, and have shown him without passion that she was too worn-out to endure further excitement; and had she done so Waterhouse would from a lion have been turned to a lamb, and done her bidding without a word. But Grace had lost control over herself, and in so doing had lost control over Waterhouse also.

He continued, with heightened passion-

"I know you are unhappy—only too well. It is that maddens me. I would die—and this is not idle talk—to spare you the slightest pain! But though you are mistress of my actions, and you tell me to go, I cannot go till you have heard what I have got to say, though you must know very well what it is, I know this is not the time to speak of it. But oh! let me serve you—let me do something to help you!"

These words roused in Grace a fierceness of anger

of which she could not have believed herself capable. She clenched her hands, and her eyes gleamed in the darkness.

"Mr. Waterhouse, I am ashamed for you!" she

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT DR. BLACK SAID.

THE next morning Grace awoke from a deep dreamless sleep to face a new day, and as she did so the



"Grace recognised her father in the trembling figure whom her mother supported up the steps."-p. 521.

said, with a biting accent, "and you will be ashamed of this to-morrow. Your persistence is unmanly and disgraceful. I wish to hear neither now nor at any other time what you have got to say."

Grace turned, and went down-stairs, and she heard Waterhouse shut himself up in his room.

troubles, of whose existence she had for hours been happily oblivious, thronged upon her. But sleep had knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, and her natural force had returned. She had not had so good a night's rest for a long time. Being utterly worn out, Nature had taken the matter into her own hands,

and when Grace had at last been able to lie down in bed, as she imagined, to review and meditate over her position, she fell into a deep sleep instead. Before that, however, the promised explanation had been given to Hester, the mysteries all made clear, and the full confidence that she had so long craved was hers at last. It may well be supposed that Hester's feelings were too recently excited to allow her to sleep as soon as her sister. The sudden and vivid illumination cast for her over the past, the questions raised affecting the future, and the novel conditions of the present, combined to keep her brain awake and at work. One of the most strange of these unfamiliar conditions of things was to feel that Grace lay here by her side, for the first time in their lives. This physical proximity did more than anything else could have done to bring it home to Hester that their position towards each other was changed. It embodied in realisable fact the idea of a more perfect sisterly relationship, and this talk in the dark with hands clasped effected much that would have been missed had Grace occupied her old place in her mother's room. When Grace fell asleep Hester still felt at her heart a warm sense of companionship such as she had never been used to, and she lay awake by Grace's side, venturing now and then to touch her softly, in a mood different from any she had ever known.

Grace's first anxiety was to learn how her mother had fared through the night. That she had not had to disturb the girls augured well, but Hester, on awaking, reported having heard doors open and footsteps creak up and down stairs, which seemed unaccountable. An explanation, however, awaited her in her father's room, whither she repaired at once. He was asleep, and Grace questioned her mother in a low voice. Mrs. Norris, looking pale, but not worn out, declared that she had by no means passed a sleepless night. She had lain down in her dressing gown by her husband's side, and had had only intervals of wakefulness. But on one of these occasions she had gone down-stairs to get some beef-tea for the invalid, and on her return, to her alarm, she found him stretched on the floor near the door. He was not insensible, but so exhausted and helpless that she found it impossible to get him back to bed. While trying to do so he wept and clung to her, and besought her not to go away again. He thought she had left him, he said, and that he would never see her again if he did not follow her at once and beg her to return. Grace caught her mother's hand as she listened, and could have cried out of pure sympathy with the touching pride which vibrated in her voice, and the loving light in her

"This poor mother," she said to herself, tenderly, "who has suffered so much, and now has such a pitiful joy!"

"But how did you manage, then, darling, to get him back to bed?" she asked.

"I was coming, my dear, to that," replied her

mother; "finding I could not possibly do it, I went up to Mr. Waterhouse, and begged him to come down. I saw at once that was the only thing to do. I knew how tired you children were, and besides, it would have been difficult even with several of us. Mr. Waterhouse lifts him as easily as if he were a baby. He was so very kind and good."

Grace removed her eyes from her mother's face, and now made no reply. Mrs. Norris not getting the response for which she had paused, went on—

"A very singular thing happened. Your dear father, though he is quite himself, and talks to me as if nothing had ever come between us, has lost his memory somewhat, and very mercifully indeed is it that it should be so. His head is very weak, you know. When he saw Mr. Waterhouse come into his room in the night like that to help me, and take him in his arms, he got hold of the fancy that he was his son. You know we had a little boy, who came next to you, Grace, and who died at two years old. Your father dimly remembered the child, but had forgotten his death, strange to say, and took for granted that Mr. Waterhouse must be he. He began first to call him John, which was our boy's name, and we looked at each other in surprise that he should call him by name, but soon we gathered what the idea in his mind was,"

Mrs. Norris stopped again for a response, which Grace was now obliged to give. She said, with an effort.—

"Very singular indeed."

"Yes," continued her mother, too much absorbed to notice Grace's constraint of manner. "My dear, I was surprised to find how truly good that young man is. His pleasant manners are not superficial, as I confess I have sometimes considered them. No woman could have been more tender and gentle with your father. I shall never again feel that he is a stranger. He has offered to stay on a little while if he can be of any use to me, and, as your father has taken a fancy to him—he asked for him again this morning just before he went to sleep—I accepted the offer gladly."

"You have arranged with him to stay?" asked Grace, looking up.

Her mother caught a slight sharpness in the tone, and replied, anxiously—

"For a few days only. I hope you don't think it will be too much for you to have him in the house. There will be your father's cooking to do, and I must not have you overburdened."

Grace, with a great effort, mastered herself sufficiently to say, with a kiss-

"Do as you like about it, mother. The girls will give up lessons, and help, and we shall get through quite well, never fear. Everything must be sacrificed just now to my father and you. But you, my dear mother, must take care for his sake not to get knocked up."

"Oh, yes, I shall be very careful, and lie down by his side whenever I can. But you need not be afraid," she added, with a smile; "I have not felt so strong and well for many a long day."

Grace again kissed her, and murmured-

"God be with you, mother."

"HE is," replied her mother, earnestly, holding Grace close to her for a moment before she went away.

Grace's feelings when she came out of the room were very tumultuous. She had got up that morning with a slight sense of compunction for the violent language she had used to Waterhouse the night before, but even that degree of relenting was due to the recollection that he was going away that day. His unreasonable and unwelcome manifestation of feeling was viewed under the softening shadow of immediate separation, a separation which was now, for more serious reasons, an absolute necessity; but she felt that she would have been really sorry to have missed him from the house, had not this unfortunate contretemps arisen to cause her feelings to be only those of congratulation that the way had been made clear for his removal on other grounds. It will be seen that pity for Waterhouse's sufferings found no place in Grace's breast. As long as she believed him heart-whole, she had felt very sorry to send him back to loneliness again—he whose genial temper so craved an atmosphere of social kindliness and friendliness, But directly she understood what his feelings were her heart became steel towards him. She was consumed with scorn when she found that his troubles arose from what she called a sentimental leaning towards herself, and became a veritable little fury when he sought to win her ear for them. Yet Grace was not hard upon the same feelings when she suspected their existence in Hester and Denston, The contradictory creature was full of sympathy there, but when they touched herself, she started away with a quivering pride and sensitiveness like some thoroughbred horse touched with the spur. When she came out of her mother's room, the slight compunction was swept clean away. She was every whit as enraged with Waterhouse as she had been the evening before, and if he had accosted her again, she would have answered in a similar way.

"That he should dare to stay in the house," she exclaimed within herself, "after the rebuff he got yesterday! Well, Mr. Waterhouse, you will repent this step. If you thought to soften me by it you will find you mistake indeed. You have calculated no doubt that I cannot resist, and that I would sacrifice every consideration just now to my mother's peace of mind; but though you stay in the house, you shall never see me in it, and I will have nothing to do with you as long as you remain."

The first consequence of which resolve was, that when Grace should have made her appearance in Waterhouse's room at breakfast time, Sarah was sent instead, conveying the apparently courteous message that Miss Norris apologised for her inability to wait upon him, owing to the additional cares now devolving upon her, Waterhouse, who had been

watching the door with trembling anxiety, did not deceive himself as to the meaning of the message, He had not closed his eyes that night, and his haggard looks might have excited commiseration in the hardest heart. But Grace was not there to see them. nor to observe that after that dagger had been run through his breast, what he ate of his breakfast went nigh to choke him. He divined that he had made a mistake in staying, but to go while Grace was angry with him was beyond his power. The silly fellow, if he had known anything of a woman's heart, would have whistled cheerfully up and down the house, packed up his portmanteau and departed, taking care to return at the precise moment when Grace would be advising herself that she had been a little too hard, But Waterhouse was not astute enough to play such a masterly stroke, even had his feelings not been too inconveniently strong. Neither, as it will be perceived, had he any pride to summon to his aid. Grace had his neck under her little foot. When she was angry he had no weapons with which to retaliate; though she had been as cruel as Jezebel, he had known no resentment.

Grace's thoughts were soon diverted into another channel. When Dr. Black came down-stairs after paying his visit that morning, Grace and Hester happened to be in the dining-room. The door was partly open, and they heard their mother come down with the doctor, talking to him on his way to the door. Both the girls listened eagerly, when they caught the words—

"Has Mr. Denston seen you lately, Doctor? I fear he is still far from well."

"Mr. Denston! Oh, yes, I remember; he is as much a patient of yours as of mine. Your admirable nursing pulled him through. I am glad my patient up-stairs is in such good hands."

The girls observed that the doctor had parried the question. Would their mother be diverted from it?

"Do you consider Mr. Denston's progress satis-

factory?"

"I trust it will be in time—I trust it will be. I tell him that we must try a winter abroad—to get out of the fogs, you know. Good-bye, good-bye, I think I need not see you again till to-morrow."

The doctor jumped into his carriage, and Mrs. Norris shut the door. The girls heard her go upstairs again. Grace, who had not dared to look at her sister, now did so. The colour had left her face. She did not speak, and Grace did not address her; inwardly she groaned—

"Oh, it is really so; I am sure she cares for him."

After a moment or two Hester rose slowly, and went out of the room. But, slight as had been the incident, Grace had, by means of it, ascertained the truth. She knew no longer any uncertainty concerning Hester's feelings. It was impossible to mistake the controlled emotion in Hester's white face, and in her measured movements, as she sought to escape from Grace's presence without betraying herself. Yes, Hester and Mr. Denston loved each other.

There was no doubt about it, and Grace said to herself that she must now accept the inevitable.

"If there were any prospect of happiness for them," she reflected, "I would even make myself content, intensely as I have dreaded such a lot for Hester. But the future looks as gloomy and hopeless as it could well do. I must now, without delay, tell the poor child what I have discovered about the Denstons. It must be done some time, and the sooner the better, though I tremble to think how she will suffer."

The two girls were too fully occupied to have time for confidential talk during the day. Their mother never came out of the sick-room, and there were her meals to convey thither, as well as constant nourishment to be taken up for the invalid, and there were frequent errands to be done, and cooking for Mr. Waterhouse, as well as for themselves. Sarah, too, whose time was encroached upon by having to wait upon him, must have assistance given her, to make amends. The girls did not see their father that day. The doctor had ordered absolute quiet. When, once or twice, their mother wanted help, Grace was aware that she called in Mr. Waterhouse.

"Your father is used to seeing him, after last night, and likes to have him about him," Mrs. Norris explained. "I would rather not bring in a strange face just now; and then, you see, he is so strong. You shall all come in, by-and-by, when he is a little better. You must all know your dear father. You will have but a short time for it."

And Mrs. Norris gazed wistfully at her daughters. It was Grace and Hester to whom she spoke, as they stood at the door, having happened to come up together. As for the girls, they were alike in feeling a sense of compunction as they heard their mother's apologetic tones. It was, indeed, a relief to them to be kept away. They could not make room in their hearts for the new filial emotions which knocked for admittance. This father was an incongruous element, which would not harmonise with the habits of thought and feeling in which they had grown up. They did not confess to each other, but each went away reproaching herself for her hardness of heart.

At last the sisters, tired and footsore, reached their haven of rest. So sweet had the sense of companionship, which had never left her all day, owing to the new habit of working and consulting together, become to Hester, that I do not think she wished to be alone even that night. They lay down together, and darkness and silence fell, with their soothing balm. But it was not long before Grace found out that Hester was crying. She was not surprised, and she even believed it might do her sister good. She did not speak, but putting her arms round Hester, she drew her to her, that she might rest her head upon her shoulder, and Hester cried without a word for a long long time.

"Oh, my dear Grace," she said at last, "how good you are to me! How is it I have never known you?"

"Why," replied Grace, softly laughing, "my light way of taking things offends you."

"No," said Hester, "I do not think that is the reason. Your beautiful sparkle is just your fascination-your never looking dull or low-spirited."

"My fascination! Absurd girl!"
"I am not absurd. Every one loves you, and you will find they do wherever you go."

There was a pause before Grace said, gravely-

"I think you are right, Hester. It was only the concealment where there should have been confidence that divided us. The more reason, don't you think so, that there should be no longer the shadow of any concealment between us?"

"Have you, then," asked Hester, fearfully, for she turned cold with the idea that Grace meant to wrest the expression of her own feelings from her, "anything more to tell me, Grace?"

"Yes," said Grace, "I have, if you think you can bear any more painful disclosures."

"Yes! oh, yes!" said Hester, confidently, breathing freely now that she concluded her sister was not upon dangerous ground.

As Hester regained confidence Grace was struck with fear. She so shrank from the ordeal, that she believed she must give it up. But she beat back her cowardice, and began with a quaking heart, gaining courage as she proceeded. She need not at least have feared any outward demonstration of suffering. Hester was always quiet under any shock or violent emotion. When Grace had told all there was to be told, Hester lay quite still and silent. But Grace was not deceived into supposing that there was not inward fire under this outward coldness. cherished her sister in her arms, and Hester, though she responded little, was quite evidently comforted and helped by the love. Only on one point did Hester break through the silence with which she entrenched her feelings. She said, after some time, quite calmly-

"We ought to let them know, Grace, both of them, what they owe to our father. I must tell Miss Den ston the next time I see her. I cannot go there with such knowledge in my mind, can I?"

"I have been thinking that, too. And Mr. Den-

"Could not mother tell him?"

"She does not know herself, Hester; and we cannot distress her with it just now."

"Will you tell him?

"Yes, that will be the best way perhaps. I should have to ask him to come in on a Sunday evening again."

"If you do not mind, Grace-it is very brave and good of you. And I will go in to Georgina and tell her at the same time."

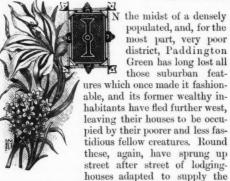
Having settled upon this course of action, they relapsed into silence, and addressed themselves to sleep. But Hester lay awake till long after the summer dawn had stolen through the window, accompanied by the twittering of the cheerful sparrows.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE PADDINGTON DUST-YARDS.

(WEST-END POVERTY.)

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



demand if not the requirements of the poor.

If, however, we take a wider circle, we pass west-wards at any rate, into a neighbourhood which is still wealthy. Towering mansions, in which many a single room is larger than many a house on the other side of the Great Western Railway, rise on all sides as examples of the abodes of the rich, while within a stone's throw of their doors can be seen typical "homes of the poor." The contrast is startling. Here, too, the difference can be so abruptly seen that it can hardly fail to impress the most careless observer.

The immense gulf which exists between rich and poor, and which some in vain seek to hide, is one of the most solemn lessons of daily life.

Let some of those who live in the luxurious mansions of Bayswater and Paddington drive round by the banks of the Regent's Canal, and see for themselves the way in which some of their neighbours live. The Paddington Dustyards and their environs furnish many a rare example of the toilers of the West End, and of West End poverty. It seems, indeed, incredible that any but those who have sunk to the lowest depths could willingly work at such a calling as this. Its squalor, the wretched pay obtainable, and the hopelessly disgusting character of the work, all seem to indicate that those who perform it can sink no lower in the ranks of labour.

How difficult it is for the poor to earn a livelihood is one of the saddest truths of modern times. We are continually being brought face to face with abundant proofs that work is neither easily found nor fairly paid for. In cities the supply of hands is always greater than the demand, owing to the continual influx of countrymen and countrywomen, who are always being induced to throng thither, from a too often delusive hope that there work is to be readily had.

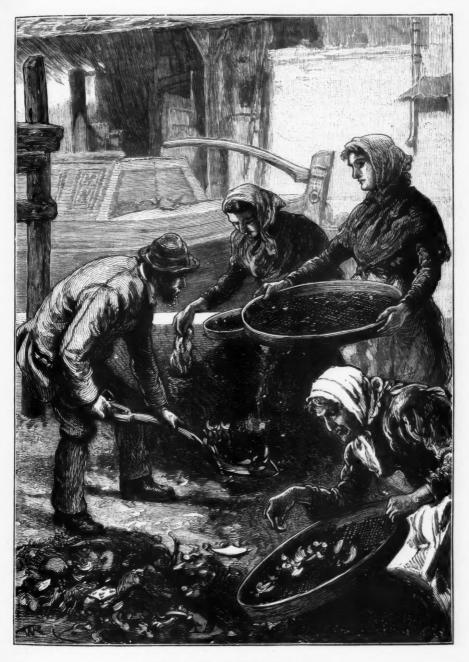
Poverty arises from an infinite variety of causes, and although of these vice is the commonest and most pregnant, it is still true that many suffer every extreme of destitution through ignorance and misplaced hope. Ne'er-do-weels are not all idle and vicious. Led by the glowing accounts of successful or mendacious friends to look upon London as "the City of the Golden Pavement," crowds throng thither in utter ignorance of the real horrors and hardships of London life, Dazzled with its glare and bustle, their days at first slip by uncounted, until their slender savings vanish away, and they find themselves face to face with poverty in London. We know how the dreary search for work too often ends, and then nothing remains for them but to beg their bread, or enter one of those wretched mongrel callings in which for a day's labour the wage is a few pence.

Such is the story of many a poor London toiler, and alas, our charity but too often turns the cold shoulder upon such a one, while it holds out its bounteous hand to the specious professional beggar.

The toilers in the Paddington dust-yards are the poorest of the poor. Many of the sifters and sorters of the heterogeneous rubbish collected from household dust-bins are women. They can be seen here by any visitor engaged in their loathsome occupation. The pay varies, but while it is higher in some yards, and for certain kinds of work, it is sufficient for our present purpose to say that, for a day's work—from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.—most of the women receive one shilling. Such a fact is in itself abundant evidence that nothing but the direst necessity can fill the dust-yards with crowds anxious to be taken on.

When we remember that most of these women are mothers of families, many of which are wholly dependent upon them, and which have to be left in charge with a neighbour, or at a crèche, we are at once confronted with an insoluble problem. Even the few pence for which a child can be lodged and fed during the working day must be a terrible drain upon such resources as these, and the mystery remains, how these women keep body and soul together. Lessons in thrift must indeed be practical if they are to be of any avail here. In the face of poverty so abject as this all known rules of economy must surely be found terribly wanting.

We have already pointed out that there is no lack of labourers; but, if it were possible to do away with such an avocation altogether, few of those who have the welfare of their fellow-beings



TOILERS IN THE PADDINGTON DUST-YARDS.

at heart could regret it. The fact that women are the most numerous workers here is, perhaps, explained by the low wage for which their services are obtainable. The statistics of female labour all point the same moral. The evidence is, indeed, conclusive that in almost every occupation followed by women the pay is wholly inadequate to the toil. The terrible difficulty which women have in getting anything to do, the comparative ease with which they can be overreached by their employers, the utter want of any regular scale of payment for a day's work, and the readiness with which they accept any sum, however small, almost without a murmur, all indicate the necessity which exists for legislation in favour of working women. Our factories and large workshops are subject to inspection. It is, too, illegal to employ children under a certain age, and the length of the working day is limited by law, but wages are fixed only according to the rules of supply and demand, and women are illfitted to help themselves in matters of this kind in the face of the fierce heat of modern competition and the terrible realities of poverty. A woman who has, under present conditions, her whole energies strained almost to the breaking point, to keep starvation away from the wretched den she calls "home," and who has resounding in her ears, waking or sleeping, the pitiful cries of her hungry little ones, cannot either fix her pay or choose her employment.

Such is one obvious lesson to be learnt from the Paddington Dust Yards, but others suggest themselves with equal force. What, for instance, is being done to help these poor creatures? Day by day thousands of prosperous and successful men pass close by these women at their work, on their way to business. Again, thousands of their more fortunate fellow women drive by on pleasure bent. How many of these give even a passing thought to these poor toilers? Some, it is true, may be in utter ignorance of their very existence. Others, again, who have seen them coming from their work, have, doubtless, shuddered at the sight of such wretched squalid specimens of humanity and womanhood, and have afterwards related the episode in the light of a disagreeable adventure. To happy careless girls it might, indeed, seem as though these women were scarcely human, and the truth that in spite of, or rather by virtue of, their very wretchedness, they have a claim upon the large-hearted open-handed sympathy and compassion which English women have always been so willing to extend to the scarcely less unhappy victims of slavery, and the sufferers by fire or flood in many a far-off land, is, it is to be feared, almost altogether forgotten.

English sympathies are readily stirred, and English purses always opened wide at the call of distress abroad, but the West End districts of London forcibly illustrate the terrible want of systematic benevolence and sympathy towards our own poor. There are many workers in the East End who perform a great and good work in relieving and healing the destitute and the sick. From time to time, too, appeals are published in behalf of East End charities, but the poor of the West End are, for the most part, dependent upon promiscuous charity. There is a popular notion that the parochial funds are always sufficient in West End parishes to supply all the needs of the poor, and there is a widespread but most delusive idea that all West End parishes are inhabited by a majority of well-to-do if not wealthy people. But that many a parish on the outskirts of a still fashionable neighbourhood is often sorely crippled in its resources, and that, in too many cases, the available funds are far from wisely bestowed, are facts which are well known to all those who have studied the question, and which are easily capable of proof by those who have not,

It is not, however, only in or by the gates of the dust-yards that poverty and misery are to be seen at Paddington. Let any one walk down some of the narrow side-streets and go into the yards in which the poor live, and they will find that vice and depravity have strongholds here. On Sunday nights scenes of indescribable sadness can be witnessed, and a practical lesson be taken in the terrible effects of drink. This sad side of the story of the London poor has too often been told to need recapitulation, and yet it is our duty to add another voice to the mass of witnesses which is protesting before God against the besetting sin of the nation. No one can go amongst the poor without finding out with an ease and certainty, which are in themselves heartrending, that but for drink, there would not be one-tenth part of the poverty, misery, and crime which exist on all sides of all of us.

The following episode, which is here given in the words of the lady in whose experience it occurred, who has long visited the poor round Paddington Green, is very graphic, and is also invaluable as illustrating the evil of indiscriminate charity:—

"One Sunday afternoon I took some books and pictures and walked down one of the lowest streets in this neighbourhood. The boys were gambling, the men and women drinking, but as I went along the children came about me. them pictures and spoke to them. Most of those to whom I gave them tore them up, and others called me names. Presently a woman came up to me, and in a whining tone, clasping her hands, and using some flattering words, such as that I was a lady and too good for that street, and so on, asked me 'for the love of God to come home with her and see her daughter who was dying, and that she had not a bit or sup to give her.' I consented. So she led the way and I followed, and a filthy house truly it was. We mounted three

flights of stairs, all reeking with 'odours vile,' till we came to the top landing. We then went into a room in which was a bed so large that one could but just walk round, save indeed, that at the foot there was a little more space. Here there was a large chair, placed by the fire, with a very handsome young woman in it, and close by sat two men. A tea-tray was set on two chairs in front of them, and on it a turbot half-eaten, and other eatables. The bed was covered with dishes, plates, and empty beer bottles. the old woman ushered me in, she winked to the company, and the young woman at once took to a pose, lounged back in the chair, and coughed, and the men rose. 'Londoners born.' said I to myself, for a countryman would have sat still. They offered me a chair. Both men looked thieves. A queer pause ensued, and then the old woman said, 'She's got up, but she's that bad!' I saw that the girl was country born, so I began to talk of the green of the country. It was a restrained and a curious talk. But I said openly that I thought she was not seriously ill or in want, but that it might do us good to look on and consider what hopes we had to meet death with when it came, and whether we should go forth to meet our Lord with joy. The men kept silence,

but looked even more black and evil; the old woman held out her hand, whining for money, but the girl was affected, and begged me to see her again. Then the worst man broke out, and began threatening me, so I went away, followed all down the stairs into the street by him and the old woman, but I faced them, and held firm, and did not give."

Such an incident as this throws into powerful relief the worst side of London poverty—the professional poor. If it were possible to obtain reliable information, it would doubtless be found that these vagabonds absorb an immense amount of alms, and leave but slender resources for those who are really deserving of help. Poverty in London is an inexhaustible subject. It takes an infinite variety of forms. In its most deserving shape it is not readily recognised. But the great necessity of the times is for better charitable organisation, parochial, municipal, and national, for some means whereby the terrible gulf between rich and poor may be bridged over, and for a full recognition of the pregnant truth that poverty is not confined to any district, that it exists on all sides, and that the selfish adage that "charity begins at home" is capable of a truer and better application.

SOME QUAINT INSCRIPTIONS ON OLD HOUSES.

IN TWO PAPERS.-SECOND PAPER.



ORTHUMBERLAND also possesses many interesting examples, from the staunch Esperance en Dieu, carved on the Percy strongholds, to the plaintive cry of the hermit of Warkworth, Fuerunt mihi lacrymae meæ panes die ac nocte, carved on the rough lintel of his lonely leafy hermitage on the bank of the river Coquet. low two-storeyed house, outside the former walls of Alnwick, is an admonition incised on the lintel of the

doorway: — "That which your father old hath given you to possess do ye dearly hold to show his worthiness." The ancient town of Havbarn has a great to the shown of the shown of

has several of these legacies of the past, A Hexham worthy thus adorned his door in Gallowgate:—

C. D. 1683. Reason doth wonder, but Faith he tell can, That a maid was a mother and God was a man. Let Reason look down and Faith see the wonder, For Faith sees above and Reason sees under.
Reason doth wonder what by Scripture is meant,
Which saith that Christ's body is our Sacrament,
That our bread is His body and our drink is His blood,
Which cannot by reason be well understood;
For Faith sees above and Reason below,
For Faith can see more than Reason doth know.

Newbiggen-by-the-Sea has, here and there, a small sturdy stone house, bearing the date of the seventeenth century, and the initials of its proprietor at that time, looking very little the worse for its two centuries of wear and tear. Several of the wind-worn seaside-houses at Alnmouth bear similar tokens of former proprietorship. The first doorway in the picturesque main street is ornamented with ogee moulding, and marked, T. A., 1713. Over the doorway of the vicarage house at Felton is a triangular panel, dated 1633, and lettered to the effect that the son of Robert Henderson, vicar of the parish in the time of Barrow and Newton, placed the pious testimony in question. There is another inscription in the same village that is nearly illegible, and has given rise to conjecture and controversy. It occurs on a house of two storeys, covered with rough cream-coloured cement, close to the fine old bridge over the Coquet. Among the roses and

jasmines which are trained up the front of it, close down over the door, is a panel, on which is incised a lengthy inscription, so illegible from obliteration as to pass for Saxon in some minds. The first two words are more easily deciphered than the rest. They are, "Ding Stand." Far away from this pictorial locality, so dear to anglers, out among the wide moors, brown and green with bracken moss and ferns, purple with heather and dotted with huge grey boulders, close to Elsdon church, where the warriors who fell at Otterbourne were buried, there is a fine tablet on the south-west front of the tower of the vicaragehouse, carved with the coat of Sir Robert Taylboys, with the letters R. D. D. Rede, understood to represent Robertus Dominus de Rede. On the border of the village green, too, is a substantial stone house of two storeys, with the owner's name and the date of its erection, cut over the doorway: "John Gallon, 1729," showing the custom held good down to a comparatively late period in this remote and inaccessible district.

On the front of the house known as the Bridewell at Aylsham, in Norfolk, is cut:—

God save oure suppreme Kyng Henry the Hyght. Pray for the good prosperite and asstate of Robert Marsham and Jone his wyfe, the which this howse they cawsed to be made to the honor of the towne be thir qwyck lyves fines 1543.

Oxford possesses some examples, as in the case of a fine doorway, in the quadrangle of Jesus College, on which is carved a Latin line setting forth that prayers ascend, and grace descends.

Some sentences seem to have been considered more suitable than others, and repeated frequently. "God's Providence is mine inheritance" is one of these. "Fear God, and honour the king," was also extremely popular. This motto also occurs on mantel-pieces, church-bells, and fonts.

Sir Walter Scott preserved several ancient inscriptions by building them up in the walls of Abbotsford. The porch has a cornice of coats of arms, with this inscription: "These be the coat armories of the clanns and chief men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld tyme for the Kynge. Trewe men war they in their tyme, and in their defence God them defendyt." This was copied from one in Linlithgow Palace. But the east side has an ancient carving with this inscription: "Up with ye sutors of Selkyrke A.D. 1525;" and another tablet inscribed more soberly:—

By night by day remember ay
The goodness of the Lord,
And thank His name whose glorious fame
Is spread throughout the world, A.C. M.D., 1516.

The door of the old Tolbooth, Edinburgh, is also preserved at Abbotsford. It reads: "The Lord of armies is my protector: blessit ar thay

that trust in the Lord. 1575." And above the library window is a lintel from the door of the Common Hall in Edinburgh University, bearing an inscription from Seneca.

Scotland is extremely rich in these relics of a bygone taste. Edinburgh may be said to be full of them still, notwithstanding the fact that several have been taken down within the memory of inhabitants who are by no means the "oldest." Some are in Latin, others are in the local dialect. such as "He yt thollis overcomes," memorably mentioned by Dr. William Chambers, in his Autobiography, as having impressed his mind advantageously when a youth. "Fear God, Honour the King" (on Thomas Boreland's house, dated 1675); "Blesset be the Lord in His gifts for now and ever" (in Baxter's Close); "Lyfe God abufe al, and yi nychtbour as yi self" (on John Knox's quaint and picturesque house); "Fear the Lord and depart from evill" (in Lady Stair's Close); and "In the is al my traist, 1569" (in the old Bank Close). In some instances a little Latin is helped out with a little English, as in the case of a fine old mansion belonging to the Sempell family in Sempell's Close, inscribed "Seeles marret optima cœlo. Praised be the Lord my God, my strength and my Redeemer. Anno Dom. 1638.

Scottish country-houses, too, still afford us many examples. Sometimes inscriptions are found on old beams and mantel-pieces in the interiors. Proverbs were often painted round the cornices of chambers. Earl's Hall, the residence of the Bruce family, has a chamber thus decorated. Though many of them are effaced we can still make out "A nyce wyfe and a back doore often make a rich man poor." "Trust upon good assurance, and try ere you trust for fear of repentance." Caerlaverock Castle has the crest of the Maxwells, and their motto "I bid ye fair" over the gateway, and two of the chambers in a tower are decorated with legends.

Amidst lovely scenery, abounding in silver firs some nine feet in circumference, stands Marlefield House, where James Thomson and Allan Ramsay used to visit. It is a long double-winged house with many windows, and has over the door a coat of arms, and the motto "Benedictus qui tollet crucem."

Again, on the front of a pele-tower, incorporated in Houndwood House, near Berwick, in which Queen Mary once slept, is an old stone brought from the old Mansion House at Fulfordlees, where the owner's ancestors resided. This has a monogram on a shield, with a rhyming couplet round it.

Another old stone is preserved in a gardenwall at Yair, which was once in a similar position on Whyt Bank tower. This is inscribed, "1661. All is vanity. One thing is needful." At Stirling, too, are additional examples. On a



"Woods in leafy wealth arrayed, Lordly rushes straight and tail."

Flemish-looking house in Baker Street is inscribed:—

Heir I forbear my name or arms to fix, Lest I or myne should sell these stones and sticks.

In Castle Wynd is a building known as Mar's work. Over the main entrance are the royal arms, flanked by those of Mar and his countess, and these mottoes:—

The moir I stand on oppin hicht My faultis moir subject ar to sicht.

And in another place :-

I pray all linkairs on this luging Vith gentilee to gif their inging.

A couplet in the rear of the building adds:-

Espy, speak forth and spair nocht Consider veil and cair nocht.

On the Dumfries route, at Whithorn, in a lane, is a house inscribed with two Latin lines, and the proverb, "Train up a child the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it, 1730."

The Principality of Wales possesses only a few examples of these curiosities, but it is evident they were not altogether without their charm for the minds of Welshmen. Sir John Games caused a Welsh sentence to be sculptured on the stone mantel-piece in his great hall at Newton, near Brecon, which is thus translated:—"John Games, the son and eldest heir of Edward Games, the son of John, the son of Morgan, the son of Edward, the son of Morgan, the son of David Gam, 1582. On God depends everything.—Games." In Carmarthenshire, the ancient mansion of Abermarlais

was inscribed with a similar account of the owner's lineage, to the following effect:—"Urien Rheged, King of Rheged in Ireland, and King of Gwyr in South Wales, Lord of Is-Kennen, Karnwillon, and Kydwelly. He was in King Arthur's time, and married his sister by the mother's side, by whom he had Owen and Pasgen, with others. Urien was the fourth in descent of Coel, Emperor of Great Britain."

The Continent is still richer than our own country. Immediately after the Reformation many houses were built in Germany that were The Tyrol inscribed with pious sentences. possesses a large number of examples. library in Montaigne's house, near Bordeaux, was carefully furnished with inscriptions of his own selection, "all very characteristic," as John Stirling wrote of them to Thomas Carlyle. Before the door of Goethe's study was the word Salve worked in mosaic. Henry Crabb Robinson records in his diary: "On my way back to Pirna (from Prague), I was amused by the slyness of an inscription on a newly built wall. It was in verse, and its purport as follows:-"This house is in the hand of God. In the year 1793 was the wall raised; and if God will turn my heart to it, and my father-in-law will advance the needful, I will cover it with tiles." There is an old house in Antwerp with a mantel-piece, with an inscription to the effect that "He who builds his belief on God builds at a great depth," dated 1651. The builder of the Louvre placed upon one of the gateways a Latin line, which has been thus rendered :-

> May this famed fabric stand until the day That o'er the world its owner gains the sway.

But, for the present, we must suffice ourselves with the examples we have given in Great Britain.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

JULY.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS," ETC.

"The beauty of holiness,"-PSALM XXIX. 2.

At her fairest and her best
Every flower and plant that grows
In its brightest colours drest,
Woods in leafy wealth arrayed,
Lordly rushes straight and tall,
Ferns and grasses in the glade;
Wondrous beauty crowns them all.

But when summer days are gone, Summer beauty fades away, And chill autumn follows on In its robes of sober grey, Dry leaves hide the forest walks, Rushes lose their lordly air, Flowers are withering on their stalks, All is dead that was so fair.

And our beauty is as frail
As the grace of tree and flower;
Strength may leave us, sight may fail,
Beauty vanish, in an hour!
But there is a wondrous grace
That can fade not, nor grow less,
Beauty wherein all may trace
Something of Christ's holiness.

A WORD ABOUT BROTHERS.

BY A SISTER.



OU may just as well leave out the first letter r in your subject, and it will get its true name at once. Anybody who has had anything to do with it, knows all the world over that the word brother stands for bother."

So that is your opinion, is it? May I in return crave your atten-

tion for a quarter of an hour? Let me mention, in passing, that any hints as to managing these refractory members of households, have been learnt in the best school, the school of experience.

Sister-sufferers, my "firstly" is all yours! No need to waste words explaining the why and how of this daily cause of provocation. Our business now deals with remedies rather than with symptoms. I have noticed three distinct classes of sisters during my trot through life.

 The girl who makes her brother her first thought.

(2) The girl who makes him her last.

(3) The girl who lets him be in his proper place, midway between the North and South poles. For a few moments let us consider these.

The first sample we must all have met somewhere or other. From earliest childhood she has been trained to think that Tom, Dick, or Harry must be the household's first consideration. She is kept at home and put upon a bread-and-water education, because for Tom an expensive school is an absolute necessity. Later on nearly all the parents' hard-earned savings are sunk into the only son's start in life.

No matter if the boy idles away his time, "misses" examinations, and reaps whole harvestings of bills. No matter if the girl waits on at home, with the brain and energy that are lacking in the other direction. And the extra servant is dismissed, and the little household pinches, and scrapes, and contrives somehow to make both ends meet for Tom's sake. Yes, of course, all must be right if it is for his sake!

Young men, you don't know the daily sacrifices that go on for you at home! You don't guess how the mother stays awake half the night praying for her boy, till she hears the click of the latch-key in the door, and the heavy step stumble

up-stairs. Your sister's dress and bonnet are shabby, and you don't scruple to tell her so on Sunday morning. Not by a word or a look does she remind you that it is for your sake. That if she were to indulge in half the sum you squander away so pleasantly, the home would break up altogether.

Oh, these sisters! who will go through fire and water, and try to look as if they liked it, will they never learn a deeper lesson?—that we cannot spare people pain in the long run by always coming as a shield between it and them. Sooner or later, the most selfish must feel; and you will find you cannot interpose then. "Not from pain, through pain," our Father leads us. Is our love greater than His?

But we must go on to our second type, and we are bound to admit there are far too many of them in the world.

The girl whose brother is her last thought in life. Anything will do for Dick! So she wears her dowdiest dress and most unbecoming manner when she is only expecting him to spend the evening. Though whenever he can be of any personal use, she condescends to put up with his attendance, often not too graciously.

We have not far to look before we discover there are selfish sisters in the world, as well as selfish brothers. And oh, believe me, girls, it is far, far worse to be a selfish woman than a selfish man; because all her training and instincts teach a woman to think of others, whereas a man has to fight his way through the world, and so must necessarily use up a good deal of consideration upon his unworthy self.

This part of our subject is too unpleasant to dwell upon. We won't go into any further detail, because we are sure any girl reading these pages will begin from this moment to be what in her heart of hearts she wants to become, and admires most in others.

What about the third instance of sisterhood? You would like to know if you belong to this grade yourself, perhaps. You think you do, but are not quite sure. Well, let me ask you a few questions.

Do you serve God first, and your brother next, yourself last?

Are you always ready with a soft answer and behindhand with a rough?

Do you pray that you may "love as brethren, and be pitiful and courteous?"

Are you careful never to refer to past failings on his part?

Have you learnt to put yourself in his place when a difficulty arises?

Do you ever condone any wrong-doing, laugh at ill-directed jests, or admire religious doubts and harmful ways of living?

The answers to these questions will tell you far more than any analysis of mine could do.

Thirdly and lastly: What brothers are meant to be, and our part in the matter.

The word brother must have been thought highly of in old times, or it would never have been applied in the way Scripture uses it—"Closer than a brother;" "a brother was born for adversity," etc.; and if we may go a step further, the type chosen by the pattern of manhood Himself, the Elder Brother to those who do God's will.

They say those who have to go without a blessing, can generally describe best what that blessing should be; and so you girls who have always felt the want of a brother, tell us what you would expect from him?

"Love in the first place. An example of all that is good and noble. A profession I could admire, and at a great distance enter into. Sympathy for my troubles, and companionship in all I do."

In short, you would naturally wish him to be a manly man. Gentle and chivalrous towards women, a busy worker in the world's great hive, an elevating, widening influence to the home's narrow boundaries.

Why should he not be all this? Girls, who have brothers, answer!

I do not say you can change him, by wishing, into this ideal. Certainly, you won't scold him into it.

But let me whisper a secret, you who will listen. You can do much by *loving* (not licking!) him "into shape"!

Expect a great deal from him, and you will get it

For instance, never hesitate, without good cause, to ask him to ring a bell, fetch a book, arrange a chair or a cushion. But remember you must be willing on your part to do all the little offices that fall to a sister's share, promptly

and brightly. Take an interest in what he does. Never let him suppose for a moment that his experiences are beyond your mental outlook. I don't mean by this, assume a superiority of manner, as if you had a right to question and demand answers. Talk to him as if-what shall I say?as if he were that dear friend's brother with whom you held such delightful converse the other evening. When he returns from work, weary and irritated, don't rush into questioning; make him comfortable, give him well-cooked food, try to divert his mind, and as he would say, "the odds are" you will know all about the grievance before the evening is ended. Be careful what you say when he talks over his love affairs. Don't let him think it "doesn't matter" to break a girl's heart by paying her attentions that mean nothing beyond his own selfish amusement.

Give him yourself a lofty ideal of womanhood. Don't let him see you flirting, or make your shallow conduct an excuse for his, as showing him "girls are able to take care of themselves." Don't—and above all this, "don't"—let him think that "the King can do no wrong."

How many perfectly well-meaning sisters have stored for themselves bitter retribution by backing up all fraternal speeches and actions!

There is another point we may just touch upon—the so-called "social" subject of Drink—the temptation which few young men can pass through, and come out entirely unscathed from the ordeal. Where it is possible, set a good example by touching no "alcoholic beverages" yourself. I recall now to mind one sister who entered into a compact with her brother to try total abstinence. He was just beginning college life, and this expedient fully answered. Another sister's influence and example induced all her brothers to become total abstainers.

What these girls did cannot other girls do? Lastly—and a real lastly this time—never let your brother think he is dearer and more sought after by other sisters than his own.

Seek to understand your brother, and you will be understood.

MY MOTHER'S TROUBLE.

CHAPTER I.

OW many years had we lived together? I can searcely tell; for, when I look back, it seems like a quiet elysium, a land of dreams, where neither time nor care had any place. My mother was a widow,

and I was her only child; a spoilt child, our neighbours called me; but I did not trouble myself to inquire too curiously into the meaning of that obnoxious word. All I knew was that I was a happy child. I spent my life in the summer in running about the meadows round our cottage, in plucking wild flowers and chasing purple emperors and golden dragon-flies. Sometimes, I believe, I had lessons; but they were lessons of so lovely a sort that I could not weary of them. The winter had other enjoyments, and I have visions of roaring fires and cosy talks, and picture-books and stories and music, with the same dear face

that had accompanied me through my summer joys; a white and worn face, but always to me most beautiful, lit up by smiles of tenderness and sympathy.

I never wanted any other companionship than my

to rest, she was leaning over him with a look of tenderness that stung my jealous heart to the quick. I peeped in and saw this, and then I rushed up to my own little room, and flinging myself on the floor,



"'I was able to pray once more."-p. 538.

mother's; but of that, I fear, I was jealous; and my first awakening from the golden dreamland of child-hood was in the agony of trouble and sorrow that seized me when I realised, one day, that I was not the only object of her affection,

A change had just come into our life. Up to this we had been alone; but my mother had accepted the charge of a little boy, then about five years of age, whose mother was dead and whose father lived in India. He had arrived, and I, being of an age to understand the desolateness of his position, and being woman enough to delight in the idea of having a child much younger than myself to play with and patronise, welcomed him warmly. But my pleasure was of short duration, for Dick was to me anything but an interesting child. Had I been older, his pale fair little face, lit up by large, dark, liquid eyes, would have awakened my admiration; I would have understood why he was so quiet and dull, and would have done everything I could think of to comfort and help him. As it was, his languor, his impatience, his determination not to be friendly or amused, and his constant fretfulness, had a most irritating effect upon me. Before he had been more than two days in the house, I had spoken sharply to him several times, and I could not understand or appreciate my mother's constant patience and serenity. Then came the angry, jealous suspicion to which I have referred. Since Dick entered the house I had, I persuaded myself, been thrust out from my mother's love.

For some time this feeling was at work within me, and at last, one day, I could control myself no longer. My mother and Dick were in the drawing-room. He was half asleep, and as she cooed a song to lull him

gave full vent to my grief and self-pity. It was late afternoon, and to this day I remember how the golden light of sunset shone in through my window, and how, as I grew weary of crying, and dropped off into a troubled sleep, it seemed gradually to fade, giving place to the scenery of my dream.

I dreamed I was in heaven, and that the face of my earthly father, whom I remembered, was close to mine. Even in my sleep I must have had a vague sense of trouble, for I held out my arms with a cry which rang strangely in my ears. It awoke me, and I knew that a real face, a face bathed in tears and very sorrowful, was keeping watch over my slumbers.

"What is the matter with my Elsie?" said the dear voice I knew. "It goes to my heart to see tears under her eyelids; and now dear little Dick has come—"

I interrupted rudely that I would not be happy because Dick had come, and that his coming had done all the mischief. But there I stopped in confusion, for my mother was looking at me, and there was a puzzled expression in her face, as if she thought her ears were playing her false.

"Is that it?" she said, at last. "Does my Elsie really think I have forsaken her? Ah, child, child, how little you know!"

As, blushing deeply, I hid my face in her dress, I did feel that I knew very little, indeed; and I begged for forgiveness, and promised, with passion, nevernever to be wicked and jealous again.

My mother smiled and kissed me; but I saw a thoughtful look in her face, as if she were trying to settle something with herself. That evening, after Dick had gone to bed, she called me to her, and made me sit down in my favourite seat, a low chair between her feet and the fire.

I was afraid she was going to speak about my outbreak in the afternoon, of which I was already most bitterly ashamed; but she did not. What she said was that she had a story to tell me. It was all about herself, and had to do with a great trouble which had come to her years ago. Would I care to hear it? Of course, I cried out with rapture that nothing would give me greater pleasure. A story, and a story about my mother's own life; something that she had seen and done! Could anything be more delightful?

"Only tell me," I said. "I will remember every word."

That promise I have kept. Years have passed over my head since I first heard the story of my mother's trouble, but its every word is as fresh in my mind as if I had only heard it yesterday.

CHAPTER II.

"I MARRIED for love," my mother began. "What that means my Elsie cannot understand now; but some day she will, I hope, understand it very well. Your father, who had one of the most beautiful faces

ingly hard for him to battle with the world. He had to do so, however, for although when we married he had made some little way with his pen, he could not by this means earn sufficient for our support, and it was by the advice of some of his wisest friends that he accepted a clerkship in the office of a merchant of the City of London. Knowing your father's retiring nature and his great dislike to any kind of roughness, either in speech or action, I was fearful how this might answer. But at first everything went well. There were only two other clerks besides himself, and the one with whom he had most to do, a cousin of my own, had almost as fervent an admiration for him as I had. The work also was not arduous, and the hours of work were short, so that in the mornings and evenings we could devote ourselves to literature. I say 'we,' because at such times I was always his companion. I sat by ready to listen if he pleased to read aloud what he had written. And sometimes he would ask for my opinion, or if he was in difficulty for a word or phrase, he would look to me to suggest one. Ah! Elsie, in spite of our poverty, those were happy, happy days, and when you, our little one, came to us, we thought we should be happier than ever. But even then the storm that so nearly wrecked us was gathering overhead.



"And told me the story of her trouble."-p, 538.

in the world, was as gentle and true as he was good to look upon; but, unfortunately for himself, he had what is called the poet's temperament, a retiring sensitiveness, that is to say, which made it exceed-

"I was lying in my bed one day, with you in a cot beside me, when your father came in, looking white and strange. I asked him what was the matter, but he begged me not to be alarmed. He was about to start on a long journey, he said; but he would either return himself, or send for me soon, and, in the meantime, there was money enough for my needs. You may be sure that this did not satisfy me. I pressed him with questions about the object of his journey, and the reason why it should be undertaken at this particular time; and at last I heard, to my horror, that things had been going wrong at the office, and that papers long missing, of great value and importance, had been found in your father's desk. He was sensitive, as I have said, and his training and habits of life had induced in him an extraordinary ignorance of the world and its ways. I was ignorant too, and neither of us knew how he ought to set about the task of clearing himself. My cousin, unhappily, had started for his holiday; your father could not, or would not, confide in any other friend. In spite of all I could say or do, he left his home that night.

"Elsie, even now I can searcely speak with calmness of the terrible days that followed. I was mad with sorrow; I was convulsed with pity and shame; I was distraught with bitter anxiety. Your father was innocent—that I knew. I knew also that to his sensitive fragile nature the task of facing his calumniators would have been worse than death. But the world did not know this. The world, that is ever harsh in its judgments, would consider his flight sufficient proof of his guilt. Suspicion would kill him. I should never see him again, and before you, our little one, was a shadowed life.

"In a succession of miserable thoughts the first few days of my trouble passed by. I was weak at the time, and day by day I grew weaker. The solitude preyed upon my spirits. I became morbid, sad, despairing. I could not think, I could not even pray. The moment came at last when I cried out to our Father to take me to Himself, since life was too hard and bitter to bear. Then one day, when my despair was at its deepest, there was a knock at the door, which made my heart leap, for I knew help and counsel were on their way to me.

"'That is my cousin, Mr. Meredith,' I said to the nurse. 'Let him come up at once, and do you leave us.'

"She obeyed me, and in a few moments my cousin Richard was by my bed-side. Never, never shall I forget how he spoke and looked that day. When he told me to take courage, when he made me promise, for the sake of my husband and child, to try and recover my strength, when he took my wasted hand in his and vowed to find my husband, to bring him back, and clear him befc 2 the world, I felt as if the wine of a new life were being poured into my lips. That night, my Elsie, I was able to pray once more. Nothing had changed. The cloud still hung over us. My cousin Richard might fail in his efforts; but the goodness of the earthly friend who

had come to me in my need, had opened my eyes and softened my heart. The good were the children of the world-Father, so I said to myself with tears; they did not forget those they loved in the hour of sorrow; and how could I think that forgetfulness was possible to Him?

"But I must hasten on with my story, for my dar-

ling's eyes are growing heavy.

"Your father had gone to Calcutta, to undertake, if he were not pursued and defamed, the editorship of a paper, which had a large circulation there; and on the very day after our conversation, my cousin Richard, having given up his employment in England, started for India. Two months later-I was then well and strong-he and the friend he loved so truly were on English soil again. I met them with good news. Strengthened by Richard's sympathy, and encouraged by his example, I, your father's wife, had not been able to remain inactive. As soon as I was well enough, I called upon the head of the firm your father had served, and he, moved by my very earnest entreaties, set a most searching inquiry on foot. I cannot enter into details; you could not understand them, nor am I sure that I am very clear about them myself. But the result was a complete vindication of your father's honour. Instead of undergoing the ordeal for which my cousin Richard had been trying to brace him, he was received by Mr. Green, the head partner, with expressions of apology and regret. To make atonement for our inconvenience and the expenses to which we had been subjected, he undertook the publication and advertisement of the book, which, as you have heard, made your father's fame, and enabled him to leave the work he disliked, and devote himself to the work he loved. My cousin Richard went afterwards to India, where your father's influence helped him, and, except for a few short holidays, he has lived there ever since."

So my mother's story ended, and when her voice dropped, there was a long silence. My face was covered with my hands, and I was thinking deeply. At last I said—

"Little Dick is your cousin Richard's child, mother."

"Yes, Elsie," she answered. "Do you wonder that I love him?"

"I will love him, too," I said, with flowing tears. I did love him, and he came, in time, to love me, and in our love some of my selfishness fell off from me. I was no more my mother's spoilt child. I was, or tried to be, her helper and comforter, and though I sometimes failed, I knew in my heart that I was on the road which leads onward and upward. Often, often, have I had reason to thank God that on this quiet afternoon long ago, my dear mother found me out in my petulant mood, and told me the story of her trouble.

C. Despard.



MIZPAH.

"The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another."-Genesis xxxi. 49.

OT yet between us, Lord! for that word's sadness
Telleth of separation's bitter woe,
And dark the cloud that shadoweth our gladness
In hearing the stern voice that bids us go.

Above us, Lord, keep watch a little longer!
While yet our hearts, with sweet tunultuous pain,
Beat through the silence, ever deep and stronger,
And tremble still to break the earthly chain,

Beside us watch Thou, when the parting hour Crushes the spirit with its untold weight;

And in the twilight yearning eyes lose power, Love struggling vainly against cruel fate.

Before us move, O Lord! each joy the sweeter— Each trouble softened by Thy tender care, Thus shall Thy light make our poor love completer, And all our love be hallowed by Thy care.

Then when the last long farewell has been spoken,
And yet Heaven folds but one in calm serene,
Grant to the mourning soul Thy blessed token,
One here—one There! dear Lord, watch then between!
ETHEL READ.

Thou art, O God, the Sife and Light.



When day, with farewell beam, delays, Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven, Those hues that make the sun's decline So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

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TRIBULATION, PEACE, AND VICTORY.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."—St. John XVI, 33.



E have here allusion to three things—tribulation, peace, victory—in all of which the believer has an interest. Tribulation in the world; peace in Christ; and victory over the world through Christ. This is good news indeed; and, the tribulation

notwithstanding, they who are able to receive it should—whatever their position in this world—

be of good cheer.

So far as this world is concerned, the Saviour anticipates for His disciples a dark and troubled future. He knows that manifold afflictions are awaiting them. He seeks to prepare them for the coming time of trial by reminding them of those great and changeless sources of strength and consolation which will be ever within their reach. In the commencement of this chapter He tells them plainly what they may expect. "They-the representatives of an adverse world, in the midst of which you are to live, and against the evil of which you are to protest-will put you out of the synagogues—will excommunicate you; yea, the time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. These things have I spoken unto you that ye should not be offended, that by them ye should not be made to stumble in, or turn out of the way." In this last verse we have a further allusion to the tribulations which await them in the world; but here Christ mentions a nobler design which He has in view in thus communicating with them beforehand. In the first verse he says, "These things have I spoken unto you that ye might not be offended." Here he rises to a higher level, and says, "These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer-I have overcome the world." What can we wish for more than the assurance which is here given us-that, though in this world we may expect tribulation, in Christ we may have peace, because He has overcome the world?

We are here taught, that in this world we may expect tribulation. We are to lay our account with it, and not fancy that some strange thing is happening to us when it comes. There can be no doubt that our Saviour is here forewarning His disciples of the special circumstances of danger and distress in which they would be placed after His departure. We know how His words were literally fulfilled in their experience. The

world's hostility to Christ, which declared itself in so dreadful a form in His crucifixion on Calvary, very soon after declared itself in the bitter and untiring persecution of His Church. The disciples of Jesus soon found out that their avowal of attachment to Christ, and the publication of His name as the Son of God, and the One Saviour of men, meant, and could only mean, tribulation in the world. Had they been of the world, of kindred aim and spirit, the world would have recognised and loved them as its own; but because they were not of the world, but above it, and in many respects opposed to it, therefore the world hated them, and the hatred which at first existed as a sentiment soon went forth in the form of determined hostility and cruel and deadly persecution.

Since then, with longer or shorter intervals of absolute or comparative quietness, the enmity of the world has declared itself in different forms of hostility. But even where the world has learned to tolerate the Church, we cannot fail to see that it has not learned to love it. But when Christ, as here, says, "In the world ye shall have," or "ye have tribulation," the word may be fairly taken as covering much more than the exceptional tribulation inseparable from times of persecution; we may conceive of Him as thinking of that which is the continuing, the abiding condition of His Church in this world. And so we may accept these words which had a special meaning for those disciples, as having a meaning for us also.

Though we are happily free from persecution, yet it remains true to this day that in the world we have tribulation. Our path here will never be a perfectly smooth path, nor, however bright our day, shall we go far without passing under the chill shadow of some cloud. God's people cannot live long in a world like this without encountering something to trouble, to vex, to harass them. We shall find out that while the world has ceased to persecute, it has not ceased to tempt. We cannot live in a sinful world without being troubled, and the more we are in harmony with the Lord, the more shall we be out of harmony with the various forms of evil which exist around us.

As we listen to these words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," it is pleasant to think that our Saviour was not merely predicting a certainty, an inevitable necessity, arising we know not how; but indicating rather a divine and merciful ordination. We feel quite sure that He who saves us from sin, might immediately save us

from sorrow; that He who says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," might just as easily have said, "In the world ye shall not have tribulation." But He knows that we cannot do without tribulation—the gold must be purged from its dross, the wheat from its chaff—and Christian character strengthened, and purified, and made meet for its glorious destiny, by the painful discipline of sorrow. The afflictions, the tribulations of life are among the "all things"

which work together for our good.

But we are here taught something more, that in Christ we may have peace. Tribulation in the world, peace in Christ. Though disturbing influences prevail around us there is a region of peace into which we can enter, where the troubles of the world cannot follow us, and within which they can exercise no power. In a troubled world the believer has a peaceful and inviolable sanctuary ever within reach, a place where, disturbed by no storm, appalled by no terror, he can abide in perfect peace. "In the world," says Christ, "ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall

have peace."

He comes that we might have peace; this is His gift. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Now this word "peace," which was so often upon the lips of Christ, and which it was His prerogative to speak to the troubled heart, has a larger, richer, fuller meaning than many imagine. Christ comes to restore our nature, to supply our need, to heal our diseases, to set us right with God, to make us all that we should be; and thus He gives us peace-peace with God, peace of conscience, the peace of reconciliation, the peace of atonement, which is the foundation of all other peace. With this, and flowing out of this, there is the peace of satisfaction, the peace of security, the peace which results from the resting of the affections in God, the peace which results from the submission of the will to Godeverything really is involved in this one word "peace." "In Me," says Christ, "you have peace."

We must enter the region of peace, we must be "in Christ," our Restorer, to know what true peace is. A divine and satisfying peace, in the midst of a troubled world, is our abiding portion

if we are "in Christ," there-

We may smile to think God's greatness Flows around our incompleteness, Round our restlessness—His rest.

We should not overlook the idea suggested by the connection of these words, "These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace." His words are intended to convey peace to the believing soul. There is a connection between the word of Christ and the peace of Christ. We shall more and more enter into peace as we appreciate and receive His words; if His

words abide in us we shall abide in Him and be at peace. By "these things" which Christ has spoken of, we may understand all those things which He has presented to the view of His disciples in the wonderful and lengthened discourse which is here brought to a close, and they must have peace in Christ who believe and receive these things which He has spoken.

We are taught here that in a troubled and troublesome world we may have peace in Christ. because He has overcome the world. That which is here spoken of as Christ's victory over the world stands for the completion of His whole work. In this world we have tribulation, but we need not fear, we need not be disturbed when we are enjoying peace in Christ, because Christ is the world's Master, the world's Conqueror. He has overcome the prince of this world, He has overcome the power of this world, He has overcome the evil of this world. The victory was not at this moment actually gained, but He regards the victory as certain; He speaks of things that are not as though they were. He knows that presently He will spoil principalities and powers.

We have peace in Christ, though we are at war with the world, because we know that His victory is ours; and that as He has overcome and is set down with His Father on His throne, so shall we also overcome and sit down with Christ on His throne. Faith in Christ, the great Victor, is the secret of our victory over the world. There is a battle still to be fought, there are foes still to be resisted and overcome, but victory is certain; Christ's triumph includes within itself

the promise and pledge of ours.

As surely as He overcame And triumphed once for you, So surely you that love His name Shall triumph in Him too.

The practical conclusion which we are to draw from all this is evident. If what we have said be true—and we have stated but a small part of the truth—the conclusion is inevitable. We should be, in the presence of all the difficulties, discouragements, and troubles of life, of good cheer, full of courage and hope. The world has been conquered for us, and though it may continue to trouble, it cannot harm us, cannot even seriously disturb the peace we have in Christ, yea, the very troubles that we meet with in this world are over-ruled for our good, and constitute an important part of our earthly discipline. And we shall not be greatly disturbed by any of the things which we may have to encounter and endure here, if only we can hear the voice of our Saviour saying to us, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

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SUNDAY MORNING AT A CASUAL WARD.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.



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······ HE Whitechapel Road on Saturday night exhibits a scene of turmoil and confusion in many ways peculiar to itself. bustling crowd has its own strongly marked characteristics-a sprinkling of mariners from many lands; multitudes of Jews discoursing

in divers tongues; bewigged Jewesses, some brave with many-coloured apparel, others dirty as the street boys trotting in and out amongst them; honest men and their wives "marketing;" other men and women, palpably dishonest, rarely quite sober, rough in manner, and loud of speech. On every side there is noise and confusion; little else than evil sights and evil sounds. The Whitechapel Road on Sunday morning is by comparison another place. The bustling crowd is gone, represented now by only an occasional pedestrian; the shops are for the most part closed, and the flaring gas extinguished; the very air blowing down the street seems fresher than on week-day mornings. By ten o'clock the number of wayfarers has increased, and Whitechapel appears to be waking up. But still the almost unbroken array of closed shutters, and the comparative absence of traffic, suggests a Sabbath-like rest from ordinary labours.

Baker's Row is a by-street leading from the Whitechapel Road, a thoroughfare neither better nor worse than its neighbours. Amongst its own offshoots is a small street, a mere cûl-de-sac, nestling beneath the tall buildings of Whitechapel Infirmary. Nearly at its far end appears a doorstep, wider and whiter than its fellows. An official-looking bell hangs conspicuously by its side, and above the doorway appear the words

"CASUAL WARD."

One pull at the formidable bell on a cold January morning brought to the door an aged pauper with the listless look peculiar to his class. The Superintendent's office, whither his shuffling steps conducted "the minister," was of very circumscribed area. No more than two or three visitors could at any time have been accommodated therein, and then the apartment would have been uncomfortably crowded. There on the desk behind the little window lay the slate on which the casuals' names are first entered, with the Unions to which they belong. Side by side was the huge ledger-like volume, into which these details are subsequently copied. A small line of loaves, flanked on one side by a Dutch cheese, and on the other by a cutting-knife, suggested the scanty preparations for the casuals' midday meal.

Preceded by the Superintendent we entered the men's ward, now prepared in a rough and ready way for divine service. Down the entire length of the room stretched the four lines of iron rails to which, raised but a foot from the ground, their simple beds are attached at night. These had now been all unstrapped, and formed a symmetrical stack, of small compass, in a distant corner. The wooden floor had been scrubbed until it approached that ideal state of cleanliness indicated by the possibility of eating one's dinner Now there stretched from side to side forms of equal whiteness, and a small desk of obtrusively new deal, and the very simplest construction, awaited the speaker.

"Shall I send them up, sir?" asked the

Superintendent.

"Yes, if everything is ready," was the answer. And then the inmates-confined for the day under the operation of the new law affecting

casuals-came trooping in.

Some half-dozen women led the way, headed by a worn and faded figure, suggestive of long and varied experience in such places. Behind her came a young girl, whose ragged and dirty clothing hung loosely from her attenuated frame. Her boots were many sizes too large, and clattered loudly upon the boards as she walked. Her face was clean, thanks to the compulsory bath; but what miserable experiences of hardship and sin were suggested by the cunning eyes and prematurely aged expression of the features! Two or three older women, hugging ragged shawls to their breasts, closed the procession of female casuals.

Then came the men, and ranged themselves in comparative silence upon the wooden benches. They fumbled at their hymn-books with the clumsiness of persons to whom the occupation was unusual, casting the while critical glances at the speaker. Whilst they were settling themselves for the service, one had an excellent opportunity of observing their faces and rags.

On the extreme right of the first form sat a casual who, if neatly dressed and trimmed by the hair-dresser, would have struck any observer as a man of education and intelligence. Never once, whilst coming in or going out, or whilst the service lasted, did he lift his eyes from his book or the floor. But the head was massive and well formed; the broad sweep of the white brow was overhung by masses of shining black hair; a long and much neglected beard nearly hid the absence, which a side view made sufficiently apparent, of any shirt or collar. His dress was a black frock coat of fashionable cut,



"The body of sound was full and cheering."

but now greasy with long wear, torn in several places, lacking an occasional button, and bursting at one of its seams. Beneath it appeared a pair of black trousers, frayed at the edges, and splashed thickly with mud, like the garments of one who had tramped many weary miles.

The immediate neighbour of this strange casual was one of those figures so familiar in London suburbs, or in towns where a generous display of rags and dirt is a sure passport to largess in money or kind. The man's uncut hair hung in lank grey locks upon a pair of round shoulders, and the flowing beard would not have disgraced a Jewish Rabbi. His coat was a garment of singular shape and nature. Its original material was now doubtful, owing to the number and extent of the patches it bore; buttons had been dispensed with, probably as being articles beyond the wearer's scanty resources, and some four or five loops of stout twine brought the garment together across the chest. The boots he wore were in thorough harmony with the rest of his They were obviously not a pair, but rather suggested the idea that the owner had found or been presented with one superior boot, and had thereupon cast away one of the original pair in its favour. The right foot was well covered, and looked equal to the exclusion of rain and mud, but its fellow was an old traveller, a large boot, designedly cut in more than one place, and falling to pieces from sheer decay in others—a dilapidated shell from which the wearer's toes were obtrusively sprouting.

There were many other men amongst the company whose appearances suggested melancholy reflections. How came that burly, florid labourer to be seated amongst those professional tramps? His was not the counterfeit air of your town vagabond who assumes the rôle of a distressed agriculturist for his own business purposes. There was no mistaking the genuine character of his dress and looks. Had he left a wife and children in the country, and walked up to London, as so many do, in expectation that nobody willing to work could fail there to find a "job"? Had he, after applying for work in all directions, found every avenue of the labour market crowded with applicants as needy, but as willing as himself, and then-his carefully husbanded resources at last gone—had the pangs of hunger driven him to the Casual Ward? Possibly so; such cases are of every-day occurrence. The idea that in London any man can find work, if he is willing, is one based on imagination rather than fact. It is, unhappily, an idea which brings hundreds of men to London, many of whom rapidly lose heart and join the ranks of paupers or criminals. The blame of this is often laid upon clergy and magistrates in the country. But the charge may possibly be false.

Just under one window sat a young man, little

more than a lad, dressed in a faded tweed suit, and with a look of blank despair on his face. Was his the old story of some rash misdeed whereby a good name had been lost, and a family brought to shame? Just such a young man I had seen taken from this ward two years before, and sent to sea; only to learn some months later that his ship had been wrecked, and his life lost upon the first voyage. Nearly every common lodginghouse in London has amongst its occupants lads and young men, sometimes of good birth and education, whose stories are practically identical.

The main body of the casuals consisted of the professional element—men who were vagrants by inclination, whose acquaintance with this and other wards was probably co-extensive with their experience of London and provincial gaols. Behind the speaker's desk sat the Superintendent and his neatly-dressed wife, representatives of that world of uprightness and good repute from

which their prisoners had fallen.

Whilst we had been looking up and down their ranks the congregation had laboriously found the first hymn, a few of the more uneducated receiving assistance from their neighbours. Then we all stood up, and passers-by might have heard from within the gloomy ward the sound of "Come, let us join our cheerful songs." As far as the singing went there was no mockery in that opening line. Perhaps they sang as a welcome relaxation: at all events, the body of sound was full and cheering, and even the unmusical amongst them growled out some inharmonious setting of the words.

After this hymn, and a word or two of application suggested by some of its lines, we commended ourselves and the meeting to God. During the prayer we heard no noise from the congregation. There may have been open eyes and wandering thoughts, but, after all, such things are not exclusively confined to Casual

Ward services.

After the prayer came another hymn, and then a passage of Scripture was read and commented upon at length in language suited to their comprehension. They listened, did these men and women of poverty and sin, with perhaps more than the attention of an ordinary congregation. There was no studied attitude of devotion, no conventional air of propriety; but yet no sign of abstracted attention. Their look was that of persons who were willing to believe the tidings to be of extreme importance to themselves, but still despaired of any practical application of these truths in their own case. After the habitual indifference to such subjects has been overcome with these hearers, there yet remains in their hearts an utter hopelessness of any change being possible in their own lives. It was when one handled facts, and spoke of men one had known who had been raised from similar depths of sin

to their own, that their interest grew deeper, and a ray of hope seemed to shine into some hearts.

The address or sermon over, we sang together the familiar hymn "There is a Fountain filled with blood." The singing was even more general this time, but my hearer in the front row—he of the broad brow and air of a lost position—still stood with bent head and firmly closed lips.

After a few words of comment upon the hymn, and another short prayer, our meeting came to an end. Then one by one the casuals filed out, casting hungry glances into the little office, where the aged pauper in worn corduroy suit was slicing up the yellow Dutch cheese for their approaching

dinner. In another room, and almost in semi-darkness, they passed the rest of the day, talking over past exploits or future plans, telling or listening to childish stories eagerly called for, listlessly turning the leaves of some periodicals supplied for their use, or laboriously spelling out their contents. In the evening came a supper of dry bread—their only meal since the bread-and-cheese dinner—and then bed-time. With the next day's light came more labour, then an end of their toil, and freedom again—liberty to pursue their chequered paths and accept or reject the Gospel message heard that day in the Casual Ward.

to

ca

FLOWER LESSONS.

TREFOIL.

HREE leaflets in my hand I hold,
And yet I know there are not three;
Alone each doth itself unfold,
Yet all are joined inseparably.

Within me is a trinity,

Formed of the heart, the soul, the mind,
Though separate each one of the three,
I am, man is, the three combined.

The universe three Spirits fill, The Father, Holy Ghost, and Son; Though each exists alone, one will Binds these three Spirits into one.

The Father, of the world is soul;
The Son, the living loving heart;
The mind to comprehend the whole,
The Spirit; each of God is part.

May the most perfect unity

My heart and soul and mind pervade,
To serve that glorious Trinity

After whose likeness we are made.

DOUBLY BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII .- SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.



UT Carina did not explain. Two interruptions prevented her from doing so.

She had opened her lips to reply to her son, quite undecided as to what she should tell, and what she should leave untold, when a servant entered with a letter which the postman had forgotten to deliver in the morning.

And then, almost immediately, Helen came softly into the room, and seating herself near to the fire,

took a screen, ostensibly to shield her pale face from the heat, but really that no one might see that she had been shedding "weak foolish tears."

"Is your head better now, dear?" inquired Carina, as she broke the seal of her letter.

"Yes, thank you, dear mamma," answered the low rich voice.

Bernard glanced towards her. He was standing—still frowning unamiably—on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"You ought to have told me that you had a headache, Helen; and then, of course, I would not have allowed you to read."

"I like reading, and my head did not ache then," replied Helen, quietly and gently; carefully keeping her sercen up still, and giving no look in his direction.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. Bernard spoke again, less querulously—

"I am sorry I was so stupidly impatient," he said, rather stiffly. "I am afraid I am not naturally of a

very patient or grateful disposition. Mother," turning to her, "I think I have been at home too long. I can never do anything here. My idea of becoming a painter will never advance beyond a mere dream of what might be, unless I bestir myself. I should like to get away from here."

Carina interrupted him, at the same time putting the letter, which she had been reading, into his hands.

"There, then, Bernard! Wishes are not often so quickly fulfilled, I think!"

They were gone—Carina and her son. Helen had elected to remain behind; and, for some reason or other, Carina had appeared quite satisfied to leave her.

The letter had been from Bernard's grand-aunt, Mrs. Pallister, a widow, and his godmother, Miss Spencer, jointly, asking mother and son (and Helen also, if she pleased) to come and spend a week with them, and to give them advice and assistance in some business matter concerning property at a distance, and also in altering their wills.

It was no new request. The two old ladies were constantly imagining themselves in little difficulties respecting their possessions; and they seldom allowed more than two years to pass over their heads without entirely remodelling their wills.

They lived together, and had done so for years, just outside a dingy busy manufacturing town many miles from fresh breezy Wyntoun-by-Sea.

They were both rich, and in their later wills the bulk of their property had been left to Bernard Brand.

Carina had from time to time, ever since Helen could remember, paid them short visits, and more than once Helen had accompanied her.

The time passed quickly; for Helen was youngs and in good health, and moreover, she never lacked occupation.

Ten days had gone by.

Helen sat at her solitary breakfast, with a letter in her hand.

"I am glad!—oh, so glad!" she murmured softly.

For the letter she held—though it made not the smallest mention of Bernard—said, among other things—

"We shall, all being well, arrive early in the evening."

And that one word "we" was worth all the rest of the letter to Helen; for Bernard, before his departure, had avowed his entire indecision as to whether, on leaving Mrs. Pallister's, he would return home with his mother or not. He might go to London, he said, and stay there for some time, and paint more diligently than he had ever done yet.

And Helen had realised during his absence, afresh—for of course he had often been away before—how dull and empty the house was without him. And she had feared and grieved, in secret, lest months

might elapse—possibly even years !—before his home would receive him again.

But now this shadow was for the present lifted from her heart. And she spent a happy, busy morning, hastening blithely about, and helping with her own hands to set everything in exact and loving readiness for the reception of the two who were dearest in all the world to her.

And then she arrayed herself in a dress which Bernard had once condescended to admire—and, sitting down to her piano, she played sweet wild melodies, of her own composing, and presently she began to sing, one after another, Bernard's favourite songs.

Her beautiful voice floating through the house—now rich and full, now low and soft and sweet—sounded a welcome to Carina and her son, as they presently entered, in the winter afternoon twilight.

Helen sprang up, and ran out into the hall, on hearing them, and was affectionately kissed by Carina, but—what was the matter with Bernard? His countenance was fuller of gloom and anger than Helen ever remembered seeing it; and her heart sank again, and she heaved a little patient sigh within herself. Her joy had been but short-lived. Would it be always so? she wondered.

Tea was over, and Carina was lying luxuriously back in her low cushioned chair, and resting after her journey. Her long blue cloth dress fell in easy folds around her, her hands were crossed on her lap, and her eyes were fixed sometimes on Helen's pretty work (a shawl of soft blue Shetland wool, which she was making for Phœbe Basset), but oftener on the young girl herself; and Carina's mind was, without doubt, very busy, though her body was resting.

Bernard was sitting by the table with a newspaper in his hand, which hid his face,

Helen had not, as yet, ventured to ask any very particular questions as to their visit, for there was something also in Carina's manner which she did not quite understand; something which seemed, Helen thought, to partake equally of triumph and vexation.

They had all been silent for some time, when Helen at length mustered courage enough to say, with just a little tremble in her voice—

"I hope, dear mamma, that 'the wills' are still favourable to Bernard?"

"O yes," rejoined Carina, promptly. "He is still to have all—or at least three-quarters! And I think that he should consider himself a fortunate man!"

Bernard moved impatiently, then east away his newspaper.

"All!" he repeated. "Yes, truly, but saddled with a condition, which——"

Carina gave him a warning look, then suddenly started up from her comfortable position.

"Oh, I meant to have told Fanny about——"
And she hurriedly left the room, without finishing her sentence.

Bernard rose from his chair, and, taking the poker, vented his unexplained displeasure upon the fire stirring, and poking, and banking, until at last a live coal flew out, and lighted upon Helen's work. and before she could disentangle it from among the soft blue meshes, it had burned four or five large holes.

Bernard stood, with sincerely repentant face—to do him justice—looking down upon the ruin he had wrought.

but she did not see it. And next he threw himself into his mother's chair, close to her.

" Helen!

She glanced up from her work; and there was a little surprise in her brown eyes at his tone.

"Yes, Bernard,"



"She began to sing, one after another, Bernard's favourite songs."-p. 517.

"I suppose I have quite spoiled it, Helen?"

"Oh, no!" she returned, in her gentle, cheerful, equable way. "I can soon put it all right again. Never mind, Bernard. A coal will fly out like that sometimes, even when the fire is not touched."

He smiled slightly, as though in spite of himself,

And then she looked down again, and went on busily cutting out the brown unsightly burns, and getting her unfortunate work ready for reparation.

"I don't think that any woman in the whole world could have a sweeter temper than you have!"
Was it really Bernard who had said that? He

was by no means in the habit of paying compliments. A bright warm blush coloured Helen's cheeks, and she bent yet lower over the blue wool and the brown burns, and had absolutely nothing to say in reply.

"I wonder how long it would remain what it is, if—" He paused.

Still she said nothing.

"Suppose," he recommenced presently, "that you were to be tried with the constant companionship of such a wretched temper as mine for the remainder of your life. I wonder whether yours, before many years, would not have become its counterpart?"

Helen could not help thinking that the companionship had been pretty constant already; and she might have added (though she did not, even in thought) that it was one which had given her many a heartache.

"Say, Helen, what do you think?"

Once again the brown eyes glanced up. She had not read any second meaning in his question,

"No, Bernard," she returned; giving her attention then to her work again; for some strong feeling had suddenly made her eyes fill. "I do not think," speaking hesitatingly, "that companionship with your temper would alter my own. Yours is not so bad as you would have people believe; and mine is not so good as—as you say; but such as it is, I daresay it would remain."

Before the end of this little speech, Helen had recovered her composure,

"Helen!"

"Yes."

"Will you try me?"

Really startled now, Helen let one of her needles fall.

"I think I do not understand you, Bernard," she uttered timidly, as he, with somewhat unwonted politeness, picked up and restored the needle.

"Will you try me and my temper for life? Will you be my wife?"

She could not plead any want of comprehension now. Yet she could not believe but that, in some way, her hearing must have played her false. If not, surely the shadows had lifted again, and sunshine bathed all the future with hope, and brightness, and beauty.

"Oh, Bernard! No! I am not good enough for you!"

And, in utter confusion, she strove to continue her work; but her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely hold it.

Bernard watched her—a little coldly, a little gloomily, even now.

"You are too good!" he said emphatically. And then, impulsively, as well as a little impatiently, he laid his hand on her work, and withdrew it again. "You have not yet really answered me, Helen."

He bent towards her, and her eyes shyly met his.

"Will you be my wife?"

She turned her head away with a whispered "Yes;" and he took her hand in his,

"Thank you," he said, quietly.

And at that moment Carina entered.

And Helen, with her whole heart and mind in a tunult of surprise and joy, forgot that Bernard had given her no lover's caress—had not even told her that he loved her.

Seeing at a glance—and a very satisfied glance it was—the state of affairs, Carina was retreating again, when Bernard said—

"Come and thank Helen, mother; she has promised to become my wife."

But the clouds came again, and only too quickly.

Bernard wished that the wedding might be soon, and his mother wished it also, and pressed Helen to agree to an early day. But he was a cold and indifferent lover; and, in less than a week after the engagement, he set out for London on some business connected with his pictures.

Carina best knew what explanations she had thought proper to give him, and what persuasions she had made use of, while they had been at Mrs. Pallister's together. As yet, she considered that she had done well, especially as Bernard had freely owned that he had never yet seen a woman whom he could think worthy of being put before Helen.

And Helen bore his absence and his cold short letters as best she might. The day was not far distant now when she would have a perfect right to accompany him whithersoever he went, and to make her home wherever his might be. Surely, she would be happy then!

"What was the condition, relative to the bestowal of their property, which Mrs. Pallister and Miss Spencer introduced into their latest wills, mamma?" inquired Helen, as the two ladies sat together one cold afternoon, sewing upon some pretty and tasteful morning dresses, which were a part of Helen's neat and well-chosen trousseau.

"I cannot tell you that, my dear," answered Carina, "for Mrs. Pallister and Miss Spencer made both Bernard and myself solemnly promise not to reveal it."

The wedding-day arrived. It was a very lovely one, in earliest spring.

And many a looker-on thought what a pretty wedding it was, and how cheerful and spring-like the light dresses looked, and the snowdrops and crocuses which the bridesmaids wore. And many a one noticed proud and triumphant Carina, in her becoming dress of lavender silk and white lace, and with her hair, fair and abundant almost as ever, crowned with a little bonnet of white lace, that was half-covered with white and blue violets.

And could any fault be found with the handsome bridegroom? He held his head high, and his manners were cold and proud; but so they had always been. And had not his mother held her head high before him? It was but his natural manner. Yet "manners are not idle," declares the poet.

Where, then, was the flaw? Not, surely, in the timid and gentle bride, in her white lace, and silk, and orange-blossoms? No; not in the bride's dress, but in her heart. Not in outward appearances; the apple had a fair outside; but there was a worm at the core.

For Helen had, even on this her wedding-day, begun to doubt. Strange that she had not done so before! Did Bernard really love her? And—would

she be happy?

Nevertheless, she strove resolutely to put her misgivings from her. And, as she laid aside her bridal robes, and donned her dark warm travelling dress alone in her own room once more—she turned the key of the door, and stood still for a moment to think,

"How foolish I am!" she said to herself. "Why should I not be altogether happy? I am sure that it will be my own fault if I am not. To how many women does the lot come that has come to me? And how is it that people are always looking back, or looking forward, regretting, or fearing, or hoping, but seldom, oh, how seldom! living quietly and happily in the present? . . . And how seldom is the present, if we could but leave past and future out of our calculation—really hard in itself! I will try."

But here she was interrupted by an impatient little rat-tat-tat at the door.

"My dear!" said Carina's voice. "Are you nearly ready? Bernard is waiting. And you must not risk losing your train, you know."

CHAPTER IX .- A SORROWFUL DAY.

"Here is Helen, then, Miss Spencer," said Carina, with proud smiling pleasure, as her daughter-in-law entered the room, after a long afternoon spent among the poor of Wyntoun-by-Sea, in company with Phœbe Bassett.

Scarcely more than six weeks had elapsed; but in that short time Helen had greatly changed, though very possibly in many respects imperceptibly to a daily observer like Carina, with whom it had been decided quite readily by all concerned that the young couple should make their home.

Helen had always been quiet and gentle, but she was much quieter and gentler now. There had always been a pensive melancholy in her dark eyes; it had deepened to sadness since her marriage.

But Bernard had not called her temper sweet without reason; and though he had not, even in these early days, shown himself an attentive husband, his young wife had never once uttered or even looked a reproach.

There was, too, a simple dignity and reserve about Helen, which prevented her from betraying by her manner, even to Carina, whether or not she felt very keenly her husband's cool behaviour.

Bernard was now absent; he had been away a week. He was making haste to finish a picture which he wished to exhibit, and consequently had not asked for Helen's company. Therefore she remained at home with Carina.

But she had determined within her sorrowful heart not to despair, and to try to win her husband's warmer affections by patience, rather than by any exhibition of anger, or vexation, or wounded pride.

During her absence this afternoon, two visitors, namely, Mrs. Pallister and Miss Spencer, had unexpectedly arrived.

But they had only come to spend a day, on their way to the house of some friend, with whom they had been invited to stay.

"And to see the bride!" Miss Spencer had just added, as Helen appeared.

Carina and Miss Spencer stood by the French window. Mrs. Pallister had just stepped outside, and round the house, in order to admire the early pinks and pansies.

Miss Spencer was a small thin old lady, with a neat little figure, attired in a dress as neat, and a pleasant little winter-apple face, set in a front of grey curls.

The evening passed simply and pleasantly enough, the two old ladies chatting happily over their knitting, which they always carried with them wherever they went; and Carina and Helen doing their best to entertain them.

And then the little party separated for the night. And Helen went to rest, glad of solitude, and with the weight of hope deferred about her heart that seemed always there now.

She lay, quietly wakeful, listening to the chiming and striking of the old church clock, and then to the quicker lighter strokes of the clock in the hall. One after another the hours rang out, and the grey dawn had already begun to peep through the curtains before she fell asleep.

No dream came to warn her that the day that had risen would be to her one of the saddest in her history.

She slept but an hour or two, and then rose early, for she heard Miss Spencer's voice in the garden, and she hastened down.

But the happy little old lady was only talking to the cat, who was purring along in high delight at her side, and at every step rubbing her furry coat affectionately against the hem of Miss Spencer's short dress, which was made without flounce or trimming of any kind.

"Good morning, my dear! What a charming morning! We are in the habit of rising early, and I hope you will excuse us. But Maria is not quite ready yet. And I don't know that I am sorry, though it is not polite to say so, for I wanted a little talk with you, my dear."

Helen pleasantly expressed her readiness to listen to anything that Miss Spencer might have to say, little knowing what was coming.

There were a few sentences of unimportant preface, and then the old lady continued—

"And so you see, my dear, that we are thinking of altering our wills again-rather sooner than usual, this time! But, of course, while people live, and have their intellect, their ideas ought to advance with the age; and, as every one knows, opinions are always changing. Maria and I agreed that it would be just as well to talk it over with you, you understand? as well as with Mr. Brand and his mother. And, you see, my dear, when we came to consider, we remembered that there was the fortune which your father left to Mrs. Brand, and which she had determined should in justice come to you, whether you married her son or not. Though it is, perhaps, not such a very large fortune, it certainly is not a small one; and we thought-Maria and I-that at any rate it would be amply sufficient for you and Mr. Brand !'

The old lady paused, and stooped to stroke the loudly purring cat; and also she was endeavouring to collect her thoughts, and to marshal them into something like order. So far, Helen had listened, feeling rather bewildered.

"I hope I shall be able to make it all plain to you, my dear," Miss Spencer now continued, having remarked, perhaps Helen's slight', y puzzled expression, "so that you may not feel hurt, you know. You were not told, I believe—at least, we begged of Mrs. Brand not to mention it to you, till we should see how things turned out—that in the last wills we made—Maria and I—we left everything to Bernard Brand on condition that he married you. His mother was very anxious that he should do so, and I daresay he was by no means unwilling!" with a little smile at Helen, whose heart was suddenly giving such violent pulsations of surprise and indignation that it was only by the strongest effort that she could retain her self-control, and preserve her appearance of quiet attention.

"So you see, my dear, that as things are, Maria and I have decided"—Miss Spencer was concluding somewhat hurriedly—"that the hospitals, and places of that kind, stand more really in need of bequests than ever you or Bernard are likely to do. But you are looking rather pale, my child," in a kindly, anxious tone. "You are not used to walking in the early morning air, and before your breakfast, I daresay? How thoughtless of me! Oh, here is Maria! I have told her everything, Maria!"

Helen struggled yet more sternly for self-possession, and, greeting Mrs. Pallister to all appearance as calmly and naturally as she had done the evening before, she presently, pleasantly enough as it seemed, gave both ladies to understand that she considered that they had certainly an undisputed right to do as they would with their own property.

A few minutes passed, and then Mrs. Pallister—short, stout, and with round rosy face, just a little bit important in its expression, said—

"But, come, Louisa! what will Mrs. Brand think of us? We must go in! We are keeping breakfast waiting, I should not wonder!" They entered the house; and there, at her table, sat its mistress, in her fresh morning dress—a violet-and-white cambric, and in her pretty lady-like head-dress. Her face had its usual set delicate colour, and her eyes their usual bright expression, half-imperious, half-pleasant. Carina, her friends often declared, never would look old.

With smiling patience, then, she was awaiting her guests, and also—but this they did not know—she was watching for the postman. She expected a letter from Bernard this morning, to say when he intended to return.

Seats were taken, and Carina attended assiduously to the comfort of her visitors; and they chatted on as industriously as ever, enjoying a well-prepared breakfast at the same time. And Helen's silence and want of appetite happily passed unnoticed.

The moment the meal was concluded, she escaped to her own room, and passionately uttered aloud words that had been repeating themselves in her mind for the last half-hour.

"This, then, was the condition!"

Then she threw herself upon her bed, only to spring up again immediately, and to pace the room.

"This, then, was the condition! And Bernard had no love for me—none! And he only married me for the sake of money!"

A sort of dry inarticulate sob came here; but there was no sign of tears in the brown eyes. Hard and stern, instead of soft brown eyes they were just now

"He looked down upon me," she murmured on, "for I heard him say almost as much once, as the daughter of a village schoolmistress! Oh, mother! darling mother, whom I never knew! why did you not remain a schoolmistress? Why, O why? but no! this is wicked! O how can I bear it? What have I done, that I should be so shamed—so humbled!" "Helen!"

It was Carina who called, in a quick harsh voice, totally unlike her usual smooth pleasant tones.

"Yes, mamma!" and Helen laid her hands on her beating heart, and strove with all her strength to calm herself again.

The door was tried impatiently: Helen had locked it, "Can you not admit me, child?" very sharply still. "I wish especially to speak to you at once. I have a letter from Bernard."

Helen had opened the door, and as Carina concluded her sentence, she was standing within the room; and Helen's eyes were devouring the outside of the letter which Carina held between her firm fair fingers.

"Not for me, mamma?" wistfully.

"No!" yet more sharply. "It is for me. But you shall read it! Ungrateful, unhappy boy! But he must—he shall come home!"

"Mamma!" faintly, "may I have the letter?"

Carina thrust it into her hand.

"Be prepared for its utter ingratitude, be prepared for disappointment, my poor child!"

And Carina's voice trembled suddenly; and the next moment there were two bright tears standing in her eyes.

But Helen did not see them. Eagerly she was running through that hard cold letter, which said that Bernard had made up his mind to go abroad at once, and for an indefinite period; which said (in effect, if not in words) that his young wife was nothing to him, and that he desired neither her affection nor her company; which said, too, that he had determined to make his own way, his own name, and his own fortune; and that, having done this, it was just possible that at some future day he might return. There was scarcely a mention of Helen.

She did not swoon or cry on finishing the letter, but, almost unconsciously letting it fall from her nerveless fingers, she allowed herself to be folded in Carina's arms, and held close to her heart.

And there the two sat in sad silence. Carina was quietly crying, but Helen did not know it. She (Helen) had thought a short ten minutes ago that her sorrow had been deep and bitter indeed, but was it not deeper, bitterer now?

At last Carina swallowed her tears, and steadied her voice.

"It is ill meddling with destiny," she said, both sternly and sadly. "I have tried it, and lost—my only child; and you, poor girl! have lost your husband. I am a wicked woman! Will you ever forgive me, Helen?"

For answer, Helen lifted her cold white face, and kissed Carina tenderly.

CHAPTER X .- A LONELY NEW LIFE.

A FEW weeks later.

It was a bright June morning. How the intervening time had passed, Helen could scarcely have told.

Carina, in anger, would not allow her son's name to be so much as mentioned; but Helen knew that she, nevertheless, fretted constantly in secret at his loss.

Helen sat before a small writing-table, pen in hand, and paper before her; but she had not written a line yet.

"I think I am right," she murmured. "And I have not decided hastily. If I go away, he will come back to his mother, who has no one but him, and to his home. And as for me, I have the money which my mother left me, not much, but quite enough; and it does not much signify what becomes of me."

And now she suddenly began to write; hastily, almost illegibly the words were traced; and tears, blinding tears, fell, and blotted them. It was her farewell letter to Carina,

"Good-bye, darling mamma," she wrote. "You will miss me a little just at first, but after that, you will, I daresay, have Bernard back again. He will come when I am gone. And then you will not

mind. And I will come again—just to see you—two years next October 16th; which you will remember because it is your birthday."

There was very little more; and she folded, sealed, and addressed the note, and laid it on the dressing table. And next she drew off her wedding-ring, and threading it on to a silken ribbon, tied the ribbon round her throat.

"I am only a wife in name," she said, with quiet bitterness. "When I am one in heart as well, I will wear my ring again, but not before."

Having put on her neatest simplest bonnet and mantle, and packed a few necessaries in a small hand-bag, Helen made her way down-stairs. Carina was out; she had gone to Old Wyntoun to visit a sick friend.

"Good-bye to all," uttered Helen softly, yet calmly, as she passed the threshold and stepped out into the fresh June morning, whose beauty and brightness seemed but to mock her.

She had her plan—though it was not perhaps very clear; but it was one which she trusted might open step by step before her as she advanced.

"My mother was a schoolmistress," she murmured to herself, as she passed out into the high road; "and so too will I be, if I can get any teaching to do."

She knew where she would go: to a place where she would not feel quite a stranger, or entirely at a loss, but where she yet would not be known, namely, to the dull manufacturing town of Leybridge, outside which Mrs. Pallister and Miss Spencer dwelt. She had always dearly loved the country, but now her saddened heart quite looked forward to leaving it and all its fair fresh loveliness behind. It would be something, too, to get away from pity and commiseration, for all in Wyntoun-by-Sea, as she believed, did commiserate her; for how could she help their seeing and knowing that her husband had gone away and left her, a wife of a few months, to live her life without him; and knowing this, how could they, with human hearts in their bosoms, do anything but pity her?

It was afternoon, Leybridge was reached, and Helen was in the very middle of the black grimy old town, far enough away from the neat and well-kept house on the outskirts, in which Mrs. Pallister and Miss Spencer resided.

Helen was walking along by the windows of some schools now, walking slowly, and listening to the hum of little voices, and glancing now and then at the small faces within. Very small faces and tiny forms, for this, as she soon saw, was the infant school.

She had passed the entrance two or three times—she felt a little undecided. Might she, a stranger, venture upon entering? she wondered.

At length, growing weary of pacing the hot unyielding pavement, she stopped, and knocked timidly at a door, just within a discoloured stone porch.

A little monitor opened it, and shyly ushered her

in, and soon she had been given a seat of honour at the schoolmistress's right hand.

And there she sat and rested, and watched, half dreamily, the varied doings of all those wonderfully Helen was presently shown the school-registers, etc., and more than once she came upon the mistress's signature, "Aubrey Carlton."

"What a pretty name!" thought Helen. And



"'Thank you,' he said, quietly."-p. 549.

busy little "babies," as she styled them in her own mind. A hundred of them there were, at least, she thought, and probably more.

And covertly and carefully she also observed the schoolmistress,

She was a little below middle height, with a fresh pleasant face, full of truth and simplicity, and gentle kindliness. Six-and-twenty, perhaps, was her age:

then, as she sat there, far away from all she best loved, far away from all that had tried and troubled her for so long, a comforting day-dream came to her, which, however, was only a further unfolding of the vague plan which, as has been said, she had already formed.

"She would be a good friend!" she mused within herself with another glance at the young school:

mistress, as she put the registers on one side. "Suppose I could make my home with her, and help her in her work? Most likely she is lonely—perhaps as lonely as myself—and it would, possibly, be pleasant for her and for me if we could be really friends."

School was over, and the little scholars had all been dismissed. Only the young monitors, and a

teacher or two, remained.

"You are going home now?" said Helen, with a sort of gentle diffidence, as she rose from her chair, and stood beside Aubrey Carlton.

"To the schoolhouse," corrected the school-mistress.

"Oh, yes; I forgot. What a quiet happy life you must lead! I wonder if you would do me a great kindness?"

Aubrey's pleasant hazel eyes met Helen's in-

quiringly.

"It is a great deal for a stranger to ask; and I hope you will excuse me when I say that I do not wish to give my name. Would you be willing to give me a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter in your house, that I may not have to go into a shop?"

And readily enough came the reply. Aubrey would do as Helen wished, with pleasure.

Helen was greatly touched and gratified—so much so, that the tears came into her eyes.

"You are very good," she said, softly, "to a stranger."

And then something in the expression of Aubrey's face made Helen add, to herself—

"She is a Christian—like Phœbe Bassett."

And now they crossed the large schoolroom, Aubrey, of course, leading the way, and by an inner door entered the house. And Helen next found herself in a pretty, carefully-kept parlour, that showed a round table, covered with books, in the centre, a comfortable sofa before the two narrow white-curtained windows, and a small piano; and various other articles of furniture not so important. Also the neatly-papered walls were enlivened with numerous prints and pictures, illuminated texts, etc. etc.

"She is a Christian!" again thought Helen.

Through this room she was conducted up-stairs, and into a pleasant bed-room—pleasant, because it was neat and clean and comfortably, if simply, furnished—not because of its view, for its two windows looked out only upon a forest of chimneys.

How simple and homely—that is, home-like—it all

Here, too, the walls were covered with texts of Scripture, and verses of hymns.

And Helen's eyes presently fell on the following, in blue letters on a white ground, and in a pretty carved frame:—

And when it seems no chance or change From grief can set me free, Hope finds its strength in helplessness, And, patient, waits on Thee.

Many times she read it, and then, in silent thoughtfulness, made her way down into the parlour again. The books and a few simple ornaments had now been removed from the round table, and the teathings partly arranged.

h

"Do you remove your books for your own tea every evening?" asked Helen, gently.

And Aubrey replied as gently that she did not,

"Then, if you will allow me, I would so much rather have it, with you, just as you always do. Do please let me."

Aubrey hesitated for a moment; then quietly agreed, and, taking up the tray, was carrying it out of the room.

"May I follow you?" asked Helen, who felt an irresistible desire to peep behind the scenes, in order to learn all she could of Aubrey, before choosing her as a friend.

"O yes, please!" answered Aubrey.

And in a moment they were within the tiny kitchen, with its matted floor and deal table, its little dresser, its crackling fire and singing kettle.

The small window, looking out into a square paved yard, was open, and Helen was given a chair near it.

"O I could rest here!" she thought, longingly, "and the time would pass quickly. I wonder if she would let me stay! I am not a good Christian, like Phœbe Bassett—indeed, I am not quite sure whether I am a Christian at all; and I cannot hope to do anything great with my time. But it would be doing something if I could help even one of my sister women with her work in life—I who have done so little, hitherto."

But, meanwhile, a new view of things was being arranged for Helen's mental sight.

A clean white cloth had been spread over the little deal table; and then came the tray, with cups and saucers, etc.; and next Aubrey brought out and arranged bread and butter, and watercresses, and sweet biscuits. Also upon the tray lay three eggs, as yet uncooked.

Moreover, Helen now observed, with a slight feeling of surprise and disappointment combined, that there were *three* cups and saucers on the tray, and *three* small plates and knives.

"I am afraid," she said, as Aubrey stood near the fire, apparently waiting for water to boil in readiness for the eggs, "that I shall find myself more of an intruder than I had counted upon. You are expecting a friend?"

There was something, to Helen, a little inexplicable in the bright happy smile with which Aubrey replied.

"Yes," was all she said; but the momently varying expression of her face added volumes; and Helen's small new hope fell extinguished at once. Whoever this expected friend might be, it was very clear that he, or she, stood high with Aubrey, and had a sure and safe hold upon her heart—clear that there would be no room for any third person.

Aubrey was not lonely, then, as Helen thought she might be, and had no need of her friendship. No one seemed to have any need of it, she said to herself, bitterly, as with an unconscious sigh she rose from her chair.

"I am very sorry," she said. "Please excuse me for so thoughtlessly and selfishly thrusting myself upon you. I imagined that you would be quite alone. I think that, after all, I had better go, thanking you most sincerely for your kindness all the same."

"Oh, please do not!" Aubrey was beginning earnestly, and with disturbed troubled face, when there was a sound as of the closing of a distant door; and the bright happy expression flashed into her eyes again in an instant, and with a hurried "Excuse me," she hastened from the room, and Helen was left alone.

(To be continued.)

WAYS AND MEANS.

A MODERN PARABLE.

BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON.



EN for the most part were yet wrapt in slumber. The birds had carolled forth their hymn of praise for the light of another day, and the earth, in the beauty and freshness of early morning, like a tired child who seeks once more to slumber before obeying the call

to rise, rested quiet and still beneath the life-giving beams of the newly risen sun. The dew lay thick on grass and flower of a railway embankment, and hung in beads on the telegraph wires overhead, through which the morning breeze was playing with the sound of an Æolian harp, and the sun's rays shone brightly on the metal rails stretching away in dim perspective, and on a solitary engine in a grass-grown siding, the slight wreath of smoke which occasionally proceeded from its funnel showing that it had not long been deserted.

"So! the long and short of it is that I 've struck work! Such ingratitude, such want of appreciation, such lack, you may say, of even common politeness, I can submit to no longer; so there, I 've done it! As I said before, I 've struck work!" and the speaker's voice had a cold "metallic" self-satisfied ring which argued ill for the success of his opponent.

"Well, I suppose you know your own affairs best; but I really do not understand your grievance. You are well lodged, well cared for, your food is always sufficient and proportioned to the work required of you; what more can you ask?"

"Fed, lodged, cared for!" indignantly replied the first speaker, "that I may toil, and grind, and work for them! Yes, indeed! my employers can look well after their own interests in that respect, and then when the work is done, when I have fulfilled their purpose, what thanks do I get? Is my share in it recognised? If all goes well, is my name ever mentioned? You rails are smoothly laid or rough, the carriages comfortable or the reverse; but who ever praises or blames the engine! and I should just like to ask you where they would be without me, that's all!" and the question seemed so unanswerable that

the rail, from having been accustomed to be run down all its life, relapsed into silence.

"And from whence comes your power, vain boaster?" replied a reservoir which stood near; "of what use were your wheels and pistons, and complicated machinery, if I did not give you of my abundance?"

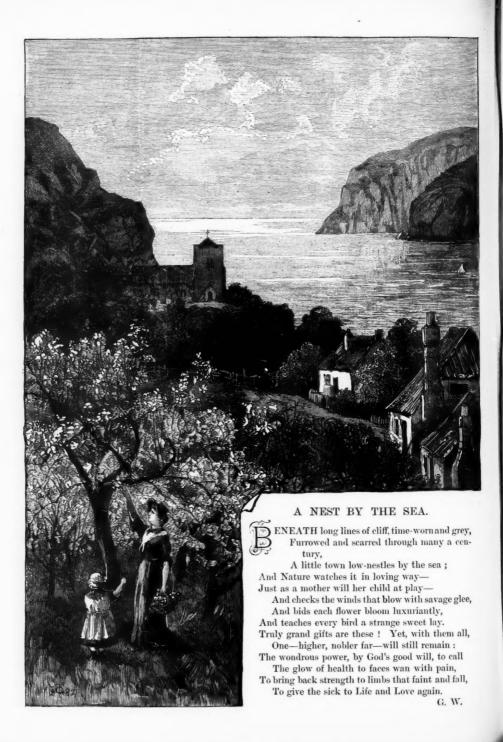
"Or of water, if we did not lend our aid?" chimed in some wood and coal which lay in heaps near by.

"Or of fuel if I did not kindle the flame," flickered the sunbeam.

"Who thinks of us?" questioned they all at once; "what gratitude do we receive, do we ask for, though in our short service we render up our lives? Is it not enough that we are all ways and means to an end, one with another doing our appointed work under the master's eye?"

Ere the engine had time to reply, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and two men in workmen's attire appeared, and were soon busily engaged upon it. After a while the elder of them said to his comrade—

"Yes, Bill, as I was a-saying, depend upon it there's a screw loose somewhere when men comes and talks of rights of the people, and equality, and strikes, and such likes. I am not a-saying that there are not masters and masters, and that some things might not be bettered; but what I do say is, that life is like this 'ere railway. There must be lines to be run over, and sleepers for the lines to rest upon, and there must be the trains to do the work o' the world, and the passengers to make them needful, and to enjoy the work done, and, above all, my lad, there must be the fire o' love to God and man to set it all agoing. Eh, man! when the river is crossed, who thinks on the stepping stones? but may be when we have toiled our day according to His will, and reached the terminus, the Master Himself will take pity on our ignorance, and explain to us the reason, and the working o' His machinery. In the meanwhile, it's not for the likes o' us to go and put it out o' gear, by trying to have or to do summut He has not intended,"



THE ASSAULTS OF SATAN.

"Simon, Simon; behold, Satan hath desired to have you, but I have prayed for thee."-LUKE XXII. 31-33.



LITTLE while before there had been an unseemly wrangle among the Apostles. They had been quarrelling for place and power. Perhaps the immediate occasion of dispute was, who should have the seat of honour at table, next to the Lord. But their present tem-

per removed them far from Him in spirit, however near they might be to His person. They had striven like this before. It was an old and bad habit with them, but the indulgence of it had never been so unseemly as now. They had met to keep the passover, in sacred remembrance of the great deliverance of their fathers from Egyptian Such sacred memories should have produced a greater meekness. Then, of late, the Lord had been endeavouring to convince them that the great crisis of His suffering was at hand, and that should have softened them. But it was as if we should come to the Lord's table full of worldly ambitions, and with tempers hot and Alas! for the weakness even of the angry. strongest.

The Lord had never failed to rebuke their contentious spirit on previous occasions. His rebuke on this occasion was more severe, because it was so gentle. He heard their angry whisperings, and saw the flush upon their faces, but without saying a word, He left the table, laid aside His outer garment, and, arrayed like a slave, proceeded to perform a slave's office, in washing the feet of the assembled company. How completely they were taken by surprise, the words of Peter plainly show. It was a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, when explained by

Himself. (John xiii, 12-17.)

Then again, as many times before, He reminded them of the difference between His Kingdom and the kingdoms of this world, and was speaking of the glory awaiting them when His Kingdom should be established. But suddenly, He paused abruptly, and with a strangely altered tone, administered a most solemn warning. It was addressed to themall, yet with a particular reference to Peter. Why this abrupt change of manner and theme? Probably He read in their faces the rising again of that pride of place, which He had so recently rebuked. The mention of thrones and glory had rekindled the fire of their worldly ambition. Hence these weighty words of admonition :- "Simon, Simon, behold Satan asked to have you (all). But I made supplication for thee." The incident tells us something concerning :-

L Our perilous relation to the Unseen. We

are so governed by our senses that we find it difficult to believe in the Unseen. What is not visible is apt to seem not real; or if real, not near. But this is a great mistake. The unseen is very real and very near. And these two sentences-"Satan asked to have you," "I have made supplication for thee "-reveal to us both their reality and nearness. Satan and the Son of God are the respective lords of the kingdoms of light and darkness. Already they have met in single combat. Satan has done his utmost against the Son of God, but all in vain. Undeterred by his failure with the Master, he attacks the servants. Already one of them (Judas) has succumbed to his assaults, and is being led captive by him. Now his eye and his desire are upon Peter, for he means to attack them one by one, hoping thus the more effectually to gain his end.

This world is a battle-field on which the armies of heaven and hell are waging continual war. Conceive of the dwellers on some plain—like that of Waterloo—becoming aware that there a great battle is on the point of being fought! Already the forces on either side have taken their positions. Presently the fight begins, and for long hours, that seem an age, the din and roar grow louder, the dust and smoke more dense; while to and fro the opposing armies rush and sweep, around and over the weak and unarmed population of the hamlets that dot

the plain.

This is precisely our condition, although in our case the contending forces are unseen, except by the spiritual eye. Nor is this all. For the mighty strife which is going on around us is on our account. We are the prize of victory. To gain possession of us is the design and aim alike of the Lord of Light and the Prince of Darkness. On the one hand is the Captain of our salvation, on the other our great adversary, the destroyer. The former is our best Friend; the latter is our deadliest foe. The love of Christ is wonderful; but the greed of Satan is insatiable. Then our position is full of danger, and we must be insensible indeed if we do not perceive it to be so. Could the dwellers upon the plain of Waterloo—supposing them not to have fled before the contending armies swept down upon themcould they have been uninterested observers of the struggle? Could they have calmly pursued their accustomed labours in the house and in the field, while such a storm was raging round them? Impossible! Then how can we not feel the profoundest interest in the conflict, whose issues must seal our destiny?

II. The occasion of our greatest danger. Satan wanted all the disciples. But Peter is warned that he is the chief object of attack. Because he was the chief of the Apostles, the foremost man among them? No. In some respects he was the chief, as he was probably the oldest; but not now. At present he was less like his Lord than any of them. He seems to have been in his worst mood that day. We all have our ill moods—seasons when we are worse than usual-when all things seem to go amiss with us. This was such a season with Peter. Naturally impetuous, his impetuosity was to-day in the ascendant. Prone to err in the way of self-confidence, he was especially selfconfident to-day. Hence his refusal to let Christ wash his feet. Hence, too, his flat and irreverent contradiction of Christ, and his disregard of his Lord's repeated warnings.

It was then because Peter seemed to invite attack, that he was the especial object of attack. Judas, by his love of this present world, had proved an easy prey. Might not Peter be conquered with equal ease, seeing that he was so puffed up with self-conceit? Had Peter been more humble, he would have been more secure. Had he been more conscious of his weakness, he would have been a stronger man. Satan's hope of winning him rose so high, because his faith

had fallen so low.

It is a recognised principle in war to attack the enemy at his weakest point. If the sentries have been removed from their posts, if the garrison is weary and ill-fed, if disaffection and disloyalty have spread among the troops—that is the opportunity for delivering the assault. And thus it comes about that our greatest danger from the unseen powers of darkness lies in ourselves. Our fearfulness rouses Satan's courage. Our drowsiness stirs him to action. Our weakness is his strength. We tempt him to be our tempter. It is by our folly that we fall. We only begin to be wise when we see our folly; to grow strong as we realise our weakness; to be secure when we are sensible of our danger.

III. How Christ helps us in danger. There was something which our Lord declined to do for Peter. He did not save him from the assaults of Satan. He did not save him from being wounded by Satan. We are apt to think that it would be kinder in our Lord to keep us from being tempted,

and kinder still to prevent our falling through temptation. But such is not His method, and a little consideration would enable us to see that it ought not to be. Christ can sometimes help us most by not helping us. If we were never exposed to temptation, we should never attain to manly strength. As fire purifies the gold, so temptation may promote our perfecting. There are some things we can never learn except through our failures and mistakes. And so, many a man has become a better Christian through his sins. Peter was a better man after his fall. It proved to him a means of grace. And it is with this object in view that our Lord permits us to fall. Thus He helps by not helping.

But if there was something the Lord would not do for Peter, there was much that He did. He warned him, and He prayed for him. How faithful, how explicit, how tender the warnings! And in them how true a friend to Peter was He who gave them! We may resent, we often do resent, such warnings. But, happy are we if there be those who will warn us notwithstanding, Then how mighty was the intercession of the Lord !- His, Who said to His Father, "I know that Thou hearest Me always." Observe, too, its particularity-"I have prayed for thee." Christ names His people to His Father. As we take our children, our dearest friends, by name, one by one, to the throne of grace, so Christ pleads for each of us in heaven. Nor did the Lord's help cease when He had prayed. We sometimes think we have done enough if we have given good advice or faithful warning. And if to this we add our intercessions, do we not fancy that there is no more for us to do? Not so Christ. He kept Peter in mind. He looked after him. Amidst all the supremely absorbing incidents of the Judgment Hall, He had thoughts to spare from Himself for Peter. Thus we read, "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." That broke down his pride, and his self-confidence! That brought to his memory the faithful warning, and the gracious intercession. And so it opened the flood-gates of "He went out and wept penitential grief. bitterly." Wonderfully wise and good are Christ's ways of helping us. If sometimes we think them strange, experience proves them to be the very best. Happy are we in having such a Helper. "Thanks be unto God, for His un-



speakable gift."

RAKE'S ENEMY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

HOW HE WAS FORGIVEN.

AKE went away to his round at the docks the next morning in a meek crestfallen fashion, very different from yesterday's. The mud and sleet were of quite a different quality to-day, and business "was just going to the dogs," he remarked to himself, as he buttoned up his sodden papers under his jacket, and trudged off to the portico at the railway station, where he would be under shelter, at any rate.

He was trying to put off the evil moment of going home to attend to the enemy as long as possible. The father had been still on the premises, when he had left in the morning. Rake looked upon it in the light of a reprieve, but it could not be extended much longer, and at last he set his face stolidly homewards.

Up the grimy stairs the candle flickered as it had last night. Last night—it seemed as if months had gone by since he last hurried up to make sure that his enemy had not taken it into his head to get well. Rake pushed open the door a few inches and stole in

Stoney was lying just as before, his face turned to the wall; an empty jug and a bottle of medicine stood on the chair beside him. Rake went up to the bed, and opened the campaign straightway—

"Here, if you want anything to-night, I'll get it."
"Want! I've been wanting a drink for hours; that woman promised to send some up," groaned the invalid, without looking round.

Rake took the jug down, and filled it at the yard pump; then he came back, and soberly dragged his enemy a little higher on the pillow, and held the jug to the hot parched mouth. Whatever that drink may have been to the patient, it was a solemn ceremony to Rake.

"Now, do you want anything to eat?"

There was an expressive shudder of disgust.

"Once, years ago," pursued Rake, reflectively, "I had a bad throat, and somebody got me oranges; I'd better get you some."

Money he had none, of course; but at a little distance behind the church he knew of a fruit-stall where the owner was not too vigilant, and thither he went without delay. The night was dark, the proprietor trying to decipher a newspaper by the light of an oil-lamp, and it required no great ingenuity on Rake's part to abstract two of the largest. He could

have got more easily, but oranges are difficult articles to carry without attracting attention, and, under the circumstances, it was desirable not to risk it.

In ten minutes he was back in the enemy's camp. The patient's dull eyes brightened eagerly at the sight of the spoil. Rake perched himself on the edge of the bed, and administered them in small portions to the last fragment. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have consumed the lion's share himself. He liked oranges, and held no scruples about the fashion of obtaining them; but there was some curious feeling about these two that he could not understand. He got up when the banquet came to an end.

"There," he said, grimly, "you've had something to eat and something to drink, and I 've done exactly what the book said, and I suppose I shall have to go on doing it till you get well."

Stoney's head was not clear enough to comprehend anything except the present relief.

"You needn't be in such a hurry to go," he begged. "I've been here the whole day by myself."

But Rake declined to go beyond his instructions.

"No, I 've done plenty; there 's nothing said about sitting up with you."

"It's a good thing, too," he added to himself, as he shut the door behind him.

Exactly the same programme was carried out the next evening. The next after that, Rake—without quite knowing why—shook up his enemy's pillow, and washed his face with the corner of a wet rag. It was a weakness; he felt he owed an apology to himself for it as he went in search of a fresh fruit stall to levy toll upon.

He captured a fine bunch of green grapes this time. Stoney's purified countenance grew radiant at the sight; he was a shade better to-night, and for the first time asked Rake to go shares in the feast.

Rake shook his head loftily.

"I got those for you; I can get some for myself if I want them."

Stoney looked perplexed.

"I don't know what makes you get them for me, but it's uncommon kind of you."

"It's not kind at all," returned Rake, shortly; "I hate having to do it; but I'll get anything you want all the same, as long as you're ill."

Sunday night Rake went to his ragged-school again. He made a surreptitious hunt through the book for the verse about his enemy, but he had no idea where to look, and so did not find it. Months after he came upon it, in big black letters, on a card at a railway station, and greeted it as a wise old

friend, instead of the mysteriously one-sided argu-

ment it was to him at present.

"Rake," said Miss Ball, when they were waiting for the signal of dismission, after the class had broken up, "how are getting on with your enemy?"

Rake flushed a dull scarlet.

"He's ill, and if I only hadn't come to school last Sunday, I could have paid him out now splenlidly."

"But you're not going to try, Rake?"

"It's too late now," he answered, mournfully.
"I've been getting him things to eat and drink ever since Tuesday. I've got him grapes twice."

"Well done, Rake!" cried Miss Ball, her pale face quite lighting up with admiration; "that's noble of you! Why, my poor boy, you must have been spending every penny you got upon him."

"What would I do that for?" queried Rake, in considerable astonishment.

"You said you got him grapes twice."

"Who's going to pay for them things?" demanded Rake, scornfully. "There's lots of places where you can get them—if you're quick enough," he added, with some professional pride.

Miss Ball's face lengthened.

"Oh, Rake! you don't mean to say you have

been stealing them?"

"How else was I to get any, I should like to know? The book said I was to get him something to eat, and so I did, It didn't say a word about paying."

"But it does somewhere else. I'll show it to

you.'

"I don't want to see it," interrupted Rake, impatiently. "It's been bad enough to do that verse,

without trying any more just yet."

Miss Ball put the book down in dismay. Suddenly she drew out a shabby little purse and took out a shilling; there were not a great many left behind.

"Rake," she said, "I can't make you understand everything at once. So I want you to take this shilling, to oblige me, and pay for whatever you get for Stoney this week."

Rake took it most unwillingly.

"It will be just throwing it away," he protested, "if I was as stupid as some of them, and afraid of the police, I wouldn't mind; nobody could catch me."

He pondered it over in great disgust, as he walked slowly home. "Women never have any sense," he remarked to himself, "going and wasting money like that. If she was in my place she'd know better."

His grievances for the night did not end there. When he mounted to Stoney's attic, he found the pillow shaken up, and the jug already replenished.

"Mrs. Huggins came up, and did it," explained the patient. "She said you had gone out, and forgot."

A strange feeling of quick jealous wrath against Mrs. Huggins for her interference swept over Rake. He turned about, and marched down-stairs again, straight into Mrs. Huggins' room. She was washing her children.

"Mrs. Huggins!" shouted Rake, above the frantic screams of the baby, "I'm looking after Stoney at nights. You needn't trouble yourself going up any more."

"I didn't want the job, I can tell you!" snapped that lady, lifting her hot face from the steaming tub, "I'm sure I have plenty to do, seeing after all these, without him!"

"I'd drown that baby, if he goes on like that long," counselled Rake, as a parting shaft, as he went back to the attics.

There was nothing more to be done for the patient in the way of supplies; so Rake, with a view to atoning for his absence, sat down, and tried to cheer him by spelling out a tragic description of a whole-sale murder from one of yesterday's unsold papers. Fortunately, considering the solitary night that lay before them both, too many utterly unpronounceable words had to be left out for either to have any clear idea of the horrors of it.

Rake went to bed finally, remarking "that, for his part, he preferred plain English to all that dictionary stuff."

The second week began. With it Rake's benefactions broadened out considerably; he left off apologising to himself, and did to the best of his ability whatever he thought good for his patient, even to the extent of spending entire evenings in his room.

He had been sitting there on one of these vigils for nearly an hour, when Stoney broke the silence.

"Do you think I'm very bad?"

"Dreadful!" responded Rake, encouragingly.

"Ain't I going to get well?"

Rake wheeled about, and surveyed him blankly. That contingency had never occurred to him. There was a sudden mist before his eyes, and a something in his throat not at all compatible with the triumph the prospect ought to inspire.

"Because," went on Stoney, "the doctor didn't look as if he thought I would. He thought I was asleep, but I heard him say so to the old woman."

No answer; Rake was staring hard at the candle. "And I thought if it did come to that, I'd like to tell you how mean I've felt about that cat. I'd give a lot not to have done it, since you've been getting me all the things,"

Was it Rake's black head down on the grimy pillow beside his enemy's?

"Oh, Stoney," he cried out, his voice sharp with pain. "I don't mind at all about the cat; it might have got killed of its own accord by now; but don't you go and die. I haven't got any more friends."

And so Rake lost his enemy.

The ragged-school was deserted for three Sunday evenings after that. He was busy taking out the pale gaunt invalid, to get the benefit of the early spring air. He selected the cemetery as a suitable clos

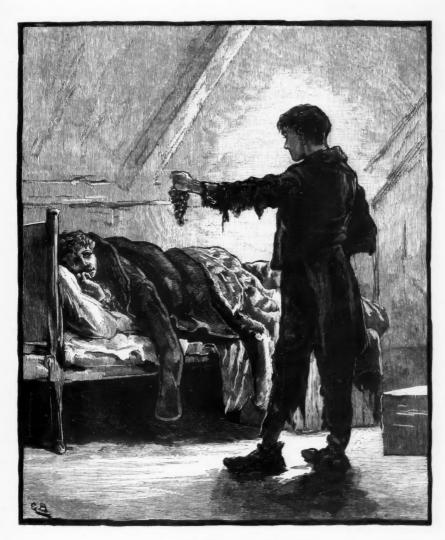
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and cheerful spot for these promenades; the grass grew green and fresh there, and a few early violets lifted their small faces, as blue as the cold bright sky above; and till the gate-keeper hunted them out at

again, his friend with him, and did battle valiantly on behalf of the particular dog's-eared book he had always read out of, and which some other boy had appropriated during his absence,



"'I got those for you."-p. 559.

closing time, Rake conscientiously marched his charge up and down the gravel walks, in quest of the vanished health and strength.

It must have been found by the fourth Sunday, for that evening Rake turned up at the ragged-school

"Now then," he remarked, lifting a streaky, contented face after the skirmish, and dragging his end of the bench a shade nearer to Miss Ball, "I've finished up with that verse about the enemy, so if you like we can go on and try another."

SARAH PITT.

HOW OUR RED INDIAN BRETHREN WERE CIVILISED,

PART II.



IR readers have already been shown how completely the application of the law of kindness in lieu of brute force served to subdue the savage nature of the "Braves," Indian and taught them to appreciate both civilisation and Christianity. Indeed, such satisfactory results were achieved by the introduction of this first batch

of Red Indians among the negroes of Hampden, that the success of the scheme was reported to the Government, and after a time the resident Secretary of War and other officials visited them at the schools, and being much struck with the change that had been wrought in their quondam prisoners, gave General Armstrong's efforts every en-Further, so satisfied was the couragement. Government of the future benefits which might accrue hence to the Indian race, that they formally appointed Captain Pratt as overseer of the Indian pupils at Hampden, and sent thither a further detachment of forty-nine young Indian lads, chiefly Sioux, for whom they paid a yearly salary of 150 dollars each; a few girls were also sent with them, who were received into the female negro school. Before the arrival of this second party of Indians, Captain Pratt called together the black pupils at Hampden, and asked who among them would volunteer to help him in the mission work of welcoming and aiding the new-He reminded these what had been comers? done for themselves-how white men, especially their father and friend, General Armstrong, moved by their need, had spent time and money in raising their position, and now, if they had realised that education had brought to them happiness, here was the opportunity to show their gratitude by helping the poor ignorant Indian savage to rise to the same privileges as they themselves enjoyed.

On this appeal a number of negroes stepped forward, offering each to take an Indian lad when he arrived, to be his "chum," to share his room, help him to learn English, and to teach him to pray to God, whilst the arrival of the new-comers was anxiously looked forward to as a great event. There were forty-nine youths and ten girls, and these latter received their first

lesson in civilisation by being sent for in a carriage, the distance being about two miles from where they had been landed, whilst the boys were made to walk, a reverse of custom in the order of Indian life the girls were little accustomed to.

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As the party entered the precincts of Hampden. they made an interesting spectacle. The youths. though shy, walked with a firm and erect step, each lad wrapped in his blanket, which he wore over his head, and out of which he gave many a furtive glance around him. The young chiefsand there were several of this rank among the party-were recognisable by their beaded leggings and mocassins. The girls were wild-looking unkempt little gipsies, clad alike in a loose frock; all wore the uniform of savage life-viz., dirt and long shaggy matted hair. The party were welcomed by some of the old St. Augustine Indians, who at once, in a sign language which is understood by all the Red Indian tribes, talked to them, bidding them not fear; "Little Chief" especially, a prominent member of the party, stepped forward, and declaimed on the advantages of coming to Hampden, and learning there of the "white man's road." A hearty meal of beef-steak, corn bread, and coffee was then given to them, after which they were allowed an hour to make themselves familiar with their surroundings, and to satisfy their curiosity as to much that was entirely novel to their eyes.

The next step was to have the whole party clothed and washed; to cast aside, in fact, their "blanket life," and rehabilitate them in civilised garments; and this was by no means an easy task. The old Indian residents, however, greatly assisted in many ways in these first lessons of Their black protectors next took civilisation. them in charge, and showed them their sleepingrooms, how to get in and out of bed, and to make their beds, etc. etc. It takes some time to reconcile an Indian lad to sleep in a bed, for, accustomed to roll himself up merely like a ball on the ground, he feels more at home there; and a touching story is told of one boy who died at Hampden, and who, when he felt his last hour was near, begged to be taken out of bed and put on the ground, as it would be easier to die there.

The Indian lads showed great affection for each other, walking about arm-in-arm, talking with animation, but to strangers they were shy. They were likewise very careful never to express surprise at what they saw, maintaining a proud reserve, as they dreaded much being laughed at for any display of ignorance, and this fear was a great incentive to progress. In their amusements

they showed great agility and much good nature. One day, however, in winter, a game of snowballing was arranged between the blacks and the Indians. All went peaceably for a time, until at last, in the excitement of the game, the blood of the Indians flamed hot, and the fierce passions of their savage nature were so far aroused as to show that the game had become to them a war of races, and the authorities, fearful of the consequences, had to put a stop to the proceedings.

As already stated, the Indians rarely exhibited surprise at the many novel sights they saw. One day, however, this reserve gave way before an exhibition of the phonograph, which instrument had been brought to the school for the pupils'

instruction.

"Wild Cat," a youth whose father was Chief of the Pawnee tribe, and who had been voluntarily sent by his people to be educated at Hampden, came forward in turn with some of the negro boys to speak into the instrument, into which he sang part of a war song. When he had done, and bent his ear to listen, and heard his own voice repeating the song, his Indian reserve broke down, and he stood for a moment motionless, with his face buried in his hands. Then, suddenly falling on the ground, he rolled himself out of the room like a ball. "It is witcheraft again," he said.

Another lad, called "Ahuka," or "White Wolf," when first admitted to the school, was placed in a class at once, before having undergone the civilising transformation of a change from the blanket to his school dress. Very like an animal he looked as he sat on the form, peering out of his shaggy covering, with his long matted hair falling around him. The teacher, however, not liking to pass him by, called him up when his turn came, to pronounce some words written on the blackboard. Ahuka rose, shook himself, peered out of the corner of his blanket, and approached the board, transferring his glance stealthily from time to time from it to the class. Suddenly-whether in rage or despair, who can say !- the young savage threw his head back, opened his mouth, and uttered so prolonged a howl as to suggest immediate flight from the room; nor did any one in the future ever doubt why he had received the name of "Wolf."

The up-hill work in teaching the Indian girls lies principally in their want of self-appreciation. With the boys there is a conscious strength and belief in their own powers to work upon; but the debasing influences of a woman's life when in a savage state imparts to her a distrust of herself which leaves little room for the culture of individuality. As daughter, wife, and mother, the Indian woman is looked on as little better than a beast of burthen, or a marketable commodity, to be exchanged for cattle or field produce. No thought of a life of love and dignity, of honoured wifehood and motherhood, ever enters her aspira-

tions, and when taken out of this her native sphere and degradation, and taught to believe such domestic happiness may be in store for her, it is beautiful to watch the effect such a hope produces, and the joy that lights up her countenance at any sign of individual appreciation.

The farm at Hampden comprises 200 acres, and is cultivated by the pupils of the school entirely; the blacks and the Indians working thereon harmoniously together. Trades, too, of every kind are taught at Hampden, the Indians showing great skill at most handicrafts, whilst the paying into their own hands a portion of the produce of their labour is a great stimulus to industry, besides teaching them the value of money.

In the military department, discipline and responsibility are both appreciated, the Indians holding their own with the blacks, and winning confidence by their regularity and trustworthiness, whilst no more smart or reliable officers among the number are to be found, than Sergeant Bear's Heart, and Corporal Yellow Bird. During the holidays, which occur from July to October, a number of both Indian boys and girls were received into the houses of families at Massachusetts, working for their board, and winning much praise for both their industry and good conduct. Visits to Hampden are periodically made by the parents and friends of the Indian pupils, and are quite an event of note.

On one occasion, a number of chiefs, representatives of the Ponca tribes, arrayed in full native costume, feathers, porcupine quills, and war paint, etc., Son of the Star, Hard Horn, Red Cloud, White Bull, etc., all noted warriors, arrived, and constituted what might almost have been termed an Indian school board; these being desirous of judging of their young relatives' progress, they were made welcome, and each chief gathered around him the children of his tribe, and questioned them as to their condition, learning, habits, etc. On leaving, the party professed themselves highly gratified with the result of their visit.

On this occasion a notable scene took place. A young Indian girl, at her own request, begged to be allowed to stand up and speak to the party of Chiefs before her. Assent was given, and with a modest yet decisive bearing, this young girl eloquently told her people's rulers what the schools at Hampden had done for herself and other girls who were there, and implored them to send all the Indian girls they could to be taught "the white man's road, and the white man's

The warriors listened with respectful silence to her pleading, the after result of which was that on their return, so many applications were received at Hampden for girls to be admitted, that accommodation was opened for fifty more female Indian children, for whom Government made the same allowance as for the boys. A second school has also lately been opened at Carlisle, the barracks being handed over by Government for this purpose, and here the Indians are trained on the same principles as at Hampden. The school at Carlisle was opened on the anniversary of the

great battle of White Plains.

In order to fill this school Captain Pratt took two of his most promising Dakota boys with him as interpreters, and started for Dakota on September, 1879, returning in a few weeks with eighty-four willing eager pupils, only too anxious to exchange their blankets for the school uniform, Several of the old St. Augustine settlers, by this time clever artisans, also moved to Carlisle, to form a nucleus there of Indian industry.

Whilst writing these pages, the news has come to my narrator that "Bear's Heart" has left Hampden and returned to his own country; but how different a man to when he left it six years previously, a prisoner of war! He was then a savage in heart and life, and when he arrived at Fort Marion had been habited in blanket and mocassins, and armed with bow and arrows and tomahawk. The result, however, of his six years' education has sent this young "Brave" back to his people, a strong intelligent Christian man. His trade is that of a carpenter, and one in which he is such an adept that he may fairly be considered independent for life.

On "Bear's Heart's" arrival in his native village, his mother, followed by a crowd of Indians, came out to meet him, and embraced him warmly, while the whole party gazed in astonishment at his altered appearance. He was dressed in the grey uniform of the Hampden Institute, to which was added a sergeant's and colour-bearer's stripes, earned in good service, and of which the wearer was not a little proud. The difference of the home to which his mother welcomed him, in the wigwam of his boyhood, looked so different to that which he had left at Hampden, that "Bear's Heart's" first thoughts was to work such reforms as the civilised habits he had learnt enabled him to do, and very soon his mother and himself were surrounded by comfort and cleanliness—reforms which were quickly imitated in the surrounding wigwams by admiring friends.

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Before "Bear's Heart" left Hampden, he asked permission to address all the Indian boys and girls, which he did in the following words :-"Dear Scholars,-I wish to say a few words before parting with you all. I am glad that I have been a friend to you all, and I am very sorry to leave Hampden. Boys and girls, remember it is better to obey your teachers and study hard while you have the opportunity, and try and go ahead of each other. Let each boy and girl learn to read and write, and show your friends that Indians can be educated as well as white people, as you know some people think that Indians can't be civilised, So once more, boys and girls, I say try hard and show them that we can. Good-bye, dear boys and girls.—Your friend and brother, BEAR'S HEART."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE PARABLES.-MAN'S FAILINGS.

No. 1. COVETOUSNESS. PARABLE OF THE RICH FOOL. Scripture to be read—St. Luke xii. 13—31.



NTRODUCTION. Lessons this month not saved. On five Sundays shall read parables speaking of the hindrances which keep men from God. To-day begin

with Covetousness forbidden in ninth Commandment.

I. COVETOUSNESS. (Read 13-21.) What gave rise to the parable? Christ had spoken so wisely and well, that the man asked Him to interfere in his affairs. Probably his claim to share in the property a just one. Why did not Christ help him? This not His mission on earth-wanted to set up spiritual Kingdom-was not an earthly judge. Christ could read hearts-He knew the covetousness underlying the man's request-so wished to teach a lesson about this sin. So this parable was spoken.

Question on the parable. What the man hadwhat the man did-what the man expected-what the man neglected,

(1) He had abundance-God's gift, Who giveth the increase. (Ps. lxv. 9.) (2) He treated this abundance as if entirely his own-to be kept, used, enjoyed as long as he liked. (3) He expected, without fail, a long life of ease and pleasure-but (4) he neglected God-had no thought of Him-thanked Him notserved Him not-he neglected the poor, whom he might have assisted—he neglected to prepare his soul for the next world. What was his end? Cut off suddenly-had had time to seek God, but had not used it-thought only of this life. Are there none like him now?

II. CONTENTMENT. (Read 22-31.) What is the opposite of covetousness? Which commandment speaks of contentment? Not to covet others' goods means to be contented. Remind of Agur's prayer. (Prov. xxx. 8, 9.) What does Christ say about taking thought? That means, no anxious thought. But why not? Because are God's children and servants-God, as Father and Master, bound to provide all we need. Does He not? We must trust and not be afraid-not idle, indeed-birds work for food, so must we. But "daily bread" promised to all who walk in God's ways. (Ps. xxxvii, 25.)

LESSON. Be content with such things as ye have.

No. 2. Excuses. Parable of the Great Supper.

Scripture to be read—St. Luke xiv. 12—24.

Introduction. This parable quite different to mar-

riage of king's son, treated last month. Occasion of this

was a feast at house of a rich Pharisee, evidently a costly banquet. Christ always glad to meet all classes of people. Went to feast for opportunities of usefulness. Taught three lessons at this feast. (1) To be humble, to choose a less honourable place, to be lowly in heart; (2) to remember the poor, not only to invite those who can do the same to us; (3) to be equally cager to go to God's feast. The parable speaks of this last lesson.

I. THOSE INVITED. (Read 15—20.) What gave rise to the parable? Christ been speaking of heaven and its rewards.

Question on the parable. The "certain Man" is God. Whom did He call to His feast? What "servants" bade the Jews come? Remind of parable of "wicked husbandmen." Why did they not come? Note the excuses. (1) Pride. First man taken up with things of earth, his possessions, like "rich fool" in last parable, like King Nebuchadnezzar. (Dan. iv. 30.) (2) Business—i.e., cares and troubles of life, like those in parable of sower when seed fell among thorns. No time for prayer, no time for thought of God, no time to read Bible, etc. (3) Pleasure.

How many still hindered by this! Even innocent pleasures may keep from God. Were these excuses accepted? No, were casting a slight on the host, despising his invitation. Would not be called again. See warning in Prov. i. 24, 25.

II. Those who Came. (Read 21—24.) Was the feast given up? No. Other guests invited. Who were they? Those of whom Christ had been speaking (verse 12), who could give nothing in return. But there was still room; more must be fetched: those beyond the city, the outcasts, must be compelled to come in.

See what this teaches about God. (1) He wishes all to come. No one too poor, or ignorant, or outcast

to come. Christ came to seek and save the lost, (2) Room for all. Heaven will not be full till last sinner saved. Welcome for all.

LESSON. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.

No. 3. Servants, Ready and Unready. Scripture to be read—St. Luke xii, 35—48.

Introduction. Great crowd gathered to see and hear Christ. (Verse 1.) His disciples with Him also.

Preached sermon, as so often did: part to multitudes, part to disciples. Have had part of sermon in parable of Rich Fool. Now describes conduct of those who did serve God—did think of next world—but adds a caution lest they grew weary.

I. THE READY SERVANTS, (Read 35—44.) Have had in previous parables Christ compared to a King and a Bridegroom, e.g., marriage of King's Son, and Ten Virgins. Same idea here. The Master is coming—the servants are on the watch. Notice about them:—

(1) They are ready. How are they dressed? Loose flowing robes, like man in picture, girded up so that there shall be no hindrance to work. Lamps all burning-not like foolish virgins, who had to seek oil when too late. (2) They are watching-thinking most of their Lord, not of themselves -open the door the moment He arrives. (3) They are honoured. What does He do to these faithful servants? The Master becomes the servant, places them at the feast-Himself waits on them. How surprised, yet how happy must

they be.

II. THE UNREADY SERVANTS. (Read 45—48.)
Are all servants ready always? Picture here of another class. What did this servant do? Was in position of trust—placed over others—but abused his trust, neither served himself nor taught others to. What was his excuse? Did not expect his Master just yet—thought would have plenty of time to get ready. Might take his own pleasure first. What was the result? His Master came suddenly. Picture the fear and trembling of the unready servant. What was his punishment? Worse than the unbelievers. They did not know (though perhaps they might) their Master's will. This servant did know, and did not do it.

EASTERN DRESS.

Which is our case? We do know—have been taught to fear God and prepare for Christ's coming. Are we doing so? Are we preparing happiness or misery for ourselves?

LESSON. Be ye also ready.

No. 4. DEFILEMENTS.

Scripture to be read-St. Matt. xv, 1-20.

INTRODUCTION. This is not strictly a parable, though called such by St. Peter. (Verse 15.) But it may be called such, and will contain useful teaching.

I. Tradition. (Read 1—9.) How can things be taught otherwise than by books? Jews accustomed to hand down much teaching from father to son, especially on religious customs. Such teaching called tradition. Many of these traditions valued more than the Word of God—even sometimes contradicted God's Word. Christ reproved this.

What did the scribes ask? May read in St. Mark vii. 3, etc., account of how Pharisees enjoined frequent washing as part of religious rites. Did Jesus answer? Put question to them instead. What did the fifth commandment teach? How can we honour parents? Not merely by obedience, but by helping them when they need. But Pharisees said children might give their money as a gift or offering to the temple, and be set free from duty of helping parents. Thus tradition set aside plain commandment.

What does Christ call them? Profess to be serving God, give Him a gift while neglect His Word. Shows importance of studying and keeping God's Word. When want to know what is right, always ask what has God said. Then shall be safe.

II. DEFILEMENTS. (Read 10 — 20.) Christ anxious to make people understand what He had been saying, gives sort of parable. What is it that really defiles a man, i.e., defiles his nature-leads him to sin? Not what he eats-what enters his body-but what comes from his heart. Food made great distinction between Jews and Gentiles-not allowed to eat together. This is another tradition of Jews. Remind how St. Peter was taken to task for eating with Gentiles. (Acts xi. 3.) St. Peter asked Christ to explain what He meant. What is it that enters a man? Food, drink-this does not defile him. But what comes out of a man? Evil thoughts, envy, leading to malice, revenge, and even murder, as with Cain; covetousness, leading to theft, and false witness, as with Ahab. (1 Kings xxi, 13.) So from heart proceed all kinds of sins. (See Gal. v. 19.) These defile man's nature, not the mere doing or not doing some ceremonial act,

Two things may be learned—(1) God's Word above all other law. Must be very careful how ever despise or make of none effect. See that we obey it.
(2) Sin alone defiles. Hence see importance of

searching conscience to see what sin lurks in us. Have need often to say, "Search me, and examine my heart." (Ps. exxxix, 23.)

LESSON. Fear God, and keep His commandments.

No. 5. WICKEDNESS. THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT. Scripture to be read—St. Luke xi. 14—26.

INTRODUCTION. Two parables in this lesson—"the strong man armed" and "the unclean spirit"—both referring to same subject, the wickedness of Jewish nation in reviling and rejecting Christ—spoken especially to Scribes and Pharisees,

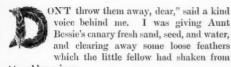
I. THE STRONG MAN. (Read 14-23.) What miracle did Christ do? Many such evil spirits cast out by our Lord. What did some of the people think? Wondered much whether this was not indeed the prophet they expected. What did others (Pharisees, Matt. xii. 24) say? Christ's answer means that a kingdom or family divided by quarrels must come to ruin. (Remind of Wars of Roses in English history.) So would it be if Satan cast out Satan-would be destroying his own power. By whose power, then, did Christ work these miracles? Thus He showed that God's Kingdom was begun among them-that He was their Messiah. This explained by a parable. Satan is the strong man-his palace is this world, of the wickedness of which he is the prince. (St. Luke iv. 6.) Many are taken captive by him (2 Tim. ii. 26), i.e., do his will, love to serve him, and are content. But a stronger has come. Christ conquered Satan in the Temptation-set free his captives, gave them power to overcome. (Heb. ii. 18.) Remind how Mary Magdalene had been set free.

Does Christ do the same now? Evil passions—love of drink, anger, temper, etc., like devils in the soul, for are works of the devil. Christ does cast these out—does make us able to overcome—if ask Him and seek His help. But must persevere. Soul set free from sin must be filled with grace. So Christ spake another parable.

II. THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT, (Read 24 -- 26.) Parable may apply to (1) the Jewish nation. What unclean spirit had been driven out? Were sent into captivity for idolatry. Never read of their falling again into that sin-but the evil spirit seeks a home. Where does he find it? The old home is empty, not filled with holiness, only garnished with appearance of righteousness (such as ceremonies of last lesson). Instead of one evil spirit now how many are there? Some of these might be pride, self-righteousness, envy, malice, etc. So the end becomes worse than the beginning. But parable also applies to (2) individuals. Work of grace in soul not over when one sin cast out-must fill soul with grace of God-Holy Spirit-so as to leave no room for evil spirits. (Gal. v. 24.)

LESSON. Grow in grace.

AUNTIE'S CORNER DRAWER.



his golden wings.

"Don't throw away Dicky's pretty feathers; I want them for my corner drawer."

"Your corner drawer, Auntie? Why, what do you mean? Are these little things worth saving?"

"Yes, indeed, dear; but as you may never have seen such a corner drawer as mine, come with me, and let me show you my treasures."

As she spoke, Aunt Bessie led the way up a flight of broad old-fashioned stairs, and I followed her into her comfortable bedroom, where stood, in a recess, a commodious chest of drawers.

"Now, dear, look in, and see for yourself," said she, opening the top right-hand drawer.

At the first glance I perceived various little rolls and bundles of stuff, neatly laid side by side, near them sundry small boxes, pieces of coloured paper, lengths of ribbon, feathers—yellow, red, and grey, some pictures and engravings, and several packets, the contents of which I could not divine.

At the back of the drawer reposed empty reels of all sizes, and next to them a quantity of list. From a natty silk bag peeped odd lengths of sewing cotton, another appeared to hold buttons, whilst a third was replete with hooks and eyes.

Pieces of whalebone lay unobtrusively along the bottom of the drawer, and scraps of calico, flannel, muslin, and lace, filled a lidless collar-box.

On being permitted to touch as well as look, I discovered undressed dollies enveloped in paper wrappers; beads, shells, and sugar-plums lying in ambush behind a miscellaneous collection of paper caps, which had been brought from some festive Christmas scene.

I also noticed bits of lead and slate pencils, sheets of note-paper, and a few New Year cards.

Having silently examined the contents of this wonderful corner drawer, I looked up into my aunt's smiling face, and said—

"Well, Aunt Bessie."

"Well, Edie, and what do you think now? Can you guess why I asked you not to throw away Dick's yellow feathers?"

"I see you have some already in your drawer, Auntie, and a few of the parrot's, too, but I cannot imagine why you are keeping them."

Auntie laughed, and, opening a box, drew from it a charming little black straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and a little golden plume.

"There, Edie! that hat was made by a poor little lame girl in the Cripples' Home. I took her the scraps of velvet and Dicky's feather, and I now have the pleasure of giving you the hat complete, for the doll you bought yesterday for your sister Clara."

"Oh, Auntie! how pretty! Thank you very much! I begin to see now; but tell me more. Why do you take care of those cigarette boxes and this note-paper?"

"The boxes, Edie, please boys and girls, because they hold their pens and beads, shells, pins, or things of that kind, which are not harmed by the smell of tobacco. Old Jane Bruce uses them for buttons, whilst her husband treasures up in his his Sunday shirt-studs. The odd pieces of writing-paper are valued by their grandchild, who copies out her texts for her Sunday-school teacher."

"And the empty reels, auntic! Of what use are they?"

"Those, dear, I string in rows or circles, and carry to the Thomas Street day nursery, where the babies require something in the shape of a toy, however simple, and the reels are, I assure you, quite popular.

"The paper caps will please the sick children in St. Mary's Hospital, and the beads, with some needlefuls of cotton out of that bag, will pass away many a tedious hour as the tiny invalids sit up to the sliding boards placed across their cots. The New Year cards and pictures will make a gay scrap-book, and these dollies will in time appear in full costume after a sojourn at the school for orphans. The girls there delight in doll-dressing, so I collect all the pieces of stuff, ribbon, and lace I can, and many a half-holiday is happily spent by the little workwomen, who proudly show me, on my next visiting day, the result of their industry.

"Sometimes one of the more thoughtful will ask me to take a doll she has dressed to some sick child of whom they have heard me speak, and so the pleasure is increased by being shared.

"These odds and ends of silk, satin, and velvet were given me by my dressmaker, and I reserve them for an old lady who amuses herself with patchwork; these bits of print will swell old Sarah Brown's treasure-bag of pieces for ironholders, which she sells at twopence each.

"You would smile, Edie, did you see the internal arrangements of these famous iron-holders, for they consist of what you would call the veriest rubbish. My latest contribution is a strip of felt cut from the bottom of a worn petticoat, but I can insure a great success if I put up with it some pieces of chintz or cretonne, and some red or black braid.

This roll of black and coloured cloth is for a special candidate, who has developed a talent for making pen-wipers; but I see you are smiling at my pillboxes. Well, dear, when next you inspect them, they will, perhaps, be ornamented almost beyond recognition, for they are destined to appear in handsome coats of brilliant red. Johnnie West,

Do you think I can ever be of use amongst the poor and sorrowful? " $\!\!\!\!$

"Certainly, my darling. Kind actions follow

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"'That hat was made by a poor little lame girl." -p. 567.

the lame boy, amuses himself by covering boxes with rice and melted sealing wax, which produce the effect of coral, and he turns out the prettiest little picture-frames in stout card or wood done in the same way. I undertake to sell his artistic productions, and so keep up his interest, poor fellow."

"How kind, Aunt Bessie, and how delightful to be able to do good like this. I long to help you!

loving thoughts, and you have only to think for others; the speaking and working for them will come naturally to you. Now, Edie, what do you guess this list is for?"

"For children's stays, auntie."

"Yes, and to make into waistcoats, and to knit into counterpanes. These needlefuls of Berlin wool will be joined and used in making a soft ball for a baby, or be knitted into cuffs by blind Alice at the almshouse. This whalebone is for my good servant Mary, who is going to make her mother a new gown, paying for it out of her wages; and as every little helps, I have promised her the whalebones, hooks and eyes, buttons and sleeve linings, all relies of my own."

"What lovely shells you have there, Auntie; did

you collect them at the seaside?"

"Yes, dear; I spent many a happy hour picking them up, and in doing so, imagined the delight an invalid City friend of mine will experience, sorting and labelling them during winter. Pleasant summer mornings thus can insure happy winter evenings, and the wonderful works of God shall show forth His praise, drawing us with their unseen hands closer unto Him. When I think of all our Heavenly Father has done for us, I feel I can never do enough for His sad and afflicted ones, but try always to remember the words of our dear Lord and Master, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' I have other ways, dear Edie, of helping, but I have, I think, explained to you sufficiently the meaning of the words, 'my corner drawer.' Another time I will, if you like, enter upon a different branch of the subject, and take for my sermon a different text. My little yellow Dick is responsible for the lecture of this morning, but I know I shall never again have to ask you not to throw away his pretty feathers."

DANIEL A PATTERN OF CONSISTENT PIETY.

BY THE REV, DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

(OLD TESTAMENT PATTERNS OF NEW TESTAMENT VIRTUES.)

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Daniel xii. 13.



HE faithful servant of God named at the head of this paper is, all will agree in saying, one of the most faultless characters in sacred story. Gentle in spirit, he was yet dauntless in courage; gifted with rare endowments, he exhibited the most unpretend-

He was a martyr in steadfastness to his religion; a patriot in devotion to his countrymen; a philosopher in the science of civil government; and yet, in all the diplomacies and subtle guile of courts—a child. At the time of this part of his prophecy, he was advanced in years, but still, to his countrymen, in this particular crisis of their history, a tower of strength. He was known to stand high in the favour of God. He was full of visions and revelations. He was regarded as one admitted to high and holy intimacies with the angels that stand before the throne. How important would be his counsels to a captive people, already meditating plans for a restoration to their fatherland. But he is cut off in the midst of one of his most pregnant and emblematic visions. He is reminded that he has accomplished as a hireling his day. One sentence shuts up his life and his book :- "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

But as "no man liveth to himself, so no man dieth to himself." Good men may "rest from their labours, but their works do follow them." Of every good man it may be said, as is said of Abel, "he being dead yet speaketh," speaketh by the memory or history of his life; speaketh by the outliving results of his good deeds; speaketh by a thousand kindred spirits whom his example had stirred up to a holy emulation; speaketh by all generations that come after, to whom his name is as precious ointment, and among whom he still shines as a light in the world. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever."

I. Before applying these words to the case of Daniel himself, as a man of consistent piety, it may be well to take a glance at his personal history. He was one of the faithful witnesses whom God reserved to Himself, to keep alive the national piety during the time of the captivity at Babylon. Had it not been for a few such men, all the earlier records of the Old Testament would have been lost to us, during this sad dark passage of Jewish history. He was born a few years before the captivity commenced, and was therefore carried away prisoner as a child. appearance, however, his intelligence, and more than all, perhaps, his family connections (for he was descended of the royal line of David) caused him to be selected, with three others, for the office of page or personal attendant upon the Babylonish monarch.

Daniel continued for two years in this state, qualifying and preparing himself for the duties of the court, sedulous in learning, observant of duties, and winning golden opinions from the officer to whose care his education had been confided. He had not completed his course, however, when his life, together with that of his companions, was threatened by the irrational sentence of a tyrant. The king had been perplexed by a dream-why, he knew not; for the very substance of it had passed away. Nevertheless, by a decree, as insane as it was cruel, he determined upon taking the life of all the wise men, Daniel and his fellows among them, unless he were instantly furnished both with the dream and its interpretation. Daniel was a man of prayer. That refuge had never failed him. And this was one of the emergencies, in which God commonly gets to Himself honour, stepping in at that crisis when, with man, all is helpless and all is hopeless. Accordingly, the God of heaven made known to Daniel this secret, and the young

man related it to the king.

A chasm of twenty years in the history follows upon this, after which, two more occasions arise for bringing out Daniel's power of interpreting signs; the first, when he interpreted to Nebuchadnezzar that remarkable dream by which the king was to be banished, both from his kingdom and from human society; and the second, when he was called upon to decipher the mystic writing upon the wall, at the impious feast of Belshazzar. To the marvellous wisdom displayed by Daniel, on these occasions, we may attribute the more than ever exalted position he occupied under the succeeding reign of Darius. That new honours brought with them new troubles, we wonder not. For when did they otherwise? An envious nobility set themselves diligently to find some occasion against Daniel "concerning the kingdom:" that is concerning his administration of its affairs, his wisdom, his fidelity, his uprightness. But neither their ingenuity nor their malice served them. Not an error nor a fault could they find in him. "Then," said these men, "we shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of His

Then followed the incident of his being cast into the den of lions, with its miraculous deliverance, and the royal proclamation which followed. After this time, we know very little of Daniel. He retained his prosperity up to the time of the accession of Cyrus. But except that he probably gave his aid and counsel in arranging for the return of the Jews to their own land, he seems, in his last years, to have taken no part in public affairs, but to have died in a peaceful old age in Chaldea, having first received, in vision, that sublime encouragement, as well to himself, as to all who in their several stations should be found faithful after him:-"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

II. I pass on to consider this faithful servant of God as an example of consistent piety—all-round piety—outshining piety. Even in this life it may be said of such men—"they shine as the brightness of the firmament."

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1. First, in regard to the present life, they shine by the light of their good works. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven"; and, again, in St. Luke we read—"Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles, that they may by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation." A Christian must shine, He is as a city set upon a hill. If, in "a world that lieth in wickedness," he exhibits a holy and unoffending walk-in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left-in his transactions scrupulous and upright, in his duties conscientiously faithful, in his friendships, in his family, in the world so free from all fault or blame that, as with this Daniel, the worst thing his enemies could say of him would be-that he served his God too faithfully; his good works must shine before men. He is a star, though he may not be aware of his brightness. "A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid;" and in the case of those who occupy important positions, there are always jealous people enough who will not let him be hid. But it was a feature in the conversation of this Daniel that he was faithful, and carried his religion into the smallest things. His character throughout is a great unity. There was nothing of the "Byends" about him. From the moment that, in the providence of God, he found himself called to be a servant, he resolved to apply himself to a servant's duties. His abduction from home might be forcible and unjust. The new duties assigned to him might be beneath his birth and station. The master he had to serve might be capricious, haughty, and unfeeling; but he is content to abide in the calling wherein he is called, and to be faithful in it, until that very faithfulness brings its own reward, and leads to his advancement to the highest honours of the kingdom.

But here there was still less chance of his being hid. Envy was watching him with keenly-observant eyes. Let him once exceed his powers, or once err in the application of them, or once abuse them to wrongful and self-seeking ends, and his fall had been inevitable. But they that shine as the brightness of the firmament are "the wise," and it is especially noted of Daniel, at this crisis, that God gave unto him the gift of "wisdom." He was endued with knowledge and discrimination and all judgment, enabling him to stand out, before the world, as a man, not more remarkable for the stern probity of his administration, than for that practical wisdom and discreet-

ness, which is, perhaps, one of the rarest virtues of statesmanship. Hence the difficulty of these nobles in fastening upon him any charge of neglect or failure in duty. He might bow before another God than others-he might have a holier standard of life and practice than others; but these things produced no jar or clash with the obligations which he owed to the State. His duties to God and man respectively were like two coincident lines in space, always meeting, and vet never crossing. His religion entered into everything, even the most secular, and yet it marred and injured nothing. It sanctified the daily task. It made common things look bright, and beautiful, and holy; yet it only lay upon them, like as it were a rainbow on the bosom of the cloud. Thus all was separate, while all was blended. God was honoured. Man was served. Piety was adorned; and before the world, and men, and angels, was vindicated the truth of that Scripture-"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

II. "They that turn many to righteousness." This also is a characteristic of good men, and, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, will always add to the brightness of their shining. The first inquiry of a spiritually converted man is "What good can I do? By whom was I placed here, and what for? What was heavenly wisdom given me for, but to teach? Why have I been enriched with spiritual blessings, but that I may be a blessing to others? Why have I been enlightened, but that I might shine? And why have I been called out of darkness, but that I may lead others to partake of the same marvellous light?" Thus a Christian man feels that he must take his place in the firmament, must hold forth the word of life. Like Peter and John, "he cannot but speak the things which he has seen and heard." If Christ has of a truth been revealed in him-to hide the secret in his own breast were criminal ingratitude. Rather will he show it, and speak of it to all whom he knows, or loves, or can influence for good. Some thought of his responsibility in this respect no doubt influenced Daniel when, on a memorable occasion, he chose to brave the most appalling form of death-that of being torn to pieces by fierce lions-rather than intermit, for thirty days, his customary offices of devotion. For it is manifest that if Daniel had thought only of himself he might have escaped this trial. The king's inhibition extended, could extend only to overt acts of devotion. Rulers can no more chain thoughts, than they can chain winds; so that if Daniel had chosen to restrict himself to acts of mental supplication, allowing himself to be seen in no outward act of prayer at all, the scheme had failed. But then what would have been the

effect of such a subterfuge, carried on for thirty days, upon others? upon his fellow-captives in Babylon? upon the nobles, who would have said that the God of the Hebrews could no more help in times of difficulty, than the gods of the heathen could do? more than all on Darius, in whom signs of belief in the God of Daniel had already begun to show themselves, not excluding the hope, that on witnessing the prophet's sublime and heroic trust even the king himself might come to be of the number of those who should bring to pass these words concerning Daniel, that it was his to "turn many to righteousness."

"Turn many to righteousness," once more, unconsciously, that is, by the unseen and unknown effect which our example may have upon other men. We none of us know the extent of our own influence, how many of those who are associated with us in the common intercourse and work of life, may be taking note of what we do or say for their own guidance. They are watching to see where our practice differs from theirs; where our standards of propriety are higher; or our sense of religious duty is more exact; where we exceed them in delicacy and tenderness of conscience; discovering in us a shrinking from something in which they perhaps had never seen anything wrong. It would be impossible to measure the effect for good of that scrupulous conscientiousness of Daniel, displayed on his first arrival in Babylon, in declining, on religious grounds, to participate in the luxurious indulgences of a heathen court. It could not fail to impress the king's chamberlain with the highest sentiments of reverence for the Jew's religion; whilst, with regard to the three young men, the companions of Daniel, it may well be doubted whether they would ever have been able to brave the horrors of the burning fiery furnace if they had not been taught by the example of their fellow-captive, that the first stand for God and conscience must be made in little things. By a holy shrinking from touching the king's meat, when we think we should displease God thereby, we may be the means of turning many to righteousness.

And then, what is the recompense and end of all? Why, that they shall be as the "stars for ever and ever." As the stars—high in glory, radiant in brightness, enthroned in the firmament, eternal in the heavens." Such honour have all the saints; only, in order to our part therein, we must strive as this Daniel strove, and ever look as he looked to the angel of the Divine Presence to stand by him in the hour of danger, and to work for him a great deliverance. This last was the great stay of this eminent servant of God. The Messianic appearances of the angel of the covenant are very striking in this history of the captivity. "My God hath sent His angel and shut the lions' mouths," was Daniel's explanation

of his deliverance from the den. Whilst so awe-inspiring was the manifestation to the three young men in the furnace, that even Nebuchadnezzar could not refrain from the exclamation with regard to that attendant Figure in the midst of the flames, "and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Wherefore, be it ours, as with these captive saints, to look out and look above for Divine help in all our necessities—all our life through, we must be looking to Jesus; to uphold, to direct, to keep as the apple of His eye—to wrestle for us, and plead, and pray. He calls

us to the service. He appoints us for the warfare. He signs and seals our discharge. And when we have wrought enough—for ourselves, for the world, for the Church of God—when our sanctification is complete, and our robe of righteousness is put on, and the last enemy of our salvation is disarmed, and overcome, and fallen, then shall one of the bright spirits come to us, as he did to holy Daniel, saying, "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days,"

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SHORT ARROWS.



THE TEN CHURCHES FUND

HE Bishop of Rochester is making an effort, which promises to be successful, to erect ten new churches in South and South-east London, and it is to be hoped that funds sufficient will soon be in possession of the Diocesan Society for the purpose. The Committee is already taking action, and two wealthy London merchants have, without delay, come forward in a most liberal manner; one taking the responsibility for one church upon himself as soon as the building contracts for the others,

have been signed. Nor is the proposal made by the Bishop of Rochester by any means an unreasonable one. "If," says the appeal, "the residents in Chiselhurst and Bromley, Richmond and Wimbledon, Lee and Sydenham, Roehampton and Sevenoaks, Reigate and Blackheath, Surbiton and Croydon, who day by day pass to their affairs through a vast province of houses, some squalid and all poor, would take their fair share in aiding the effort which I desire to make for these ten new churches, a twelvemonth would see the scheme an accomplished success." The sum required at first is £50,000. The Bishop of London has, under certain conditions, allotted a sum out of the City Churches Fund; and in cases where provision has been made from this fund the accommodation in the churches will be free and unappropriated in proportion. The need for at least ten churches has been ascertained, the congregations are in some localities actually waiting the building, and can such a call be neglected?

MUSICAL REFORM.

Many useful agencies have been at work for years past, having for their object the suppression of intemperance; but hitherto, notwithstanding the frequent denunciations which have issued against it from pulpit, press, and platform, little practical notice has been taken of another evil which is rampant in our midst, and which is daily exercising its baneful influence upon thousands of our young people, especially those dwelling in the larger cities and towns. Not only in the numerous music halls and dancing saloons which there abound, but too often, also, in places of entertainment generally supposed to be of a more respectable type, the art of music appears to be chiefly used as a medium for conveying to the minds of the young and thoughtless audience sentiments of an unworthy and degrading character, and this evil is at the present time rapidly assuming more alarming dimensions. To those who know how insidious is its working, how corrupting is its influence, and how terrible are its effects upon the moral and spiritual life of its victims, it would seem as necessary to check this monstrous growth as to suppress intemperance or to hinder the circulation of impure litera-They are only different channels through which the same work of evil is being accomplished. We are glad, therefore, to notice the establishment of a "Musical Re-

form Association," having for its objects the suppression of music of a vitiating character, and the encouragement of that which is of a pure and elevating tendency. This effort is being made on the lines of the temperance movement. each member signing a declaration that he will not only abstain from attending places of entertainment where music and songs of an immoral character are likely to be introduced, but will also set his face strongly against the use of such music at all times and places whatsoever, and do his utmost to induce others to observe the same principles. We believe that such an association cannot but be productive of much good, and we heartily commend it to the notice of those, be they ministers, school and choir masters, parochial visitors, or others, who in any way have the young committed to their charge. Much may be done by its means to suppress the evil influences of which we have spoken, rendered, as they are, still more attractive and dangerous by their alliance with music. All particulars, as well as forms of declaration, cards of membership, &c., may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Mr. W. Maurice Adams, 11, Talbot Square, Hyde Park, W. We learn that Lord Brabazon, the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor, Canon Fleming, and other influential persons, have signified their approval of the scheme.

A NATIONAL DEBT.

In the preface of the newly-revised version of the New Testament we read :- "The authorised version was the work of many generations; the foundation was laid by William Tyndale, whose translation was the true primary version." Well then, may England honour the memory version." of William Tyndale by erecting the statue of which we give an illustration. Not only for his blessed work, but for all he suffered in the work, we owe him gratitude and honour; and we trust this public memorial will stir many to read, or read again, of the life which, to its tragic close, was one brave patient martyrdom in the cause of God's truth and his countrymen's salvation. There is not a more interesting page in Church history than the record of the process of Tyndale's translation-first of the New Testament, then of the Pentateuch. The hairbreadth escapes both of the workman and his precious work; his flight to Hamburg, where, in a wretched lodging, in cold and hunger, he laboured on. His transport of joy when the printing of his work began at Cologne, arrested at the tenth sheet by order of the German Government, to be resumed at Worms; the frustration of his enemies' efforts to stay the importation into England of "this most baneful merchandise;" the base treachery by which at length this truest patriot and greatest philanthropist of his day was cast into prison, and put to death by strangling and burning at Vilvorde, near Brussels, in 1536. The Tyndale Memorial Committee (111, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London) invite contributions from English-speaking Christians throughout the world, towards this erection of a lasting memorial of the brave and pious martyr. The statue, which represents Tyndale in his Doctor's robes, and with his right hand resting on a printing press, is to stand in the West Garden of the Thames Embankment, is to be in bronze, ten feet high, on a granite pedestal, and to cost £2,400. Its model, by Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., is universally approved.

SOME NEW RELIGIOUS WORKS

Many of our readers, especially those who already possess and value the "New Testament Commentary

for English Readers," will welcome the announcement that the first two volumes of the "Old Testament Commentary," a companion work to the above, and edited by the same great Biblical scholar, Bishop Ellicott, are now ready. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has secured, as contributors to this important work, some of the ablest theologians of our time, and for ordinary purposes of study or reference it would be impossible to find a more suitable commentary. All those who minister of the Word of God in the congregations will do well to possess themselves of this work, which embodies the latest results of critical research, while dealing with the sacred text in a duly reverent spirit. All Bible students, indeed, whether ministers or laymen, will find the "Old Testament Commentary" most helpful. The same publishers (Messrs. Cassell and Co.) have issued, under the title of "The Gospel of the Secular Life," a little volume of sermons, by the Hon. and Rev. Canon Fremantle, dealing with subjects of especial interest in the present day. They are attractive as well as instructive. and will well repay perusal. From Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. we have received two beoks by the Rev. Prebendary Reynolds, one on The Supernatural in Na-

ture," the other on "The Mystery of Miracles." As both works have reached a third edition, they may be considered to have passed the usual stage of critical notice. We therefore content ourselves with commending both books to the attention of those readers who may be interested in the special subjects dealt with by Mr. Reynolds. We note, in the smaller book, the occasional omission of accents from Greek words, which errors of the press the author will no doubt correct in a later edition.

THE BUSHMEN'S BETHEL.

"I had been holding a service at the opening of a new church in the bush," said the Bishop of Ballarat. "The building was crowded to overflowing, many present having come from afar; and it did my heart good, while also it made my heart ache, to see the eager thankful faces of that bush congregation, as we prayed and sang together, and I preached very simply to them of Christ. As I came out, there were two stalwart colonists standing near the church-door, down whose rough faces the tears were flowing. I spoke to them, and one of the two said to me, 'What a blessing it is, sir, to have a Christian service! We two had quarrelled, and though we live close to each other, we hadn't spoken for years. Just now, in the church, we found ourselves side by side. We looked over the same hymn-book-and then, sir, when you spoke about Christ's love and forgiveness, our angry feeling towards each other couldn't be kept up. Coming out, we couldn't do less than shake hands; and when we looked each other in the face, we just cried." Well might the Bishop, when

he told us of this incident, plead for help to rear many such humble Bethels in his widespread diocese, that the Gospel of the Grace of God, in its softening and sanctifying power, may be carried amongst these scattered sheep of the Saviour's flock.

SOLDIER WORK.

The excellent methods for the encouragement of religion and morality in the British Army-by means of correspondence with the troops-known as the "Carus-Wilson Soldier Work," deserve all the encouragement that can be given. To the troops on foreign service the regular correspondence with the men, which is kept up by ladies, is an unmixed boon. This plan of corresponding direct by letter was originated by Mr. Carus-Wilson, and for a number of years the arrangement has been found to work well, and has been more productive of help and of blessings to the soldiers than any other. Independently of the great advantages which the soldiers enjoy in being in regular direct communication with refined and religious minds. receiving socially and morally the best impresions, the fact that the workers are all voluntary helpers, makes the work so much less costly. Of course there are expenses. For instance, one lady writes a monthly

letter which is printed, and circulated to the number of 5,000 or 6,000 copies, while upwards of 700 packets of the best religious periodicals are supplied every month to soldiers abroad, a certain percentage being as regularly selected for children. So funds are necessary to supply these periodicals and for incidental expenses, but only about £600 a year is needed. The directors feel assured that their work will not be crippled for lack of such small assistance: it has been continued for twenty-seven years, and the idea originated with the clergyman who has left his honoured name to the valued scheme. From him the legacy of love descended to his daughter, who carried the work on faithfully during her life-time, when Mrs. Fyffe took her place most worthily, and still continues her most praiseworthy efforts. There are about twenty ladies who are in constant correspondence with a certain number of soldiers, who in turn are encouraged to confide in their willing helpers, and to turn to the Great Healer in their greater and lesser necessities,



THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL STATUE. (From a Photograph of the model.)

"THEY TAKE US BY THE HAND."

Some few instances may be quoted, and if we annex a few extracts from some letters taken at random, we shall show more plainly the blessed effects of this system. A soldier in India writes :- "You are a mother to every poor soldier. I have been reading one of your letters to some of my comrades, and it made me think of the first time I knelt down at my cot to say my prayers. It was some time before I could do it, fearing what my comrades would say. But I went down on my knees, and God did bless me that night. Now I have a nice life, and my comrades look up to me . . . I give your papers all over my company, and when they have done with them I take them up to the Hospital." Another letter says:—"Fourteen years ago there was only one Christian man in the regiment, and the name of Jesus was only taken in vain; now we have twelve Christians and a prayer-room." . . . "I remember the time when soldiers were thought very little of," writes another, "but thanks to the kind friends of Carus-Wilsonthey take us by the hand and lead us to Heaven." We need not multiply instances. Anyone desiring to assist in this eminently good work, should address Mrs. Shepheard Walwyn, West Lea, Ripon, to whom we are indebted for many particulars concerning this Soldier Work.

GOOD RULES FOR DAUGHTERS.

We heartily recommend to all daughters living at home a card published under the foregoing title by the Church of England Book Society. It embodies eight suggestions of most practical value, starting from the highest motives, reaching to the smallest duties, pointing to the truest source of grace and strength. We are sure that any of those concerned who will read often, and will ponder and pray over these resolutions, will feel stirred, and helped to give to home duties the right place, clearly shown in God's Word to be the first place, in their service of God; "never undertaking any work outside," to quote rule 2, "which may cause the neglect of even a small duty at home." How many there are who now bereft of the home of their childhood and youth, would thankfully welcome back its discipline and restraints, sometimes perhaps resisted or resented, for the sake of the love and care, the sympathy and shelter they will never know again on earth; and at the same time how much less bitterness will there be in their lonely sorrow, if while the dear home ties were left them, their home life was lived in the spirit of these eight most excellent resolves. We should like to see appended to them, as to all "good counsels" concerning this our short and changeful life, the warning words, "While we have time.'

"CAN THESE BONES LIVE?"

Fifty years ago there wandered to Labrador four Englishmen, exiles through their own misdoings from their fatherland and homes. As time went by they mingled and intermarried with settlers from other lands, and even with the Eskimo natives; and by degrees they and their families sank into heathen degradation. "We were living like foxes and wolves in our dens," one of these English outcasts used to say in his old age. was the poor degraded settler not forsaken of his God. Stirred by no human influence, two of these outcasts at length came a far distance to the Moravian settlement at Hopedale, and asked for Christian teaching; others followed, seeking baptism, and in many cases Christian marriage. Only through their partial knowledge of the Eskimo tongue could they converse at first with the German brethren, and more and more numerously they gathered at the Eskimo services. One Easter season, there arrived at Hopedale seventy of these sleigh-drawn travellers; and a happy hour it was when four of these, one eighty years old, received the privilege of baptism. In time, an English-speaking brother was entrusted with the home visitation of these scattered sheep in wintertime. No pleasure trips were those journeyings in dogdrawn sleighs to dwellings often miles apart; now over rugged rock-land, now on frozen seas, where often, amid rotten ice, traveller, sleigh, and provisions would be

wetted through. And after ten or twelve hours of such journeying, a welcome was not always secure, even to the wretched block-hut, some ten feet by eight, whose inmates were sometimes hardened against the message of Christ's love to the point of refusing His messenger food and shelter, even for payment.

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"A SURE REWARD."

But ten years of such patient self-denying ministry have made their mark, and now the missionary is received with unfailing gladness. "You are the very man I 've long been praying to see," said an old settler, "that I might once more speak of my soul's salvation in my own tongue." Now he is called to minister by a dying bed, and remain to comfort the bereaved. Now he is detained several days in one place for baptising, marrying, gathering a few families together for Gospel preaching, sometimes the Lord's Supper, conversing privately of heavenly things, giving instruction in reading and writing to old and young together. Richly repaid for all toil and hardship does the missionary feel on receiving a letter from a lonely far-off dying settler, from which we quote these few touching sentences: "I am very ill and in sore suffering, but I am drawing near to the world of love, where there will be no more pain, but all things will be new. I am not lonely, for I have sweet communion with my heavenly Father, Who understands my language. What a happy time you and I spent once together! How I long to see you! but if not here, then surely above God will reward you a thousand-fold when your earthly labours are ended. Your fighting under Christ's banner will be changed for the crown of glory. I know that death is behind, and life is before me, for He has said, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Me, is passed from death to life."

HOMES FOR THE AGED POOR-

During the thirteen years in which the promoters of this useful charity have been carrying on their good work, they have established seven of their Homes for the aged poor of the metropolis-four of them at West Kensington Park, two at Notting Hill, and one at St. Peter's Park, Paddington. The object is to relieve such of the aged poor as are respectable and deserving, from the sad necessity of passing their last years in a workhouse, and to give them the advantage of a room rent free, and the comfort of medical attendance in time of sickness. Only those are eligible for admission who are fully sixty years of age, and who are unable to obtain, from any source, an income exceeding, in the case of single persons, six shillings, or in the case of a married couple, ten shillings per week. Applicants, however, must have an income of at least four shillings or six shillings a week in the two cases respectively, and must be able to furnish their own room. An annual payment to the charity of £2 12s, is required to be guaranteed in respect of any such individual or married couple on their admission. They are under no restrictions whatever as to the place of worship they attend. The number of inmates at the present time is 103, ranging from sixty to eighty years of age, and, notwithstanding the reduction of the candidates' list by the opening of two additional Homes last year, and the consequent admission of twentyone new residents, besides nine others to fill vacancies from death or removal, there are still fifty deserving applicants seeking admission to the benefits of the Charity. Some of these have already waited nearly two years, and the Committee are anxious to enlarge their number of Homes, and invite the public to enable them by their contributions to carry out this object. The Misses Harrison, 5, Grandacre Terrace, Anerley, S.E., will thankfully supply collecting cards, or receive subscriptions for this purpose.

THE "WHITE CROSS" ARMY.

We have various armies enrolled amongst us, but we think the White Cross should count its adherents in every stratum of society. A communication from the Bishop of Durham at once assures us of the necessity for uniting

with the organisation whose first object is the promotion "The central obligation is the pledge to mainof purity. tain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women." The rules are simple, and there is no real difficulty in complying with them. The "Blue Ribbon" Army, by appealing to the Gospel understandings of men and women, has won thousands to sobriety, and will anyone declare that the White Cross shall be less successful? Those who are acquainted with the terrible misery which surely awaits the evil-doer will need no inducement to go forth and endeavour to win to the ranks of the White Cross the young people of our towns and villages. Will not some disciples arise, proclaim the war against impurity, and beat the monster from amongst us as drinking, and many other besetting sins have been successfully attacked and obliged to give ground? In this warfare we need loving, pure, hearts, and willing, worthy hands.

INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR CRIPPLED BOYS.

At the bottom of Wright's Lane, not far from the railway station at High Street, Kensington, is a large redbrick building known as Woolsthorpe House. It is situated on land once belonging to the great Sir Isaac Newton, and with its grounds, which are about an acre in extent, was purchased some years ago, for the growing requirements of their work, by the Committee of the "National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys and Refuge." Accommodation was at that time required for forty boys, so rapidly had grown the Institution, which had commenced in 1866 with three lads located in the upper part of a house in the same neighbourhood. Since then the number admitted has been still further increased to eighty. The boys are gathered from all parts of the Kingdom, and most of them are The admissions, however, are not entirely concrinples. fined to this class, for the Institution is also a refuge for able-bodied boys in similar circumstances, but the proportion of these is limited to not more than a third of the whole number. Hitherto unable to do anything towards their own support, and very often neglected or illtreated in consequence, these lads find here a home where, by being taught some suitable trade, such as tailoring, carpentering, relief-stamping, harness-making, and saddlery, they are put into a position to earn their own living when they leave it at the expiration of their term.

HOW THE BOYS ARE MAINTAINED.

The boys are taken at any age, from twelve to fifteen, and are maintained and educated on Christian principles for three years at a charge to their patrons of, in the case of cripples, £10 per annum, and in that of "refuge" boys, the same sum for each of the first two years. For the third year the latter are maintained free of charge. It is computed that there are at least 100,000 crippled children in the kingdom, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the number of applications for admission to the home has long been in excess of that for which accommodation has hitherto been provided. Indeed, it is said that for every vacancy there are, on an average, a hundred candidates waiting to be received. So long ago as 1873 an anonymous gift of £1,000 enabled the Committee to erect workshops for one hundred boys, but it is only within the last year that, through a legacy of £2,000 bequeathed by the late Mr. Wynn Ellis, and the contributions of many friends, new buildings have been erected to provide house accommodation for the same number. The Committee are most anxious to have these filled, but to enable them to carry out this desire a very considerable increase in the amount of the annual income is necessary. is no endowment, the funds for the support of the home being derived from the annual payments for the boys, the profits accruing from work done in the various trades, and the remainder from donations, subscriptions, and legacies. The greater part of the money required for the new buildings has already been provided; but there still remains, we regret to learn, a debt on them of £1,500, which, added to a former one of £3,000, makes a total of £4,500 still to be gathered.

A LITTLE LEAVEN.

· We have received an interesting record from abroad of the results that have been obtained by one poor Christian, illustrative of the fact of the little leaven of righteousness leavening a large portion of practical heathenism. It appears that a Spanish workman saved enough money to purchase a Bible, and the reason he gave for buying it was curious. He was not by any means conscious that he required the sacred volume, but he purchased it for a reason for which we buy many things we do not absolutely require—because it was "cheap." It was of course printed in his own language, and he carried home his bargain quite unsuspecting the mine of wealth he had got possession of, He and his sister studied the book, and both quickly became deeply interested in it. They were learning facts concerning the Gospel and Christianity which had never been revealed to them by their pastor, and by comparing what they read with what they heard, this man and his sister became convinced that there must be something erroneous in the teaching. This opinion was confirmed when the priests said that the book was a "bad book." and unfitted for the study of the workman and book, and unitted for the study of the variables his sister. The answer was, "I find your own texts and sayings in it—how, then, can it be the book you describe?" Nowise abashed by the disapproval of the priests, the man, thoroughly awakened, gathered around a little congregation, and from this little leaven the whole community was leavened. The visiting ecclesiastics endeavoured to persuade the man to keep his readings private, but he would not consent. When a clergyman visited that neighbourhood, he found things ripe for him, and he was received gladly. We have seen this incident quoted in an address by the Dean of Peterborough, and though our information differs a little from his narrative, there can be no doubt that the incident is the same, and a very encouraging and consolatory incident it is. Such great results have come from the purchase of a copy of the Bible, and we hope that like success may attend the distribution of the Word of God by the Bible Society in other parts of the Peninsula.

THE EMIGRANT'S FRIEND.

It is always gratifying to receive spontaneous testimony to the benefits derived from our efforts, and such testimony we have received not only to the good done by the "Short Arrows" of THE QUIVER, of which we do not intend to speak here, but to the most praiseworthy efforts made by The Thames Church Mission Society to reach emigrants and others, and the wonderful success which has attended them. We have before us a letter, received from the secretary, testifying to the services rendered by the missionaries on board the vessels. The writer says that, having for the past two years been at sea for health's sake, he has had many opportunities of observing the good done by the Thames Mission. Emigrants to America and many other places, have personally borne witness to the great blessings the mission has conferred upon them. Sailors and others employed on board the ships have also told the writer that their conversion has been entirely due, humanly speaking, to the efforts of the visiting teachers in the Port of London. This unsolicited testimony from an utter stranger, accompanied by a substantial token of his interest in the work, may serve to show that the sympathy for which we have at times, in common with many of our contemporaries, appealed on behalf of the Thames Church Mission, has been greatly aroused, and is yielding good

"WHENCE ARE THEY GATHERED? WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?"

We will answer these questions concerning those whom it is the object of the Thames Mission to reach, in a few words. The sailors are, of course, gathered from the whole body of the people, and of every kind. From London alone there embark annually three hundred thousand sailors, in the aggregate. Can we imagine all these men starting forth to sea without any knowledge of their Saviour? We are glad to believe that thousands have

made themselves acquainted with the Gospel, and taken the Great Example for their Guide. The trials to which the missionaries are subjected are scarcely known, and one may be illustrated here. On board a certain vessel, the cook stood alone as an unbeliever. He had decilated every overture, and was the terror of his shipmates. The veader determined to see him, but the men feared the result. The missionary went, however, and encountering the bully, said he had come to talk to him. The cook bade him begone, and threatened to strike him. The good man told him he was welcome to strike him. The good man told him he was welcome to strike him. The good man treaty to pray for his antagonist's deliverance, through his strength in the Gospel. The man turned away, and bursting into tears, confessed that he had endeavoured to quench his early good feelings, but the spirit striving with him had conquered. For many years this man has been living a godly life. Many similar incidents could be

added, but we have said enough concerning the Thames Mission to keep alive its interests in the minds of our readers, convinced as we are that it is working an immense good in and about the metropolis.

Let none hoard his knowledge, so that treasures of price untold shall die with him when he is gathered to his fathers. Let all that a man accumulates of wisdom and learning be made available as far as may be, by a generous liberality, to the good of his generation and of generations yet to come. Let him regard knowledge as a sacred trust, as a gift of God's Spirit, to be laid out upon God's Church. Let his lamp burn before the throne trimmed and fed day by day with the consecrating oil of grace and self-devotion.—Vaughan.

"QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

SEVENTH LIST.

Being amounts received up to and including April 25, 1883.

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"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

99. Under what circumstances was Uzziah smitten with leprosy?

100. In whose reign was Jerusalem taken from the Jebusites, and by whom?

101. What reference is made in the New Testament to the "twenty-four courses" by which the priests served in the Temple?

102. What prophet rebuked King Asa, and why?

103. What reference is made in the Book of Genesis to Mount Moriah, the site upon which the Temple was afterwards built?

104. What became of all the costly furniture and fittings of Solomon's temple when it was destroyed by fire?

105. Where did Jeroboam set up golden calves to be worshipped, and why?

106. In what passage does Moses predict the terrible distress which came upon the people of Israel at the siege of Samaria?

107. By what means was Elijah preserved from the vengeance of King Ahaziah?

108. What king of Judah was mentioned by name 300 years before his birth; and what prophet gave the prediction?

109. What memorial was kept of the rebellion of Korah?
110. What allusion is made in the Gospel of St. John to the brazen serpent in the wilderness?

111. Where is it foretold that the earth shall be destroyed with fire? quote passage.

112. What promise of support against temptation is mentioned by St, Paul?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 512.

86. The name "Babbler," which means "a picker up and retailer of worthless things." (Acts xvii, 18.)

87. Aratus and Cleanthes. (Acts xvii. 28.)

88. Job, who says, "They were driven forth from among men—they cried after them as after a thief." (Job xxx. 5.) 89. The prophet Ezekiel, who says, "Thou shalt daily prepare a burnt-offering unto the Lord—thou shalt prepare

it every morning." (Ezek. xlvi. 13.)
90. "They said in their hearts, Let us destroy them together; they have burned up all the synagogues of God

in the land." (Ps. lxxiv. 8.)

91. Psalms exiii. and exiv. were sung at the early part of the Paschal feast—Psalms exv.—exviii. towards the end; these last are supposed to have formed the hymn sung at the last supper. (Matt. xxvi. 30, Mark xiv. 26.)
92. It is found in the Psalms, and expresses the weary

92. It is found in the Psalms, and expresses the weary and worn condition of the writer as he longs for the comfort of God's presence; a leathern bottle dried in the smoke, soon becoming worn out and useless. (Ps. cxix. 83.)

93. Those Jews who, born in a foreign country, spoke the Greek language, (Acts vi. 1.)

94. Silas, the companion of St. Paul. (Acts xvi. 19, 37.) 95. At Jerusalem, under the presidency of St. James. (Acts xv. 13.)

96. David took his father and his mother into the land of Moab for safety. (1 Sam. xxii 3.)

97. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed according to Thy word." (Ps. cxix. 9.)

98. Samuel the prophet. There were schools at Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho. (1 Sam. x. 5, 2 Kings ii. 3-5.)

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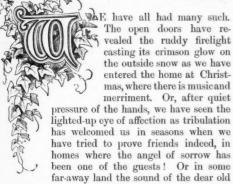
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THE FRIENDLY WELCOME.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



mother tongue has thrilled the hearts of those who in a perfect rush of joy have given us welcome upon welcome to their foreign home. You come? they say, and Well-come! Welcome!

But there is a farewell hidden in every welcome of earth. In our brightest hours we rejoice with trembling. There is no home island on which the storms of sorrow do not break. There is no dear church where we have fellowship in the Gospel but a graveyard is close beside it. There is no door that long bears its lintel above it, but some loved form is borne through it in that stately sleep, which knows no waking here. Welcome! we say to ourselves! Yes! But where are lover and friends who once were welcomed with us? Welcome! Venerable fatherhood is at the door! Jacob is there! But where is Rachel?

We need not wonder, therefore, that those who have entered the home where there is no change, where no friend ever goes away, should be described in Holy Scripture as uniting in the gracious invitation to us to come there. The redeemed and glorified ones know what Home is now, and the Spirit and the Bride say, Come!

If these words had reference to an immediate invitation to Heaven itself we might fairly say—that we are interested in this earthly life, that we have friends, duties, ambitions, loves, and joys, which make earth a desirable portion. We, at all events, feel no difficulty in answering the moribund question, so frequently discussed of late, "Is life worth the living?"

Let me assume, at all events, that we find it to be so—that we have no sympathy with asceticism, which closes the gates of life, on love and joy and beauty, or with the assumed sanctity which treats the present life as though it were undivine. No! God, we are sure, meant us to use the world, to engage all our wonderful faculties in spheres of art and science, and service

and song, and, in fact, made "everything beautiful in its time."

And yet we, too, have felt that this world cannot be all: that the mighty grandeur of our nature is made for more than this, that its dissatisfactions, even when our pursuits are noble, and our pleasures innocent and pure, afford in themselves a testimony to immortality.

There is another sphere, a higher, nobler, purer eternal sphere, and there the blessed dead, who finished their course with joy, now live and reign with Christ their Lord. It is from them that the invite, "Come," sounds forth. Let us confine our attention to one only of the clauses of this text, "The Bride says, Come!"

The Departed have a Voice. Surrounded as we are by the voices of earth and time, it will be well for us to catch the echoes of these heavenly voices as they float and fall from the better land.

"Come!" Then our beloved ones are interested in us still. The Mother, whose last gaze melted us into such overwhelming tenderness, has not forgotten us; the little sister would still be an angel of help to us. Many of their influences live. Their Bibles, their letters, their remembered words, their wistful searching glances, their quiet pressures of the hand—all these still say Come! But more than this—here we have their direct message by the word of inspiration. "The Bride saus Come!

It is a beautiful touch. Just a little light. And yet something that we dare not ignore. It may open up to us a hundred other questions which we cannot answer. Do they see us? Are they our ministering spirits? Are they nearer to us than we think? We know not.

Sometimes in the busy course of life we almost forget the departed. They who were once so precious have been crowded out. They have gone to what the Emersonians call the Immensities, the Eternities, the Silences, but where the Christian faith tells us they are ever with the Lord.

Not the "silences," This is a message from them. They are the preachers. The Bride says, Come! Then Christ is theirs, and Heaven is theirs, but they want us too.

The Departed are Victors. Come, they say. Commence, and carry on the work that ends in victory like this. For is not just this the teaching in the vision of St. John?—"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne."

And the invitation may be very appropriate at special seasons. It may be that sin has once again conquered us, that old habits have risen

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up to master us, that we have been sleeping gladiators while the lists have been filled with other victors. We have been overcome by the world or by the flesh, and there is a felt sense of sorrow and of shame. What, then, if gracious help come to us from the invite in special seasons of temptation? On one side are Egypt's voices, Come, come! And the pliant will is yielding. "Come, the Bible is wearisome. Come, religion is superstition. Come, Sabbaths were made for evening siestas, and not for sermons that search consciences. Come." But better voices cry, "Come," and we remember the dead. How about the wish of the departed? How about the prayer we cannot forget from Jacob's quivering lips? How about ourselves? Are we happy? Is the immortal thirst within us satisfied? Religion is no meditative dream, no luxurious repose; it is conflict. The departed know that. They crucified the flesh, they fought the good fight. Listen! they say to us now, Come; the warfare is not long; let it be earnest. It is not in your own strength; let it not therefore be shunned through tremulous fear. Come; the long file of the army keeps entering in—greetings are going on. Come; we are not sorry, they say now, for the dust and the heat, and the fierce struggles of the war. is a glorious war, a holy war, a crusade in which the faithful of every age are one with you. Come; Christ knows His soldiers; He will crown each one with His own royal hand. Come.

The Departed are at Home. Home! It is a word that touches and thrills every soul, and yet there is no word that has more sadness at the heart of it. For what makes home? Not the mere abode, though it be beautiful, protective, pleasant. No! The life of love makes home. The family makes home. Is not this God's ideal in fatherhood and home? But we have already had more than one home. In the first we were children, and could think at school, and holidays, only of that place as home. And then, we came home from school. Where is it now? Our fathers, where are they? And the old Sabbath ministers, where are they? If the same houses be standing, there are new groups at the doors. If the churches be opened, there are new faces in the great assemblies. Then there have been our own manhood's homes. Blessed ?-Yes. Restful ?-Yes. Cheer- $\begin{array}{lll} \hbox{ful ?} \hbox{$-$Yes.} & \hbox{$Prosperous?} \hbox{$-$Yes.} & \hbox{$But$ what tragedies there have been \it{there}.} & \hbox{$What seasons of} \end{array}$ hush. What hours of desolation. Little histories have been lived there. Life's early enchantment has been dispelled there. have come, it may be, from time to time, seasons of interest, of brightness, of joy in others, of eager purpose, for this is God's sweet will; but what a different reading we now give to the word home; how transient, how changeful it all is.

And is this—can this be all God's meaning in it? Is there no mighty parable at the heart of

it? We know that there is. How comforting it is to listen to the words of Jesus: "In My Father's house are many mansions." Yes. "And where I am, there shall ye be also."

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The Departed are like Christ. In what? In character?—Yes. In mind, which is the life of character?—Yes. And in desires for His Kingdom?—Yes. Think about it; it must be so. All Heaven is described as interested in the conflict of light and darkness. How can our departed ones in Heaven escape the sweet contagion? The angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation. Moreover, as prodigal after prodigal returns, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God. All this is designed to represent the great truth

that heaven is interested in earth.

It seems wonderful, but nothing is too wonderful when once you understand the Redeemer's Cross. Love? Oh! the depth! And is not Christ's nature understood in Heaven? Come, says the Bride, He is not difficult to entreat, He is not hard to move. He is not too occupied with imperial interests to pity and to save. Do not argue about Him, but understand by "coming." Do not pave the way by penances, but come. Do not make a metaphysic of your motives, and wonder whence they came, but Come, come! The Bride knows Him. Who should know the Bridegroom but the Bride?

The Departed dread no death. They understand that we should do so. They did once. Many and many a time they trembled and were afraid. They had doubts and fears, they shuddered at the tomb, they feared to launch away, but they are on the other side of Jordan now! The river is forded. The mystery is solved! The eternal light is theirs. Who does not know what it is to feel a tremor about the soul's departure? Who has not longed for the prophet's chariot instead of the funeral cortège? Nay, more; we are but children of faith, and the speculations of our own days tell more or less upon us.

Come! Yes, we are coming; some of us soon. Surely, however, the time draws near; and we are in the ranks that grow thinner and thinner where the archers' unheard arrows fall. Come! Yes, but before then we must come to the Saviour. Alas! the words, "I go, sir, and went not," are a parable of many lives. We touch the sleepers. We shake them. It is high time to awake out of sleep. They recognise the awakening voice, and are turning to sweet slumber again. It is high time. Come! the Saviour wants you all.

Yes, Christ says, Come; the Spirit says, Come; and the Bride says, Come. Out of the words there may gleam the light of faces which we know full well, tender and kind as ever. And as we look to the celestial heights, faces that we know shape themselves out of the golden clouds,

and hearts that we love beat loyally to us still, and voices sweet as the church bells at evening, fall on the quiet air of the mind, as the Bride says, Come. It may be that in the great homegoing we may hear the whisper again, for we depart to be with Christ and with them, to be

"together with the Lord." Surely no earthly welcome can be so sweet as that home welcome where the redeemed crowd to the gate to meet us, and the Saviour Himself says, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

AUGUST.

"The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."—PSALM LYV. 13.

ROM waving fields of golden corn,
Where dancing sunshine lingers,
From orchards ruddy with the touch
Of summer's loving fingers,
From gardens bright with every hue,
From forest and from river,
A song of praise goes up on high
To God, the gracious Giver:
One song from garden, field and wood—
"God is love, and God is good!"

And while all nature shouts for joy,
Are we no praises singing?
While humbler things have thankful hearts,
Are we no tribute bringing?
No, surely, for we too will come,
While all the earth rejoices,
And praise God for His plenteous gifts,
With loving hearts and voices:
Raising our song of gratitude—
"God is love, and God is good!"

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEFORE THE SUNDAY EVENING.

T was on Saturday night that Grace and Hester formed their plan, but they had decided to defer the carrying out of it till the Sunday week, in order that they might have time to reflect, and to recover from the agitation of the last two days. Their father continued to be very ill. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, and

octor gave no nope of recovery, and pointed out, indeed, that recovery was scarcely a thing to be hoped for, for he was of opinion that with recovery of bodily force, had it been possible, the glimmer of reason would have been swallowed up in mental darkness as complete as before. But the end was not to be apprehended immediately. He might, and probably would, linger on in the same condition for some time to come. Mrs. Norris did not fail from her first uplifted frame of mind. Had she done so, and had the care of their father been left

to them, to any extent, Grace and Hester would probably have lost the sense of aloofness with which they reproached themselves. Grace, who had been used to have no interests but those of home, and to be the very pivot of all that was going on there, was rendered miserable by the consciousness that she was outside the centre in this domestic crisis, and that she was indeed actually more absorbed in Hester's and her own personal interests than in the family emergency. The consciousness stimulated her resentment against Waterhouse, who had obtruded himself as a distraction to her thoughts at such a time.

"Ah, the selfishness of men!" she reflected; "how right was I when I used to resolve I would have nothing to do with them! They have been at the root of every trouble that has come to us. But, alas! these creatures abound, and my resolve was idle!"

The girls were, as their mother promised, admitted to the sick-room after that first day. But Mr. Fleetwood took very little notice of his daughters. Their mother brought each one to him in turn, calling her by name, and bidding him kiss her. Each in turn bent down to him, and he kissed her docilely, but immediately turned his eyes back to his wife, whom they followed incessantly. It seemed as if the spirit born again within him, weak as a baby's, had

scarcely strength to live but in the sense of her presence.

"Dear," said she, when she led Kitty by the hand to her father's side, "this is the baby that you said had my eyes. Do you still think they are like mine? She is fourteen now, papa, but I am afraid she is a baby still. I did not want her to grow up.

Kiss papa, Kitty."

Kitty obeyed, but with fear and trembling. sick-room, with the gaunt figure for a centre whom she heard spoken of as papa-strange title that had never been on her tongue-was very awful to her; and when she had shrinkingly touched the sick man's cheek with her lips, she looked so near to crying with fright that Grace hurried her off, fearful of an exhibition of feeling that would have distressed her mother. It would not probably have reached the borderland between illusion and reality in which her father's spirit hovered. He did not look yearningly after the little daughter whom he had last seen when she was two months old. After this first visit Kitty very seldom came inside the door, but Grace and Hester went in and out as a matter of course, and helped their mother as much as they could,

But Grace, with a dexterity born of a quick brain and an agile frame, managed to avoid even catching sight of Waterhouse in the numerous transits made by each of the landing and stairs. Waterhouse was frequently in the sick-room, and he now used a bedroom on the floor above, so that his opportunities were many, and he made more, in the hope of meeting her as by accident. He had no intention of making a formal apology by note or interview; he believed the offence so unpardonable in Grace's eyes, and her heart so implacable, that such an effort would, he thought, only make worse of the affair, and make it appear that he held it in light estimation. But he did yearn to show her by some address of intense respect, some look of utter humility, that, so far from resenting her anger, he regarded it as more than merited. Grace gave herself little trouble to imagine what his feelings might beshe simply wished to dismiss the thought of him as

One day Waterhouse, coming out of the room, encountered Hester as she entered it, and they exchanged a grave salutation. Waterhouse experienced quite a shock of surprise. He inwardly exclaimed, "What a beautiful woman she is!" and as he passed into his sitting-room, he for the first time recognised the fact that Hester was just the kind of woman with whom he had been used to imagine himself falling in large.

At the recollection of his old theoretic tastes, he experienced a grim annusement. "But it is odd," said he to himself, "that I have never admired her before. What a dignified presence she has, what fine lines there are about her figure; and it strikes me there is a promise of depth of character about those well-formed features which I have hitherto considered expressionless. If Denston cares for her, and she for

him, why, he will be a happy man, I believe. But the poor fellow will never be in a position to declare himself. What is it she reminds me of?—Wordsworth's 'Lucy,' surely—

> "And vital feelings of delight Shall rear her form to stately height, Her virgin bosom swell,"

But 'vital feelings of delight' must have been few and far between in Hester's monotonous Barbara Street existence; and I don't suppose Nature ever took the trouble to make any resolutions about her. However, those speculations are rather barren to me just now," and Waterhouse sighed, and lost himself in a bitter-sweet lover's reverie, into which we need not follow him.

But the new impression Hester's appearance had made upon him was significant. Hester's form had, indeed, appeared to dilate as her soul expanded with larger emotions. Love, and grief, and contrition, and joy had been at work within her, and the old cramping petty habits of distrust, jealousy, discontent, and self-centred brooding had been swept away by these nobler moods of mind. They were stamping her face with their individualising power. Perhaps Philip Denston, had he seen her for the first time now instead of in the dormant condition from which she had gradually emerged, might have been attracted by her instead of by Grace; and Hester, having once attracted, would have been capable of inspiring a great affection.

Hester could not, as she had wished, avoid seeing Miss Denston till she could unburden her mind, for to leave her friend without her usual visits would have given occasion for such remarks as the girls did not wish drawn upon themselves just then. So Hester went across in the afternoon of the next day, which was Sunday, apprehensive that otherwise Miss Denston would question her concerning the

delay.

The rain was pouring down steadily. As Hester crossed the road, under her umbrella, her heart beat fast at the prospect of coming once more, but with such new sensations, into the familiar room and into the presence of her two friends. She received a cordial welcome, and Mr. Denston took her cloak, as she unfastened it, and himself hung it up. He looked at her with pleasure. He was very glad to see her, partly for her own sake, partly because of her association with Grace, whom he had vowed never to see when he could avoid it. And he was glad to make a third during the visit. He resolved to talk to Hester himself, and prevent the tête-à-tête conversation which his sister generally secured even when he was present.

"This young spirit shall not, at least this once, breathe the air of Georgina's hothouse of sentiment," he said to himself; "I will keep them to healthy out-of-door reason." He drew up his chair nearer to Georgina's couch, beside which Hester had seated herself, and at the action Hester's heart rose. She

had looked to see him retire, with a book, into the farthest corner, if he did not leave them altogether. He began to talk, but Hester, though she replied when necessary, was scarcely aware what was said.

disturbed her as keenly as Grace had anticipated, probably because her attachment to these two forbade any mixture of wounded pride in her suffering. With regard to Philip, there was even a kind of subtle joy



"'And you have known it, Georgina, all this time?""-p. 584.

She was full of inexpressible thoughts and feelings. At one moment the darting consciousness would seize her of the secret bond between them, of which she alone of the three was aware, and her brain would work in conjectures as to how the others would receive the knowledge. That knowledge had not

in the consciousness that there was need for her to humiliate herself before him. A true woman would perhaps always feel it sweeter to come with penitence than with pride into the presence of the man she loves, and would rather need than give forgiveness. She had no fears for the effect of the disclosure upon him; she knew him far too magnanimous to feel any resentment towards the family of the man who had injured him. Nor as to Miss Denston, whom she had often heard express the bitterest anger against her father, did Hester feel alarm. The discovery that on so clear a ground rested her obligations to devote herself to her friend, had restored to her a settled calm on the matter, which was an infinite relief, after the mental tossings she had experienced. Mr. Denston had laid it on her conscience not to continue to be a slave and to bear the yoke, while, on the other hand, her conscience spoke loudly to forbid any action which was treasonable to the obligations she had built up for herself, and of which she instinctively felt she ought to bear the burden. Thus, her own conscience, on the one side, and the desire she felt to obey him on the other, had kept her in a wavering state, which made her very wretched. Now all was made clear again, and her conscience justified. Miss Denston might, and probably would, turn from her at first, but Hester knew she loved her too much, and depended on her too entirely, for such a state of things to last. Far more loudly than any feelings connected with her father, as Hester sat with apparent calm in his presence, did anxious alarm clamour in her heart at sight of Denston's pallor and attenuated hands, and in recollection of what she had learned by chance from the doctor. She scarcely seemed to look at him, yet noted all details, and saw every change that passed over his face. She herself was very beautiful this afternoon, like an Undine with soul new-breathed into her, only this Undine, in her soulless days, had been, not tricksome and wayward, but dull and passive. Her beauty was of a subtly feminine kindit was that of a woman who loves and hopes, but is only half-conscious of either, and who is clothed, as by a lovely veil, with intense womanhood. Faint flushes came and went over her cheeks, her eyes swam in light, her mouth took soft curves, she moved with a modest consciousness. And all this beauty, born of beautiful feeling, failed to awake recognition or appreciation. But Hester was happy. She had not got beyond the stage when to be with the man she loved was to be happy. She wished for nothing Even to her own consciousness, Hester still wore the veil over her heart. She had never told herself she loved, still less had debated as to whether he loved her. Yet she did love, and she did believe that she was loved.

At a certain point during the visit, Hester saw, with eyes that did not seem to be looking, Mr. Denston glance at the clock. She rose and went to the sideboard, returning directly with a glass in her hand, while the others looked surprised.

"You are a witch," said Denston. "I was that very moment observing that my medicine was due." " I remembered the time," said Hester, smiling and

giving him a fleeting glance.

"Nature evidently intended you for a nurse," said Denston. "Am I not to be permitted to put the glass back myself?" seeing that Hester was holding out her hand. Hester blushed and smiled, but did not move away, and Denston put the glass into it, and in so doing their hands met.

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"It is shameful that you should wait upon me," said Denston, leaning back in his chair and smiling when Hester sat down again; "but after all, the young should minister to the old, shouldn't they?"

"Ah, Philip," said Miss Denston, "age should

count by experience."

"So it should; but what experience has Miss Hester had to counterbalance ten years of difference in age? You are about eighteen aren't you?"

"Nineteen," said Hester.

"Suffering is experience," said Miss Denston, oracularly.

Hester coloured. Miss Denston referred, doubtless, to those old troubles belonging to an uncongenial home, which appeared now so far-distant, and so unsubstantial.

"Don't let us take the name of suffering in vain," said Philip, with sudden gravity. "There is no suffering worthy the name in this world that does not belong to crime, or love, or death; but Miss Hester could not be expected to know that yet, When we are young and safely sheltered, we pet our little troubles very much."

"How well I understand him," thought Hester;

"how much better than he knows!"

"You have left out ill-health," said his sister.

"That is a mere nothing in comparison."

"But to see others suffer," began Hester, looking

"Why, then it comes under my list, for it belongs to love; but that is a kind of suffering which has an obvious end, for it directly impels us to help and succour others."

"But," said Hester, "we cannot always succour,"

"There is always sympathy."

"But sometimes we cannot express it."

"If we feel it, that will always be of use, I believe."

As he spoke, he looked at Hester. The conviction struck him at once that she wished to convey sympathy to him, and he smiled openly and kindly, for his heart was touched. It was new to him to feel himself the object of care.

Hester rose to go. The afternoon could have nothing so good in store for her as that kind smile. Mr. Denston accompanied her down-stairs. As he put up her umbrella for her, she said, as steadily as

she could-

"My sister begged me to say that she would like to speak to you about something. Will you spare a few minutes next Sunday evening to come in and see her? I ask you now, as I may not see you

Poor Hester! Little did she guess that whereas, a moment before, Philip Denston had been thinking only of her, with pleasure, friendliness, and even affection, these words chased her from his thoughts at once, and brought the image of Grace there, with a throng of tumulthous feelings. Hester crossed the road, still happy, to dream at home over the visit. It was destined to live long in her memory, as marking the close of a chapter in her life's history.

Several wet gloomy days followed this wet Sunday. Thursday opened wet, but cleared later, and in the evening the sun sent a beautiful glow from the west to transfigure Barbara Street, and through the open windows the air blew in soft and fresh. Mr. Fleetwood slept after a restless day, and Grace persuaded her mother to go out into the air for half an hour or so, and to take Kitty with her, leaving her to watch by her father's side. When Grace was left alone, she sat down by the open window, and leaned out that she might get all the air possible upon her face. She had forgotten to bring a book with her in which she was interested, but the idea of leaving the room was not to be thought of, for she was too much under the apprehension that some accident might happen, which would oblige her to send for Mr. Waterhouse. But she had very little time to regret the book, for almost immediately her father awoke, and called, feebly-

"Grace."

"Here I am, papa," she replied, advancing to his bedside, though well aware that she was not the Grace whom he had called.

"I want your mother," he said, looking at her piteously; "why isn't she here? Where is she gone?"

"Why, I persuaded her to go out for a little while, papa," replied Grace, sitting down by the bed, and putting her hand upon his. "You were asleep, or I am sure she would not have gone. Has the sleep rested you?"

He made no reply, but after a moment or so asked the same question, "Where is your mother?"

Grace repeated the information patiently, and said she expected her back in half-an-hour; after which her father asked every two or three moments-" Has she come back now?" At first the inquiries were made quietly, but soon Grace was alarmed to find that he was beginning to cry and feebly wring his hands. She could not soothe him. He became so restless that she thought every moment he would get out of bed. Byand-by he said suddenly, "Where is John? He will tell me where she is gone. Is John gone away too?" In truth, Grace did not know whether Waterhouse was in the house, but whether he were or not, her repugnance to sending for him was excessive. To ask a favour from him, to be obliged to meet him on the common ground of attention to her father, was most galling. She tried to pacify her father in every possible way that occurred to her, but nothing succeeded. He wailed for her mother, he wailed for "John" to come and tell him where she was gone, and whether she would ever come back. Finally, in desperation, Grace rang the bell, and asked Sarah to see if Mr. Waterhouse were at home, and if he would kindly come in. He was at home-happy Waterhouse, not to have missed such an opportunity !-

and came at once. Grace need have been under no apprehension as far as his behaviour was concerned, She could not help remarking that it was perfect. He took no notice of her, after one involuntary glance when he came in. He knew that he was sent for because she could not help it, and he did not take advantage of her necessity; he would not even give her any of those beseeching looks which he had promised himself. Grace went back to the window, and Waterhouse took her place, and devoted himself to the task of soothing the sick man, Grace was astonished at the gentleness and tact he showed. His brusquerie and impetuosity were not displayed here, and his hearty tones were softened. His aim appeared to be to keep the patient's mind diverted by a stream of soothing talk, which was most of it nonsense, but which seemed to answer the purpose admirably, while at the same time he kept his large muscular hand on the thin restless arm, and seemed thereby to exercise something of magnetic power.

"Well, now, and so she left you, did she? I saw her go out from my room, and she nodded up at me, as much as to say she would soon be back. She'd got Kitty with her, so you may be sure she won't be long. I believe she wore an old bonnet, too, but I don't notice such things much. Then, another thing, I'm going out this evening myself, and she knows, of course, that I shan't go out till she comes in. Do you know what a fine evening it is after the rain? She is gone in the direction of the Chester Road, and that is away from the sunset, you know; but, you may depend upon it, she does not think about the sunset. She is gone to get you a lemon, or grapes, or something, I expect, and is hurrying along home again by this time. Be sure you don't tell her you missed her, or she will be terribly put out."

So Waterhouse went on, and spun nonsense with entire fluency for a quarter of an hour or more, while Grace was divided between amusement at his method and admiration of his success, and, seeing her father thoroughly quieted, ceased to listen for her mother's knock.

Mrs. Norris returned at the end of that time, and came straight from the front door to the sick-room. Her husband gave a cry when he saw her, and when she kissed him, and took Waterhouse's place by his side, tears of joy coursed down his cheeks. Waterhouse went away as undemonstratively as he had entered, leaving Grace more inclined to forgive him than if he had asked her forgiveness a hundred times.

But she had not seen the last of Waterhouse that evening. It was ten o'clock when her mother ealled her to announce to her the appearance of what she believed to be new and serious symptoms in the condition of the patient, of which she considered Dr. Black ought at once to be made aware. Grace said she would go to his house, taking Sarah with her for escort; but Mrs. Norris wished to substitute Mr. Waterhouse. Grace repudiated the suggestion vehemently. Her mother expressed herself nervously fearful of the

condition of the streets. Grace denied and coaxed, but to no effect, and finally, rather than cause her mother uneasiness at such a time, was obliged to allow her to request the favour from Mr. Waterhouse. Her chagrin may be imagined as she prepared for her errand. She thought of taking Hester with her, but discarded the scheme as undignified.

Waterhouse accompanied her into the street silently, and, when there, they set off walking quickly. They had not far to go. Not a word was spoken between them till they reached the doctor's house. But as they walked up the Chester Roadstill, at this time of night, alive with flaming gaslamps and swarming with people, he made it evident that his silence was not that of indifference, by the guard he kept over her, and the care with which he shielded her from rough contact. Grace, who was used to independence, and to hold her own successfully, was yet woman enough to be affected pleasantly by this strong protective care. At first she had a grateful sense of power in finding Waterhouse thus silent and submissive in her presence; but she began to grow uncomfortable, and by the time they reached their destination had made up her mind to begin conversation on the way home. So, when she joined Waterhouse again outside the house, she made a remark about her errand. To be allowed to walk by her side had been an unlooked-for boon to poor Waterhouse, even though he knew her implacable; but to hear himself addressed in her ordinary tones was altogether dumbfounding. He scarcely knew what he replied, but he knew that she continued to talk. Grace could either avoid him altogether or behave civilly; she could not condescend to show pique. But Waterhouse concluded her to be nearer forgiving him than the reality indicated, and the walk home was to him more like Eden than common earth. Grace even praised him for his nursing, and said she did not now wonder that her father cried out for him.

"Where can you have learned to be so clever?" she asked.

"I don't think it's a matter of cleverness," said Waterhouse, red with pleasure and confusion under this praise. "I nursed my father; he would not have any one near him but me. One has only got to be sorry for sick people, and then the knack comes. You see, being so strong myself, it is easy for me to feel sorry for a poor old fellow like your father. "Do you know "—he was going to say, "do you know that he takes me for his son?" But he stopped himself in time, fearing to make shipwreck on a rock of offence. Just as they reached home, he summoned up resolution to ask a question, over which he had long been inwardly hesitating.

"Miss Norris," he began in an embarrassed yet manly tone, "your mother wishes me—has asked me to stay a little longer. Shall I do so, or shall I go?"

"It does not matter to me in the least," replied Grace, in an easy tone. "Do just what is most convenient to you."

There was no answer. Then, smitten with compunction, she added—

"It is very kind of you to think of staying. Pray, do whatever my mother wishes, if you can do so without inconvenience,"

"It would not be inconvenient," said Waterhouse, And his voice sounded rather choked.

They had reached home. Waterhouse replied to Grace's thanks and good-night, and shut himself up as quickly as he could. He felt there was no hope—that he had done for himself for ever—that he might as well go. Yet, like the drowning man, he seized at a straw, which, in his case, was the thought that he ought to stay on other and less selfish grounds, since Mrs. Norris wished it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TWO INTERVIEWS.

"AND you have known it, Georgina, all this time, and have treated me just the same?"

So said Hester, with a wondering expression of face, as she knelt by her friend's side the following Sunday evening.

Miss Denston was better than usual this evening, and was sitting in an easy-chair by the open window. Her worn face had a look of content at variance with its ordinary expression, her blue eyes looked unusually deep through tears.

"My dear child, how should I treat you?" she said. "To be angry with you, were my nature capable of such injustice, were to hurt myself far more."

"But did you feel no bitterness when you thought of the injury we had done you—all the suffering that has come to you through us?"

"You have repaid me, dearest Hester, a hundred times."

"Ah, how good you are!" Hester exclaimed, holding, with revivifying clasp, Miss Denston's nerveless hands, over which the blue veins crossed and recrossed, in her own young firm ones. "My poor father can do nothing now to make amends, and we are so poor and powerless."

"You pay it back in richer kind, dear Hester. How often have we said that love is the best gift, the best possession this world can afford!"

Hester was silent for a moment.

"And my father-can you at all forgive him?"

"Yes, Hester, I do not feel the resentment I did, now that he is no longer merely a name, but a suffering human being like myself. Besides, he has given me you."

"You take a great weight from my heart," said Hester, with a sigh. The discovery that Miss Denston could be thus generous added to her sense of relief. "It is a strange life we are leading now," she continued, her old habit of confiding her experience here gaining upon her; "our father given back to us as if from the dead, and yet slipping fast

away from us again! I do not realise it. It will always seem a dream."

"And your sister Grace—is she as practical and full of importance as ever?"

Hester flushed up.

"Ah, Grace!" she exclaimed in a tone full of feeling; "she has been so good to me—so perfect. Oh, Georgie, I am ashamed to remember how I have talked about her to you. I have so misjudged her! These troubles have made me know her as I never did before. It was not she who kept me in ignorance, as I thought."

Hester had never realised that Miss Denston's suggestions had, in old days, done half the mischief.

But Miss Denston felt that her power in that direction was at an end, and that she must be on her guard lest she lose her power still further. She had come to be aware that Hester was no longer hers in the old sense. Within the last month or two, Hester had expanded into a woman under other influences than hers. The transition stage of an unavailing struggle to hold her back had passed, and she had accepted the inevitable, thankful to retain as much as she did, and gaining a new security founded on Hester's loyalty of nature. As to Hester's attitude towards her bother, she believed that to be a bud which would never ripen, wanting the quickening sun and shower; but she was still apprehensive on the score of Philip's too friendly manner.

She answered-

"I am truly glad," and stooped to kiss Hester's forehead. "You and she have never been altogether sympathetic before."

Hester rejoiced in her friend's sympathy, which was to her all that it seemed. Hester had not ceased to feed herself on illusions.

"So long as you love me," continued Miss Denston, smiling, "I will not be jealous of any one soever."

At this moment an expression flitted over Hester's face, which might be called the shadow of a blush.

The front-door opened and shut, and Philip was seen to cross the road to No. 47.

Miss Denston looked after him, and said-

"He has gone to have a chat with his friend, I suppose, but he will find him out. He has taken Kitty to church; I saw them start."

Hester was silent for a time, then she ventured to say, "I suppose Mr. Denston was very surprised when he learned about us."

"He must have been surprised, but I do not think the matter affected him very much. Philip's feelings are not acute, like mine; they are too much under the dominion of reason. Principle guides him, I believe, but not affection."

Miss Denston studied Hester's face, but did not see any sign of her being moved by this speech. Indeed, Hester was not at all moved. She knew that Miss Denston did not understand her brother, and she was occupied just then in picturing the seene in the parlour over the way, where Grace was experiencing a

similar surprise to that which had awaited herself. But she was recalled to a vivid interest in the conversation by the tone Miss Denston now gave to it.

"We have not had much talk together of late, my dear Hester, and yet I, as well as you, have been in much trouble, and sympathy is a healing balm when the heart is sore."

" Have you been suffering more than usual?"

"No, I have felt better—better than for a long time past. I think I shall venture to walk a little way to-morrow, if you will come across and give me your arm. I am very thankful for this alleviation of our present anxieties, for I must work harder now, in order that Philip may never be tempted to work as hard again. I am denying myself many of my little comforts, and shall now feel it necessary to take a larger share in the maintenance of our poor home. He has gone back to work again the last week, you know, and I fear it has tried him sadly."

Hester had pressed her friend's hands firmly in her own, and looked up at her with speaking eyes, as Miss Denston expressed her new resolutions. But she looked down again at those last words to hide the too keen emotions which might betray themselves in her face.

"Is not that against the doctor's orders?" she asked.

"Why do you think so?" asked Miss Denston, sharply.

"I understood that Dr. Black had not given him permission," replied Hester, hesitatingly, still without lifting her eyes.

"If so, I should have known of it," said Miss Denston, decidedly. "No; he must be careful, of course, in every possible way, but Mr. Burrows values him so highly that that will be quite possible."

"Have you anything to depend upon besides his salary, Georgina?" Hester, unconscious now of herself, in her earnestness raised her face, which was very pale.

"I have £20 a year, which was left me by an aunt," replied Miss Denston, with a melancholy smile. "I don't know whether you consider that something to depend upon."

"Oh, if I could only do something to help," said Hester, sighing deeply. "Georgina, I think I shall take a governess's situation, and give you my salary."

"Dear child! but why do you talk so? I am in no want."

"But you may be; and nothing I could do would come near what I want to do."

Hester's mind was full of the sad knowledge that Philip's condition was a far more critical one than his sister imagined.

"I want you, not what you can do," said Miss Denston, fondly, releasing one of her hands to stroke Hester's hair. "There is one great comfort," she said, by-and-by, "and that is that poor Philip has not the additional burden of a hopeless attachment on his mind. He gave me to understand only the other

day that he had never loved. He will, I believe, never marry, nor desire to marry, even should he be in a position to do so. If he ever should, Hester, you would come to live with me, would you not? and we would struggle on together. You should teach and I would write, and we should be very happy, in spite of hard work and deprivation, should we not?"

Hester had blushed and paled, in spite of herself, but she struggled to respond conformably to the expectations of her friend. That these expectations were inquisitorial she hardly recognised, but they were painful, and taxed her self-restraint.

"I shall be always yours, to do with what you like," she said at last, after some further talk had transpired, the while looking into Miss Denston's eyes. She had a sense of solemn self-surrender, which was the result of a struggle prior to this critical interview. She felt none of the old horror of bondage seizing her, because she had long since faced the situation, and resolved to submit herself to it with a voluntary choice of the duty, and not from a slavish cowardice. There is a service which is perfect freedom, a self-losing which is only the truest selffinding. Hester showed no longer weakness, but strength, in accepting thus the obligations she believed imposed on her by her own former weakness, by Miss Denston's necessity, and by her father's misconduct.

Mr. Denston had not returned, but Hester felt a desire to be alone, and she took leave of her friend and went home. The dining-room door was closed; she passed it and went to her room, By-and-by Grace would come and tell her what had passed, but she awaited that with interest rather than excitement. Her interview with Miss Denston had left a feeling of satisfaction in her mind. She felt more composed than she had done for long. Things were now made clear and straight; her friend had taken a more generous part than she had dared to hope; relations of mutual confidence, with no undercurrent of suspicion or disaffection, had once more been established between them, and on safer grounds than of old-all these were matters of comfort. Byand-by she heard the front-door bang, and then, as she expected, Grace's light feet running up the stairs. But what was her amazement to see her sister rush into the room in a state of excessive pallor and agitation. She seemed about to throw herself on the bed when Hester, who was sitting where she was not necessarily seen by a person entering, addressed her. Grace started violently, and exclaimed, wildly-

"Oh! Hester! I did not see you. I did not know there was any one here."

"What is the matter, Grace?" asked Hester, who rose and caught her sister's arm, as she was on the point of rushing away again.

"You startled me," said Grace, in a sharp unnatural voice. But as Hester continued to hold her, and look at her in surprise, Grace added, "Don't speak to me, Hester. Let me go—let me go at once!"

A little while back it would never have occurred to Hester to withstand Grace in any way. But she was not now inclined to submit passively to her sister's will. She held her firmly. Grace at first stared at her with wild defiant eyes, like some wild creature caught in a net; and then, suddenly throwing her arms round Hester, began to sob and cry distractedly. It was long before Hester could get a word from her, and in the meantime we may seek, in the interview just passed, the explanation at present denied to Hester.

To estimate aright the issues of that interview it is necessary to understand the state of mind which each of the persons concerned had brought to it. They were, indeed, like the flint and the steel, from which, if brought together, fire is sure to issue. Denston's mind was inflammable enough to need only a spark for combustion. He had had a week in which to work himself to fever-heat in anticipating their interview and revolving the possible meaning of it. He was weak in body, feverish from his just-resumed and undue exertions, and sleepless at night; and these things stole from his strength of mind, A hopeless depression had seized him, with a clinging murderous tenacity. The exertion he was resuming, while it was robbing him of his strength to face the fact, was also assuring him more loudly day by day that the doctor was right, and that if he kept to his post he would fall at it. Yet other alternative than to keep at his post there was none. His philosophy at this time failed him. His old pagan stoicism and his later more religious acquiescence in the Divine will, alike forsook him. In his present weakness of body, to struggle for his usual mastery over his spiritual motions, was an effort to which he could not attain, and he was beginning to lose his sense of the importance of doing so, and to sink into acquiescence in his own defect.

Grace awaited his coming with feelings different from those of the former occasion. Then her anxiety had been all for Hester. Denston himself was nothing to her. He was barred from her by her own vague sense of repugnance, which prevented her sympathy from being drawn out towards him. all this was now changed, for in Denston she now saw a man who had been injured by her own father, whose burdens belonged in some measure to her own shoulders. Since that evening he had been much in her thoughts; she had dwelt with pain and pity on his situation; she had longed to be able to relieve it-had even felt bound to do something to relieve it, if that something could be found-had pondered and debated and perplexed herself to no purpose. now her business was to let him know of this injury that had been done him by the man whose daughter she believed he loved, and that was a task calling for sympathy, and not the cold attitude of inspection which she had maintained before. He was a reserved man, that Grace knew, but she resolved he should not keep her at a distance by his reserve; he should be forced to admit her sympathy.

When Denston understood what it was that Grace had to tell him, he sustained the first shock to that ill-founded composure of manner which he had brought to the interview. He had expected some further development of the subject of Hester; by no means had he expected to be assailed in so personal a quarter.

Grace had been so engrossed in her mission, that she had not asked him to sit; and she stood near to him, looking at him with a world of feeling in her

great dark eyes.

Denston was a man proud enough to shrink from pity, under ordinary conditions, as intolerable; but the presence of any emotion towards himself in this girl, with whom his relations had hitherto been of the driest and coldest, in spite of himself, burst through the crust which had covered the hidden fire. His silence, his constraint, were incomprehensible to Grace, except as the result of a determined and ungenerous reserve, to conquer which, for Hester's sake, she felt a strong impulse rising.

"Oh, Mr. Denston," she said, "if this is, as you say, no news to you, it is, of course, no surprise, no shock, and you are too magnanimous for it to make any difference in your feeling towards us. But with us it is different. It has come upon us with a great shock. My poor mother is still in ignorance, and I

dare not tell her just now."

"Why should you tell her," asked Denston, slowly lifting his eyes, but dropping them again immediately, "if it would trouble her?"

"Can you not see? She would be shut out from a world of feeling she would wish to share. You are to her now an ordinary friend; she feels no different tie from that of an ordinary friendship."

"What difference can this knowledge make? None at all."

"Oh, indeed yes, Mr. Denston; if you were generous you would admit that our feelings towards you and your sister must be different from those towards any others whom we know. We would do anything, make any sacrifice, yes, any sacrifice in the world, if we could but make up to you in some degree for the past."

Grace spoke with a religious earnestness which made Denston quiver from head to foot. He exerted himself to reply, knowing how extraordinary his

silence must appear.

"You are under no obligation—you are mistaken—and there is no sacrifice needed. Some sacrifices are impossible."

He scarcely knew what he had said; words had come without his will. But they conveyed a sense of enlightenment to Grace concerning his manner and his meaning. He spoke of Hester. He meant he could not in honour ask for her love, nor that she should sacrifice herself to the uncertain future which was linked with him. But Hester loved him already! What to do at this moment when all was at the touch—encourage or discourage?

"No, no," she said, "surely not. There are some

sacrifices which seem so to onlookers, but where there is feeling—oh, Mr. Denston, you do not know how cruel it is for us to look on and see you suffering, and your sister."

Denston made a gesture of deprecation.

"Oh, yes," said Grace, in a tone full of the gentlest reproach, "your pride is hurt when I say that. I am hurting your pride to-night by all I say. And yet it is not right that it should be so. We want to do no more than obey—we are told to bear one another's burdens. Won't you accept even sympathy from us, who owe so much? It were indeed ungenerous, that."

Grace ended in an accent of timid appeal. She had come nearer, and Denston, looking up suddenly,

saw tears in her eyes.

"I should not be content with that," he said, looking at her fixedly for the first time in the interview; "it would have to be all or nothing."

Again he felt that these words were not what he intended to say. He listened to himself, as if it were another person speaking. He was shocked to hear them. He thought of rushing away at once—resolved to do so, yet did not move. The blood had flown into Grace's face, with the shock of this decisive revelation of his feelings.

"Oh," she said, impulsively, "why not ask for

more? I think you have a right."

Denston could scarcely believe he had heard these words in reality. The situation grew more and more like a dream. Yet he could not have misunderstood her, nor she him. The thought of Hester never occurred to him, possessed, as he was, by passionate feeling that obscured judgment.

"You say that? You mean that? Am I to ask for what I want, in spite of my poverty and misery?

Impossible!"

"Oh, I don't know what I have said," cried Grace, trembling. "I wish my mother knew. But oh, love is stronger than everything, isn't it? Nothing can withstand it."

"It is impossible you can mean to give me hope. I am a coward to take advantage of it. But you have tempted me. I have nothing to offer you but hopelessness. I don't ask you to love me, but you have tempted me to say that I love you."

Denston looked full into Grace's eyes, which gazed upon him in a stony way, as if fascinated.

"Me!" she exclaimed, in an almost inaudible

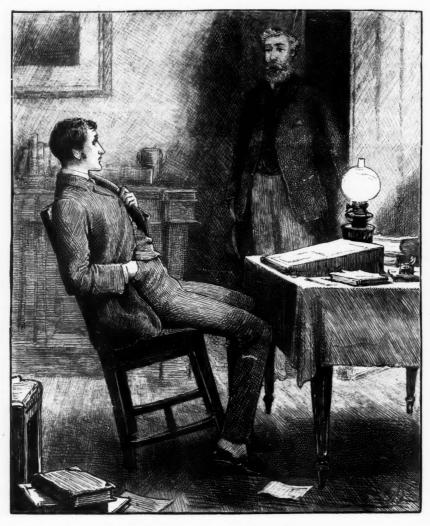
Her brain was reeling. The idea that Denston loved her and not Hester slowly infused itself through her whole system like a horrible poison.

Denston continued-

"I have done wrong to speak to you like this. I don't know how I came to do it. I cannot ask you to tie yourself. I cannot wish it. I will go at once."

But again Denston did not move; it was hardly likely he should, as Grace stood there, motionless, holding him with those spell-bound eyes. She felt as if she should never speak. She had given him encouragement—how could she say that it was on Hester's behalf? That would be to betray Hester. He loved her—Grace! What a fact to be added to

She said at last—
"And if—— You would be happy?"
The gap in her words explained itself.
Denston made no reply except by look—a look



"He found him seated at the worn desk."-p. 590.

his pitiful fate was this—that he should love his enemy's daughter, and that she should repulse him! Her reason tried to save her from slipping into the snare which had been set about her feet by telling her that compliance without love would be worse than useless. But the impulses of the moment spoke more strongly, and overpowered reason.

more eloquent than any words—a look which Grace never forgot.

"Oh!" cried Grace, "we are very unhappy! What am I to do!"

It was a despairing cry, but there was no hardness in the tone of it, and an ear might have fancied there were tenderness, Denston did not actually move, but something in his air must have foreshadowed a movement towards her, for Grace suddenly shrank back, and gasped—

"Don't touch me—not now—don't say any more

He looked at her again—this time keenly, hesitated a moment, and then walked away deliberately, without a farewell of any kind, and let himself out of the house.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRIVILEGES OF FRIENDSHIP.

"GRACE," said Hester, at last, "you are keeping me a long time in suspense. I cannot imagine what has

distressed you so."

"I don't know what to do," said Grace, still in the same distracted tone. "I don't know whether to tell you or not, and yet I must tell you." She broke away from Hester, and walked across the room. "Oh, why were you here when I came in? I wish you would go away, Hester. I wanted to recover my self-control before I saw you. I am ashamed of acting so weakly. I thought myself stronger. But oh, I did not know what miseries there are in the world!" Grace uttered these sentences disjointedly, as she wandered aimlessly to and fro, pressing her hands together. That Grace's anguish could be referred to her interview with Mr. Denston was, Hester told herself, impossible; yet there was a floating fear in her mind which she would be glad to have dispelled.

"Mr. Denston has not told you anything distress-

ing, has he?" she asked,

Grace stopped dead as she was walking to the window, and did not reply. Hester began to feel rather faint. Had Mr. Denston told Grace that he

was going to die?

"Tell me what it is, Grace," she said, quietly, but with a suppressed emotion in her voice, which brought a cold perspiration out upon Grace's forehead. She would rather have died at that moment than have had to tell this thing to her sister. But death does not come to release us at moments of torture. moment passed, and others followed, and nothing intervened to save Grace from the ordeal. She cried to God, but it seemed as though the heavens were as brass. Yet the cry brought succour of an unexpected kind. At the moment of most utter weakness, she suddenly felt strength return to her. She turned to Hester, put her arms round her, and leaned her head against her shoulder, so that she could not see her sister's face.

"Yes, Hester," she said, quietly; "it is what he has said. I do not know exactly what passed, nor how it came out. I shall never be able to recall it. But, Hester, he made me understand that he cares for me."

Hester made no sign, gave no start, uttered no word. Grace kept her face hidden, that Hester might feel her own was not being watched. By-and-by she felt Hester's frame swaying a little, and without speaking she led her to the side of the bed where she could sit down. She looked very white, and drew one or two gasping breaths. Grace brought her some water. She dared not express comprehension, or even sympathy. She said only—

"You are feeling ill, dearest. Lie down, and let

me put a shawl over you."

Hester tried to smile.

"Thank you," she said; "I don't know what is the matter with me. I felt very queer just then, but I am better now."

She did not need much persuading to lie down, and Grace sat by her side, and took her hand, which was cold and passive. They were silent, and Grace's whirling brain worked restlessly. Hester only asked one question by-and-by, in a low voice—

"And you-you do not care for him?"

"You know I do not, But, Hester, I don't know what I said. It was all one terrible misunderstanding, and I could not see what was right to do. I don't even know whether he thinks I said yes or no."

Hester shuddered, but did not reply, and Grace said no more, feeling that just now she could only leave Hester to herself, and let her take the initiative. By-and-by she was called away to her mother, but before going she stooped and kissed Hester. Hester put her arm round Grace's neck, and said, with a faint smile—

"I told you that you would always be loved."

Grace was crying so much all the way down-stairs that she failed to see that Mr. Waterhouse was standing at the foot. She came upon him so suddenly that it was useless to think of hiding her tears. But Waterhouse knew better now than to appear to take any notice of them. It was nevertheless perfectly understood, or rather felt by Grace, that her distress moved him very much. His face, his movements, his tones betrayed the anxious misery which he dared not voluntarily express.

"I just wanted to say to you," he began, with an awkwardness which Grace had never seen in him before, "that I have persuaded your mother to go to bed to-night. But she would not let me sit up for the whole night, as I wished, and we must fall in with her wishes, of course. You are to be with him till two, and I have promised to get a sleep, but I wanted to say to you that I shall not go to bed. I shall be in the next room, and if you want help, please tap on the wall. I don't like his look to-night, but I can't tell your mother so; she is really worn out."

"You are very kind," said Grace; "but pray go to bed. He seemed thoroughly sleepy when I went in last. He will probably sleep all the time."

"You cannot prevent my sitting up,"replied Water-house, with a melancholy half-smile, which meant that though he were exiled from her favour, and dare not so much as offer a word of sympathy, yet he had his own poor methods of compensation with which she could not interfere. Grace did not reply, "Do

just as you like," which, as a method of running cold steel through him, might have found favour with her. She was just now too crushed to have his misdeeds in remembrance. The kind voice, which had grown familiar, and was associated with the old pleasant lost days, touched at this moment some softer chord than usual, and threatened to upset her hastily assumed composure. She would have liked to forget and forgive, and to speak kindly in return, but she dared not. She felt a nervous horror lest she should give encouragement here also, and be misunderstood. To save herself from this, and because she felt tears rising which she could not keep back, she walked past Waterhouse quickly, and without a word. Her step, and the way she held her head, while it was really the result of an effort after composure, appeared haughty. Waterhouse, wounded once more, experienced a movement of anger more painful, being directed against her, than the bitterest despair. Not even had she expressed the slightest satisfaction that he had succeeded in inducing her mother to take rest. What an index, that, of determined resentment! He went off, saying to himself that he would give her up, which, even as he said it, he knew to be impossible. When he got into his room once more and shut the door, he began to find the loneliness insufferable. For days he had scarcely gone out of the house, having given himself up to a miserable brooding, and being in no mood to seek distraction out of doors or in the society of his friends. But to-night he grimly told himself that he should go mad if he stayed in this solitary hole any longer, and that, like the Ancient Mariner, he needs must out and tell his tale to some one. The general resolved itself very soon into the particular-Denston.

"I'll go and have it out over there," he said to himself. "I'll ask his advice. Perhaps he'll infuse into me a sardonic humour, which will bring me to the point of giving her up. He will rate me for my poor spirit, and stay me with assurances of the abundance of good fish in the sea. Verily, I stand in need of some such astringent as the good fellow will

apply,"

He waited till the time when he was aware that the she-dragon, under which title Miss Denston figured in his thoughts, retired to rest, and then he went over. He had not seen Denston for some time, and did not know that he had resumed work again. He found him seated in his old corner, at the worn deek

"Halloa! you're not copying?" he cried.

"No," said Denston, dragging forward a chair.
"I was doing nothing." He did not welcome Waterhouse cordially. He was intensely annoyed to see him come in. But Waterhouse was not in a mood to notice either the want of cordiality or the compression of Denston's firm thin lips and the abstracted look in his eyes. He threw himself back in his chair, and, heaving a sigh, said—

"I'm afraid it's rather late to come in, especially as I'm going to bother you. But the fact is, old

fellow, I am in dreadful trouble, and I want to talk some of it off."

"You in trouble?" exclaimed Denston, with concentrated meaning.

"Yes," said Waterhouse; "you fellows think you've got a monopoly of trouble, and won't allow a man with coin to know a moment's uneasiness. O dear! that sort of superficiality does irritate me!"

"Well, let the mountain bring forth the mouse," said Denston, coolly. He seated himself on the other side of the lamp, and was by-and-by glad of the

shelter and obscurity.

"Well, I need not preface," began Waterhouse, a little shamefacedly, "for you are pretty well aware, no doubt, what the trouble is, for all your sang froid, You have known that I've been in love with Miss Norris this many a long day."

"I have guessed it," said Denston, after a slight

ause.

"Well, foolishly enough, I told her so the other day, and was finely punished. She has snubbed me right and left ever since; will scarcely speak to me, I've gone through a precious time since I saw you last."

Waterhouse paused, but hearing nothing from Denston, went on—

"Now, I want your advice. Shall I give her up?"

Denston gave a short laugh.

"I'll spare my breath," he said.

"No, nonsense! I'm in earnest. I want to know what you would advise me in such a case."

"If my advice coincided with your wishes, you would follow it. If not, it might go to the winds. Besides, you must know your request is absurd. I'm not sufficiently au fait with the matter to offer an opinion."

"I've told you the facts, and I'll tell you any number more that are necessary."

"Facts! What are they in such a case? Mere shells that may contain nuts, good or bad. The only advice I could give you would be to trust to your own instincts."

"Well, then you tell me to decamp, because I am

perfectly hopeless."

"No, you're not. I don't believe in the hopelessness that craves contradiction. You would not have come here to-night, if you had been hopeless. You only came to be contradicted."

"Well, you are the coolest fellow—but," with sudden energy, and springing up, "I believe you're right. I haven't given up hope, and never shall."

Denston was silent. He looked at Waterhouse, who stood on the hearth-rug looking before him absently in a vigorous easy attitude, with an expression combined of thoughtfulness and determination on his well-featured face and in his frank grey eyes, shaded by the long lashes, which add an element of pleasant softness to a manly face.

"Well," said Waterhouse at last, rousing himself with a sigh, "thank you, my dear fellow. You can

see through a brick wall, and though you have not done your spiriting in the gentlest manner, it has thoroughly succeeded. I shall go back with twice the heart."

Denston shrugged his shoulders.

"Which shows that you came to expand your own feelings, and not to draw in my wisdom. For I have not said a word that was not strictly neutral." Waterhouse laughed, and shook hands.

"How are you?" he said. "Nothing to boast of, by your looks, I'm afraid."

"I have been at the office this week."

"But you don't say so! Has the doctor given

"A man cannot wait for his doctor, when bread-andcheese is in question. Dr. Black is an impracticable man, who prescribes a winter in Madeira where he might as well prescribe a voyage to the moon."

Waterhouse, after a pause, said-

"What a selfish brute I am to go blundering on to you of my own concerns"—he paused again—"but I have an idea—it wants thinking out, however. I won't stop any longer now. You look as though you ought to go to bed."

"How is the father?" asked Denston.

"What! you know about that, do you?"

Waterhouse looked at him curiously, but only got a monosyllabic reply.

"Did you," asked Denston, with hesitancy, as Waterhouse was on the point of departure, "imagine that you had encouragement from Miss Norris prior

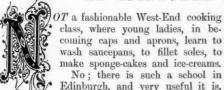
"My effervescence? Well that is a difficult question. I am sure she felt kindly towards me, and she had changed in her manner very much since the first; but I'm equally sure it never entered her head that I wanted more. Wish me good luck, Denston, for I don't mean to give up yet."

Denston did not reply in words.

Waterhouse shook his hand very heartily again, and went off.

(To be continued.)

AN EDINBURGH COOKERY SCHOOL



No; there is such a school in Edinburgh, and very useful it is, and very well worth a visit; but my would-be cooks are of a very different class—to wit, the little

bareheaded lassies of the Grass Market, the West Port, and the regions immediately surrounding them. "Vennel Cookery School, open Friday afternoon." Such was the announcement that caught our eye one morning in the paper. We must go.

We knew the quaint old Vennel well. Often we had climbed up its ladder-like ascent, on our way from the Grass Market to pleasant Lauriston, or the Children's Hospital; but we never heard of a "cookery school" there.

However, the very next Friday we sallied forth in quest of it, asking our way of some of the women hanging about at the doors of the little shops.

"Yes, we were quite right; it was there. Did we see the railings higher up? Well, that was the new Greyfriars School, and the cooking was in there."

"The Greyfriars Schools"—what associations the name calls up!—are plain low stone buildings, nestled under the shadow of a corner of the old city wall.

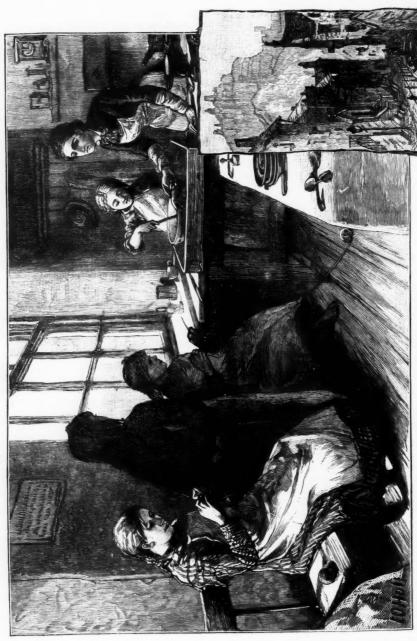
Announcing at the door that we came to see

the cooking if we might, a bright-faced teacher called up a little girl, and directed her to show us through the day-schools, and across the playground, to the back room where the lesson was going on.

Ushered in here, we found ourselves in a bright pleasant room, with rows of little eager-faced white-aproned girls, of from perhaps twelve to fourteen, sitting round a lady who was demonstrating something to them; another lady busy at the stove; some visitors looking on. We introduced ourselves, explaining that we were very much interested in these things, and very anxious to be allowed to hear the lesson.

Very cordially we were welcomed. "They were always glad of visitors," they said. "It brightened up the girls, and made them anxious to do their best. Would we sit just here, where we could see everything? We were a little late; part of the afternoon's lesson had been learning how to 'set' a table properly, see;" and, there indeed, in the centre of the class, stood a nicely arranged little table. "We will learn how to remove the things presently," said the superintendent; "the girls like that so much; it is a sort of play to them. Now will you tell the lady what you have been learning to do today?"

"Potato soup, stuffed onion, Shrewsbury cakes," sang a dozen shrill little voices at once. "Yes, we have gone in for a little better class cookery to-day. We do not generally have such grand things, but my daughter has been studying in Shandwick Place, and she is anxious to show off



"Jeanie, a little lass about twelve or thirteen, stood up."-p. 593. (Drawn by W. B. HOLE, A.R.S.A.)

her you star onic thin gen Por it. me "F am pos An it" of a cry ve no coo As ab ha ca ex of be co

her accomplishments; now the children shall tell you how these dishes are prepared.-Jeanie, you stand up and tell the lady how you did the onion." Jeanie, a little lass about twelve or thirteen, stood up, and described very intelligently the process of boiling and stuffing a Portugal onion, making and browning sauce for it. "Very good indeed; and now can you tell me where Portugal is? Is it in the Grass Market?" "Please, no!" from the children, with great amusement. "Well, where?" That was a poser; one child hazarding that it "was in America," another being of the safe opinion, that it "was in a far land." However, the whereabouts of Portugal scarcely comes within the limits of a cookery lesson, and in spite of the modern cry for the higher education of the people, we venture to think that these little lassies will make none the less good wives and mothers in time to come for a little haziness in their geography. As for the other two dishes, everybody knew all about the making of "potato soup," and they had a very good idea as to the "Shrewsbury cakes." Then the whole class went through an excellent examination on the general principles of cookery; the right ways of roasting, baking, boiling, stewing; the reasons for boiling water or cold water, etc.

Their answers were most intelligent, showing that they had been well taught, and really understood what they had been learning. Every child is provided with a note-book, in which she enters her impressions of the day's lessons. the greater part of our stay, a business-like looking girl of thirteen, with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, her face red from the exertion of beating the potatoes for the soup, was taking down, in excellent writing and very fair grammar, the remarks that fell from the lady-superintendent.

"About nine years."

"Was it a public or a private affair? and how

"How long had the school been started?" we

was it supported?"

"Quite private. It was first opened by a lady of the Church, who took great interest in the poor children in the district-Miss-; and I have taught here for five years. I think it has done a great deal of good. If the children don't carry away quite accurately the right way of doing things, yet they get a general sort of idea of order and cleanliness, which they would never have from their own homes. It is perhaps more that than anything, and you have no idea how much they like it. They take it in turn to clean saucepans, and to keep the cupboard tidy. provide the aprons and the knitting-our Scotch children are such good knitters. They are quite able to get on with their stockings and their listening at the same time. When the things are cooked, any one that likes can buy them. We sell

penny portions, and the children always bring their pitchers. There are several here to-day. Last year we sold seventeen shillings' worth in penny portions. It helps, you know, and then we are not very extravagant. This is quite an extra day. We generally go in for very plain things. See: these are the dishes we have already cooked this session "-showing us a card with a very sensible list of plain substantial cookery :-

Scotch broth, pea-soup, Irish stew, beefsteak pudding, suet dumplings, plain plum cakes, and

apple pies, etc.

"Now you shall see them wait at table.-Maggie, it is your turn to be parlour-maid "-two ladies sitting down at table, an imaginary dinner was now served and attended, "Maggie" going through the whole process of handing dishes, changing plates, even brushing up supposititious crumbs, and folding the nice fresh table-cloth neatly, with scarcely a blunder, and with less noise, clattering of forks and spoons, clashing of plates, etc., than one hears from many a so-called trained waiting-maid.

"This waiting at table is always a great pleasure to the girls; they look upon it as a kind

of grown-up play."

And now, half-past three having come, and everything being ready, one little maiden dished the onion, amidst some excitement as to what it would look like; another took up the soup, and a third took the cakes from the oven.

"This is our great failure here; the oven is not as hot as it might be," said Mrs. ---; "you see, the biscuits are not sufficiently browned." However, in spite of this trifling drawback, they were excellent, as we proved by tasting one, and great joy was manifested amongst the children on hearing that as "Shrewsbury cakes" were an extra dish, they were not to be sold, but every one might have two apiece for themselves.

"And who had pitchers to-day?" "Please, me; and please, me." Half-a-dozen eager hands were held up, half-a-dozen jugs, cracked mugs, and tin cans produced for the very excellent potato soup.

"Please, Sandy Allison is coming for one, and here 's his jug;" and presently "Sandy," a dirty shock-headed little lad, appeared to claim his handle-less jug. Aprons were taken off and folded up, knitting put by, and, with a curtsey for all the ladies, the little cooks passed out, except Maggie, whose turn it was to tidy the cup-

Knowing a good deal of the class of children these little maids were taken from, we could not help expressing our admiration at the excellent order they were in. The Lady Superintendent smiled, well pleased.

"You see it is a privilege to come, and we give marks according to conduct; six is the highest mark, one is a bad one; no one likes to

get that. But have you seen our Day Schools? No? Oh, you ought to come some morning."

"Doctor Robertson-the great Doctor Robertson; you have heard of him-did a great deal for the district; he and Doctor Guthrie. were wonderfully good men; as a matter of fact, this school was started two years before Doctor Guthrie's 'Ragged Schools;' and they are quite drifting away from the purpose he originally intended them for. They are almost altogether industrial schools now. There are scarcely any children attending them who have not been committed for some offence. Now this school has never been that; you must come some forenoon at twelve o'clock and see them at their dinner. We provide dinners for a hundred and fifty every day; Doctor Robertson started it thirty-six years ago. Knowing the low class of children we have to deal with, and the homes many of them come from, he said that education alone would never tempt these hungry little waifs and strays to It has not a school, and so he started this. penny of endowment; it depends altogether on

voluntary subscriptions. While the doctor lived it did very well indeed; he had great personal influence, but he is exactly a year dead to-day, and we fear that in time it may drop out of people's minds, and they may forget to support it as it ought to be. We are anxious to interest every one in the work. Come earlier next day, and bring any friends you like with you."

And so with many cordial "good-byes" we took our way out into the bright February sunshine, looking curiously as we went, at the fragment of the old city wall, one of the sights of Edinburgh, as well as the long stretch of more modern wall built after the battle of Flodden, in view of the threatened invasion of the English; and so along the narrow "Vennel" out into bright, breezy Lauriston, past the fine old Archway of "Heriot's Hospital," and so home, having thoroughly enjoyed our afternoon at this "East-End Cookery School," and being quite determined that we would do our best to interest others in the good labours of the ladies who carry it on with so much zeal and patience.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

"And He commanded to give her meat."-LUKE viii. 55.

E gave her life, for none but He could give;

He bade her parents give her sustemance.

Nor this alone to prove that she did live,

And they no victims were of mocking trance: Doubtless she needed bread (His picreing glance

Sees all our wants), and this they must supply. The use of means is Christ's own ordinance.

The Spirit's life descendeth from on high,
But souls must feed, and lo! the heavenly manna
nigh. F. H. DINNIS, M.A.

DODDLEKINS.

BY GABRIEL GARTH.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.-CHAPTER I.



N rainy weather I was staying at the old inn of a country town, when I noticed a very odd sight in the street. Every morning, just as I was looking from the coffee-room window to see rain again, and again togrumble, there marched past, close under my eyes, and apparently quite by

itself, a big broad umbrella, greenish-grey with age, and with three ribs sticking out. I saw down on top

of it; it went within its handle's length of the ground, it spread across the footway, and though it came in a business-like manner at exactly the same hour, it was an umbrella that was enjoying itself, and it jogged along in no hurry. On three mornings I saw the umbrella coming just as I went to the window; on the fourth day a gust of wind caught it, and showed under it a poor little pair of pink heels peeping out of broken socks and shoes, which heels, socks, and shoes all took to a rapid retreat, the umbrella carrying them off in triumph, and whisking them round the corner out of sight.

One Saturday afternoon, when the rain suddenly increased to a downpour, I had rambled to the outskirts of the www, where there was a dark red sandstone church half covered with ivy. I crossed the grassy graveyard to take shelter in a side porch.

"Now you be dood! Sit straight up! Don't slither down—no! I'm going to hear father play, and don't you make a noise!"





"'Father's got me and I'se got father. That's all."

DODDLEKINS .- p. 595.

So porch When entran prattl talkin in the doll, up ag feet to her.

shaki footst hurrie half-d door, with a voice somet see se shelte her o appea weste boy's down " A

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She I as at once "Harr no mo "kite lost up appear play at and ve love, s:

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So said a little voice in loud treble as I neared the porch, where the rain was hissing on the ivy leaves. When I stepped in, shaking my wet umbrella at the entrance, I looked round for the little prattler—or prattlers, for I thought there must have been one talking to another. But there was not a living soul in the porch; only on one of the stone seats a wooden doll, having staring eyes and no arms, was leaning up against the wall in a corner, with two dirty calico feet turning inwards thrust straight out in front of her.

Opposite this unlovely creature I sat down, after shaking the rain off my coat. At the sound of my footsteps, a trot began on the tiles inside, and with a burried fumble at the iron ring-handle, one of the half-doors was pulled open. With the opening of the door, soft organ music from within the church came with a louder swell. I remembered that the little voice had said to the doll, in a boasting tone too, something about "father playing," and I expected to see some pretty, well-dressed, dainty little maiden, sheltering from the rain, peep out in anxiety about her old doll. Instead, what a queer little figure appeared! a figure made up of an oilskin sou'wester, a round face almost hidden under it, and a boy's coat much too long in the sleeves, and stretching down to a pair of country clogs.

"Are you coming out of church with your hat on?" said I, in a virtuous tone of reproach. "Always

take off your hat in church, my boy."

"Please, sir, I'm not a boy; I'm a girl!" answered the same voice that had been talking to the doll, a strong clear voice, but babyish too. And forthwith—in some confusion of ideas as to whether the wearer of a boy's coat and hat ought not to behave as a boy—the "sou'-wester" was timidly pulled off, disclosing the wildest head of curls I ever looked down upon, and the most wonderful pair of blue eyes.

"What is your name?" I asked this apparition, drawing her to my knee, sou'-wester in hand.

" Doddlekins,"

" What is it?"

"Doddlekins," this time lisped shyly, with downcast eyes and nervous twisting of the sou'-wester.

"Well, that is a fine long name!" I said, trying to ward off shyness and to coax a conversation. "Who gave you such a fine name, Doddlekins—eh?"

She only looked steadily into the sou'-wester.

I asked about the doll instead. She brightened up at once, and told me it could cry and squeak once, till "Harry squeeged her too hard, and then she squoke no more!"—"Father," gave it to her, when she was "kite little." The funny conceit of the last word was lost upon me in noticing that the babyish ways disappeared when she began to talk of "father;" the play and sparkle went out of her blue eyes, and face and voice assumed a wistful tendemess, a depth of love, such as I had never imagined in a little child before.

" Is there only father and you?"

"Father and me," she said, smiling with pearly

teeth at the pleasure of saying it; "father's got me, and I'se got father. That's all."

"Then whose hat is this?—and this coat, too? I thought you had a little brother; or a big brother it would be," I added, looking at the sleeves hanging over her hands.

She shook her head, till the curls tickled her forehead.

"Whose are the coat and hat, Doddlekins? Who is Harry—tell me—Harry, you know, that squeezed the doll till she 'squoke no more'?"

"The coat and this" (the hat in her hand), "b'longs to Harry," said Doddlekins, after a long silence and a mysterious stare.

"And who does Harry belong to?" said I, trying to come at his connection with Doddlekins.

Another reflective stare, and a shy examination of her garments, particularly the oilskin hat. Then she opened her mouth, and I thought the information was coming, "The coat an' hat b'longs to Harry."

"But, my dear little child, you told me that before. If you have got no brother, I want to know who Harry is. Who does Harry himself belong to?"

Third reflective stare, "Harry b'longs to the coat an' hat."

After that I gave it up. Doddlekins struggled up on the opposite seat, and with great gravity put her doll, with open eyes, to sleep. The child's confidence pleased me; it was flattering to me, as the goodwill of little strangers always is. But as she was busy with the doll now, and taking no notice whatever of me, I watched her, and listened to the organ music rolling and swelling from within the church. It was Mendelssohn's Psalm of Praise, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory;" the psalm of hope, proclaiming that our God is in heaven, and "He hath done all things whatsoever He would," and that He blesses both little and great. Doddlekins, who had been cooing and singing over her doll, suddenly looked up at me, saw I was listening to the organ music, and nodding towards the closed doors, said, with a quaint pride, "That's father and Miss Jones."

"I think it's more likely to be Miss Jones than father," I said, with a smile, for she was a very poor little child, and I could guess there was an old dress and a tattered pinafore under the coat. How could "father" play that soul-stirring music?

"No," she said, with the pride of affection, "it's father and Miss Jones at the organ—both organ-

ing."

This puzzled me. It was impossible to believe the fact, and impossible to doubt the child.

"Who is Miss Jones?"

"The lady," said Doddlekins, deferentially.

"Oh, I see! She comes to practise, perhaps. Does Miss Jones play the organ always in the church?"

"Father and Miss Jones plays the organ," said Doddlekins, with the persistence of conviction. "What! Both together-do they?"

"Yes," said Doddlekins, listening with loving delight. "Isn't it booful? Father plays it at one side always, and Miss Jones plays it at the other."

"Oh, now I understand. Miss Jones plays at the front, where the pipes are; and your father blows the bellows at the back."

"There ain't no pipes and bellowses assept what the music 's in," replied the child, rather hurt by my dulness of comprehension. "Father an' Miss Jones is back an' front—both organing out the music—don't you see? I've been up there lots of times, every Sattaday. Only I can't stay up there, 'cos since I got my new boots—Did you see my new boots? (tilting them both up on a level with the seat till I satisfied her with admiration)—since I got my new boots, I musn't stay up there, 'cos they make a noise about. But it is father an' Miss Jones. I come every Sattaday to bring father and take him home, and I like— Oh—h—h—h. !"

In her ardour she had let the doll tumble. It was picked up off the pavement—alas, with less nose than before, and that was little enough. Poor Doddlekins wept aloud with open mouth and streaming eyes till I suggested that if that tune went on in the porch, we could not hear her father's beautiful music. That hushed her instantly; there was only a small hard breath, or a little sniff of grief now and then. The truth flashed upon me. This little child was the merest baby in all else; but the moment anything touched her love for her father, her character seemed to show a development years older than her age. What was the secret? What mystery was the cause of such earnestness in that young heart and that pair of blue eyes?

When the music in the church ceased, she announced that she was going in to see "the mizzicle window." Miss Jones was going to tell her all about it. This suggested to me stained glass windows, though I had no idea what a mizzicle window could be. I followed Doddlekins to see the interior of the church before going away. Doddlekins had put on the sou'-wester, very much on the back of her head this time; and with the old doll tucked under her arm, she led the way, the oddest little figure ever beheld under a church roof, but for all that, a figure whose perfect simplicity ought to have been the best passport to the holiest place in the world. Among the darkness of polished oak and sombre pillars, she turned and ran back to me. She saw my hat held in my hand.

"I put on my hat, 'cos I am a girl," she whispered. "Must I take it off 'cos it 's Harry's?"

This obscure point of casuistry I settled by telling her the hat was all right, and so was she.

"Go on now, and show me the window. What window did you say?"

"The mizzicle window," said Doddlekins, in a whisper.

And, sitting on the front bench, with her doll in her arms, she raised towards the end of the chancel those beautiful eyes of hers, wondering and solemn now.

What a magnificent window was there! From its storied splendour of colour the light streamed down all glorified. The many-coloured glass was telling the old old story, that will be the comfort and strength of human hearts till time shall be no more. The miracles of the world's Redeemer were glowing in every division of the window, beneath its branching tracery—the raising of the widow's son, the cleansing of the lepers, the feeding of the multitude. the turning of water into wine, the healing of the paralytic, the curing of the blind, and, in the centre. between the resurrection of the dead and the prayer of the lepers "afar off," was set resplendent, as if wrought out in jewels, the miracle of grace-the Saviour receiving back with love the weeping Magdalen, whose hidden face found rest against His feet, ere, with her bright hair wet with tears, she rose to sin no more. Gazing upon that central picture, all the rest linked themselves into one plan. The child had been trying to call it "the miracle window."

A white-haired lady, dressed in black, had come to speak to the child, and it was from her I afterwards heard most of the story of Doddlekins. While I was examining some marble tablets on the wall, I heard her low voice telling "Dora" the meaning of the window.

"Please tell me about that man," said Doddlekins, out loud, with the recklessness of intense interest, "in the low-down corner—the yellow-browny man, What's that yellow-browny man being done to?"

In a soft voice, Miss Jones told about the cure of the blind man who sat by the wayside begging. "And Jesus asked the poor blind beggar man what he wished for. And he said, 'Lord, that I may see!' And Jesus, Who can do everything, gave him his sight, so that he was not blind any more."

There was a sudden stir. I looked round. The child—that odd little figure with the oilskin hat and doll—had fallen upon her knees. She looked up full towards the glorious window, and said, breathlessly, in a whisper that was almost a cry, "Jesus! listen!" In a moment's pause, the tears burst into her blue eyes. "Lord, that he may see!"

Her simple prayer was untroubled by our presence. Miss Jones's look of wonder met mine. Then Doddlekins had scrambled up on her seat again, doll and all; but she did not ask for any more stories.

"Good-bye, Dora," said Miss Jones, and came to me with a word of explanation.

"The father of that little child is blind," she whispered, "and she is wonderfully devoted to him."

We exchanged a few more words about the blind man and the child. I heard that his name was Jacob Lynn, and that he found it hard to earn a living by binding books as well as a sightless man could. Then Miss Jones went away to the porch to see if the rain was over; and no doubt it was, for she did not come back.

(To be continued.)



THE WORK OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



HE thought of "going to London" is one which excites in the mind of many a young girl entering domestic service for the first time, the most pleasurable emotions. The restraints of school and home are, she imagines, about to be removed; she will earn her own living and be therefore, to a certain extent, independent of

her friends; she will possess money of her own, and be free to spend it as she likes; she will see for herself the wonders of which she has so often heard from the lips of others, and becomes in consequence already a kind of heroine among her compeers and companions; in short, if she does not expect to find the streets of London literally "paved with gold," she expects to realise in them the glad fulfilment of many of her youthful dreams and anticipations. Little does she think of the pitfalls and snares with which they are metaphorically honeycombed; of the dangers with which they teem; or of the peculiar trials and temptations to which she will there be constantly exposed! Should she have the good fortune to find a home where she remains under Christian influences, all may yet go well with her. But it is when this is not the case, or when, either through a change of situation or from other causes, she is thrown upon her own resources, and left without guidance or counsel to her own devices, that she enters a position of the most imminent danger. servants are by no means the only class of women exposed to the same risk. Thousands of others, many of them of good education and refined habits, crowd to London from all parts of the country, for the chance of the remunerative employment which the great metropolis affords. Its workrooms and public offices, its factories and "establishments," are all opened to them in these days to an extent hitherto unparalleled. "Necessity knows no law," and in the struggle for existence and amid the keen competition of the times, positions are eagerly accepted in which

the occupants are daily, and indeed hourly, exposed to the severest temptations. nothing of what the requirements of her situation demand and the expenses thereby entailed, it often happens that the utter inadequacy of the wages given drives the perplexed young woman upon the horns of a terrible dilemma from which with no friendly aid or counsel at hand, there appears to her to be but one means of escape, Or if she have sufficient principle or self-respect to avoid the course to which she is thus tempted, still she is daily and hourly subjected to evil influences which must sooner or later, unless a remedy be provided, produce their natural and demoralising effect. Foolish conversations must be listened to; evil examples constantly witnessed: and, whenever an attempt to follow wiser counsels is made, the shafts of sarcasm and ridicule must be expected and borne. All this shows the need of providing some strong counteracting influence; of a refuge to which she can go at all times in her hours of leisure, and where she will meet with that advice and encouragement, that womanly sympathy and moral support, of which, in such a position, she stands so much in need. This the Young Women's Christian Association seeks to provide. Acting upon the principle that "prevention is better than cure," it aims at protecting those who are placed in the way of temptation, and seeks to uphold both by example and precept, by the moral support and mutual encouragement of its members, those who might otherwise fall. It not only provides for them a home to which they have at all times the right of access, but also such healthy pleasures and employments as shall more than counteract the enticements to spend their leisure time at theatres, music halls, and dancing saloons, or to engage in other equally frivolous and dangerous amuse-And on Sundays, when the business house is, in many cases, practically closed to the employée, the Home is a refuge to which all can turn for calm friendly intercourse, as well as for Christian teaching and fellowship. Association has in union at the present time as many as twenty-four of these Homes and Institutes, besides forty branches. Each of these is carried on in accordance with principles suggested by the needs of the particular district in which it is situated, and the class of members for whom it is more especially provided.

The Boarding Houses and Restaurants form another very useful feature in the work of the Association, and are eagerly sought after by those to whom, between the hours of their daily occupation, they are a veritable harbour of refuge, as well as by others who are either changing

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their situation, or on the look-out for suitable lodgings. The Resident Superintendent devotes her time to Missionary work in connection with the Association, to Workroom Readings, and the visitation of sick members. Both here, and at the Evening Homes and Institutes, she is ever ready to give a kindly word of greeting, advice, or encouragement. The Institutes are always open, and every one may find here a Home which is, whenever they require it, to all intents and

purposes their own.

"If it is rest they want, they may walk in and take possession of the sofas and arm-chairs: if it is an hour's quiet amid the bustle of business, they can go into one of the smaller rooms and find it." Should the member need sympathy and a lady's advice, they both await her here; if recreation or amusement, she has the choice of a game, a book, or a friendly chat. Or she may join the Instruction Class, and if necessary improve herself in reading, writing, arithmetic, and music; or, if already proficient in these, may acquire a knowledge of drawing and French. Then there are the Bible Classes, the Prayer Meetings, the Music Lectures, and Social Gatherings, to any or all of which she is invited and welcomed, and we need hardly point out how much good is accomplished in thousands of instances by these means.

There are two other agencies employed by the Young Women's Christian Association, which we must only briefly mention here, but which are both much needed and valuable. We refer to the Employment Registry and the personal visitation by the Association's "Workers" of the employées at railway refreshment rooms, restaurants, and similar places. Those who are at all acquainted with the manner in which traps are set for the unwary in the shape of many

so-called "Registries" and false advertisements, will recognise at once the value of the first, and no one can be blind to the need of the second. In the Association's "Workers," each one of them has a friend who not only strives to visit her as often as she can, but who also sends her monthly packets, and writes her occasional friendly letters. There is abundant evidence to show, from communications received from those who have benefited by these ministrations, how much this interest and kindly care is appreciated both at the time, and perhaps still more in after years.

Our sketch is necessarily but a brief and imperfect one; but we hope, nevertheless, that it may in some degree stir up the interest of our readers both in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, and those whom it seeks to benefit. The field of labour is one so vast that, with all the energy and resources hitherto employed, that which has already been accomplished is as nothing compared with what yet remains to be done. The object of the Association is to place one of its Institutes "within the reach of every girl in the metropolis." This is a truly laudable ambition, and deserves the support and sympathy of every friend of the movement throughout the country. Already a special appeal has been made for funds to establish other Homes in localities where they are still urgently needed. Those who are kindly disposed to help in this way, or who would be glad to learn further particulars of the work of this valuable Institution, are referred to the Secretary, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, who takes the deepest interest in the work of the Association, or to Mrs. Herbert Arbuthnot, 15, Craven Hill Gardens, W. Either of these ladies will gladly supply any information required.

MY GRANDFATHER'S MISTAKE.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "A RICH WOMAN," ETC.



AM very proud of my maternal grandfather. His name was Henry Shand, and I was christened Henrietta Shand-Rayburn in his honour. All of us—my brothers and sisters—had Shand for our

second name, and we were taught to write it in full—"Shand-Rayburn." It was my father who insisted on that; for my mother was my grandfather's only child, and she and her husband were too proud of his name to let it die from the minds of the rising generation. From my earliest childhood I had been accustomed to hear the whispered explanation—"Little Miss Rayburn—Shand-Rayburn, if you please: she is the granddaughter of the celebrated artist."

My grandparents lived in the prettiest house in the cleanly lively little city of Invereden. It was not the grandest house by any means. Father used to say it was like a tree—never changing, but always growing. Its beginning was a little old-fashioned farm-house, where my grandparents took up their abode after their marriage. Then my grandfather had built a pleasant roomy studio for himself, and had connected it with the original building by a long corridor, glazed on its sunny side, so that it served my grandmother as a greenhouse. Then, in due time, when my mother was a young maiden, a music-room had been added, and the quaint old chambers had been enlarged and enlivened by picturesque alcoves and bow windows. The little farm-

house of Stennistoun nad been quite suited to my grandfather's means when he had been a rising young artist, with his fortune still to make; and Stennistoun had so grown with his fortunes, and flourished in his prosperity, that it remained a suitable establishment for hir: still, though he had been an R.A.

and a great carved "marriage kist" on the staircase landing. We had no garden, only a drying green—and we should not have had many flowers in our rooms if grandmamma had not kept us supplied. It was the great enjoyment of our lives to go out to Stennistoun, and sit on grandpapa's grass under



"Caroline had perched herself on the stile."-p. 602.

for years, and though his only daughter (my mother) was married to Cuthbert Rayburn—the last of the proudest, if the poorest, of the Invereden county folk.

We lived in the chief square in the heart of Invereden town, for our county possessions had long since lapsed. Ours was a comfortable city house of the better class, redeemed from common-place by one or two old suits of armour in the hall, a few ugly portraits of Rayburns in frills and knee-breeches,

grandpapa's trees, and partake of grandmamma's strawberries and cream, and return laden with fruit and flowers,

Grandpapa's walls were covered with choice engravings from great masterpieces. There were not many paintings in Stennistoun. Grandpapa had said once that people had no more right to keep their thoughts to themselves than their children; they must let them out fearlessly; if they were truly

theirs, they were theirs for ever. So he kept little of his own work, though he often gave away to some what others would have been very glad to buy. There was just a little portrait of grandmamma, in her young days-a very sweet-looking girl, but not nearly so delightful then as she was as an old lady now; so we always said, and grandpapa always agreed with us. Then there was a bit of sea-shorea very queer picture, we thought-a stretch of sunless sand, and a grey sky, with a gull careering, and a misty sea, with something tossing on its waves: was it spar, or seaweed, or drowned sailor? And then there was another picture-a portrait of somebody we did not know-a young lady, with a face of triumphant beauty, shaded by a white hat, with white plumes; her fair neck encircled by a bright coral necklace resting upon her dainty embroideries. We had never heard any name attached to this picture. My eldest brother had dubbed it "The Beauty," and so it was always called. Children are inquisitive enough, truly, but some things, which have been familiar to them all their lives, are accepted as a matter of course, and so escape question.

Our grandparents—and especially grandpapa—knew far more of our little joys and troubles than did our father and mother. They were busy and pre-occupied, they had thoughts and perplexities which they kept for each other apart from us. But the old folks seemed children like ourselves, only wiser, and freer, and happier. We told them every-

thing. I told grandpapa all about my school-friends, I told him about Cecily Hunter-who was only "Cecily"-about whom nobody thought much, because she puzzled nobody; whom nobody remembered, because she forgot nobody; whom nobody praised, because nobody had occasion to blame. Nobody ever missed Cecily, because she was always where she was most wanted. She was like a calm bright day in a temperate zone, which nobody remarks until it fails them. She was like the daily bread, for which we are so seldom thankful until we lack it. I did not say these things of Cecily then. She was "only Cecily." I kept all my fine phrases for Clara Grantley, with her tantalising favour, which seemed always on the verge of friendship but never passed it; Clara, whose word or look seemed ample acknowledgment of most substantial service; Clara, with all the sweet winning wiles which secured for herself the best, and the softest, and the sunniest bit of whatever in life might be going. Ah, me! I can see all that now.

I had been in my usual raptures over Clara. Grandpapa had been rather silent. Perhaps I felt that, for once, he was not quite sympathetic. And as I paused in my encomiums, and looked up, my eyes fell on "the Beauty's" face.

"There!" I cried; "I should think that Clara would make a worthy companion portrait to that!"

"Possibly," said grandpapa, rather drily.

There was no mistaking his tone.

"What! Did you not like her?" I asked; and went on, in my girlish heedlessness, "Who was she? And if you did not admire her, grandpapa, how came you to paint her picture for your own keeping?"

He looked up at the portrait with grave eyes, though there was a humorous twitch about his mouth.

"You may give that picture a new name, if you like, my dear," said he. "Instead of 'the Beauty,' you may call it 'Grandfather's Mistake.'

"Look at the face again," he went on. "The forehead is fair; is there thought upon it? The eyes are dark and bright; are they true and tender? Is there kindliness or seorn in the Cupid-bow of the pretty mouth? How would that face grow old? You see its expression; into what lines would that expression engrave itself? When complexion must fade, and sparkling eyes grow dim, what would remain?

"Ah, silly little one," he pursued, with a smile, as he patted my head, "I was once as silly as you are.

"For in those days I felt and believed that Caroline Danesbury had taken my heart by storm, and would hold its fortress for ever. I had not seen much of her. I had never had fireside chats and summer rambles with her as I had with our little neighbour, my mother's great favourite, Maggie Anderson."

"Why, that was—"I exclaimed; but he checked me with his finger on my lip.

"That was 'only friendship,' I said in those days," he narrated; "but this other was love! I wove beautiful romances, and made Caroline their heroine, though in reality I only saw her in gay parties, where I had no opportunity of seeing her do kindly deed or speak earnest word. The less I saw of character in her, the more I credited her with. I was hurt when my mother shook her head at my raptures, and I thought the sweetest trait little Maggie had ever displayed was her candid admission of Caroline's loveliness. Above all, I was sure that Caroline loved me. I was not vain, I said to myself. I could never have imagined any such bliss unless it was true!

"Well do I remember that lovely summer Saturday-the last before I was to go to London to try the fortunes of my early pictures among the dealers and the galleries. Little Margaret Anderson was sitting with my mother, helping her with needlework, to be done for my sake, and cheering away all her doubts and fears concerning my future. I sat with them awhile, but my heart was hot and eager, and I felt restless, so that I strolled out, and somehow my steps turned towards the Danesburys' house-that long, low, old house on the high road, half-way between Invereden and the sea. That road is well built over now, but then the house stood among pleasant meadows, and there was Caroline, in her graceful white dress, moving like a sunbeam under the shadow of the trees. I leaped the stile, and joined her. We began a conversation, but there seemed something strange between us, and I, poor simpleton, thought that perhaps the moment had come to bring my fate to fruition, Oh! what a

different going away I should have, if Caroline had promised to be mine!

"'So this day week,' I faltered, 'I shall be far from here, among the crowds of London. How lonely I shall feel! I wonder if anybody in Invereden will miss me?

" Caroline had perched herself on the stile. She was pulling a flower to pieces, and I thought, as leaf after leaf fell to the ground, surely she is using the old childish spell, 'Does he love me?' 'Does he not?" And I judged that the fall of the last leaf would be a delightful opportunity for me to confirm or contradict its oracle.

"'Shall you miss me?' I asked.

"'Of course I shall!' she said, with one of those quick glances which always seemed to me to veil a mine of reserved devotion.

"'If you cared for me to stay, perhaps I should not go,' I went on, desperately, 'unless, indeed, you would come too, or will promise to come soon,'

"I should like to live in London,' said Miss Caroline.

"'I suppose a painter-a portrait painter, as I mean to be-must live there a great deal,' I went on, in my delirium, 'but you-could you ever consent to be a poor painter's wife?'

"The last leaf of her flower fell to the ground as I spoke. She looked at me, her bright eyes grown suddenly stony and cold. I looked at her, and felt as if a bar of ice was laid on my heart, as if I had reached out to grasp a kindly hand, and had clutched a serpent instead. She gave a light laugh.

"'I am not made for poverty,' she said, 'and art is very interesting, and all that, you know; but it is quite different. Yet, I daresay I shall see you sometimes in London. I have just consented to marry Alderman Hardy. I must get him to let you paint his portrait—his robes are really imposing.

"O how a few words can darken the joy of the sunlight! So ended my dream. Its disclosure would simply serve her as the latest trophy of her triumphs. I went home to my mother and Margaret. I hardly know what they suspected, for I told them nothing then. But they had to endure something from me, and when worthy women have to bear much reckless and almost cruel contradictoriness and indifference from men they love, and who love them, they may well have a shrewd guess that some unworthy woman is at the bottom of it!

"Caroline Danesbury had found me strong and hopeful, and aspiring; she drew me, fevered to humiliation, and she left me, sinking down demoralised, despairing and defeated. And it was in the day of my sore defeat, when my pictures were failures, when my health was broken, and my mind bewildered, that Margaret Anderson came to me, and raised me up, and healed, and blessed me. And so I found out who was really my angel and my deroine, 'By their fruits shall ye know them,' is the touchstone given us by the Highest wisdom,"

Grandfather stood silent, gazing into the face of the pictured Beauty, which seemed suddenly translated for me into all its cold heartlessness and mocking flippaney. I could see the dear grandmamma at her work in the next room-grandmamma Margaret, as we always called her, to distinguish her from our father's mother—grandmamma Dorothy.

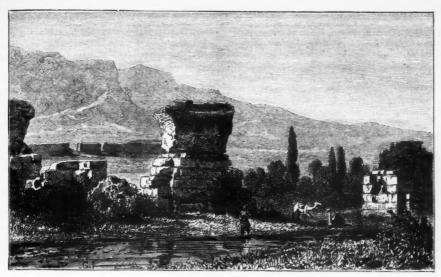
I crept away, awed, as the young always are by any glimpse into the romantic past of their reverend seniors. It was years before I ever revealed my grandfather's confidence to anybody. Then I discovered accidentally that my father knew the story, and could tell me more than I knew myself. He told me that Caroline Danesbury had never married her alderman, that there had been delay, discussion, and disagreement over the marriage settlements. He told me too, that when my grandfather had returned to Invereden, in the dawn of success, before his engagement with my grandmother was announced, it had been remarked that Caroline Danesbury had been by no means unwilling to try to throw her old fascination over him, and that some of their contemporaries had remarked that her bewitching wiles only ceased after he had been forced by circumstances to escort her from a party to her own home, walking past the very hedgerow and stile where she had once so ignominiously cast him off. A wag of their acquaintance had consequently invented an anecdote that she had paused at the stile to say sentimentally, "Mr. Shand, do you remember what you once said to me here?" That he had briefly replied, "Madam, I do." That she had then said, softly, "Mr. Shand, I have changed my mind," and he had curtly rejoined, "Madam, and so have I." It was, however, a matter of fact that Caroline Danesbury got her wish of living in London, where she fluttered about, a half-complimented, half-insulted belle, until she subsided into an elderly woman, studious of the respective merits of eligible boarding houses, at whose tables the whispers went round, "They say she was a beauty once; you would scarcely believe it now, would you?"

My father said that he believed the memory of that mistake was a faint regret to my grandfather till his dving day. He had said once-

"It seemed almost an insult to Margaret to let her accept the love which that vain woman had spurned."

But my grandmother had once observed, "Poor Caroline Danesbury! Nobody pities the one who picks up a piece of gold at last; we pity those who have passed it by, not knowing its value."

I wonder if I heeded the moral of my grandfather's story, or if it is not the test of time and circumstances, rather than the triumph of my wisdom, that has brought it about, that I have not heard of my idol, Clara Grantley, for twenty years, while Cecily Hunter is now my sister-in-law, my nearest neighbour, and my dearest friend. The fairies and witches of our vain passions and imaginations pass away, that the angels of God may come and remain with us for ever,



RUINS OF SARDIS

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO THE FAITH,

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON.



TRAVELLER who recently visited Ephesus—once, as we learn from Strabo, one of the best and most glorious cities, and the greatest emporium of the Proper Asia-tells us that now nothing is to be found of

its ancient grandeur but ruins-ruins of palaces, temples, amphitheatres, and churches. Its once flourishing Church, to which the first Book of the Revelation was addressed, was ruined and overthrown by heresies and divisions from within, and by the arms of the Saracens from without. This city was the metropolis of the Lydian Asia, and the place of St. John's principal residence.

Smyrna was the nearest city to Ephesus, and for that reason was probably addressed in the second letter. It is one of the few places in the East which retain their ancient importance. The numbers, the wealth, the commerce of its inhabitants, have been scarcely, if at all, diminished by the lapse of ages; and while the territory around it has been overrun by the Mahometan imposture, Smyrna remains in a considerable degree Christian still, as if the promises of the Redeemer were still in some degree abiding among the descendants of His once flourishing Church, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer;" "be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The message declared by the Holy Ghost to St. John, begins with these words :-

"These things saith the First and the Last, which was dead and is alive." The mysterious Being thus designated is none other than the great God, our Saviour. Christ Jesus was dead and is alive, and ever liveth to make intercession for us. He has borne away His sacrificial Body to the Temple of Heaven, and there He resides, our High Priest before the throne of the Father, touched with a feeling of our own infirmities, at once Man that He may pity, and Deity that He may bless. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

Smyrna now has a population of about 150,000 souls, of which only 60,000 are Turks, It contains an English college for boys, a deaconess institution for English and other girls.

The rhubarb for which Smyrna is famous really comes from China, the original country of its growth.

Sad to say, Smyrna is a great place for numismatists and the forgers of coins and medals, Smyrna is a principal station for the missionaries to the Jews and Mahometans. Steamers ply to London, Liverpool, Marseilles, Trieste, Athens, Constantinople, Alexandria, Cyprus, and most ports of the Mediterranean. It has several very fair hotels, and a good restaurant, and a French library. It is the second city in Turkey, and the great port of Asia Minor. The Frank, Greek, and Armenian quarters are well built. The Turkish and Jewish towns and bazaars are extensive, bright, and lively, and the city, with its strings of camels and various population, presents constant scenes of amusement and interest.

St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and a contemporary of St John, was martyred A.D. 167.

The city of Pergamos was situated about 64

miles to the north of Smyrna. It was formerly the metropolis of Mysia, and was justly celebrated for its literature and science. The site of its princely edifices is now almost entirely occupied by Turks. The principal churches are turned into mosques. There is less reason to wonder at the ruinous and desolate condition of this once splendid and luxurious city, when we consider that it is described as the "very seat of Satan," a citadel of his dominion and centre of his power. No particulars concerning the fiery trial referred to in the words, "And thou holdest fast Myname, and

hast not denied My faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was My faithful martyr, have survived to our times. But what a tide of thought comes rising over the mind when it reflects on the days described by these words! We seem to be carried back to the old times when the capital of the Attalian kings was at the height of its glory. We enter its twoleaved gates; we mingle with its busy population. Weare surrounded with all the beauty and attractions of Greek idolatry. The pure and brilliant atmosphere lends additional grace to the glorious edifices

which surround us. The city stands like a virgin of marble clothed with a diadem, and clustering at her feet are myriads of devotees. Amidst the pinnacles of the temples and the deep green foliage of the groves, palace on palace lift their heads to the sky. There are the arsenals and porticoes, the fountains and the public bazaars, there the ancient and stately homes of a long line of kings. The poet and the man of imagination, gazing on the spectacle, might think that he had found human nature in its perfection, and had arrived at the paradise of mankind. The Christian is forced to acknowledge that amidst all this splendour and adornment Pergamos has the melancholy preeminence of being "Satan's seat." Those religious rites, so beautiful at first sight, concealed

idolatry the most coarse. The habits and manners of the population displayed some outward refinement, but their "inward parts were very wickedness."

A Christian Church, complete in its discipline, for there was a bishop at its head, was founded at Pergamos in those days—a Church whose reality was terribly tried and purified by persecution, and whose members, as Antipas, became faithful witnesses for Christ. It is a short character that is given in the Bible of this illustrious man; that he was a "faithful martyr," and "was slain;" but it is

the summary of a noble biography. In the might of his great faith, he stood conspicuous amongst his fellows at Pergamos, where we may suppose he preached Christ crucified. The people, full of pride and prejudice, heard the strange and paradoxical statement that He Who had been rejected at Jerusalem, and crucified at Calvary, was the very Christ-God over all, blessed for evermore! How Antipas died we do not know. Perhaps amidst the tumultuous shouts of the thronged amphitheatre; perhaps in the solihere

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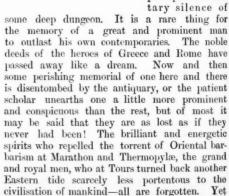
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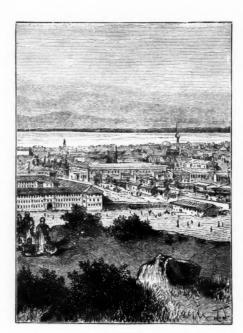
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SMYRNA-TO-DAY.

here, in the mention of Antipas by name, we learn that there is a strange vitality about the fame that is wreathed like a chaplet of immortal and amaranthine flowers around God's heroes, and it contrasts broadly with the evanescence of man's heroes! From the death of righteous Abel until this day, there is not a single martyrdom of self, nor a good deed done in Christ's name that is forgotten!

The city of Thyatira, about fifty miles to the south-east of Pergamos, was celebrated for its dyeing establishments. To it Lydia, the seller of purple, belonged. At present, there is only one ancient edifice standing of the many which ornamented this once extensive town. The rest have been entirely destroyed by the hand of time or foreign invasion. No vestiges of the churches even are to be found. So visibly have the Divine judgments been poured out upon this Church, for

Sardis was formerly the capital of Lydia, the residence of Croesus, situated on the gold-bearing Pactolus, the seat of a bishop, and the meeting-place of many general councils. The remains of the theatre, stadium, acropolis, temples and cemetery, called by the Turks "Binir Tepe," or a

thousand and one tombs, attest its former grandeur. The house of Crossus is in singular preservation. Two Ionic columns of the colossal Temple of Cybele are standing, and the ruins of others are near. On the defeat of Crossus by Cyrus, 540 B.C., it passed to the Persian dynasty. After the battle of Granicus, it surrendered to Alexander the Great. In the eleventh century it fell into the hands of the Turks, and like other cities and institutions subjected to their tyrannical and disastrous policy, it fell gradually into hopeless and irremediable decay. The great tumuli of the kings and people of Lydia are near that of Alyattes, the father of Crossus, which remains as described by Herodotus two thousand years ago.

At Philadelphia, now called Alascheir (Allahshehr), or the City of God, which has superseded the old name, signifying "love of brethren," are to be found immense ruins of primitive Christian Churches, and a population amounting to twelve thousand persons. This is a comparatively flourishing town, near to which the Smyrna railway ends. It is fifty miles from Laodicea, around which the consequences of its lukewarmness as a primitive Church still seem to linger.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

(Luke xiv. 6.)

BY THE VERY REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A., DEAN OF DENVER.

IN TWO PARTS.-PART I.

T w

the decay of its piety.

was the afternoon of the Sabbath Day.

The service in the synagogue was over. Without exception, every son of Abraham in Capernaum had attended. In accurate phrase He had repeated the Tallith, and, with face

true-turned towards Jerusalem, He had said certain words called prayers. Very likely the young Rabbi had preached. His words, so different from anything they had heard before, found a new avenue to their souls. Most of them disapproved of such innovation, yet they listened; they could not openly say the Nazarene Rabbi was a Scribe after their own heart—He had not passed through the schools, and was what He was without man's authority. Many of them hated Him for His Yet they shook their heads wisely, very power. and delivered themselves of their opinion as they went home. "A capital sermon that, and a great deal in it-much truth-though with little knowledge of the Targum."

The congregation sauntered along the lake-side—the chief Pharisees in little groups, those of inferior rank followed at a respectable distance. All talked of the sermon and the truths it pre-

sented in such a new light, and if talking would save a man, every one of them would to-day be in Abraham's bosom: only talking will not save a man!

They sauntered and they chatted to pass the time between church and dinner, for one of the great men of Capernaum—one of the rulers was giving a dinner that Sabbath Day. What! a strict Pharisee give a dinner on the Sabbath Day? Yes; just as legally as a good Catholic may eat a hearty dinner on a Friday. Not a single dish would be prepared so as to infringe, by a hair's breadth, the clear edge of the tradition of the elders. No ceremony would be wanting to keep to the letter the thousand and one regulations for a strict and religious Sabbath Day's feast. Oh! those Jews! They might be scrupulous keepers of the Law, and yet break its plainest Too scrupulous on the eve of the intention. preparation to cross a threshold lest in Pilate's house there should be a crumb of leavened bread, and yet depraved enough to commit a heinous murder on the morrow.

But now the sun is setting; they leave the shore for the white towers yonder, which rise

above the thick grove of red-blossomed pomegranates. Many are arriving, for it is not only the great feast of a great man, but everybody knew the Nazarene Rabbi was to be there. And there He was. The grandees on the upper table partly affected not to regard His presence. But in all times and in all places Truth has always gained a hearing. Men love to hear Truth; only is it that when the voice of Truth is loudly disapproving of their course of life, that then they clamour—and clamour loudly—to drown the voice of Truth, and if they cannot silence the utterance they will silence the utterer; and so finally they silenced the Nazarene Rabbi.

But to-day they listen. For what a beautiful thing is Truth! When clearly seen and fairly heard, it entrances every attention. How Balaam from Pisgah's top saw Israel abiding in his tents about the tabernacle of the God of Truth—the only expression in those days of Truth—Divine Truth! How safe—how grand they were, surrounding Truth, the centre of their host! How deep—how rejoicing the peace of the people who kept Truth! What were the splendours of Midian and the tinsel rewards of divination? What could this world, in its most profuse extravagance, give, which could compensate for that peace which they have who possess Truth? So Balaam felt and said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his-like Israel's yonder-the people of the Truth."

Never did the guests think so little of the courses which tempted their appetites as that day. The words of the strange Rabbi filled them with other thoughts, despite themselves. Conversation gradually subsided until only one voice was heard—a voice thrilling with earnestness, every word so simple and yet so weighty. Look at Him! How heavenly-how far lifted above this world's passing present! How high above this shifting trifling scene! He had found the Elixir of Life. He pauses for a moment, an audible sigh breaks from the guests, as if the attention of His hearers were released from pleasing thraldom, and in the silence one of them speaks the thoughts of all: "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God"-the Kingdom of which Jesus had been telling.

But a sigh—a wish—a hope will not give a right to enter in and feast of the good things of God! To emphasise this, all were again in rapt attention as the Master, in the parable of the Great Supper, told them and the world who finally would sit down in heaven at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Who will? The answer is very strange. Not the men who seem most likely; not the men who appear to be the friends of the King—the men of health, the men of wealth; those who seem to be surrounded by the good hand of the Lord, which "filleth all things living with plenteousness." These seem to be His favourites; He bestows on them everything they have, the breath they draw, the senses by which they live, the opportunities they seize. to t

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They walk about on His world, they drink nectar out of His flowers. No time can exhaust, no language can convey the claims He has upon these, the beloved of the Lord. These be they—you would think—who would watch His eye, live in His near presence, and be honoured most when most commanded by Him.

And now, when by Royal mandate, and at vast and untold expense, the King had gathered together the treasures of a universe, and spread a banquet of the choice things of His illimitable empire to do honour to the marriage of His Son, when he sent the heavenly watchers to cry, "All things are ready," the splendid palace, the ample feast, the loving welcome—nay, the very wedding garment wherein to appear, the only thing unready was, the guests. "They all with one consent began to make excuse." The very men who were most expected, were not the ones to sit down and eat the bread of the Kingdom of

The Master depicts those who excuse themselves under three classes—those who have property; those who are immersed in business; and those who are engrossed in home concerns,

"The first said, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it. I pray thee, have me excused."

Perhaps the closer rendering would be, "I have just now bought a small farm, and I would "Beg off" just expresses the word. He felt that his rich friend had some right to expect him to come to the feast—indeed, he had said, and those who loved him most had promised too for him, that he would come. He had talked, too, with the rich man about the feast. He had sometimes wondered who would be there, and how it would all be. I cannot say he had with zest and earnestness looked forward to the feast; some way or another he had been thrown in contact with the great man, but he did not know him; he had the merest superficial acquaintance with him; of his heart and the great character that he had, he was altogether ignorant. Everybody all round the neighbourhood could not but hold in highest esteem the Lord of the Manor. Everybody knew his absolute justice, and yet his surpassing kindness of heart; and there were reports which some men knew to be true, and to which most men gave a sort of credence—reports which, indeed, it were hard to believe, for they were of acts so astoundingly noble and unselfishof the great man. And I am not sure whether this friend of his did not think he might take any sort of liberty with a man of such known goodness and kindness of heart. So although he had promised and said he was intending to come

to the feast, up to the very last moment, yet, when the slaves ran hither and thither from the castle to tell the bidden guests that "all things were ready," that very afternoon he had come into the possession of a small farm, and he "begged off." Why? Because his heart was rather with the things that he possessed than with the great man, his company, and his feast.

There is no sound reason why he should not have inspected his farm the next day. The farm

would have been there all the same.

What a fool that man was! to run the risk of offending his great friend, the man who had done him so many benefits, and who was so powerful. And all for what? Literally nothing! He had not even the satisfaction of knowing that he had

gained anything; it was not his going which gave him the farm—he merely gratified a wish. Yea! therein lay the secret of his marvellous conduct. That wish! He longed to see and feel that he possessed; his affections were with the things he possessed-he loved to possess; his heart was there, with things which were tangible, and gave him bodily comforts. How could such a man enjoy a banquet in the Kingdom of Heaven, where the joys are of another and immaterial kind? No wonder he "begged off;" he had no liking for the feast, and thinking he could do what he really liked with impunity, he went to look at his farm, and plan improvements, and enjoy the prospect of the future, and turned his back on God and eternal life.

THE ORPHAN HOMES OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. J. T. FALSIDE, ESKDALEMUIR, N.B.



NE of the most hopeful and pleasing features of our day is the great extent to which Christian benevolence is manifested. At no other period in the Church's listory were works of faith and labours of love more numerous, or attended with more beneficent results, than at the present

time. To feed the hungry and clothe the naked, to provide for the orphan, and care for him who has no helper, are duties which are felt to be more and more binding on the followers of Him Who went about doing good. The love which flowed in the bosom of the Saviour flows in all His people, making itself known in deeds of benevolence and charity, and thus perpetuating the life of Christ upon the earth. Such charitable and benevolent works are like little streams issuing spontaneously from the expansive river of Gospel beneficence and love, and fertilising and beautifying the dry and unlovely desert of our

But however praiseworthy all works of Christian

benevolence are, those which have for their object the temporal and spiritual welfare of destitute children have undoubtedly most to commend them. The charity which is given to the adult poor is often given to the unworthy, and by discouraging the motive of self-respect and self-help does more harm than good. But the case of destitute children is different. They are not the authors of their own poverty and destitution, and should they have entered upon a criminal career, the blame is mainly attributable to the pernicious influence of a godless home.

For works of this special nature, Scotland can hardly be said to have been at any time in advance of all other countries. There have always been many institutions and agencies which sought to provide for the wants of destitute children. But in several respects these have been unsatisfactory, more especially in the fact that they were strictly local in character, and did not sufficiently supply the place of a home to the children. It is only a few years since when an Institution for the relief and education of destitute children was begun on the home principle, and on a purely national scale. The praise of this is due to William Quarrier of Glasgow, a man of great earnestness and decision of character, who is actuated by the pure and disinterested spirit of Christian love, and who for many years has, through good report and ill-report, unweariedly devoted himself to his selfchosen and noble undertaking.

How he conceived the idea of his noble work

he himself has told us in simple language. When a boy of about eight years of age, he stood in the High Street of Glasgow-bareheaded, barefooted, cold, and hungry-and wondered why so many

well-dressed, smiling people had no word of sympathy for him. Reflecting painfully on the behaviour of the pitiless multitude, he resolved that, should life and means be granted to him, he would become the protector and friend of This purpose he never forgot, poor children. though many years of trial and vicissitude passed away ere he was able to carry it out in a satis-

factory manner.

It was in 1864 when Mr. Quarrier made his first systematic attempt to rescue homeless children. Out of his slender means he rented a house in an obscure district of the city for the purpose of giving a night's shelter to destitute boys. Wishing to make the Home selfsupporting, he organised a Shoeblack Brigade. This undertaking proved eminently successful, and was, we believe, the only one in Scotland that did not require aid from without. During the first seven years while this scheme was in operation, many hundreds of poor boys were rescued from a life of wretchedness or of crime, and were placed in situations of respectability and usefulness. But as the work increased, Mr. Quarrier was compelled to alter and extend his system. And this he did the more cheerfully, as he wished to realise his ideal of founding an Institution which should bear the character of a home.

A friend in London having promised £2,000 for this purpose, he regarded it as a message from God, and accordingly he set to work, and established the first of the Orphan Homes of Scotland, The Home was situated in a poor district, and consisted of one large room, with a "kitchen partitioned off, and the bare brick walls brightened with Scripture texts." As the weeks ran on the family grew larger and larger. Boys and girls in rags and wretchedness, whose ears had been accustomed to railing and cursing on the part of drunken parents, and orphans who had been placed under the control of hard-hearted relations, were there fully provided for, and enjoying the comforts and sweet influences of a good home, were enabled to begin useful and happy

The demands of the work increasing, Mr. Quarrier built the City Home in James Morrison Street. The money required for building and furnishing the Home amounted to £8,000, and was generously handed to him by two ladies. This building is designed to accommodate one hundred working boys, forty young women, and sixty homeless children. In 1878, the Orphan Cottage Homes were built at Bridge-of-Weir, in Renfrewshire, at a cost of £22,000, and are fitted to house 350 children. In Govan Road there is another Home, in which 130 children are being trained for emigration to Canada.

How, it may be asked, were these institutions built, and how are they supported? Like Mr. Müller of Bristol, Mr. Quarrier has all along acted upon the principle of entire dependence upon God for what he requires. He asks no man for money, whatever others may do in his behalf, nor does he push the claims of his Institutions by advertisement, or by any other method. Believing it to be God's work, he looks to God, Who alone can move the hearts of men to give what is required. He has never been disappointed. His prayers are answered, and his faith rewarded by the success that invariably attends his efforts.

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The City Home—a large and commodious building-is a place for the preliminary training of boys and girls. They are brought in from the street in a state of ignorance, poverty, and destitution, and when they have undergone a little improvement, they are sent off to the Cottage Homes at Bridge-of-Weir. At this Home Mr. Quarrier devotes several hours each day, excepting Saturdays, for the purpose of receiving new applicants. Their only qualification is health and poverty; and they are taken in from all parts of Scotland. Some of the boys learn trades, others act as message boys, and the wages they receive are put into the general fund for the support of the Institution. Many of the boys and girls, on account of the careless or evil habits they had contracted, are at first difficult to manage. But the system of training to which they are subjected, combining as it does the strictness and kindness of parental discipline, almost invariably produces a salutary change upon them, teaching them habits of self-denial and virtue, and imparting a higher tone to their whole character and life. There were 538 cases, including boys and girls, disposed of in this Home during the year ending October, 1882.

The Cottage Homes, at Bridge-of-Weir, have a magnificent and imposing appearance. are built on a farm which Mr. Quarrier bought a few years since, consisting of forty acres; and his intention is to extend his cottages and use the remaining portion of the land for agricultural There are at present ten and other purposes. Cottages, an Invalids' Home, extensive offices, and a large central building overlooking the whole. Each cottage is fitted to accommodate thirty boys or girls, the boys and girls occupying separate Homes. In accordance with the family principle, each Home has a man and a woman, who take the place of father and mother to the children. The offices contain a printing-press, a joiner's shop, stables, and many other kinds of workshops, and thus the boys learn whatever trade they wish, under the direction of the several men in the

To give anything like an adequate description of these Cottage Homes, would be as impossible as it would exceed the limits of our space. Suffice it to say, that everything is provided for the convenience and comfort of the inmates. The central building especially has a kind of palatial

appearance, but a careful inspection of its interior will convince you that the useful is bound up with the agreeable. In the under flat there is a large storehouse, from which all the cottages are supplied three times a week with abundant provisions. Higher up there are three dormitories, with thirty beds, a large hall, in which 400 people can worship, and a commodious and finely-decorated school-room, in which the children are taught by a fine old Scotchman. It may be

privations equally hard to bear. Now they were well housed, fed and clothed, their wild dissatisfied appearance had softened down into a serene and permanent joyfulness, and the "winter of their discontent" had given place to a "glorious summer" of a well-promising and peaceful life.

It was a happy idea that struck Mr. Quarrier, the sending of the children to Canada. He saw that if they were let loose again upon society



THE BRIDGE-OF-WEIR HOMES.

added that 239 inmates passed through these Homes last year, some going to Canada, where they found permanent employment, and others sent to places in this country where they began useful careers.

It was a cold bitter day in the gloomy month of December when we made our visit to these Cottage Homes. A very severe storm had fallen in different parts of the country, and although this place had escaped the more dreadful ravages of the tempest, the spots of snow that were lying here and there, and the naked trees and hedges all around, gave it a sufficiently wintry aspect. As we saw the boys and girls at play we could not help thinking on their former life, when they were not only exposed to many a biting wind and drenching rain, but suffered many other

they would in all probability fall into their old habits, or lapse into crime. To prevent this probability, and render the good he had done a permanent work, he resolved to send every year a number of children to Canada, where they would not only find permanent employment, but would be surrounded with new and healthy associations. The scheme has proved eminently successful. With a few exceptions all who are sent abroad lead lives of respectability and usefulness. During the year ending October, 1882, there were seventy-eight children sent to Canada.

We have not spoken of the spiritual results of the work, although these have been very satisfactory. The religious education of the children forms one of the principal objects of Mr. Quarrier in carrying out his benevolent undertaking. In the promotion of this object he is greatly helped by ministers and evangelists; and the frequent and large meetings which are held in the halls of the Institution, as well as in other places, are productive of incalculable good to the children.

One noticeable feature in Mr. Quarrier's management of the Homes, showing his desire to make his work in all respects a pure labour of love, is that all his assistants in the Homes are people who are of a like mind with himself, whose heart is in their work, and who labour for the Master's sake. Should they not exactly answer to his ideal at first, he gradually moulds them into it, so that the whole work moves on like a piece of perfect machinery, and with the harmony of the different parts of music.

But the responsibility of the whole undertaking rests upon himself. He has no Board of Management, and no advisers. And yet all things are done on strictly business principles. All the Homes are invested in trustees, thus guaranteeing their future security. And all the accounts are annually made up by a regular accountant, and laid before the public.

The faith and courage of the man are remarkable. A very large sum of money is needed every

day for the support of the Homes, and he has no security of an earthly kind that he will obtain it. At no time has he more than a few days' provisions on hand, yet he puts his trust in God, and is not disappointed. Like the manua that was rained from heaven to supply the daily wants of God's ancient people, Mr. Quarrier receives daily supplies for his daily needs. The demands of the work are still increasing: more money is required, but he puts his confidence in Him Who hitherto has been his Helper.

In a short paper it is impossible to give anything like an adequate account of the work carried on by Mr. Quarrier. The various facts and figures which have been mentioned afford only a mere glimpse into the nature and extent of the good work. Nor is Mr. Quarrier himself aware of the great results of his undertaking. Time and eternity alone will reveal these. But he goes forward in the full conviction that he is doing his Master's work, and that he will receive his Master's reward. He wishes no man to praise The only him for his disinterested labours. praise he seeks is the praise of Him Who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto

DOUBLY BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," ETC.

CHAPTER XI .-- A NEW HOME,



HEN Aubrey returned, she had a companion, the mistress of the girls' school, a Miss Rose Bond. She was taller than Aubrey, slender, dark - eyed, thin-featured, rather sorrowfullooking, about Aubrey's age, and with the same quiet manners, but much more reserved.

Her manner to-

wards Helen was as simply kind and unsuspicious as Aubrey's had been,

And soon the three were sitting down to tea, for neither Aubrey nor Rose would hear of Helen's

They lived together, Helen now found, these two

young schoolmistresses; and they were, so to speak, all in all to each other. They exactly suited each other. What was lacking in the character of one the other supplied. In their dispositions and temperaments were strong points of difference, but also of resemblance, Both were firm, and enduring, and resolute; but Rose was so in mental strength, Aubrey in gentleness. Both were scrupulously honourable, both unflaggingly industrious. And both were true as Rose was impatient, and not, as a rule, quite inclined to look at the bright side of things; but Aubrey's character was remarkable for its patience, and peace, and sunny brightness, and freedom from worry and fretfulness.

But, as a matter of course, Helen did not learn all this of them in a single evening.

In the meantime, as she sat there thoughtfully sipping her tea, she had to alter her plan slightly. It appeared that she must still be alone at heart; but she still clung to the thought of making her homewhile she waited—in this little quiet peaceful place, with its atmosphere of gentleness and affection.

Tea over, Aubrey conducted her into the parlour once more, and then left her for a few minutes.

When they had, as she supposed, cleared away tea,

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help forg they both joined her; and then she preferred the request which she had been getting ready. Would they receive her as a boarder—say, for a few weeks, at first—she paying (and she named a liberal sum) in advance?

"We have no room for you," said Rose, quite pleasantly, and yet with a slight stiffness in her manner.
"Or else," she added, then, with a little bright smile which Helen liked, "we should be glad to have you.
We have but one sleeping-room and a box-room."

This objection was over-ruled, however, for Helen, having accompanied them up-stairs and looked at the box-room, declared it would do quite well for

Still, however, both Aubrey and Rose seemed a little dubious, and cast furtive questioning glances at each other. How well Helen understood it all afterwards! But she did not now. Were they, after all, suspicious—prejudiced against her—afraid, perhaps, to receive her? No; for they contradicted the idea, with something like amusement in their faces, when she had contrived to put it to them.

"I have no wish to intrude upon you," she was suddenly moved to say, with a new feeling of added loneliness at heart. "Of course, there will be times, occurring often, perhaps, when you will not wish for the company of a third person. You will have your schools and household work, and also your friendship for each other, to think of. Believe me, if you will allow me to remain, I will be no interruption, but, I hope, a help. I would help you in your schools, if I might; I should dearly love to be really useful."

At length it was decided; she was to stay; and then Miss Bond inquired by what name they were to call her.

She was standing with them in the bedroom again now, and she pointed to the verse she had read an hour or two before—

And when it seems no chance, or change, From grief can set me free, Hope finds its strength in helplessness, And, patient, waits on Thee.

The letters were in different shades of blue. The word HOPE alone was gilded. Helen pointed to it. "Call me, if you will, Hope," she said.

And so Helen found a new home, new friends, and a new name.

Many weeks and months went by.

Helen persevered in her persuasions to be allowed to teach, and at last Aubrey and Rose agreed that, if she really and seriously wished it, she should spend her afternoons in school. And she did so, constantly, and often part of her mornings also. She loved children, and teaching, and, after a short time, spent in acquiring a little experience, she was really a great help. She taught eagerly, brightly, earnestly—she forgot herself in teaching. And she wished to forget

herself. She wished to occupy herself continuously—to work really hard—in order that she might pass through, as quickly and unconsciously as might be, the time—not quite two years now—that lay between her and her one little gleam of hope—beside and without which, all was utter darkness to her.

She spent many hours, too, in sewing—in work of all kinds—in helping to keep that little house neat, and fresh, and pretty. She assisted in correcting home-lessons, in cutting-out and preparing work for the girls; and very greatly, in numerous ways, she lightened Rose and Aubrey's labours.

Whenever they had a little leisure, she played and sang to them. And very soon they discovered that to listen to her beautiful voice cheered, and refreshed, and inspirited them in a way that they would scarcely have thought possible.

Then Helen proposed to give them lessons, both in playing and singing. They gratefully agreed: and, being as eager to learn as she was to teach, and having, moreover, a good foundation to build upon—for they both played and sang simple airs correctly and pleasingly—they made rapid progress.

And then, too, how good they were to Helen, and how loving to each other! Helen was never tired of observing their true and whole-hearted affection. They were good to each other for love's sake, and to her for kindness' sake; and she knew and felt the difference, but it was one of which, as she often reminded herself, she had not the smallest right to complain. They had not disappointed her; they were all they had appeared on the first evening of her acquaintance with them, and she was becoming used to her own loneliness now.

She had asked, one evening, as they had all three sat together, knitting warm socks, and cuffs, and comforters for an orphanage in which Miss Bond was much interested—what their aims were. They could not always go on teaching—what hope—what end had they in view?

They told her at once, in their usual simple straightforward manner. Their aim was a joint one. They wished to save enough for independence in their old age, that they might continue to live together as they did now.

"We could live on very little," said Aubrey. "I think that in time we shall save enough. We are not extravagant: and we should spend less then than now, for we should not have to work so hard, and so we should not need many little indulgences which we allow ourselves now."

"You certainly do not allow yourselves too many indulgences," said Helen, warmly. "I think it would be as well if you were to put a few more on the list. But," she added, in another tone, "you may marry, may you not? You have thought of that, of course?"

Perhaps they had thought of it, but they would not give the subject much consideration now. Rose Bond had had a lover who had died years before. Aubrey Carlton had always been heart-whole, as far as Helen could discover. The two had been staunch friends from their early school-days; and their homes were far away in the pleasant country, within a stone's throw of each other.

To these homes they had gone in their summer holidays, and Helen had betaken herself to the seaside alone.

Aubrey and Rose had then a definite earthly aim. And they also had one that was heavenly; but which they never seemed quite able to put into words. Yet Helen knew it, nevertheless; for their daily lives, as she often thought, told it as simply and plainly as it could be told by faulty human beings. Their aim was simply to please the Lord Christ, Whose followers they were, in all they did and said and thought; and to please Him also, even as they pleased each other, for love's sake, and not for reward.

Helen occasionally got them to talk of their religion; but it was never easy; neither easy, that is, to persuade them, nor easy for them to talk, when they had been persuaded.

She begged them again and again to tell her exactly what it was that made them feel so secure, and so happy and contented, as they evidently were, and exactly why they counted the things and affairs of this life of such comparatively small consequence.

And perhaps they by-and-by remembered the text—
"Be ready always to give an answer to every man
that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."
For at length they answered her—little by little,
diffidently, and certainly not easily—and yet clearly,
and confidently, and faithfully.

And Helen gathered that they were "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ;" that they had read and thought much on this subject; that their eyes had been opened, and their hearts blessed with wisdom from above, to see how constantly, in one way or another, it is set before us in Scripture; and that, remembering it, and all it signified, they might well regard the things of time and sense as wholly subservient—night well learn to look above and beyond them—seeking only to obey their Lord's commands—"Occupy till I come." "Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

Helen drank in their words, and searched the Bible for herself, to see whether these things were so; and prayed earnestly for forgiveness for her own past self-seeking, and earthly-mindedness, and narrowed and heaven-dishonouring views. And she prayed, too, that this same Lord Jesus, Who had come to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and to save—not the proud, but the humble and willing—might save her; now that she humbly laid down every fancied righteousness of her own, and took her place among sinners, and owned herself wholly unworthy and undeserving.

And, finally, she took the glorious HOPE of those two with whom she lived for her own. And day by

day, and at first almost hour by hour, it gathered strength and brightness,

And so the time passed on.

CHAPTER XII,-THE SIXTEENTH OF OCTOBER,

"You are tired, Miss Hope?"

It was Aubrey who spoke, in a kind gentle tone of sincere concern.

"No, thank you," returned Helen, in a voice very little above a whisper. And then she sat up—she had been lying back in her chair—and tried to rouse herself, but very soon she sank back into her former list-less attitude again. And she who once had been always occupied, never spending an idle hour, scarcely an idle moment, was now doing absolutely nothing.

Moreover, she had tried her voice so much in teaching and singing, so constantly and so painstakingly and long—and nothing that Aubrey or Rose could say had sufficed to prevent her from doing so much—that at length she had almost lost it; and it was more than a week now since she had been into the schools, which especially grieved her, because the examinations were near.

But, as she sat there, she found herself continually forgetting simply everything that concerned her present way of life, forgetting everything but the one thought that repeated itself over and over in her mind almost without cessation—

"To-morrow will be the 16th of October,"

It was evening; and they were all three sitting by the fire in the pleasant parlour. Rose had a pile of exercise-books on the table before her, Aubrey was carefully cutting out and fitting, ready for the tiny fingers that were to work upon them, some small pinafores.

Both young schoolmistresses looked weary, and both were not a little disturbed on Helen's account; for they had grown dearly to love her, and deeply to respect her in all these months that she had been with them. And yet, behind all their weariness and concern, there was a nameless content, which their countenances had not shown formerly. Also there was an undefinable difference in their dress and general appearance. They had always been especially neat, but now something—it was not easy to say what—showed that, for some reason or other, they took a new pride in themselves.

"Look here, Aubrey!" said Rose, presently, with a little vexed laugh, and her left hand being nearer Aubrey, she laid it on the page she was correcting, and pointed out some especially nonsensical childish

And on the third finger there shone a pretty ring, which certainly had not been there in former days.

Aubrey leaned forward, and read, and smiled; and then her eyes met Rose's, with the old happy undisturbed look of affection in them. And as she, the next moment, went on cutting out, and fitting, and fores the A wou

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holding up her work now and then to inspect it, a simple neat ring shone in the lamplight on the third finger of her left hand also,

Helen had been helping Aubrey with the pina-

There were dark circles round her eyes—her lips were dry—her features drawn and white, then suddenly flushed with unnatural brightness—her hands were damp, and cold, and trembling—she looked



"She started in anxious surprise as she entered the room."-p. 614.

fores; but at length she had given up, laying down the work without a word.

Aubrey had waited a minute to see whether she would begin again, and then had turned to her with the words "You are tired?"

But no, Helen had spoken the truth when she had said that she was not tired.

really ill, but she was not tired! O, no; it was only that suspense—the hidden terrible suspense in which she had lived for so long—was at length, so to speak, devouring her. For, to-morrow would be the sixteenth of October!

She sat in silence for a little while. But Rose and Aubrey always liked to be left to themselves,

she knew, and she ever took care to intrude as little as possible upon their happy friendship. Also she had, this evening, many little unwonted preparations to make in readiness for to-morrow—for she must set out early—though she had as yet said nothing to either Aubrey or Rose as to her intended departure.

Soon, therefore, she rose, and went up-stairs.

And there she stood in the tiny box-room—the sky-light open, and the cool refreshing night air pouring down upon her—stood with clasped hands, and eyes now brimming over with tears, reading one and another of the comforting and encouraging sentences, texts, and verses, with which she herself had covered the four tiny walls. And none on earth but herself knew how often they had cheered and rested her, and been as balm and healing to her aching heart.

Here she read :-

Pilgrim, waiting at the gate, Hear the message—"Pray, and wait."

Here, again :-

Ye, who mourn an adverse fate, Hear the message-"Pray, and wait."

And again :-

Wait: the day is drawing near.

Joyfully thou'lt then relate, 'T was not in vain to pray, and wait.

"Surely," she uttered presently, in the weak, half-whispered tones, which would sound to-morrow, to all those who knew her in Wyntoun-by-Sea, in strong sorrowful contrast to the rich full sweet voice, which none of those who had heard it would be likely to forget. "Surely my husband," and she dwelt sadly on the word, "will think of me to-night, will be waiting for me to-morrow. O yes, he will, he must be waiting for me! O, how could I! how could I bear to come back—"

She broke off, weeping bitterly, and knelt down by the little bed, and listened to the voice in her heart that still whispered, "Pray and wait! Pray and wait!"

Then she rose, and with eager shaking hands was soon turning over and examining all that she wished to wear to-morrow. Not a thing but was taken up and looked at with anxious eyes, and put in exact, neatest, freshest readiness; for Bernard was very critical and particular as to a lady's dress, and she wished to look her very best.

Even to bonnet and gloves, everything was at length ready; and then she took her way down-stairs, and into the parlour again.

But she started in anxious surprise as she entered the room.

The pinafores had evidently been pushed hastily on one side, and some had fallen to the floor. The exercise-books lay on a chair, and Aubrey was sitting on the floor, with her head on Rose's knee, crying t And Helen had caught the words—

"It is all our fault! Oh, why did we let her do it? She will be ill!—I know she will!"

"Oh! what is the matter?" asked Helen—and her face, rather than her strengthless voice, told her earnest and wondering concern; for it was rarely indeed that Aubrey gave way to tears.

"Oh! I am afraid," said she, still crying as she spoke, "that we have let you do too much! Oh! I wish you had not done it! Rose and I have so often wished that you would not work so very hard! You never gave yourself a moment's rest! Oh! I cannot bear to see you look as you do!"

And Aubrey sobbed aloud. And there were tears running down Rose's face, also, though she was quite quiet—only, with a disturbed gesture, she, every now and then, stroked Aubrey's hazel-brown curls.

Helen sat down, near them both.

"I wished to work hard," she said, in reply to Aubrey. "I could not have borne my life else!—I may be able to explain it all, one day! Do not blame yourselves on my account, for an instant. If you had not allowed me to work, I could not have stayed. I was in trouble and sorrow when I came to you, and I am in hourly suspense now as to whether it is all soon to be ended. It is this suspense that has worn me—not—oh, not the blessed helpful work!"

Aubrey dried her eyes at this; Rose's tears also ceased to fall.

"What can I say more?" Helen went on, "except that I thank you both, with all my heart, for your great and unvarying kindness to me—truest, best of friends, that you have been to me. . . . I have had my secret all this time, my weary sorrowful secret, and you knew it; yet you never once, so far as I know, tried to discover it—for this, too, I thank you."

With quiet true pity and sympathy both Rose and Aubrey were looking at her now.

"We have not done half so much for you as you have for us," said Aubrey; and then the tears sprang to her eyes again.

"It is we who have to thank you," said Rose; "and we do thank you."

Aubrey rose, and, picking up the little pinafores, began to work once more.

Helen was looking into the fire now, and her face was suffused with a burning flush—of excitement, of suspense, anxiety, and weakness combined.

"I could not talk about it before," she uttered at length, "but I am thinking of going away to-morrow----"

Aubrey and Rose both started visibly.

"Possibly," Helen was continuing, when a sharp sob, which she could not repress, caught her voice—
"possibly it may be only for a few days," she went on bravely. "If then—I should have to return—will you be willing to receive me again? And then I will tell you all."

"You will always be welcome here," said Rose;

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"while it is our home, that is." (And Aubrey murmured an earnest "Oh, yes—yes!") "But, as for telling us anything, you will, of course, please yourself. We should never think of asking it. Why should we?"

That night Helen sat with them while they read their Bible together, and their little books of devotion. And Rose chose some verses from Psalms lv., lvi., and lvii.—

"He hath delivered my soul in peace (she read) from the battle that was against me. . . .

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain

"Thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not

(tyrannies) be overpast.
"I will cry unto God Most High; unto God that performeth all things for me."

And Helen went to rest, and slept peacefully, as she had not done for many a night.

She rose early, however, and dressed carefully. Rose and Aubrey had breakfast all ready for her by half-past seven—their usual breakfast-time—for they went into school to give an hour's lessons to their young teachers at ten minutes to eight. And this they did all through the year, in winter as well as in suppose.

Helen stood on the platform at the dark smoky railway station.

It was a dull morning. The sky was heavy and grey, and not a breath of wind was stirring, and a heavy mist shrouded the distant hills.

"We are going to have some rain," she heard one of the porters say,

But if the joy of hope fulfilled came to Helen, what would she care for even the heaviest and most dismal downpour of rain? It would be entirely powerless to check for an instant her great and thankful gladness! And if disappointment came to her! But she would not think of that.

For her heart this morning, strangely enough, felt at rest—no longer torn by ever-strengthening suspense, or racked by terrible doubts and fears.

""He hath delivered my soul in peace," she murmured, "from the battle that was against me.' I prayed, and the Lord has answered my prayer; and, whatever comes, I shall know that it is from Him—that He has given me 'what I would ask, could I see."

She had chosen to take her ticket for Hamley. She had arrived at the station, and was soon walking, under the momently greyer heavier sky, along the familiar high road towards Wyntoun-by-Sea.

And now the house was in sight, and her heart began to beat quickly.

There it stood, in the midst of its sheltering trees, as handsome and as well kept as ever—her home—

the only home she had ever known. How many happy hours had she passed within it! Ah! and how many sad hours also!

She drew down her veil : a sudden fear oppressed her. \cdot

"I cannot go in yet," she uttered. "What if—oh, no, no! I will go to Phœbe!"

A light wind arose, and a few autumn leaves came fluttering mournfully down, and lighted at her feet. At the same moment she heard a sound which she had heard how often of old, and lifting her eyes, she saw Philip Evelyn advancing on his crutches towards her.

Eagerly she put out her hands to welcome him.

"It is Helen!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "I beg your pardon! Mrs. Brand!"

"O no, no! putting out her hand as though to ward off a blow. Where is she? Where is mamma?"

"Ah!" he said, with a quick look of pity. "You have heard nothing."

"O no! Tell me!"

"Come to Miss Bassett," he rejoined, carefully avoiding her glance. "She will tell you everything, much better than I could!"

CHAPTER XIII, - DISAPPOINTMENT,

FOR Phœbe was still Phœbe Bassett; and Edward Bright, the village grocer and postmaster, had, just a year ago—a few months after Mrs. Brand's death —married Fanny Turner.

Yes; Carina had passed away, and strangers dwelt now in Helen's old home.

The first shock of grief was over, and Helen was lying, with white face and eyes swollen with weeping, on the chintz-covered sofa in Phœbe's cheerful home, listening sorrowfully to particulars.

Carina's death had been a very happy and peaceful one, and Phobe and the vicar had both been with her; and she had left with them all kind and loving messages for her daughter—as she had ever called Helen—when she should return.

"And Bernard"—Helen had put the question with trembling lips and averted face, after waiting for some mention of his name—" was he not there, with his mother?"

"No," answered Phœbe, as she gently stirred the little fire which she had lighted into a cheerful blaze. "He had been with her the day before, and had gone away thinking her better. He came again, of course, for the funeral; but he has only spent, altogether, a few days at Wyntoun since you left."

"How was he looking when—when you last saw him?" asked Helen, in the low weak tones which had at first greatly roused Phœbe's concern, and with great dark eyes glazing over with fresh tears, for her hopes were failing fast. Still, she would wait till the day was over before she quite despaired, for he might come even yet.

"Not well, certainly," replied Phoebe. "And it was

said that his eyes were not so strong again, and that the doctors feared blindness."

Helen clasped her hands over her yearning heart.

"Did he mention me, do you know, Phœbe? Was there no letter—no message left for me, do you think? comfort to be able to talk to you, Phœbe. I have spoken of it all to no one since I left."

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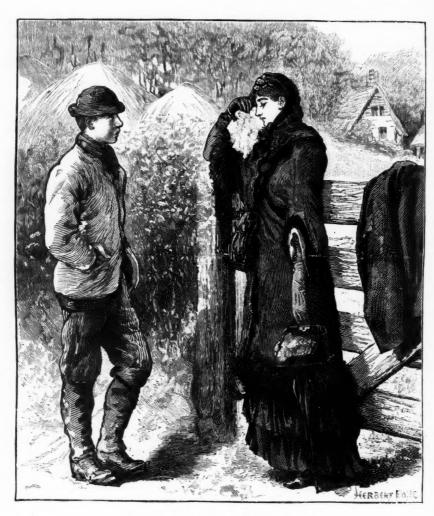
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"Poor child!" said Phoebe, tenderly, and laying her hand for an instant on Helen's. And then a faint spasm, as of some inward sorrow, crossed her own



"She leant, a little faintly, against a gate."-p. 618.

Surely he must have known that I was coming today."

No, there was no letter—no message of any kind; and he had not so much as mentioned his wife's name when last in Wyntoun, that Phœbe knew of.

"And—did mamma see much of him after I left, do you suppose?" questioned Helen, as she struggled with her tears. And then she added, "It is such a face. Perhaps she also knew what it was to bear and to suffer in secret. "Yes," she said, in answer to Helen's question, "Mrs. Brand used often to be away from Wyntoun for months at a time, and every one knew that she was with her son."

"And she said that I was to 'Hope on'—did you not tell me, Phoebe? Oh, what a constant comfort those two words will be to me! for I will not believe that she spoke them without reason—however faint and slight her reason may have been."

And then Helen lay still, closing her eyes for a few moments; and Phœbe, too, seemed deep in thought.

But soon the latter rose, and went out to her landlady, to give some direction concerning tea.

And when she returned, Philip Evelyn followed her into the room. He had come to see Helen, and to speak to her, if he could, words of comfort.

Helen was evidently glad to see him—glad through all her sorrow. She had ever loved and reverenced him. He had all her life seemed almost as a father to her, and the more so that he had indeed been her father's dearest friend.

After talking a little while, he took out his pocket Testament, and read a few verses, and next he offered a short earnest prayer.

And presently, just as he was leaving, some slightest word, or look, or both perhaps, told him that Helen was now in very truth a Christian; that in her heart of hearts she had at length accepted the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, as her Friend; and that though surface-troubles might, and certainly would, come and go, there was deep sweet peace and trust below them.

And, on this discovery, how easy and delightful was it for all three to talk! And Philip said, with a benign, gentle look—

"Thank God, O thank God for this! And if trouble led to it—then that trouble was—O how blest, indeed!"

He was gone; and with quiet, happy face, Phoehe and her landlady together, were getting tea. When they were alone again, Helen sat up—

"Phobe! I shall go away early to-morrow morning;" and she heaved a sad sigh: the day was advancing: it was not likely that Bernard would come now—"and stay away another year. And when the sixteenth of October comes again, I will, if I am alive and well, come once more."

She paused, as if thinking. Pheebe was by this time pouring out tea. Presently she looked up.

"You have your own income?" she asked, with some hesitation. "You--"

"O yes!" with a touch of impatience, as though incomes were not worth thinking of, "The little annuity that my mother left me. It is quite enough: I shall never want more. It is wonderful how much I have learned to do with it, Phobe;" and a faint smile crossed her lips. "I have had such good teachers." But here she suddenly checked herself: she had no wish to give even Phœbe the slightest hint as to where she had been, or what she had been doing. "But I was going to say," she continued, "that, should my husband come to Wyntoun again-" and a coldness came into her face; but her weak low voice could now express no shades of feeling. "Should you see him," she went on, "will you promise me that you will not so much as mention my name to him, unless he first makes some inquiry concerning me?"

Phœbe simply and gravely promised.

"And Mr. Evelyn," added Helen, "will you ask him to promise also? He will do so if you tell him that you have promised. He always thinks—and he always did think, ever since I can remember—everything right that you did!"

Helen was too sad to give a thought to any second signification that her words might appear to have, or even to observe for an instant the faint flush of colour that had stolen to Phœbe Bassett's face as, with her eyes on her plate, she simply answered—

" I will ask him."

Tea over, and the tray carried away, Helen had something more to hear-something which Phæbe told in as few words as possible; and it was this: that Mrs. Brand, anxious to be able to leave something for her son, which should be quite distinct from, and independent of, what she always called "Helen's fortune," had actually been drawn, in conjunction with Mrs. Pallister and Mrs. Spencer, into some unwary speculations. That at first they had gained a little; then lost something; but at last the great crash had come, and, to cover liabilities, everything available had gone; house and furniture and all had been sold. The two older ladies, however, having been more cautious, had not been so deeply involved; and, though they, too, had lost, they had not lost their all.

"And where was poor mamma at the last?" asked Helen, with pale lips, and in low whispering tones.

"She went home with an old friend to Old Wyntoun, after the sale; for she would stay, through everything. And, perhaps, she caught cold; for she took to her bed that same day, and never left it again, and a fortnight later she died."

Helen sat a long time in silence. She was thinking of poor Carina, and, of course, of Bernard; and Phobe could see from her face that the thought that all that had happened had made, or could make, a great pecuniary difference to herself never once occurred to her.

"He is quite poor, then," she was thinking to herself, with oh, how much yearning love in her heart.

"And yet, perhaps—for how can I tell?—he may have made something for himself by this time by his pictures."

Then, as she sat there, Phœbe presently heard, to her surprise, what sounded like a long breath of absolute relief.

"Yes, I will 'hope on,'" Helen was thinking. "It may be that it was only money that stood between us; and if so——"

And then the cold pallor left her face; and the faintest hue, as of new life, stole over it.

"Where is he, Phœbe? Bernard, I mean?"

"I don't know," answered Phœbe, "I don't think that any one in Wyntoun knows,"

Helen had gone to rest. She did not, however, sleep to-night. Alternately she prayed, and thought,

and planned, hour after hour, as she lay there listening to the autumn rain, as it beat steadily against the window.

Patter, patter, patter, it monotonously dripped, and plashed, and poured the whole night long.

But with the earliest dawn of morning it ceased, and Helen slept, and when she awoke the sun was shining in at the window.

An hour or two later she was on her way to Hamley Station. She had wished to walk thither alone, and Phœbe had at length reluctantly allowed her to do so.

She had got more than half-way, when she neared a forlorn-looking half-finished building that had been, to all appearance, left to itself for some time.

Just outside the cracked and, in some places, crumbling walls, and among the heaps of broken bricks, and dry mortar, some idle boys were playing. And as Helen was passing they were aiming with stones at fragments of slate, etc., which they had set up on the half-high walls; and many noisy shouts arose as the fragments fell, dislodged, one after another, by their stones.

Helen, as has been said, loved children of all ages, and the tumult these were making neither made her in the least nervous of them, nor even disturbed her thoughts. She only watched them with sad quiet eyes as she passed, mentally working out her own plans meanwhile.

That is, she strove with all here feeble mental strength to work them out. Her hopes of yesterday had all been dashed; a great grief had come to her besides; and also the loss of fortune, which, however, was not even reckoned or remembered at this moment, for all that had happened had dazed and stunned her, and she seemed to have no power of thought or realisation left.

She would go back again to Aubrey and Rose, and stay and work with them as before—that was her one clear idea—and, when another year had gone by, if she should go a second time to Wyntoun-by-Sea, and find that Bernard had given no sign—

She had got so far in her thoughts when a stone, thrown by one of the boys, having hit the wall instead of the mark, rebounded, and struck her eye.

The stone happened to be a comparatively small one, however, and smooth, and not one of the rough flints which the boys had been throwing so vigorously, or the consequences might have been serious.

As it was the blow, so sudden and unexpected, caused Helen to stagger for a moment; and then she leant, a little faintly, against a gate leading into a vividly green meadow, sodden with last night's rain.

There was a silence, as of consternation, amongst the boys. Then one of them ran up to her.

"Be ye hurt, ma'am?"

Helen stood up—the shock had been but momentary after all.

"No, thank you," she returned, in her weak soft voice, at which the boy looked frightened. "At least, I think not." The lad slowly returned to his companions, who stood all together at a little distance. Helen had had neither heart nor voice to say more to him; and she, too, moved slowly on. And before she had gone many steps, she could hear them all playing, and running, and shouting as gaily as ever.

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A rush of weak tears filled her eyes,

"And if I had been hurt, it would not have signified to anybody," she said to herself, bitterly. "Who cares what becomes of me?"

But she reproached herself the next moment for ingratitude—for had not the Lord God, Who cares for the sparrows, Who gives to each blade of grass its beauty—taken care, in His over-ruling providence, that that stone had been smooth, instead of sharp?—otherwise she might have been blinded. And if the providences of the Maker of all—with Whom nothing is trifling—be so exact and unerring, then neither had that blow been without its signification—and its good and gracious signification. And, if it had been a sharper blow, neither would its added sharpness have been without meaning—and a meaning, as in the present case, also, which she would one day, as she firmly believed, certainly read—if not in time, then in eternity.

And her tears flowed less bitterly as these reflections came to her. A renewed gentle peace stole into the very depths of her heart. She was in her God's hands then. Why had she, even for an instant, forgotten it? In His hands, wherever she went, whatever she did, and whatever happened, came (for those He loved, and who loved Him) from Him for good. Yes; and she must not even except this separation from, and estrangement of, her husband. All would be well; all would be made clear, the moment it was needful and right.

It was evening; and she sat once more with Aubrey and Rose, who had received her almost in silence, yet with countenances that expressed the truest sympathy and compassion. It was easy to see at the first glance, that whatever her hope had been, it had wholly and grievously disappointed her.

"I will not tell all to-night," she said, with an irrepressible sigh, as she watched them, at work, as usual, for their schools.

Their thorough painstaking labour seemed endless.

"I could not," she added—then broke off abruptly.

"Do not think of it," returned Rose. "But what is the matter with your eye?" she next inquired, in her quick way; "it looks as though you had caught a very bad cold in it."

Helen told of the accident, making very light of it; but Rose looked grave.

"Does it pain you much?" she asked.

"Rather," replied Helen, in her low half-absent tones. "Yes, it certainly does pain me."

"You ought to be doing something for it," said Rose again. "Eyesight is too valuable to be trifled with. What was that, that you heard only yesterday, Aubrey, about some famous oculist?"

"That he was from London," answered Aubrey, "and that he had come so as to be near a friend whose eyes were very bad. And she said that he had come for a quiet rest as well, but that he saw every one who liked to go to him, all the same."

The evening passed on; and that night again they all read together, and at Rose's suggestion, the fortyfirst chapter of Genesis was chosen.

And very thoughtfully all three went through the account of Joseph's sudden deliverance from prison, and advancement to rank next the king himself.

"It all came about in a moment, as one might say," remarked Rose, as she closed her Bible; and Aubrey and Helen listened with the more attention, because Rose was not given to making remarks on the chapters she read. She was quiet and reserved, and it was never easy to her, and sometimes even painful, to have to drag her thoughts, as it were, into the light of day. "There he was shut up in prison," she went on. "And, except that he still had hope in God, his life was spent in blank waiting; and he was quite helpless. That was how it was one half-hour. But the next did not find him in the prison; he had been burried out of it, never to return; and his troubles were over."

And Helen repeated, thoughtfully, yet dreamily, the verse that she never forgot—never would forget:—

"And when it seems no chance or change From grief can set me free; Hope finds its strength in helplessness,! And, patient, waits on Thee."

And little she imagined, as she uttered the words, how near was the dawn of her deliverance. Little she thought that before another day had passed, a newer, nearer hope would have risen upon her horizon, and a more intense expectation even than yesterday's would possess her.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS FROM DOVEDALE.

BY THE RECTOR.

AT THE STUDY WINDOW.



ET us speak together, my friend, by the open window, on this bright summer noontide hour. The phrase "speak together" is better than "communicate with." The latter is cold and hard, and I should like, in our mental wanderings together through Dovedale, amidst its scenery of exquisite beauty, or in visiting its picturesque cottages -many of which

encircle lifedramas—that we should go together in the spiritual feeling that we are friends.

Let me briefly introduce you to Dovedale. I write this at the open window in the sultry hush of noon. I have long been rector in this quiet Dale—so long, indeed, that my hair has become silvered in the service, and the congregation of loved ones that have passed before me to the peaceful graves in the old churchyard, is greater

than that whose voices now mingle in the quaint old aisle in Psalms of sacred praise.

This is not the Dovedale so dear to the heart of grand old Izaak Walton, the Dovedale in whose romantic depths he so often indulged in the "gentle art," and near which was "the honest inn with cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall."

Our Dovedale nestles in sweetness and se clusion within easy range of the Lake district. It is "far from the madding crowd," and has had little to do either in the making of history or in the pomp of war. Tradition has it that a troop of Cavaliers passed through the village on one occasion during the Civil War; but they glided on almost as silently as spectres would have done, and left only a far-off memory of the event. Only the faintest echoes, and these at long intervals, reach this hamlet of the great world's din. The promise of a golden harvest is of more importance to it than the rise and fall of shares, and the first note of the cuckoo more congenial than an account of the latest bulletins from all the Courts of Europe.

Our art gallery consists of the wondrous series of pictures that are brought to us in the charming changes of the seasons, now green and fresh in the new revelation of spring, now rich in the profusion of summer, now glad in the wealth of autumn, and now strong, crisp, spotless, and beautiful in the snows of winter.

Do not grudge me, I pray you, my praise of



winter. We all know the enjoyment we have in communion with the illustrious dead during the long winter nights, when we have the storm battling against our windows, or on other evenings when we have the consciousness that the full moon is looking down in its sweet and calm assurance of peace, as it looks on city window or on cottage roofs far away in sweet pastoral dales that are clad in the poetry that embraces both natural beauty and the lights and shadows that encompass the problems of human existence.

The genial Cowper, as you know, has sung the praises of winter, both in connection with the steaming tea-urn on the hospitable table of the warm and lit-up parlour, and the bracing ramble over the crisp snow, in the face of the ruddy early-setting sun. Listen to his last words on the whole matter:—

I crown thee king of intimate delights, Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness, And all the comforts that the lowly roof Of undisturbed retirements, and the hours Of long uninterrupted evening know.

The finest picture of winter, so far as tender sympathetic peace is brought forward, is, in my estimation, contained in the sweet calm lines of the poet Grahame, in his "Sabbath":—

High-ridged, the whirled drift has almost reached

The powdered key-stone of the churchyard porch:

Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie silent.

What a peaceful picture of a country churchyard! The snow lies there, a winding-sheet which God Himself has so softly and tenderly laid down, covering with a spotless grace the graves of our dearly-beloved dead.

But you may consider this a digression. It may be, but it is nature all the same, and you may pardon it on that account, especially, as we may have yet largely to consider the lights and shadows, the music and the mysteries of this same nature, or our "deare modre Earth," as Chaucer quaintly, and with a heart of reverence and love, puts it.

Let us dismiss winter with a kindly smile and a good word. The white and spotless mantle that he spreads on hill-side and valley, covering all that is shattered, rude, neglected, and unlovely, can surely be considered for the time a garment of purity and peace: silence and beauty come with its fall. Then there is the robin's song. How crisp and melodious it is in the midst

of the universal silence around! The robin is one of the few solo-singers that nature gives us when the hundred voices of the summer chorus are dumb. But dearer to us than all the other gifts of winter is that day which brings to us the memory of the angels' song that was sung long ago to the wondering shepherds on Bethlehem's plains—the Christmas music that first announced "Peace on earth, goodwill to men"!

By the way, what a charming description St. Luke gives us of this sublime and momentous event! It is a brief but a beautifully finished idyl—"There were shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, when, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them;" and then came to their ears the glorious chorus of angel joy, the key-note of that divine psalm of redemption which Christ would yet give to the awakened and jubilant souls of every nation and kindred and tongue.

I have told you of Dovedale. It need not be that you should know my name. I hope, however, we shall be one in sympathy and love as we go mentally together in the fresh, rosy dawn, by the breezy upland, the mossy bank, or the gleaming stream, with its murmurous song of delight;

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or, on the other hand, quite as real, and tender, and intense, if we contemplate the laughter of childhood, the hope of youth, the sweet home

Mount, speaks in exquisite lines of the cuckoo. He terms it a "wandering voice." I should like much, my friend, to be received as such in all



idyls of family joys, and the tender songs of gratitude and resignation of departing souls in that old age that goeth with tottering and weary steps towards the setting sun.

Wordsworth, in his embowered home at Rydal

that you may hear from Dovedale. I hope I have caught up, in some measure, the experience of the blessedness of life in the midst of all its lights and shadows. If I can impart such in my heart-speech to you, I feel that I shall be to some human

souls what that bird is in its mission in nature, as it gives forth a quiet brief song, whose every note contains a melodious mystery alike of sorrow and joy.

Have you ever listened, in the full depth of the awakening wonder and reverence of your heart, to these notes of the cuckoo? If you have, then you possess your reward. Mellow it is, rich as wine from the grapes of Eschol; yet, withal, having the disconsolate final note of its short refrain, speaking of a sadness which no warbler of the grove has ever expressed. The lark in its sunny flight is exultant; the blackbird ever pours forth a flood of the richest melody; the thrush gives a tender music to our hedgerows; the pert robin, although he ever fails in the last notes of his song, lends a charm to winter. All these fulfil a higher mission, it may be, than the cuckoo, as his visit extends at the best over only one short, mellow song, whereas the other minstrels are longer with us. It is the glamour which is around the cuckoo's song that makes it so captivating. He comes alike as a prophet and minstrel, hidden in umbrageous depths, speaking in his notes of the revelation of a new summer, and singing of nothing but awakening meadows and flowers, sunshine and joy, with the dim shadow of the sadness of the borderland far away in his final note. He comes on us ever as a revelation, and his song abides with us as a fragrant memory.

In these papers, although I am only a "wandering voice," I shall endeavour—and I trust I may be successful in a faint measure—to give you an idea of Dovedale in its buds and blossoms, its glistening streams, and the exquisite music of its forest aisles; its mossy banks, inlaid with the charming mosaics of spring, and perfumed with the fragrance of the wild flowers all the summer through; and also in its cottages, in which we may see a tenderness that lies far deeper than the colours of moss amid tree and flowers.

At this present hour, between the rectory window and the dear old church, whose firm and stately tower we can see, there are many tender and hallowed associations. There are our garden friends, and those in the rookery on the lofty elms. There is the "God's acre" within view, where rests the beloved dust of those who have been so near and dear to us in the days gone by, and in whose spiritual presence we yet spend many a quiet and tender hour. Then there is quiet Dovedale just a little beyond the church. Even in its simple ways and manners it encompasseth all the mysteries of human existence, We may yet speak together of books and men, of lonely dells and delightful woodland glades, and of the warp and woof that make up the spiritual garments of many in Dovedale. In the meantime, farewell!

THORNS IN THE FLESH.

BY THE REV. H. BONNER.

"There was given to me a thorn in the flesh."-2 Cor. xii. 7.

HE question, What was St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh?" is one which has been much discussed, and to which many answers have been given. Indeed, the number and variety of the answers are of themselves

enough to make us doubt whether we can be sure that any one of them is the right answer. Some have thought that it was a spiritual temptation from Satan. This was Luther's opinion -characteristically enough reading the Apostle's experience by his own. Others have concluded that it was the opposition he had to meet in the prosecution of his work. Some, again, have thought that it was hypochondria, periodical fits of depression. Others have supposed that it was an impediment in his speech, some defect of manner or person which limited his influence. The truth seems to be that we cannot be sure what it was. Nor need this passage in St. Paul's experience be the less interesting nor the less helpful to us though we do not know.

The figure which the Apostle uses, "a thorn in the flesh," is suggestive. If we take it as it stands in the Authorised Version, it points to some sharp intense pain, some bodily infirmity which, most likely, he had to bear in secret. A thorn is scarcely visible to the eye; when in the flesh, it would not be seen by another than the person in whose hand it was, except his look were carefully directed to it. But how acute the pain it inflicts. While it remains in the hand there is no ease for us; we are half-crippled by it; we cannot forget it. The pain seems out of all proportion to the cause of it.

The word translated "thorn" means a sharp stake—such as is used for impalement; and so it may be that St. Paul is comparing his infirmity or pain with that produced by the driving of a stake into the flesh. Whichever construction we put on the phrase, the idea is that of some infirmity, some acute pain from which he cannot free himself, a constant companion with him. It is not a great trouble or sorrow from without; it is

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nothing to overwhelm him, or to fill his life with bitterness. It is a pain, infirmity, or incapacity, which irritates and perhaps cripples him in his work.

It is the stronger and grander side of St. Paul's character which strikes us most forcibly as we read his letters. The work he did was so great, the revolution of which he was the main instrument so vast, he has exercised such a profound and permanent influence over the thought and life of men, that the more masculine and active qualities of his character naturally attract us first. He had a strong heroic soul, an all-consuming ardour. He was ever ready to attempt what to smaller men seemed impossible; he had a resoluteness and courage which no hardship, sickness, or opposition could tame or break down.

But this great Apostle, with his brilliant intellectual and moral gifts, his great work, his unremitting labours, has a pain or infirmity known but in part to others, maybe hidden entirely from them. He carries with him wherever he goes-for it is part of himself-something which is a constant drain on his strength and patience, which diminishes for him the joy of living, and which perhaps hinders him also in his work. As we see him pass from city to city, undertaking long and wearisome journeys, constant in his labours, preaching, writing epistles, toiling with his hands that he may not be chargeable to his converts, we hardly think of him as a man labouring under a physical infirmity, as having to fight daily against a pressing foe, as being buffeted as by a messenger of Satan. But so it was. His work was done under a pressure which those who saw only the outside of his life did not know; of which none, it may be, knew. He has "a thorn in the flesh."

The experience of the great Apostle in this particular is not rare. How few there are without a thorn in the flesh! Perhaps it is some physical weakness or pain, a languor or lassitude against which you cannot fight, and which, while it lasts, ungirds you, and makes the lightest task irksome to you. Or it may be some mental infirmity or twist which frets you almost every day of your life; an incurable shyness or self-distrust; or an excitable temper, against which you try to guard, but which frequently betrays you into inconsiderate speech or act, for which, if faithful with yourself, you have much compunction afterwards. Or perhaps it is a constitutional tendency to morbid melancholy thoughts; you can make no defence against it; now and then the dark mood comes upon you and takes possession of you, and you cannot escape from it. Sometimes the thorn comes from without. It is in our home, our circumstances, our work. We cannot speak of it to others; others do not see it. It must be borne in silence day by day. There are few, we say, to whom they are unknown. The

man who meets us with a cheerful face and a merry laugh, could perhaps tell us of hours of pain or gloom. If we could read the more secret life of the man whose path seems so smooth, who seems to have hardly a care in the world, we should probably find that he has something which galls or pains him, a daily smart or vexation, something which tinges life with a sober colour, which makes it grave if not sad. And it is these thorns which often seem hardest to bear; harder than some of the greater troubles and sorrows of life. For these come but rarely to most; and when they come, men may brace themselves and meet them with their full strength. They come and pass, and though they may alter the complexion of life, yet the pressure of them is not constant. But when the strain comes every day, when, though we get quit of it for a little while, we know that it is as sure to come again as night or morning, it is then we are most liable to tire and lose courage. The constancy or regularity of it makes it harder to bear. We feel we cannot escape it; it must be borne somehow.

This fact ought surely to be a most potent persuasion to us to kindness, consideration, forbearance in our intercourse with men. Were we to remember how few there are who have not some smart, vexation, infirmity of which most likely we do not know, should we not often be kinder, more patient with men? The irritating querulous speech which provokes from us the stinging reply is due, it may be, to physical pain, or to the irritation and want of selfcommand which pain may leave after it has gone. We are in health; we know little or nothing of the almost deathly feebleness, exhaustion, irritability which pain produces; and we hardly think of the claim these give one on our patience. Or the petulant words may have sprung from a mental soreness or infirmity of which we know nothing, which the man cannot explain to us, and which, if it were made known, would hardly be intelligible to us.

The man who vexes us now and then unaccountably, without any apparent provocation, may be living under a constant pressure; he may have a wound which never heals, known only to God and himself. This is not, it is true, a sufficient excuse for him for angry or petulant words, but it should temper our judgment of him, and should make us less quick to take offence. There are few men we meet, no matter how easy their lot seems, how few their vexations and difficulties, who do not need from their fellows kindness, patience, generous judgments. They have a thorn in the flesh somewhere, though it may be hidden; and this gives them a claim on the forbearance and patience of those with whom they have to do. How fine is the reply of Brutus to Cassius, when Cassius pleads with him for patience in his morose and querulous moods:-

Cas.: Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour which my mother gave me Makes me forgetful?

Brut.: Yes, Cassius; and henceforth When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

St. Paul speaks of his thorn in the flesh as "given" to him. It has not come to him by chance. There is a purpose in it, and the purpose of it is, he tells us, to keep him from being "exalted above measure." These seem strange words from such a man as the Apostle Paul. Pride is hardly a sin to which we should have thought him liable. He speaks of himself as "the least of all saints," as "the chief of sinners." And yet, so it appears, he, even as others, was in danger here. The source of his temptation was the abundance and greatness of his revelations.

He was caught up into Paradise, and there heard unutterable things. He had the prophetic nature, prophetic gifts. He saw visions and heard voices which others could not see nor hear. And this is a perilous endowment for any man. Such a man seems to get nearer to God than other men, and to move in a world which is closed to other men, to have knowledge of mysteries hidden from others. There is danger lest, with these rare gifts, he come to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. This was a sin to which St. Paul felt himself open. But this thorn in the flesh, this incapacity, infirmity, pain, kept him humble. In or after his raptures and visions, it came to him to remind him of his weakness, his insufficiency. It did not suffer him to forget for long that he was a man-a weak, frail, suffering man. It made him feel that his feet were yet upon the earth, that he was only a man among men, who could stand only as others—by the grace of God.

And this surely is the right way to look at these thorns in the flesh, from which so few are free. They do not come by chance; they are "given" to us, they have their purpose with us. They are part of the great economy of life by which God is educating us. The recurring pain which makes you pause now and then in your work, may have a moral value for you. It may; it

may not. It depends upon yourself.

St. Paul besought the Lord thrice that the thorn might depart from him. The first and natural impulse is to try to get rid of our trials; and there is nothing wrong in this. When we feel ourselves crippled, our own usefulness and enjoyment diminished, we can hardly help at first, till we have learnt the deeper lesson about them, but wish them away. And if we can free ourselves from them, we should do so. Submission to the will of God does not mean the endurance of that

which can be altered, and which should be altered. It is natural, when we first feel the smart, to try to extract the thorn. But when we find that we cannot extract it, when we find that there is nothing for it but to bear it somehow, what do we do then? It is here where we turn them into medicine or poison. Some turn pettish, fretful, angry, maybe blasphemous; they become rebellious, and pain themselves by their waywardness far more than the thorn itself pains them. Others accept them in a quieter way. They are among the common infelicities of life, part of the day's account, and we must bear with them as well as we can, We learn to be patient under them, to take them without murmuring, and this is as far as most of us get.

But St. Paul teaches us a more excellent way. His thorn took him to God in prayer. A simple thing, but there is wonderful efficacy in it. If it does not ease the smart, it will keep the thorn from festering in the wound. But the answer St. Paul desired to his prayer was not given. The thorn might not be removed. He needed it, and must bear with it, happy in that it was not given to him in vain. And though the answer he desired was not given, another was —"My grace is sufficient for thee." The pain may not be removed, but you shall be made strong to bear it; yea, to triumph over it.

To many of us whose main or only care is to get rid of the pain or burden, this would have been a disappointing answer, but the Apostle accepts it as the very glory of the Gospel. In his weakness and infirmity the grace of God is made manifest.

"Therefore," he says, "I will gladly glory in my infirmity, that the power of Christ may abide in me." It brought home to him more deeply the all-sufficiency of the love and grace of God. His infirmity drove him to God, and, resting in God, he found the strength he needed. The keener his pain, the greater his weakness, the more closely did he press to God; and the nearer to God and the simpler his trust in Him, the stronger he became. And so he found the strange paradox true in his own experience—"strength is made perfect in weakness."

It is well when we learn to take these infirmities and infelicities quietly, when we can adjust ourselves to them, and bear them with patience, as men should do, if they can do no more. But, better still, when they lead us to a closer companionship with God, when they drive us back on Him, and so bind us more closely to the source of all moral energy. New inspirations and new energies take possession of us, and we can rejoice in infirmities. We find then, even as St. Paul, that when we are weakest, we are strongest; that strength is made perfect in weakness.

"Go to Dark Gethsemane."



M

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE PARABLES.-PARABLES OF JUDGMENT.

No. 1. THE FIG-TREE.

Scripture to be read-St. Matthew xxiv. 29-44.



NTRODUCTION. Shall finish this month the New Testament parables. Have taught great many lessons about Jesus Christ, His Kingdom, and the duties of His servants. This set will speak of the Judgment. All Christ's teaching has reference to future life as well as present. Must not merely serve God here, but prepare to meet God

hereafter. This parable tells of the *time* of the great Judgment.

I. THE CERTAINTY. (Read 29-35.) Where was Christ now? (See verse 1.) At Mount of Olives looking down at Jerusalem. Describes destruction of beautiful city-gathering of enemies round ittemple laid waste, etc. Goes on to speak of end of world-coming of Son of Man. Notice these points:-(a) The signs in heaven—sun, moon, and stars cease their light-all nature convulsed, (Luke xxi, 25.) (b) The heralds. Who will be sent from heaven? Angels accompanied by saints. (See 1 Thes. iv. 16.) What will they do? Call all, both living and dead, to come to judgment. (c) The Judge. Who is He? (Acts xvii. 31.) Christ once the Saviour, now the Judge. At His name all shall bow (Phil. ii. 10, 11), even His enemies shall acknowledge Him, and be put under foot. (1 Cor. xv. 25.)

What parable teaches this? See fig-tree in winter—bare and fruitless. Seems no life. See it again in spring, putting forth branches, leaves, buds. What do we know for certain? So when these signs seen, know that Christ the Judge is coming. Nothing can keep off summer, nothing can prevent His coming. It is fixed, certain, unchangeable. What effect should this have? Make us prepare to meet Him—then shall meet Him with joy, and not fear.

II. THE UNCERTAINTY. (Read 36—44.) When will this coming be? Who alone knows? Not even Christ in His state as Man. Has there ever been anything like it? Noah preached to the people for 120 years. (Gen. vi. 3.) Warned of flood—urged repentance. What did they do? Went on in usual ways—made no preparation for safety. Why? Because did not believe. What happened? Were all cut off in their sins. So still—two children in a

class—both have same lesson—one repents and gets ready, the other does not; puts off, thinks he can wait a bit. So will go on till death or the judgment overtake him. What folly! Remind of rich fool, cut off same night—rich man repented when too late.

Lesson. Be ye also ready.

No. 2. THE TALENTS.

Scripture to be read—St. Matthew xxv. 14—30. INTRODUCTION. This parable something like that of the Pounds. Difference is that in this each person received different amounts and produced corresponding results; but in the Pounds each received the same, but gained differently. The point, however, is the same in both—the making good use of God's gifts, and the being called to account for the same.

I. THE FAITHFUL SERVANT. (Read 14-23.) Christ's reign often called Kingdom of Heaven. He came to found a Kingdom of righteousness and peace. Ask how He did so. By miracles of mercy showing His power. By parables teaching nature of His Kingdom. By example of holy life, showing who and what He was as Son of God and Saviour of world. But went away from this world-back to heaven. What did the King do in the parable? Who were Christ's first servants? What did He give the Apostles to do for Him? Had many talents -i.e., many gifts. Could speak different languages (Acts ii. 4), work miracles (Acts v. 12), discern people's hearts (Acts v. 3). Some disciples, like St. Peter and St. Paul, very prominent-did wonderful things-gained great influence-converted large numbers-their five talents gained five more. Of others hear less-works and lives not so conspicuous -still, did something. Does Christ give these talents still? What are they? Money. Not all to be spent on selves-claims part as His. Jews required to give tenth-Christians to give cheerfully a freewill offering. Remind of widow who put in two mites. Time. Have all some time to spare. How can we spend it for God? Remind of James i. 27. Visiting sick or sad or friendless children one of best possible works for God. Influence. All have some influence over others. How do we use it?

What happened afterwards? When did the Master return? Not for a long time; so Christ's coming seems far off; some get impatient, and ask whether He is coming at all. (2 Pet. iii. 4.) But what did the last lesson teach us? What will He do when He does come? Call all to account. He has given us what we have. It is His, and we must give account to Him. How did the first two meet Him? Just tell what they have done. How are they rewarded? Shall receive hundredfold more. Faithful in few things, ruler over many cities—full joy in presence of their Lord. Happy service—who will not choose it?

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II. THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT. (Read 24—30.) How much did he receive? What did he do with it? Hid it, made no attempt to use it. What excuse did he make? was it accepted? If his master reaped where he had not sown, how much more ought the servant to have made good use of his one talent, that his Lord might receive the more. What was done to him? Cast out of his Master's presence for ever.

God has given us health, good spirits, cheerfulness, time, etc.; shall we give Him nothing? He accepts—

Little deeds of kindness, Little acts of love.

Dreadful to have nothing to show on the great day.

Lesson. Unto every one that hath shall be given.

No. 3. THE WISE AND FOOLISH BUILDERS.

Scripture to be read-St. Matthew vii. 21-29.

INTRODUCTION. Going to read end of Christ's first sermon—called Sermon on Mount—spoken to disciples and great multitude—told them all about His Kingdom—its laws and duties. Now sums up all with a parable contrasting those who hear and act, and those who hear and act not.

I. WISE BUILDERS. (Read 24, 25.) One who hears, believes, and acts. To whom is he like? Where did the prudent man build? Why on a rock? His foundations well laid and deep and firm.

Such is a true disciple. He hears Christ and believes. On what is his faith built? On rock of ages. (Ps, xviii. 2.) Has stood from all eternity, will last for ever. What are the storms which blow upon it? Temptations of the devil—suggestions to doubt God's love, as Satan to Eve (Gen. iii. 1), temptations to pride, as Satan to David to number Israel (1 Chron. xxi. 1), persecutions such as early Christians met with (Acts viii. 1), cares and trials of life. All these, like storms, might shake our faith and love and joy and peace; but safe with Christ need not fear. Remind of disciples in storm on sea—much alarmed—Christ at once spoke, and all was peace. So also may cast all care upon Him.

Is our faith such? Do we hear and do? We show our religion in our lives? Christians known by lives, as tree by fruit. (Matthew vii. 16.)

II. FOOLISH BUILDERS. (Read 21—23; 26, 27.) Who are meant by the foolish builders? Those who say and do not. What do they build on? Sand of empty profession. Remind of children at sea-shore—build house on sand—what does the tide do? So will these be cast away. What do they profess? Are called by Christ's name—are outwardly religious—attend services—say prayers—read Bible, but no more. Have never really given hearts to God—have no real love to God—no hatred of sin—no holiness of life. What will Christ say to them? Depart.

Let children apply this. To what are they trusting for salvation? Their name as Christians—their

professions—their promises? Will all be as useless as a sand foundation. Pardon of sin, peace of God, holiness of life; these are what Christ looks for now, and will alone avail in the day of trial.

LESSON. Faith without works is dead.

No. 4. THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

Scripture to be read-St. Matthew xxv. 31-46.

Introduction. Come to-day to our Lord's last parable. Last words always solemn—how much more those of Christ just before His death! Had now finished His teaching—sermons, miracles, conversations, parables—all ended. Could do no more. This parable, like the others this month, speaks of the future judgment.

I. THE SHEEP. (Read 31-40.) A picture here of the judgment day. Who is the Judge? The despised Saviour will come in glory. Who will be with Him? What a wonderful sight-the dead rising! From mossy graves of country churchyardfrom stone vaults of city churches-from depths of sea. But at once a separation. Hear the sentence. What is it to those on right? Come. To Whom? To Christ-loved when in life, welcomed now, Where? To receive a Kingdom. Perhaps poor, despised on earth, like Lazarus the beggar-crowned with glory now, Why? What does the King tell them? They are rewarded for their works-they have been kind and helpful to Christ when poor and suffering-He will reward them now. But what do they say? Never saw Him at all-perhaps lived hundreds of years after Him-how can it be true? What is the answer? Have done it to His people, have ministered to sick, visited the sorrowful-relieved wants of poor-and so have done it to Him! What a blessed honour! To minister in Christ's name is to do it to Him.

Apply this to children. What sort of lives are they living? what good are they doing? for what are they living? Are they selfish—living only for self, or trying to help others? The poor, sick, sad, sorrowful—all about us. Whenever we will, we may do them good. Do we do it?

II. THE GOATS. (Read 41—46.) Now follows terrible sentence. Same words used—but what a difference! "Not" comes into each. They have not fed hungry, visited Christ when sick, etc. What excuse do they make? Is it accepted? No, for no one must live to himself. Remind of last lesson—how money and time, etc., are all given us to be used for others—in so using are giving back to God Who gave them. What was the fate of these?

Question here for all. Are we ministering to Christ? But an encouragement also. Smallest piece of self-denial accepted by Him, even cup of cold water given for His sake shall be rewarded.

LESSON. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.



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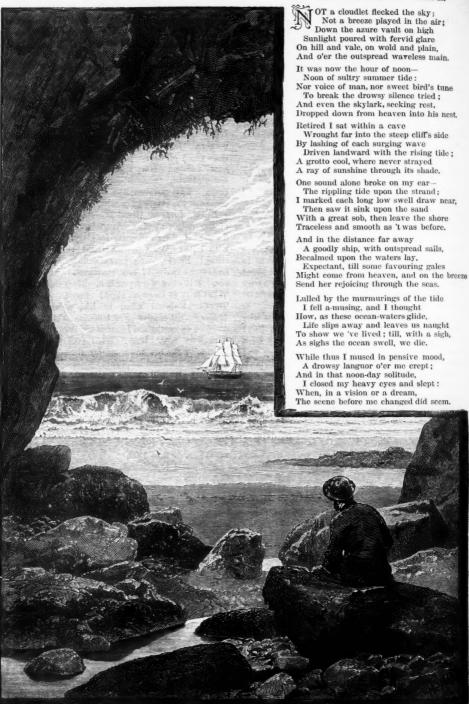
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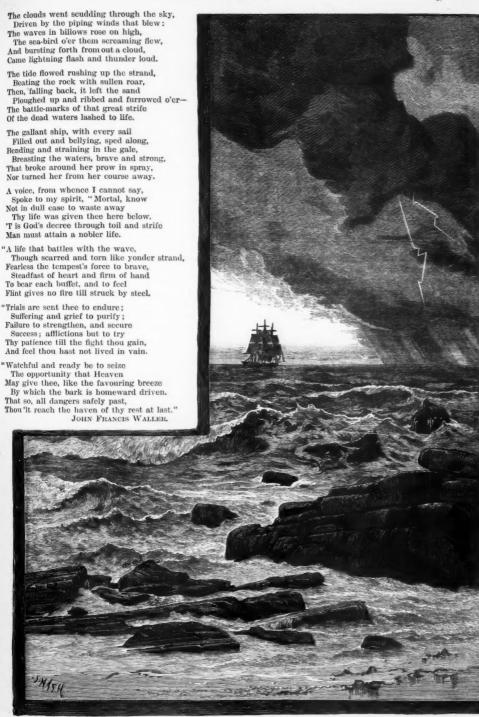
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THE SOUL'S LONGINGS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER., M.A. AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS."

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."—PSALM xiii. 1, 2.

IN TWO PARTS.-PART I.



I heaven may be described as the place of fruition, earth may be described as that of longings. Not that the earth is without its fruitions as regards various objects and in various degrees; but they are all imperfect. Incompleteness, a want of satisfaction, and fulness, and finality, may be said, in a

general way, to be the characteristic of them all.

How many fruitions have we ourselves had, perfect it may be after their kind, which have all burned out, and left, as many a glowing fire has done, nothing but ashes behind them! We do not think ill of them on that account. They served their turn as the fire around which the family gathering took place served its turn; and all, according to the law of their nature, have left dust and ashes behind them. Well is it for those for whom dust and ashes are not the only memorial.

But there is something else which these have left us—viz., longings and desires. Nature abhors a vacuum, so does the human heart; and in the void made by burnt-out fruitions there come new longings and desires. For the soul must always be tenanted by activities—the activities of fruition, or the activities of desire.

And so is it in spiritual things—the heart has its fruitions, its times when it is satisfied as with marrow and fatness; but it seldom tarries long in them. Like St. Paul, it considers not itself to have apprehended; forgetting those things which are behind, it reaches out to those which are before.

Let us dedicate a few lines to soul-longings; and in doing so, let us be assured that we are about to enter a region of experience.

There are many different kinds of soul-longings, which belong naturally to different kinds of soul-estate; and it often happens that a man understands these only so far as his own personal experience goes, so that a man in the beginning of his spiritual career may not comprehend St. Paul's longing to depart. And sometimes a man far advanced in spiritual life, and desiring very high things for his soul, may forget his own early longings, and early struggles, and perhaps not sympathise with those who have attained only to desiring something in grace and spiritual experience, which he thinks very small. He forgets that there was a time when what he now thinks

small, he thought to be very great. How well is it for us that we have to do with One Who does not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax—One Who does not despise the day of small things—One Who says, "I know that thou hast a little strength"—One Who has carried us from the womb; and Who says, "even to hoary hairs will I carry you." (Isa. xlvi. 4.)

There are the first desires after God. is full of longings when it first really feels its want of God. It sees that there exists a great deal which it has not got, that this great deal is far beyond anything that it has ever had, that it is more desirable than anyof its past possessions. It may at present only want to find peace, only to escape from what is evil, only to be as it sees that some others are in their relationship with God, only to feel that it is forgiven, accepted. And as the hart panteth after the water brooks, so, in all these things, does it pant after God. It is "fainting for His salvation," and, at the same time, "hoping in His word:" it is "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," and shall be filled. It is desiring God-desiring Him, it may be, more out of a sense of its own emptiness, than of His fulness, but still desiring Him; and though the platform from which the soul is looking up is a very low one, still it is a safe one-one from which God can be seen, and down to which He will certainly look.

We cannot tell how long a soul may remain in this state. We know that it is privileged at once to take Christ, and enter into near relationship with God, and pass on to higher things; but as a matter of fact we know that it does not always do so—that with many there are long periods of desire, with only little fruition; there are pantings, and thirstings, and faintings, but there is life, there is truth, the throes of soul-birth are here.

Let such, if indeed such read these lines, take courage. You are poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on you; you are a poor man that crieth, and the Lord will deliver you out of all your troubles. (Ps. xxxiv. 6.) This seed corn, bursting and struggling underground, will yet have blade, and stalk, and harvest ear. Even a longing of the soul enters into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth.

But there are others who are longing for nearer communion with God. They have passed beyond this stage of a first desire; they have tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious, and they want Ai

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more of *Him*—of His very self. They cry truly, "My scul thirsteth for God."

What is it they want? Is it heaven, glory? Are they dazzled with visions of crowns? and does their spirit long for the tuneful melody of harps? Are they merely earth-sick-vanity-sick? Have they a void which they experience, but do not know what it is? None of these. They have come to know God, and they want to know Him more. Yes, to know Him more, and then they want to come up to their knowledge in that experience, and that their spirit should be more one with the Spirit of God. They want to hear God speaking to them more; they want to be more sensitive to hear His whisperings, to catch His looks, so that they may be guided by His eye. They want to be able not only to think of Him, but also to think with Him; they want to know more of His Fatherhood, and more of their childhood. God is a person, and they want to hold communion with a personal God-not with His attributes, however glorious, but with Himself; not with the goodness of God, but with the good God; not with the wisdom of God, but with the wise God; not with the love of God, but with the loving God. The attributes may be cold abstractions, and the soul is too warm, too living, too personal to be fed on them. But the attributes vivified in the living God! these are something different, and to commune with this God is what the soul wants.

Need we say how it can do so? It is in the One Who is the image of God—in the One Who said of Himself, "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father also."

It is very hard, in the rush and turmoil of life, in even the wayward agitations of our own minds, though nothing from without be troubling us, to get that hush of spirit in which these longings are most likely to be fulfilled. Heaven, if we might so speak, finds it hard to reflect itself in an agitated mind or fretful spirit, just as the sun finds it hard to reflect itself in broken water. And so, we come to long for peaceful circumstances, which will, perhaps, never be ours; or, it may be, for an equability of spirit, which from our physical constitution we can never have, that in their calm way we may, like Samuel of old, hear our name and the voice of the Lord, and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth;" and thus another longing is set up. But let us be thankful that God is so much better to us than we are to ourselves. How often has Jesus said to us, "It is I, be not afraid," speaking to us in the storm itself, before there is a great calm. Tossed about, as we often are, we find it hard to stand upon our watch, and set us upon the tower, and watch and see what He will say unto us (Hab. ii. 1); still, for those who long for nearer communion, that nearer communion comes. We cry with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest;" but the wings are not vouchsafed. But God comes to us, not where we would be, but where we are, and gives us communion with Himself.

Then there are longings for restoration; but these would take a volume to themselves. We would only say now that these have a distinct existence in every spiritual history. David's cry, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation" (Ps. li.), with all its passionate, its almost bitter longings, is known to most.

But there is one more longing which we may note; it is that for higher attainment in the spiritual life. "My soul breaketh-or is broken small-with desire for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments at all times;" not for the mere abstract knowledge of the high ways of God, but for attainment in them too. Which of us is there that is not from time to time more or less depressed at a consciousness of our low estate, our poor attainment in holiness? Perhaps the subject has been pressed upon our minds by some shortcoming, or fall; perhaps it has come by some new thought which we have had of God. It may be that there was some special motion of the Holy Spirit upon our hearts; or, perhaps, our very nature set on the right track, and going forward by the impulses of its bare vitality, wants to climb to heights which it sees, but to which it has not yet attained. We long to grow more like Christ, we long to conquer ourselves yet more and more, we long to be more spiritual in our minds, and aims, and habits of thought. Where we are, is not to us a point of rest, but a starting-point; we have attained thus far, only to desire to attain still farther, and to make an effort so to do.

There are the longings of the head for knowledge, and the heart for feeling, and the whole moral being for conformity and obedience; there is the forgetting the things which are behind, and pressing forward to those which are before. And amongst the things which are behind are many past attainments and victories; they seemed great to us at the time, they seem small to us now. We forget them only in a sense, for we remember with gratitude how such victories were gained, how we were helped to them; we see how they became starting-points. For the moment they satisfied the soul, for they had come up to the soul's point of life at that time; but the soul went on-by the law of its being it could not tarry-and immediately there was presented to it a fresh attainment, and for that attainment it longed.

These are some of the longings of the soul its pantings, thirstings, breakings, faintings. The believer has experience of them all; and though they are accompanied oftentimes with much which is trying to flesh and blood, still they are outputs and evidences of spiritual life, essential accompaniments of the condition in which we now are,

HOW MARK BARRETT MADE HIS FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I .- MARK'S PLAN.



OU have promised then, Rose?" said Mark,

"O yes!" returned pretty Rose, with a careless easy air—pouting a little, however, as she next added, "And you are not satisfied, I know! though I think a great deal of what I have said, I assure you, Mark! While, as for papa—what he will say I cannot imagine!"

Mark's frown had quickly disappeared.

"I will see him," he rejoined. "No blame shall rest upon you, dear."

"Do you think you will really be able to do it, Mark?" And Rose drew just a little nearer. They were standing by the window of a rather showy drawing-room, in the September dusk.

He gave her one quick eager glance of intense affection

"Why not?" he said, with flashing dark eyes, and head proudly thrown back. "Other men have done as much!—why should not I?—when Rose has promised herself to me, as the reward of my success?"

Yes, but only on condition that he succeeded within a year from that time. He thought of the whole matter just a trifle more seriously, as he stood before Rose's father half an hour later.

"A fortune in a year! Make your fortune in a year, my dear Mark! And at painting pictures!"

And Mr. Mayley, who was a rich London tradesman, laughed in indulgent good nature, in which there was, however, a touch of disdain.

"Well, of course, as you say, you may do so! And if you should—I do not say that I might not allow Rose to consider your proposal. But as it

And here came a pause; but Mark knew very well how to conclude the sentence for himself.

"However," continued the successful tradesman, the next moment, "she may keep her promise, if she likes to do so. I see no harm in that. But there must be no engagement," a little sharply.

No; no engagement; and Rose had but agreed to remain true to an old childish promise to Mark for one more year. He was only to call occasionally, moreover, and no correspondence was to be allowed; and this was all.

But Mark appeared quite content, for his hopes were high to-night; and as, at length, he quickly made his way home, they rose higher at every step. Mark Barrett was the son of an early friend of Mrs. Mayley's. But Rose's mother, in these days, had long been dead; and her father's heart was now divided between love for her, his only child, and money-making.

It was a lovely evening, Mark thought, as his eyes swept the sky, now lighted with its myriad stars, and its clear moon riding high.

"When next an autumn moon shines down upon me, my task must be completed," he said to himself.

Not a single misgiving struck him. Lightly he strode along, rustling the dead leaves at every step, and soon he reached his home.

It was a small house, but neat and well kept, and situated in a quiet respectable street.

Mark entered.

His mother, a widow, sat by the table of the sittingroom, sewing. She had prepared supper for her son with her own hands, for they were at this time to poor to keep a servant. Everything was quite ready; and, as his mother rose to put aside her work, Mark sat down, and began to tell her his plan.

And gaily he talked on, all through the meal, his dancing eyes fixed sometimes upon his plate, and sometimes upon the worn curtains of the window opposite. And he did not notice—he would not notice—how grave his mother's face was becoming,

And while he still looked into the fire, and talked, his mother, by and by, cleared away supper. And when she presently came and sat down again, and continued her sewing, her eyes were lifted more than once to a small picture which hung over the mantleshelf, and which represented a little girl, with large brown eyes (very like Mark's), and short fair curls, kneeling by her bed, and saying her evening prayer. Underneath were the words—

Our Father, which art in heaven.

The picture was, in fact, an early attempt of Mark's own. But the little sister whose portrait it was supposed to be, had long since died; and Mark was now his mother's all.

"Confess now, mother," and he laid his hand on hers to stop her work for a moment, "that you would enjoy being rich as much as anybody!"

But here he lowered his voice, while a tender smile overspread his almost boyishly handsome face. "Let me hear you say, mother, that I should make

you happy if I gave you Rose for your daughter!"
"You could not make me happier than you have
done, Mark dear," was his mother's evasive reply.
"You have always been a good son; and as for
riches, it is dangerous to think so much of them;
trouble is sure to come of it. We must look first to
our Father who is in heaven, and have no Gods but

Him, and then all will be well."
"You are always good and contented, dear

mother;" and Mark kissed her affectionately. "But do not look so grave. I do not care a straw, as I think you know, for riches for their own sake. But pictures painted with such care and pains as I mean

Months had passed away, and summer had arrived once more.

It was a lovely evening, but the bright sunshine only seemed to mock poor Mark as he sat alone and



"His mother rose to put aside her work."-p. 632.

to take must succeed! And to-morrow I will begin!"

CHAPTER II.-FAILURE.

YES, Mark had failed; and he was experiencing just now all the first almost unmingled despair consequent upon the knowledge.

miserable in the little bare sitting-room; for it was bare now.

"Why, oh why," he asked of himself passionately and rebelliously, "did I not succeed? Was it my own fault? Could I have worked harder or more continually than I did?"

He sat up again, and some impulse next lifted his

eyes to his own portrait of his little dead sister. He saw the little folded hands and raised innocent childish eyes as in a dream, and a voice in his heart seemed whispering the words—

"Our Father, which art in heaven."

But now he rose, and made his way up-stairs into the attic which he used as a painting-room, and stood before his rejected picture. What labour! what hours and hours of weary labour he had bestowed upon it! and all, as it seemed, in vain!

He gazed at it with searching eagerness for a few minutes; then suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of impatient contempt, while an expression as of renewed disappointment crossed his pale hopeless face—

"Pshaw! Every stroke—every touch shows that it was painted for money, and not for love! How

could it be anything but a failure!"

He turned impatiently, and was about to leave the room, when he heard his mother's voice and step below. He paused. To whom could she be talking? She had gone out an hour before to take home some plain sewing, which she had been glad to do lately; for Mark had entirely given up painting the small pictures by which he had before easily earned the necessaries of life, and often something over; and more than once during these past months they had wanted even bread. But Mark had been buoyed up by the hope of what his picture would do for them, and had heeded nothing.

His mother's pale patient face looked in at the door now, and she was holding out a note to him, which, with a sudden and undefinable dread, he saw was from Rose, of whom he had seen very little indeed of late.

"Is anybody waiting?" he asked in quick unsteady tones, turning away from his mother, and tearing open the note.

"No, dear; at least, not about the letter. But you heard me talking, I daresay. A young lady

But Mark neither heard nor heeded; and his mother stole away, putting up a prayer for him in her heart as she went.

A foolish promise. . . You may as well give it back to me, Mark. . . . We can be friends, but nothing more, papa says. . . And I daresay you are no nearer making your fortune than you were last autumn.

The letter contained much more, but these few sentences remained branded in Mark's memory; and in a moment of exceeding bitterness, he wrote:—

You are quite right. I am no nearer making my fortune than I was months ago; farther off, I think, for my picture, upon which I have spent both mind and body, has been rejected. . . . I give you back your promise.

MARK.

CHAPTER III .- SUCCESS.

"THAT picture, mother," murmured Mark, feebly.
"Hang it where I can see it." Then, turning restlessly, he murmured on, "Our Father, which art in heaven. . . . I forgot I had a Father in heaven; He was not in all my thoughts; and so I failed."

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His mother, who had nursed him day and night with untiring tenderness, brought the portrait of her other child, who was safe in the great Ark of Refuge, preserved from earthly trials, and sins, and sorrows for ever, and hung it against the wall, at the foot of Mark's bed, and he lay and looked at it.

He was better to-day. He had been ill for weeks; but the terrible weight of weakness and despair that had oppressed him seemed lifting at last.

The lovely summer days were waning, and autumn was near once more; and every dead leaf that fell would surely remind him of his failure!

"Yes," he thought, peacefully enough. "But the reminder will have lost its sting. Thank God I begin to see already that my failure has done for me what no success could have done."

. Each hour now he seemed to gain strength; and by-and-by he said softly to himself—his gaze still

resting on the picture before him :-

"Spared to begin life anew, I will give my Maker the first place in my heart henceforth; and the talent He has entrusted to me I will endeavour in His strength to use for His glory. And as for success, and a fortune, I will think no more of them."

And then he paused, for he heard a sweet voice in the room below singing softly :—

"Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me; Christ for me.
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me: Christ for me.
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day.
My portion never can decay;
Christ for me: Christ for me."

The sweet tones caused him no surprise; it was not the first time he had heard them during his illness. But as he listened to-day he slept.

"She has been such a comfort to me, Mark,"

But Mark only smiled happily.

"What I should have done without her while you were ill I do not know; and now she talks of leaving."

Mark started.

More months had gone by, and he and his mother were standing before his latest picture, that was all but completed.

It was only a small one. Mark had had no time to spare from the sketches, etc., which earned daily bread, to give to a larger painting. And besides, he said to himself—

"I'll do the little things that I know how to do, and not be so ambitious. There is nothing like doing what you can do, and putting your best work into it, into the bargain."

His picture represented Mary sitting at the feet of the Saviour. Beneath was written the verse—

Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

Mrs. Barrett—no longer pale-faced and sorrowful-looking—was thinking, with all a mother's loving pride, of her boy, as she gazed admiringly at the beautifully-finished little painting. But Mark was thinking of Mary Chalfont, their lodger, a young daily governess, with scarcely a friend in the wide world, whose pictured face, with its sweet rapt expression of half joy, half sadness, looked up from the canvas. "Where does she think of going, mother?"

But, before his mother could answer, Mary Chalfont's step was heard on the stairs. As she entered the attic, Mark gave her a quick look.

"You are not really thinking of leaving us?"
And Mrs. Barrett quietly crept away.

Mark's picture proved a great success. And more and greater successes followed. And Mary Chalfont became his wife. All he did seemed to prosper. Not a picture but added to his wealth. But now he did not care for wealth.

Rose Mayley had married long before—a rich man, whom she did not love. And she spent her life, as she had ever done, in diligently seeking for pleasure all day long—but seldom finding it.

"Whereas if she would give up the search," mused Mark, as he stood one morning in a shop in Regent Street, and watched her drive past, with a world-weary smile on her still fair young face, "and if she would be content to take up the duties of life for love, without looking for reward, pleasure would probably come to her of its own accord, as one may say—even as riches seemed to come to me. It is generally so. It never does to hunt our wishes too eagerly; though, without doubt, it is our intense, almost idolatrous longing for things that works us mischief—not the things themselves; and when the longing is conquered, it may often, at the same time, be harmlessly fulfilled."

SOME PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES.

LIKE the story that is told of two ministers who had been riding to the same place on a religious engagement. One said, "I had a very wonderful escape on the way; my horse stumbled heavily on a narrow bridge, and nearly plunged me into the torrent below." His friend replied, "I also was mercifully pre-served, for my horse crossed that same bridge withoutstumblingatall."

No doubt we are far too prone to think of our visibly narrow escapes only as special providences, not sufficiently appreciating that we are constantly surrounded by unseen dangers, from which only an Almighty Friend could shield us. How many of us can remember little things, our lives through, calling for a song of thanksgiving as on the banks of deliverance, without any very special case of what might seem almost a miraculous escape, whilst others have met with very striking deliverances, doubtless for their own instruction, and it may be for those who do not sufficiently "regard the operation of His hands."

I am not yet what is usually considered old, even by my young friends, but old enough to cast a backward glance over a considerable vista of time, and to recall circumstances which, although they happened many years ago, are well re-

membered in every detail, and I select two of the most striking of my many providential escapes, thinking they may interest, and I would hope, prove instructive to some of those who may read this short paper.

When young I was in the habit of riding a great deal on horseback, and, I have no doubt, in my youthful ardour did many things that it would have been far better for me to have left undone. One of my great pleasures was to ride with a colt-breaker, giving him my horse whilst I took his raw colt, only just saddled, but I do not recollect that I ever got into any serious mischief in this way. The narrowest escape I ever met with in riding happened as follows. My own horse was from some cause laid up, and I hired a pony from a farmer of my acquaintance to use in the meantime. One day my business took me to a place where there were many mines, with the usual accompaniment of high piles of rubbish on the rough heathy common in all directions. road was level, and parallel with a railway used for carrying mineral from these mines to the ports at which it was shipped, the railway running in a cutting of considerable depth below the road, with no fence of any kind between them. On seeing an approaching train my pony took fright, became quite unmanageable, and bolted at full speed in front of the slow heavy train, and although I could by no means pull my pony up, I hoped to be able to divert him from the road on which I was, because the train continued to come on behind me.

After a long run at full speed I saw before me a road leading away from the railway between two

mine heaps on to the common already referred to. I watched my opportunity, and used my utmost strength to guide the pony through this road, but from the turning being too sharp for the speed at which he was going, I could not hit the road, and he went up over the further heap of rubbish. On nearing the top I found it was doubtful whether he would clear it, so I used whip and spur to try to get him over the summit, but found he was wavering, and finally, after balancing for a

gun and rifle with me to see which would answer best, and while using the former a boy who was collecting the birds as they were shot, took up the rifle which I had incautiously left loaded, and was playing with it without my having observed it. While reloading the gun, I heard a report close by me, and thought I was conscious of a whistling sound very near my head. I took off my hat, and on examining it carefully, found on the edge of its very narrow brim a mark



"My pony took fright."-p. 635.

moment or so, he fell backward. I was happily able to clear my feet from the stirrups, or I should have been killed without doubt, but in extricating myself was brought to my feet just below the pony on the mine heap. My only way of avoiding him as he rolled down, was to scramble down its side backward in front of him as quickly as possible. He rolled over several times, until, coming to the road, he stopped, and on looking behind me I found myself within two or three feet of the railway track, with no defence between it and me, and as the train was then just coming up, one roll more must have landed me under the wheels.

The next incident occurred when I was staying in the country, and a friend had asked me to shoot rooks in his rookery. I had taken both a

of the bullet; the slightest deviation in that direction must have sent the ball through my head.

I just mention these incidents as they occur to my mind, not doubting that such things are equally common in the experience of many others; but I fear in my own case that I felt far from sufficiently thankful at the time for the preservation afforded. Still more strongly does it point to the importance of our earnestly considering how it would have been with us had our lives been thus suddenly cut short; for in this life, surrounded as we are by so many visible and unseen dangers, it surely behoves us to remember that "in the midst of life we are in death," and that we know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.

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SHORT ARROWS.



FRESH AIR FOR THE CHILDREN.

have recently seen an appeal on behalf of the above. The objects, says the writer, are "very simple," and as we were one of the first to bring the aims of the Society before the public, we are glad to recur to them. The President and the Committee select certain sickly and delicate children and send them into the country to farm-houses or cottages in the country, where they can be boarded and lodged for a small charge. Last year

nearly three hundred little delicate plants were thus invigorated, and no more useful practical work could be undertaken by the charitable. We are not advocating the admission of the sick, but of the delicate into these country homes, and it appears to us only fair that some certificate of freedom from disease of an infecticus or contagious character should be given before sending the children into the country houses. We have not yet an opportunity to peruse the report, but readers of THE QUIVER were interested in the idea when it first appeared in our columns, and we are glad to hear that the scheme has had such a successful trial. The Secretary, we understand, is Mr. Walter Hazell, 6, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, whose name appears in connection with other good works for children which have come under our notice, and particulars may be obtained from him by those desirous to co-operate in this most useful undertaking.

AT A RAILWAY CROSSING.

An extremely practical work has been undertaken by Miss Macpherson in addition to the manifold duties already performed by her in the Home of Industry; and this is the enlightenment of the men, women, and children employed or dwelling at railway crossings. We are all of us familiar with the figure that emerges from the little box or the cottage beside the line, and carefully closes the gates as soon as the train appears in sight. Such workers are in the midst of the stream of humanity, on the very brink of the flood of life, and often on the verge of death, yet by their very vocation isolated from their fellow creatures, who in sober earnest pass them by. They have few opportunities for rest or conversation on week days, and but little time on Sundays to walk to church, even if rest were not an absolute necessity for health of body and mind. These men and women toil day by day to avoid accident and to save our lives. Can we not do something to save them? There are in England at least 6,000 persons employed at level crossings, many practically strangers to all religious influences in consequence of the duties they are called upon to perform, without books or papers perhaps. To alleviate the lives of these good and steady workers the mission to railway crossings has been formed, and many ladies now interest themselves in distributing pleasant and profitable reading, while occa. sionally visiting and teaching these isolated members of society. If a certain number of ladies in a district would undertake to procure and distribute suitable literature amongst the railway crossing-men and their families, or read to the women, visit them, and let them, particularly in country districts, feel that they take an interest in their welfare, much good will be done, and much unhappiness saved. After so many hours' attendance the tendency of the individual is to some society, not generally of the best, and a visitor will be able to relieve the solitude of the day during the necessary idle hours or half-hours that intervene between the trains.

"THE OLD OLD STORY."

The report of the Moody and Sankey Mission meetings in Manchester will surprise many who have not followed the course of the preachers. They held twenty-one Gospel meetings, which brought in 68,000 people to listen

to the Word of Life. There were Bible lectures and men's meetings, prayer meetings and workers' meetings, all numerously attended, giving a total of individuals exceeding 76,000. The crowds were enormous, and very desirous to come in, so that on many occasions the doors of the hall had to be opened long before the proceedings were advertised or arranged to commence. There was no difference of opinion amongst the ministers who attended, representing all denominations, and expressed themselves pleased with the manner in which the various services and meetings were conducted. Now what good has resulted from all this? Are we to believe that the seed sown thus broadcast and with no sparing hand has had or will have no result? Already we observe some growth. More than eighteen hundred people have entered their names in acknowledgment of the spiritual benefit received, and we may fairly conclude that many more hundreds have carried away the germ of spiritual life, which, even though small as the grain of mustardseed, will grow up and influence their after lives. If the individuals thus visited with Divine grace will now voluntarily and prayerfully seek its continuance for themselves at home and in their place of worship, the benefits, which will have accrued in time on earth, will be eternal and incalculable.

AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY.

A recent meeting of the Ragged School Union at Exeter Hall was well attended, and much interest was evinced in the addresses which were delivered from the platform. There were many well-known and prominent workers in this good cause present, and the meeting had been convened for the purpose of consolidating the work of the Union. The benefits which have accrued from this mission work are almost incalculable—certainly, no hasty estimate of the good results can be made. When we know that at least 300,000 children have been rescued by the workers of the Ragged Schools, we may form some idea of the mass of crime and poverty that has been prevented, and the happiness which has come in their place. From a very small beginning, the great edifice has been carefully built up. Less than forty years ago, four individuals met, and plotted "against a common enemy." During the last thirty-nine years, the Ragged Schools have been carrying on a work which deserves more consideration than many more ambitious national schemes. What benefits to society have been conferred by that brave pioneer band, who set forth bravely to cut down and root up the deadly growths and seeds which were rendering life horrible and many localities uninhabitable by decent people!

THE STORY OF THE UNION-

This has been touchingly told by Miss Hesba Stretton, and was feelingly alluded to at the convention. The Day School, by degrees, developed into the Refuge for the Night. The teaching during the day did much, when warmth and attention weaned the Ragged Scholar from his sad or wicked memories. But with the approach of night the influence, like the pure daylight, waned. Out into the cold and the darkness went the children, to be again inoculated with vice and misery. The great want was at length overcome. Refuges were built, industrial schools were instituted; the poor, the homeless, and the outcast, were thus sheltered and cared for until they were in a position to go forth and earn their own living. In 1851, the Shoeblack Brigade was organised, and every assistance and encouragement were given to young servants, and to institutions kindred to the Schools, which began to rise all through the country. We trust all who are interested in the future of our children, will unite in supporting the Union, and retain it in the prond and enviable position it has so long occupied at the head of the numerous Christian societies, established for the welfare of our errant and erring populations.

MISSION HOMES IN PARIS.

We have had occasion to direct attention to Miss Leigh's Homes for Governesses in Paris, and we are glad to learn that they are likely to meet with increased support. We trust the conditional sum promised has been gained by the collection of the required amount, and that the governesses' homes are in a condition to render still more efficient help. Miss Leigh, who was in this country a few months ago, referred on one occasion to the sad results attending the marriages of English girls with Frenchmen, and she strongly advocated the revision of these ordinances. As the law now stands, a French subject may marry an Englishwoman, according to British law, and desert her, taking any property of which she may be possessed. A very sad case of this kind came under Miss Leigh's notice: and another-or, at least, an attempt which was frustrated in time-came, lately, within our own experience. In the former case, the husband lived apart from his deserted wife, enjoying her money in England, while she lived under the ban in France. It should be distinctly understood that marriage in England with a foreigner is invalid abroad unless the stranger declare it before the consul; and a proposition which will tend to the happiness of our countrywomen has been made to petition Parliament to pass an act to protect British subjects marrying foreigners in England, by declaring that such unions should be contracted before a consul, or at the embassy. As already remarked, the sanctity of our homes reacts upon our national happiness, and such an act will tend to the welfare of many who may contemplate such marriage, and who trust blindly in the professions of the adventurer.

AMONG THE POLICE.

Our notice of the good work performed in certain Metropolitan districts amongst our civil protectors, has called forth a communication from Norwich which informs us that similar work is carried on in that city with much success. As we have not received permission to mention any names of those interested and active in this benevolent work, we will only indicate the manner in which it is carried out, not only in Norwich, but Leeds, Brighton, and other places. Every policeman has a packet forwarded to him monthly, containing good and useful books. Thirteen ladies have generously united and bound themselves to send eight packets every month to the guardians of the peace in their localities. Bible classes have been formed, and the progress made is reported as highly satisfactory. The manner of reaching the policemen by letter-writing, in the way lately commented upon as so successfully carried out in the army, has also been adopted with excellent results. Our correspondent has requested that her name may not be published in connection with her good work, but we are certain it is highly appreciated, and that her efforts will prove a blessing to her and her friends, as well as to the objects of her Christian kindness and benevo-

WORSE THAN DEATH.

"What is this? a woman with a book?" This is the manner in which Brahmin ladies are liable to be addressed, and in these words a young wife was addressed in her husband's house. We have seen an extract from correspondence referring to a very sad case which happened lately in India. The Brahmin lady, who, in her younger days, wished to become a Christian, was forced into matrimony at thirteen. She sought Miss Reade, and declared her wish to become a Christian, and to remain with her. The missionary set before her the difficulties of the case, but the native was firm, and would not return to idolatry. Her relatives came, and after some expostulation, retired. She was quite free, and in no way interfered with by the Europeans; but next morning the young lady was carried away by force, and even when brought before the magistrates, persisted in her declaration to become a Christian. There is reason to fear that she has met with much ill-usage, and that drugs likely to produce mania have been administered to her. If so, the investigation should be close and searching,

circumstances are vouched for, and the full account has appeared in one of the Bombay papers. This is another proof of the need still existing for continued effort in India to endeavour to win the men to the recognition of the sacred truths. In this instance the girl had imbibed the truth, and acted upon the teaching of her girlhood; "from hearing Christian boys talk about Christianity, she had wished to become a Christian." The ladies who are sent out by the Zenana Medical Missions may have something to say in this case, for to their aid we must primarily appeal. To ladies the arduous task must first be committed, and we trust every effort will be made to relieve the poor "wives" from a captivity which is worse than death.

GROWING APACE.

Read by the light of some recent experiences, the following statistics will be interesting, as showing the number of native Christians in India, the island of Ceylon, and Burmah. The numbers have been taken from the Mission Tables, and show a decided advance upon the results of former years-taking the returns of a period extending from 1851 until 1881. We will mass the figures for the three divisions, to facilitate comparison. In the year 1851 the numbers of native Christians in these parts were, in "round figures," 103,000; in 1881, 529,000. The increase was steady, and in the periods of ten years advanced with successive strides to the present high figure. In India alone the Christian natives have increased from 91,000 to 417,000, or nearly fifty-three per cent. from 1851 to 1861, while lately the rate of increase has been much more rapid, reaching nearly ninety per cent. That these figures are trustworthy may be seen when the number of the communicants is stated, During the same period they have increased from 17,000 to 145,000, of which 113,000 are in India alone. Thus we find that the numbers have been almost doubling themselves every ten years; indeed, during the last ten certainly they have more than doubled, and the increase has been progressive; there has been no falling away. These facts ought to be very encouraging to the workers who have accomplished so much, and if the blessing rest upon the work in future, the happiest results may be expected, and looked for, within a comparatively short time. Figures of course do not prove everything, but we have much reason to be thankful for the decided advance made in India and ad acent countries by our missionaries.

A HEAVY BILL FOR STIMULANTS.

Such an enormous sum as one hundred and twenty-six millions of pounds sterling is indeed a startling one, but the amount actually spent in intoxicating liquors during the year 1882 is really in excess of that. Yet this is an improvement when compared with previous years; and though the cost per head has been calculated to reach only 1s. 3d. less, the aggregate sum saved to the nation is something considerable. It is certainly encouraging to all friends of total abstinence or temperance to know that the decrease per head during the last five years has been at least 17s. Some critics think this diminution is merely owing to the depression which has affected all trades more or less during the past few years; but when we look around and see the number of sincere adherents of the total abstinence principle, as pourtrayed in the wearing of the blue ribbon badge, we may rest assured that depression of trade has less to do with the result than the powerful advocacy of temperance principles. Temperance reform is already being advocated, and many advocate local option. When we consider the effects of excessive indulgence in drinking, when we hear it stated that seventy-five per cent, of the crimes in our land are due to this vice-when we read that 120,000 persons die annually from the effects of intoxication in this country-we may well stand surprised, but may congratulate advocates of temperance upon the improvement they have already achieved. The useless members of the population-useless because addicted to intemperancenumber 600,000, and if we can turn such an amount of wasted fibre into energy, and make it do some work, the national wealth will be very largely augmented and the loss of Free Med

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revenue more than compensated for. Figures are absolutely conclusive in these cases. The fifteen millions of pounds paid to sustain paupers might to a great extent be saved, could we only keep ourselves sober. The immense boon which would be conferred upon the land in every way cannot be estimated. The good work has commenced and is still advancing. We can all in our way give it a helping hand, and increase the growing impetus of the temperance movement.

SOME MEDICAL MISSIONS.

From various sources at home and abroad, we have received assurances of the continual or initial success of Medical Missions. This manner of reaching the hearts of the careless seems to be a very successful one, whether it be practised under Indian and Italian skies, or beneath the dulling influences of an English climate. The Medical Mission in Marylebone has been in existence for years, and has, we believe, on a former occasion, been mentioned in these columns. Dr. Chambers records many instances in which the seed has fallen on good ground, and the poor patient has been induced, while under the influence of bodily suffering, to recognise the Hand which alone was able to raise him up. From the report, to which we must refer our readers for fuller information, we learn how money comes in voluntarily at times from grateful patients, and such thank-offerings as these deserve to be heralded. How many there are in life who accept benefits, even seek them, and when they have been accorded, the recipients discover, or invent, some reason for "passing by on the other side," and ignoring the source whence the long-wished-for opportunity or blessing has arisen! But gratitude apparently has been rendered to Dr. Chambers in Marylebone, and we trust the same satisfactory return awaits the Medical Missions in Florence and Rome, where Miss Robarts and Mr. Wall, respectively, carry on a similar good work.

IN "THE CITY OF FLOWERS."

We may make a few observations concerning these two institutions, for we believe they are the first of their kind in the two cities we have named. The ladies' work in Florence, whence some dear friends have lately returned, is said to be of a most encouraging character. There are rooms devoted to the work in a good situation, and here daily, numerous patients, sick at heart and ill at ease, assemble to hear the Word of God, and to have their bodily ailments attended to by a devoted Italian doctor. This enterprise is rapidly growing, and any reader interested who has friends in the "City of Flowers" will be welcomed; and if he or she personally, or in a pecuniary sense, assist the ladies in their excellent work, we may venture to say they will be welcomed. In the more southern city, Mr. Wall's work amongst the poorer classes is wonderfully appreciated both in the medical and religious sides of the work. We cannot always estimate the good done under such circumstances, but we believe that the gentle influence of the Gospel is felt more when bodily pain has softened the heart, and reminded us that we are in the hands of a Supreme Being, Whose holy will is to be done on earth as it is in heaven. The ground is then prepared for the reception, and fitted for the growth of the seed in the hearts of hundreds who would perhaps otherwise never hear the Gospel. All sickness is a call or a warning to us, and those, be they laymen or clergymen, who direct our attention to the condition of our souls at such times, and lead us in the right path, even through tribulation, are deserving of all encouragement and assistance. There is room for helpers and need for aid in all these cases, and no doubt many will be glad to have an opportunity to assist.

"TREES GROWING ON IT."

"I don't suppose I shall ever have such a treat again in all my life." These were the words of a poor lad who was leaving Miss Marsh's Hospital near Brighton, where he had been carefully tended in common with many others. "Well, mum, if anybody finds fault with this home, I say it's cos there's something wrong with theirselves, for there's everything a man can wish here for soul and body." This is gratifying and spontaneous testimony from those who are obliged to leave the home and make way for others. The Black Rock House is in the Rottingdean Road, near Brighton and the sea, and receives patients chiefly from the east end of London, many of whom have never seen the ocean. It is curious to read the testimony of some of these, and to find one poor woman saying, "I rode outside the 'bus on purpose to see it, but I can't find no end to it, and I did think to find trees growing on it !" Concerning the Home itself we can now give some particulars. In 1866 an unsolicited donation from the Duke of Sutherland furnished a nucleus for this institution, which served as a receptacle for cholera convalescents. The success was repeated at the present site, and the attached houses are now capable of holding forty inmates. About nine thousand cases have been received at Black Rock, the large majority of which have been restored to health. The ordinary treatment of the inmates leaves nothing to be desired. The occupations provided are useful and entertaining. There are "various treats" arranged during the summer and the winter days, and evenings are profitably employed in making scrap books for children's hospitals, book bags for church missions to sailors, and Bible albums. We have already quoted some expressions of thankfulness and appreciation; we will conclude with another. "I cannot find words to express the comfort and consolation your kind words and prayers have been to mequite a balm to my poor wounded heart; the remembrance of yourself and Miss Marsh will often cheer my drooping spirits, and remind me of my Saviour's love and kindness." Such efforts as deserve these terms should need little assistance when the true Christian charity which prompts them becomes known as it deserves to be.

GRIMSBY FISHER-LADS' INSTITUTE.

We have occasionally been reminded of the treatment unfairly and, in some cases, cruelly inflicted upon our fisher-lads; but the report we have before us shows us an existing tendency to the general improvement of this class, and the interest locally taken in them. It is satisfactory to find that the second year's work in the new building has been entirely successful. But we are assured that, with the material success, the moral benefits and influence of the Institute are most marked. Numbers of the young men make the place their head-quarters when ashore, and their improved general behaviour will have no small influence upon the trade. In connection with the Institute, a savings bank has been established, and many interesting cases, in which the lads have come forward to the assistance of their aged or distressed parents, might be quoted. Another pleasing arrangement is the correspondence, which has largely increased. Consideration for, and affectionate remembrance of absent or distant friends and relatives, dictate a number of letters now, and serve to tranquillise a father's or a mother's heart-yearning to hear something from the fisher-lad at sea. Physical training is also looked to, as well as temperance and other moral characteristics, and it speaks well for the Committee and officers that so much is done, and that there is no outstanding debt on the Revenue Account. The Building Fund Account is not yet closed, but we trust means will be forthcoming to wipe off the remaining deficit. We may add that gifts of books or illustrated papers, periodicals, etc., will be thankfully received, and by a little exertion an excellent library might be added to the Institute. Perhaps some of our readers might like to initiate such a useful work, and to communicate with Mr. Orby Bradley, the Hon. Secretary, upon the subject. The funds available will not permit the purchase of books, but the carriage, we are assured, will be paid of any parcels which may be sent. There must be hundreds of suitable odd volumes lying about in the houses of readers which might be forwarded to Grimsby; and surely the energy which has established and long maintained a QUIVER life-boat will not fail the fisher-lads in their need and desire for instruction!

POEMS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER .- VII.

"Lead us not into temptation."

H, lead us not into temptation, Lord,
But if it be Thy will to do it,
Thy will be done. But guidance still afford,
And bring us safely through it.
Thou that didst by Thy Spirit lead Thy Son
Into temptation sore and grievous,
And bore Him through till victory He won,
Father, in trial do not leave us.
As Thou didst Christ support, so give us aid;
Upheld by Thee, we shall not be afraid.

Without the strife there is no victory;
Untried, to fall not hath no merit:
Beyond our strength Thou wilt not let us be
Tempted, but give us strength to bear it.
Father, in all temptations we do pray,
Let Thy sustaining power be near us;
And to escape still make for us a way,
Unvanquished through each trial bear us.
If Thy hand guide us, and Thine arm sustain,

We shall not fall, or, falling, rise again.

Into temptation lead us not, O God;
But if Thou do, Thou dost it surely
In wisdom. Shepherd of our souls, Thy rod
And staff shall comfort us. Securely
In Thee we trust, whatever foe assail,
Temptation of the flesh or Spirit,
In Thy whole armour clad we shall prevail,
Strong in Thy might, we shall not fear it.
Walking through life Thy sheltering love beneath,

Or in the valley of the shadow of death,

So, when temptations all are safely past,
And every earthly trial's over,
By suffering purified, in heaven at last,
All things made clear, we shall discover
That all temptations are ordained in love,
That so our faith in God is trièd,
Working out patience, as the gold men prove
By fire till it be purified;
That trials are God's merciful decree—
No cross no crown, no fight no victory.

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"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

113. What words of the prophet Hanani testify to God's watchful care of man?

114. Who were Rezin and Pekah, and in what terms are they mentioned by the prophet Isaiah?

115. Distinguish between the desert of Zin and the wilderness of Sin.

116. On what occasion did St. Paul foretell future events?

117. In what words does St. Paul describe the struggle in man's heart between good and evil?

118. From whom did Solomon obtain materials for building the Temple, and in what manner did he pay for them?
119. What is to be understood by the term "firmament"

in the Book of Genesis?

120. What is specially mentioned concerning the life of Enoch, the son of Jared? and in what Epistle is reference

made to him?
121. At what time did mankind commence the public ac-

knowledgment of God in services of prayer?
122. It is said the Ark was made of "Gopher" wood;

what kind of wood is this?

123. From what should we gather that St. James and St. John were not of the poorest class of fishermen?

124. In what does St Mark's account of our Blessed Lord's temptation in the wilderness differ from that of the other Evangelists?

125. What prophecy of Micah concerning Jerusalem was fulfilled by the Roman Emperor Hadrian?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

99. He attempted to take upon himself the priest's office and offer sacrifice in the Temple, (2 Chron. xxvi. 16—19.)

100. In King David's reign, by Joab, who was therefore made chief captain. (1 Chron. xi. 4-7.)

101. It is stated that Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, was of the course of Abia, and that he executed the priest's office in the order of his course when the angel appeared to him. (Luke 1.5-8.)

102. The prophet Hanani, because Asa the king had sought help from the Syrians instead of trusting in God. (2 Chron. xvi. 7–10.)

103, It was upon that mount Abram was bidden to offer up his son Isaac. (Gen. xxii. 2.)

104. The Babylonians carried all away with them to Babylon, or broke them to pieces. (2 Kings xxv. 13-18.)

105. At Bethel and at Dan, to prevent the people going up to Jerusalem to worship, for fear they should turn again to follow Rehoboam, king of Judah. (1 Kings xii. 27–29.)

106. In Deut. xxviii. 52-57.

107. The men whom the king sent to take Elijah were destroyed by fire from heaven. (2 Kings i, 9-13.)

108. Josiah, king of Judah, whose name was mentioned to Jeroboam by the prophet who was sent to Bethel. (1 Kings xiii. 2.)

109. The brazen censers of the two hundred and fifty who offered incense were made into broad plates as a covering for the altar. (Numbers xvi. 35—39.)

110. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." (John iii. 14.) 111. In the Epistle of St. Peter, where it says, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (2 Pet. iii. 10.)

112. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." (1 Cor. x. 13.)

"THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT FUND.—The Eighth List of Contributions will (if space permit) be given in our next Issue,

GOOD WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

MRS. JUDSON.



HE name of Dr. Judson shines with no common lustre among the many stars in the bright firmament of the Church of Christ. Side by side with his name, and little less brilliant, is that of his wife—the wife of his youth, who for many long years in the earlier part

of his missionary life, was his companion and coworker.

Ann H. Hasseltine was married to Adoniran Judson in February, 1812, about a fortnight before they sailed with some others for their distant fields of labour.

Mr. Judson's inward call to foreign mission work was as much a new thing in America, as William Carey's was in England, twenty years before. It led to the formation of "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," under whose auspices Judson and some others were sent out. The change which took place in the views of Mr. and Mrs. Judson on baptism, led to the founding of the "American Baptist Missionary Union." The Judsons could find no place within the limits of the East India Company's Territory to found a mission, so they resolved on a mission to Rangoon, or some other city in Burmah.

Rangoon was regarded as of all places the least desirable, and their friends at Madras strongly advised them not to go. But God had ordained their path and their work, and thither they went. Mrs. Judson's health was such as to require the aid of a nurse. Such a person had been engaged by their Madras friends, but when the vessel was only a few miles on her voyage, she dropped dead.

To make matters worse, a storm overtook them. Mrs. Judson had no other apartment than one formed by canvas, and she was so ill that no hopes were entertained of her recovery. Their fears, however, were soon turned to joy. Quiet waters brought relief to Mrs. Judson, and afterwards, favourable winds wafted them to Rangoon.

Their impressions at the first sight of the great heathen city were discouraging in the extreme, but it was to be for some years the scene of their labours and trials.

Mrs. Judson was quicker in acquiring the language than her husband, and, notwithstanding, her frequent attacks of sickness, was his ready helper in all good works. Her presence was bright and sunny everywhere, and her influence with the natives of all classes very considerable. Mrs. Judson returned to Burmah, after a visit of

two years to England and America, in invigorated health.

Dr. Judson was on his second visit to Ava when he received news of his wife's expected arrival in Rangoon, and he hastened there to meet her.

When they left the latter place for Ava, the sky was serene and the air tranquil; there was only one little cloud—the probability of war breaking out between Burmah and Great Britain. They were received at Ava, however, rather coolly. There arose a suspicion that they were spies in the pay of Great Britain. Suspicion became intensified to fear, and fear ripened into hatred. Mr. Judson, however, was allowed to proceed with the building of his house, and Mrs. Judson began a school for females. The dark cloud grew darker, and the signs of a coming storm more threatening. War with Great Britain had commenced. In a short time Rangoon was taken by the English, and the proud boastings of the Burmese were turned into frantic fear, and that cruelty which is the offspring of ignorance, cowardice, and spasmodic alarm. storm burst suddenly upon them.

One day—it was 8th of June, 1824—just as the Judsons were preparing for dinner, an officer rushed into the house, bearing a black book, followed by a dozen Burmese and a man with a spotted face, whom they knew to be an executioner, or a "son of the prison."

"Where is the teacher?" was the first inquiry.
Mr. Judson presented himself.

"You are called by the king," said the man with the black book.

The spotted man seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and bound him fast with a cord

"Stay," said the noble wife. "I will give you money."

"Take her too," said the officer; "she also is a foreigner."

With that dignity and tact which great danger always brought out, she insisted, though with imploring looks, that they would allow her to remain till they received further orders.

The scene was almost indescribable. The masons at work on the unfinished house threw down their tools and ran; the poor Burmese children, the commencement of Mrs. Judson's school, stood screaming and crying, while the Bengalee servants were transfixed with amazement and horror.

Mrs. Judson had something else to do than to weep. She begged the spotted-faced man to take the silver she offered and loosen the ropes,

917

but he only drew the cords still tighter, and when they had left the house threw him again on the ground and bound him so tight that he could hardly breathe. She sent a native convert to again offer money, but all in vain. Mr. Judson was taken to the court house, where the governor and officers of the city were assembled. The order of the king for his committal to the death prison was read. Into this he was thrust with repeated

marks of hard-hearted cruelty.

The night was one of continued alarm. She was compelled to go out into the verandah to the magistrate of the place, and submit to his examination. Before she went out, however, she destroyed all her letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest their correspondence with English friends at home and in Bengal should seem to lend any support to the groundless and gratuitous accusations of the fanatical Burmese as to their being spies. The magistrate ordered a guard of ten ruffianly fellows to keep strict watch over her, and forbade her leaving the compound. Next morning the sad intelligence reached her that all the white foreigners were in the death prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole.

As her appeals to the magistrate to allow her to visit the prison were in vain, she wrote to one of the sisters of the king, with whom she had been intimate, entreating her to use her influence with the king for the release of Dr. Judson and the other prisoners. This brought no relief. The third day she sent a message to the governor of the city, asking him to allow her to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect. Her gift made room for her. She pleaded with him for some relaxation of the suffering of her husband He referred her to his head and the rest. officer. A silver key unlocked his heart. She was allowed to enter the prison compound. Mr. Judson crawled to the door, and gave her some directions as to the steps to be taken for his release. She petitioned the queen, but with no good result. However, the governor removed the white foreigners from the common prison into an open shed in the prison enclosure, and allowed her to send them food, and mats to sleep on, and, after a time, to visit her husband.

But we cannot give the painful details of the long and patient sufferings of the prisoners, nor of the hardly less painful struggles and unceasing efforts of her who was to them all, but especially to her husband, "a ministering angel." Her whole energies were devoted to efforts for their freedom, and endeavours to alleviate their sorrows and sufferings. With a heroism almost more than human, with a devotion almost unequalled, with a variety of method and a persistence of purpose, a tact and a delicacy and a courage hardly ever to be found in one person, this lady encountered all sorts of obstacles, en-

dured all kinds of privations, and after twenty-one months of hope deferred and hardships such as few can form a correct idea of, she was rewarded by the liberation of her husband and all the remaining white foreigners. This was not, however, the result of Burman mercy, but of British valour. Everywhere victorious, the British commander was on his way to Ava, when the Burmese sued for peace. We must close with one or two incidents of the long imprisonment, and the sad and painful issue of these protracted trials to the one who more than all the rest was "made perfect through suffering."

At the commencement of these troubles, Mrs. Judson had made large presents to the governors and to the officers of the prison for Mr. Judson's removal from the inner prison. Two or three months afterwards the king's officers came to confiscate all the property of the Judsons. They insisted on knowing how much she had given the governor. She honestly told them, and they demanded the sum from the governor. He flew into a rage, and threatened to put all the prisoners back into the death-prison. The next day she went to him. He was angry.

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"Why did you tell the king's treasurer how much money you gave me? You are bad." "He asked me, and what could I say?"

"Say that you had given nothing, and I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be their fate."

"But I cannot tell a falsehood; my religion differs from yours; it forbids prevarication; and had you stood by me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest."

The governor's wife sat by his side, and said, "Very true; what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct; you must not be angry with her." She became from that time

a friend of Mrs. Judson.

One day, after some months' incarceration, Mr. Judson and his fellow-prisoners were hurried off, his wife knew not where, nor for what purpose. As soon as she obtained information, she followed them, first in a boat, then in a rough cart, and then on foot, carrying little Maria in her arms. She overtook them, and thenceforward her own privations and sufferings became still more bitter. For several weary months she lodged in a mere shed, without a single article of furniture. Dr. Judson had a severe fever; then one of her orphan girls had the small-pox, and then little Maria took the infectious disease. Then her own health failed again, and poor little Maria would have been famished but for little acts of kindness done by some of the natives in the village.

Her troubles were not over when Dr. Judson's release was ordered, that he might act as translater and interpreter in the peace arrangements. She had the spotted fever, and lost her reason, and was so weak that the native women who



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restles even i wearie came in to see the last, said, "She is dead; and if the King of Angels should come in, He could not recover her." But she did recover, though the end of both mother and child was not far off. Dr. J. was away on the affairs of the king and the settlement of peace. She was

left at Amherst. A few native Christian women were her only attendants. These faithful creatures smoothed her dying pillow, witnessed her confidence in God and glowing hope of glory, received her messages of love, and consigned her mortal remains to their quiet resting-place.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

SEPTEMBER.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS," ETC.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."-St. Matthew xxxi. 28.

HE busy squirrels in the woods

Are hoarding nuts for wintry days;
The heavy-laden bees fly home

Across the flower-scented ways;
The labourers in field and farm

Are thatching stores of golden wheat.

Are thatching stores of golden wheat, And sounds of toil are heard alike In country lane and city street.

And this is well, for all must work

If they would do as God hath willed,
Who maketh bounteous crops spring up
In barren fields that man has tilled.

And unto every one of us,

Each morning, when we kneel to pray,
A loving whisper seems to come,
"My child, my son, go work to-day."

"Go work to-day! Go, strive to do
Whatever work thy hand may find,
As in My sight, with all thy heart
And all thy soul and all thy mind.
Go work to-day, and guide aright
Each little idler who would roam;
Go work to-day, until the night
Bring every faithful servant home."

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE NIGHT.



RACE, when she left Waterhouse. went into her father's room. Her mother sat. as usual, by the bedside, holding her husband's hand in hers. He was asleep, or rather, in a kind of stupor, which had been gaining hold upon him gradually during the latter part of the day, after

an unusually restless night and morning. Grace could perceive, even in the dim light, that her mother was looking wearied and haggard. There was no fear of disturb-

ing the sick man, and they held a low-toned conversation.

"I am so thankful, mother, that you are going to bed at last."

"I suppose it will be best," said her mother, with a sigh, "but it is against my will."

"He will sleep; he will not need you."

"My dear, if I but take my hand away, he stirs uneasily; he is quite aware that I am here."

"Well, you will save time in the end by taking a good rest. You could not go on much longer without it. Mother, why won't you let me stay the night here? Why should you arrange for Mr. Waterhouse to come? One night would not hurt me."

"You have too much on your shoulders in the day to take night work, my dear. Now, don't say another word, Grace, if you please; my mind is made up."

Mrs. Norris spoke with a querulousness most unnatural to her. Grace saw that her mother was overstrained. She made no reply, but gently stroked the hand she had enclosed in her own.

"My dear," said her mother, "you are very hard towards that poor young man. It is unlike you to be so unkind."

"You must not judge me, mother. Some day I will explain to you."

There was a slight ring of pride in Grace's voice.

"Perhaps I understand better than you imagine," said Mrs. Norris. "I have seen a great deal of Mr. Waterhouse lately, and he is extremely transparent. I wonder I have not understood the state of the case before, but he has been very prudent and honourable."

"Yes, I could give a good illustration of those virtues," thought Grace, whom these remarks had thrown into profound astonishment. Was it possible that Mr. Waterhouse had gained an advocate in her mother?

"My dear child," continued her mother, in a voice of deeper feeling, "don't throw away happiness for the sake of pride. I fear for you, for you have so much pride in your nature. But love is far better and higher than the independence which you value so highly."

Grace put her head upon her mother's lap and cried quietly; she had never shed so many tears in her whole life before as during the last week or two. To-night, in her thoroughly broken-down condition, this condemnation of her pride and independence seemed truly a mockery. Her mother stroked her daughter's head, and thought the tears were a good sign for Mr. Waterhouse. But Grace's emotion had sprung from many sources, of which, perhaps, her relations with Waterhouse did make one. In the foreground came intense grief for her sister. To this was added a sense of personal humiliation, very bitter -it appeared she had failed, and brought misery in every direction. And, under all, lurked a fear as to the consequences of her behaviour to Mr. Denston, which she had as yet scarcely had time to drag out for inspection. But she must rouse herself. It was getting late, and there were arrangements to be made for the night. She found when she went down that Kitty, like a good child as she was, had eaten her supper and gone to bed, and that Hester had not come down. She went up with some supper for her, but Hester could take nothing but milk, which she drank feverishly. Grace waited upon her tenderly, as though she were ill, and Hester seemed to have become a child again in her hands. The tears came into her eyes when she heard that her mother was coming to sleep with her instead of Grace, but she said nothing.

"Shall you sleep?" asked Grace.

"Yes, I think so," said Hester. "I feel sleepy already." This sent Grace down with a slight sense of comfort, though she feared Hester might be deceiving her. But it was not so. Hester was undergoing no mental struggle, neither brain nor spirit was excited. Had there been any suspense connected with the matter, had Grace announced a fear instead of a certainty, Hester would at the moment have suffered more. She would have gone about the house with trembling high-strung nerves, and spoken and acted as usual, and Grace would

have doubted and wondered. And then Hester would have gone to bed and lain awake all night, and would have grown more feverish and restless day by day. But the announcement, so sudden, so complete and uncompromising, fell with a mercifully crushing blow. It put her hope "out of its misery," as we say of the maimed insect that we crush under foot. Hester herself was still alive, but something within her had died a violent death. At present she felt merely weak and passive; by-and-by there would come the burying of her dead, which would need to be done not once, but many times, and the sense of loss and vacancy. She lay there in the dark, confused and weak, with a grateful sense that sleep was not far off. She wished that Grace had been by her side to hold her hand-Grace, who had been so good to her of late, and who understood without words that she needed loving. She fell asleep before her mother came to bed. The first time she woke it was with a start from some confused dream. She found that there was a light in the room, and that her mother was not by her side. She concluded that her mother had been anxious and had gone down to see how things were going on, But not many minutes had passed before she heard Grace's step on the stairs, and her sister came in. Hester started up in bed. Grace looked very white.

"Hester," she said, "father is much worse, and we think he is going to die. Will you come down?"

The girls looked at each other.

"Did mother send for me?" asked Hester, in an awed tone.

"No, dear, but I thought you ought to know. I did not know how you would feel. You need not come unless you wish, or if you think it would be better not. I must go back at once."

"I will come," said Hester, slowly; "you think I had better?"

"I think you may be sorry afterwards if you do not."
"Yes," said Hester, rising and beginning to dress.

"Have you called Kitty?"

"No, I have not. Do you think we ought to do so? She is so young, and she does not love him."

"Don't call her," said Hester, "unless mother sends for her. I think it would be too dreadful for her."

"So do I," said Grace, as she left Hester alone again. What commonplace speech we use at tragic moments! At such times the lips only can speak. The soul is dumb; it has no words which can give expression to its experiences. These two girls, who had never looked on the face of death, and who felt themselves seized by a sudden mighty awe which swept the soul clear of all trivial emotion, spoke to each other with the ordinary speech of an ordinary mo-

Hester dressed hastily. She found the time was after two o'clock. Two o'clock was the hour at which Waterhouse was to relieve Grace in the sick-room. Grace had had no need of help during her vigil. Her father had lain still in the same kind of stupor, which appeared to be growing heavier. Grace was more

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were had recte knew trayi absorbed in her own troubled thoughts than in her father's condition, which to her inexperienced eyes presented nothing alarming, while her own situation grew to her realisation more and more. Her feelings

shrank from it as a thing utterly beyond her power. There was an absolute horror in the thought of denying this possible compensation to the man whose life had been wrecked by her father. There was a temp-



"The next moment Denston found himself entering the room."-p. 648.

were thoroughly confused. She told herself that it had been a fatal weakness not at once to have corrected the mistake her words had given rise to, yet knew that she had not dared to do it for fear of betraying Hester. At one moment she recognised the necessity of undeceiving Mr. Denston, at others she

tation peculiarly enticing to her proud spirit in the chance afforded her of making so desperate a sacrifice. There was in her heart all a woman's instinct to fight against it. Mr. Denston's feelings towards her did not excite the same angry resistance that Waterhouse's had done. Was this due to the dif-

ference in the situation of the two men-to the fact that Waterhouse was easy and prosperous and might experience disappointment with some profit to himself, while Denston was pressed down by the heavy hands of poverty and ill-health, and needed no further crushing? Or was it that there existed deep down in her spirit an unrecognised difference in its attitude towards the two men-a need of a barricade against one, and a calm certainty of indifference towards the other? Who can make clear the subtleties of a woman's heart? Grace sat down by her father's side and dreaded the day to come-the day which must bring with it again the need for a choice of action. At two o'clock, punctual to the moment, Mr. Waterhouse tapped at the door and entered. Grace, with some slight remark, was proceeding to take her departure, when Waterhouse's look arrested

"Miss Norris," he said, "don't go for a moment." He took up a light, and went close to the bedside, examining her father gravely. Then he looked at

Grace.

"I think you must fetch your mother."

"What do you mean?" asked Grace, feeling herself turn cold.

"Don't you know what this look means? I do, for I saw it on my father."

Grace came nearer, and looked.

"Are you sure?" she whispered.

"Quite sure."

"That it will be soon?"

"It may be soon."

"How can I tell my mother?"

Grace turned a white face, from which her great startled eyes looked up at Waterhouse with a kind of beseeching. He looked down into them with a wistfulness to give comfort in his face, which was in itself comforting.

"Don't tell her," he said; "just ask her to come down here. She will see for herself, and that will be

So Grace ran up-stairs, and gave one tap at the door, and a word of summons, and then fled down again in haste, lest she should be recalled.

"Can we do nothing?" she asked Mr. Waterhouse; "mustn't we send for Dr. Black? He could not have thought this morning that he was likely to go so soon."

Waterhouse shook his head.

"He could do nothing. The doctor can only go with a man so far, and no further. No one can help him beyond a certain point, and your father has reached that point,"

"Except One," said Grace, who, with a solemn face, stood gazing at him who was already far off earthly help, in the unseen hands of God.

Waterhouse said, "That is true," in a tone of simple earnestness. His thoughts were with his own father just now, whom he had loved, and whom, not long before, he had seen depart on this last journey; and tears dimmed his eyes, Grace at that moment felt his presence no restraint. It was not till afterwards that she recognised, with surprise, that it had been so, and that, at a time when there was no room for self-consciousness, it had seemed as natural that he should be there, and that he should help, as if he had been a son and a brother.

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"I am thankful my mother has had a rest before this came," she said; "but I fear she will regret

that she left him."

As she finished speaking, her mother appeared—understood with one swift glance, and, with a calmness and silence full of passion, passed to her husband's side.

"He has not spoken since you left, mother," said Grace, anxious to forestall her mother's self-reproaches.

Her mother did not reply; she did not appear to hear.

Waterhouse, seeing that she was unconscious of anything but her dying husband, addressed Grace.

"Shall I go?" he asked, under his breath.

Grace looked at him; her lips parted as if to speak, but no words came.

But Waterhouse read his answer somehow—she did not wish him to go, and an irresistible joy thrilled through him.

When Hester came down, and entered the room softly, she saw her mother in her old place by the bedside, with her arm under her husband's unconscious head, and her other hand clasping his chill and nerveless one. Grace and Mr. Waterhouse stood at the foot of the bed.

When Grace saw Hester, she held out her hand, and they stood holding each other's hands fast. They stood a long time, and nothing was to be heard in the room but the ticking of the timepiece on the mantleshelf, and each one felt the beating of his own heart.

By-and-by Waterhouse moved, but it was only to get chairs for the two pale girls, and motion them to sit down.

For two hours they waited thus, and then Mrs. Norris looked up and spoke.

"He will pass away like this," she said. "I think he will not know me or speak."

But almost as she spoke, he opened his eyes, and looked at her. And Grace, at this last moment, for the first time recognised in him—so bright were his eyes, and so illumined his face—that other father of the portrait, who had never seemed one with this. That strangely clear inspired gaze held every eye. His lips moved, but only his wife caught the meaning, and what he said none but she ever knew.

She said, "Yes, Norris," and kissed his lips. They moved again. Mrs. Norris looked up.

"John," she said; "he wants you."

The girls glanced at each other. Waterhouse went up to the bedside.

"Kiss him," said Mrs. Norris.

Waterhouse stooped and touched with his lips the pale forehead,

"He is telling you to take care of me."

Mrs. Norris looked up at Waterhouse with the glimmer of a wistful smile shining through tears.

"I will," said Waterhouse, with a low-toned fervour, which reached the dying man's ears, for he turned away his eyes from Waterhouse, and fixed them again upon his wife, as though satisfied. A few moments more and Waterhouse gently closed them. Mrs. Norris clasped her hands, and tears, in which there was no bitterness, rained down her cheeks, as she cried—

"Oh, I thank God-I do thank God for this!"

Grace and Hester cried for pure sympathy, and their mother presently turned to them for the caresses they were longing to give. By-and-by she held out her hand to Waterhouse, and gave him an eloquent look instead of the speech that failed her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE NEXT DAY.

THE next day dawned warm and bright-a perfect June morning, with a breeze that gently swayed the poplar branches in the garden, and lifted the hair softly from the forehead, and that seemed a live thing bearing a message from that world, invisible but not unfelt, which ever encompasses us round about. Sometimes the veil which hangs between that world and us is close and thick before our eyes; sometimes it recedes and attenuates, and we can almost see through it. So it was this day with the inmates of this house in Barbara Street, where a still form was lying. The peace which brooded over those still features suggested an eternal Sabbath-an eternal rest-and a true Sabbath, a true day of rest had fallen upon the household-a space for taking calmer breath, for feeling within the pulse of deeper emotions, and for seeing with clearer eyes the motives and issues of action. Grace and Hester were happy in that the touch of death reached them for the first time thus-robbed of its sting; that the open grave which stood in their path held no bitterness. There was no wrench for them, nor desolating loss. But they had seen a soul pass from earth; and knew that strange exaltation, born of the sight, in which the spiritual world comes nearer than the actual, and draws up into itself the threads of our life here, investing them with new meaning and proportions.

It seemed, when the family life began again that morning, that the Angel of Death had descended with only healing in his wings. After the excitement of energies which a dangerous illness demands, had fallen a sweet quiet as of a summer Sunday. The mother's face was pale, and tears often filled her soft dark eyes; but there was a look in it like sunlight shining through a morning mist. Her unwonted energy had left her as suddenly as it had come, and given place to her old gentle repose. Grace found her usual position waiting for her to fill, and she assumed it as a matter of

course. Her real mother seemed to have been given back to her again, after her place had been usurped by another. Grace's own difficulties occupied her thoughts hardly at all. They seemed put away on one side without her own will, and she thankfully accepted the God-given respite. To encompass her mother with an atmosphere of tenderness and help was the easy garb which duty wore that day, and her heart was made light by the sight of her mother's face and the sound of her voice, for she had dreaded for her an utter breakdown when the desolating moment came.

Keener far was now her anxiety concerning Hester. That composed manner, that quiet look, which never failed to meet Grace's anxious glances, might cover she knew not what of anguish. Hester, in spite of the vigil of the night, went to the morning service. When she returned, Grace could not refrain, as they stood together for a moment at the open window, from seizing Hester's hand and looking up at her with a searching gaze. Hester did not shrink from it. She returned it steadily for a moment, and then smiled gently. There was something in the look and smile which was reassuring.

And indeed for no one had death's gift of peace done so much as for Hester. The old days of commonplace monotony, which could not bind with any fetters Grace's bright free spirit, had kept Hester cramped and dwarfed, and were answerable for much of her morbid misery and discontent. There are some people-wholesome sweet natures-who are made for the small cares and joys of daily life, who need no great occasions to stimulate them to the heroism and unselfishness for which hour by hour they find their opportunities; but Hester was not one of these. In the daily life of the past she had failed. Her nature needed for development the wider space, the freer air of life's larger experiences. And of late, finding the environment it needed, the organism had grown and thrived. And now into its destiny had come a great sorrow, with its wrenching away of clinging fibres, and recoil upon themselves of the sweetest hopes, but also with a grand chance of conquest over the principle of self, with its attendant jealousies and meannesses, naturally so strong in her, and a grand chance of nutriment for its nobler in-

Many struggles would have to be gone through, but to-day Hester's spirit also found respite. Up in the pure air of this mountain-top, where heaven seemed near and earth far down below, there was no struggle necessary. No bitterness towards the sister who had stolen from her the treasure so prized by the one, so useless to the other, could exist, there; no reaction of wounded self-esteem towards him who had passed her by was possible; no fretful rebellion against the will that had ordered it so, It is only sorrow having elements low and mean in it which makes the heart bitter and sore, and draws lines in the face which pain us to see. Hester's sorrow, which penetrated to the very remotest part

of her nature, which changed the aspect of life for her, which held all the cruel pains of wounded affection, yet added only dignity and graciousness to her face.

Waterhouse, too, felt the influence of the day. His mind was more at rest than it had been for a long time past, which was more owing, perhaps, to the sense he had that Grace had forgiven him, or, at any rate, was willing to let the past slip out of sight, and to the fact that he could be of use, and was allowed to be of use at this time of trouble, than to any more direct influence from the room of death, Yet that was not without its share in his state of He was much with the family to-day, for Mrs. Norris thankfully accepted his assistance, and he undertook all the necessary arrangements and business matters so jarring and painful at such times. As he returned home, after discharging some of these missions, he encountered Denston, much to his surprise, strolling along in the sun.

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"How are they taking it?"

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The gentle voice and the motherly expression which had come as she spoke into Mrs. Norris' face, usually apathetic and not apt to express feeling of any kind, touched Denston to the quick.

"Ah!" he said, "and now when I would fain express my sympathy with you, words fail me, while you know just what to say which will be most kind."

Mrs. Norris had been told by Grace that the Denstons knew the circumstances through which they had passed, and she had expressed her satisfaction that it should be so. But of any connection between her husband's history and theirs she was quite unsuspicious, and she did not imagine them aware of the facts of what had taken place fourteen years ago, beyond Denston's accidental knowledge, gained at Ridley, of her change of name.

"Is it in my joy or my sorrow that you would like to sympathise? That, I hope, will not shock you, dear Mr. Denston. If you knew all, you would understand. My husband and I have been parted for so long—you know about that, I think—that this seems scarcely like a parting at all. He is nearer to me now than he has been for many years."

There was a reverent silence in the room as Mrs. Norris ended. Her words had stopped the perfunctory talk which Waterhouse was making to Kitty.

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"Denston, upon my word, you're a fool! Excuse

my strong language, but really your remarks are insufferably absurd."

"Asseveration will not serve your turn."

"By no means. 'I've got documents,' as some one or other says—facts enough to burst any empty bubble of objection. But you ought to know my affairs, being in Burrowes' office. However, we'll go into them all by-and-by. The question is, now, Will you go?"

"You 've taken me by surprise," said Denston, slowly. "I can't reply to such a proposal offhand. There are difficulties—great ones—to prevent my saying yes. But neither, I suppose, has a man a right to throw away lightly a chance of prolonging his life."

He rose as he spoke, and something in his look awoke a stronger sympathy in Waterhouse.

"But, if you will excuse me," he continued, "I would rather think the matter over before we go any further into it."

"By all means," replied Waterhouse, cordially pressing his hand, "but pray remember in your deliberations that this is no tomfoolery of delicacy on my part. You would be doing me a really great service, and one that would be worth any amount of coin to me."

"Ah," said Denston, "there it is. If I could do the service for you as one friend should for another—but you see I am not only penniless, but have ties."

"The thing's not on a footing of friendship at all," said Waterhouse, impatiently; "it's a matter of pure business. I should have to pay through the nose if I sent any one else, and why not you, if you care to do it?"

"Plain speech for ever!" said Denston, and Waterhouse laughed. He accompanied Denston to the door, and shook hands again.

"It's the she-dragon that stands in the way," he reflected, as he went up-stairs again.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HESTER PROVED.

WHEN Grace rose the next morning she found herself so very unwell that it was a difficult matter to get through her toilette. Her limbs trembled, her head swam, and a wretched languor oppressed her.

But her spirit seldom allowed her to give way to physical sensations without a hard struggle. Downstairs the heaviness of her eyes was noticed, and the fact that she could not eat any breakfast; but she parried anxious questions with light answers, and proceeded afterwards to her occupations as usual. Later on in the day, however, she was compelled to give up the struggle, and went off to lie down upstairs unknown to the others. Hester, however, who was very ill at ease about her sister, discovered her there very soon.

"It is my turn now," she said, sitting down by the bedside, "to take care of you,"

"I don't need taking care of," said Grace. "I have only a slight headache. I shall be better if I rest quietly till tea-time."

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This did not afford Hester much encouragement to remain. Having, however, something to say which she had made up her mind must be said, she remained seated. For some time there was silence. She changed her position incessantly, and would have liked to groun, had Hester not been there. Her condition was the result of nervous over-excitement, and of an intolerable uncertainty and misery concerning her position which had returned to her in full force the night before, and kept her awake far into the night, which was the second that had passed without bringing much sleep. Hester said presently, with some timidity—

"Grace, I am sure you are very miserable, and if you would talk to me about it, and we could do something, I'm sure it would do you more good

than trying to rest."

Grace ceased to turn her head from side to side. She listened with eager surprise. She was struck not only by her sister's penetration, but by the courage with which she broached the subject which Grace herself had not dared to approach. Hester was the last person with whom she would have thought of discussing the matter—poor Hester, to whom it would be so inexpressibly painful.

"I don't think I should have required your own words the other evening," continued Hester, "to find out yesterday that you were in a wrong position somehow. I never saw you look so miserable,

Grace.

"Oh, Hester," said Grace, half springing up, "what do you imagine he thinks? How did his manner strike you?"

"He, too, looked very unhappy—that much was plain."

"Yes, but did you see the way in which he looked up at me at tea, and afterwards? Didn't it appear to you that he seemed to appropriate me? Did you hear him ask me if I were going out this morning? Oh, it made me shudder! I shudder now to think of it."

"Poor Grace," said Hester, and there was in her tone, with all its sympathy, a suggestion of irony, which was pathetic, coming from a heart which felt its own pangs keenly just then. Grace was silent, recalled to a sense of whom she was talking to.

"But why haven't you done something?" continued Hester. "How can you leave him in doubt for a single hour which is not unavoidable?"

"Hester, don't you know how impossible it seems to strike a blow like that? Think what injuries we already have to make up, and then to add this to them!"

"No injury could be so great, as it seems to me, Grace, as to deceive a man on such a matter. One had only to look at Mr. Denston yesterday," Hester's voice sank very low, "to see how he loved you, and it is cruel to keep him in suspense," "But suppose I should—suppose I never undeceive him ?"

"Oh, Grace," cried Hester, as though struck by a sudden blow, "but you know you couldn't do such a thing; you could not wrong him so; of course you are talking nonsense. It would not be possible for any woman to act like that, and you less than any one. If you had ever loved, if you loved any one else, you could not say such a thing, even in jest."

Hester ended in what sounded like a sob.

"No," said Grace, after a pause, with all her usual energy; "of course, I could not do it. I have known in my heart that I could not, all along, and especially since I hated so to have him look at me and come near me yesterday. But, Hester, I dare not tell him so, and every hour seems to make me feel more committed. I have so hoped against hope that he would make some sign. He must have seen that I did not feel towards him as he wished, and yet he takes no step to release me. You see, he must be intending to accept the sacrifice; and if he is, how can I in honour deny him? You don't know how passionately I assured him that I would make any sacrifice to atone."

Hester was silent for a time, and then she said, in a tone of calm resolution—

"Grace, I will see him for you. I have just heard that Mr. Waterhouse has proposed his going out to the Cape to do business for him. He has given no answer yet, and evidently hesitates. You know it is probably a question of saving his life. He would stay some time. Mr. Waterhouse would keep him there, he tells mother, till it was quite safe for him to live in England again. I want to tell him, Grace, that I would stay with Georgina; that might make some difference. That is, of course, if you and mother approve. I could still teach Kitty, and should try to get other pupils."

"Oh, Hester!" exclaimed Grace; and for a time she seemed unable to say more. "How can I let you take all the burden, and I bear none?" she said at last. "But I can say nothing to dissuade you, nor will mother, when she knows all. I can only envy you the chance of doing something to atone. My poor good Hester!"

Grace had seized Hester's hand, and was stroking it softly. Hester began to sob, not being in a condition to withstand the sympathy. But she checked herself by-and-by when Grace said—

"I am sure, dearest, you must not see Mr. Denston. I could not think of it. You are not strong enough for such a painful difficult task. Besides, what will you say? Hester, do you think his hesitation about going away had anything to do with me? But he could not be so foolish!" Grace shuddered.

But Hester would not be turned from her purpose. She had set her mind upon seeing Mr. Denston. It could not be done by Grace herself, and some one must do it. A letter would not answer the purpose, for it would be too bald and definite, She would

begin by proposing to stay with his sister in his absence, and then she would try to find out his attitude towards Grace, and somehow, in some way, she would make Grace's feelings plain. Grace, finding Hester obstinate, and perceiving, greatly to her surprise, that she really desired the interview, did not press her opposition. Hester's manner was too self-reliant, and her judgment too wisely and calmly expressed, to warrant further interference with her wishes.

"Hester," said Grace, finally, in a solemn tone, "if he does not then release me, I will do no more. If he wishes to tie me, when he understands how I feel, I will be tied."

Hester smiled. "What kind of a man do you take him for, Grace? Do you know that you are insulting him by speaking so? I am surprised you understand so little!"

"Your tone comforts me, my dear Hester. But you are a comfort altogether. I am beginning to feel as if I possessed myself again. I was very nearly past recall altogether, I assure you. I never can thank you as I ought."

"I don't want any thanks," began Hester, but her voice broke suddenly, and slipping down on her knees she leaned her head on her sister's arm and cried for a long time. She knew that Grace understood, and that she need fear neither questioning nor too obtrusive sympathy. As for Grace, she did not marvel at the tears, but rather at the unsuspected strength which Hester's character was revealing.

"She is of the stuff martyrs are made of, this calm sister of mine," she said to herself: "there is rock and not sand here for life's experience to build upon. These men who choose me, how blind they are! But men always are weak and blind—that is understood."

About six o'clock, Denston, who had that day again remained at home, received a note to this effect:—

DEAR MR. DENSTON,—May I ask you to come over for a few minutes, if you are disengaged?—Yours sincerely, HESTER NORRIS.

This message was considered by the sisters better than a more definite one. They knew Denston was at home, because he had been seen at the window, and they took the opportunity afforded by their mother's temporary absence. She had gone out with Mr. Waterhouse and Kitty for a short stroll, persuaded to do so by the former, whose devotion nowadays was assiduous and apparently acceptable. It was a matter of great satisfaction to the girls that their mother, during this time of sorrow and agitation, was unaware of the various external causes of uneasiness which had arisen, and they hoped to be able to act so that she might pass through it undisturbed.

When Denston arrived, he found Hester seated alone in the parlour awaiting him, the parlour which was now associated with two occasions, every feature of which was indelibly fixed on his brain. He did not show any sign of being agitated by the summons he had received. Hester also was quite mistress of herself. A very ordinary greeting, and a

very ordinary introduction to conversation ensued on his entrance; but Hester soon opened up the real business of the interview.

"You will be wondering, Mr. Denston," she began,

Denston was very much taken aback by this speech. He was a man who had a strong capacity for gratitude, but a correlative reluctance to place himself in a position calling for it, and when there a

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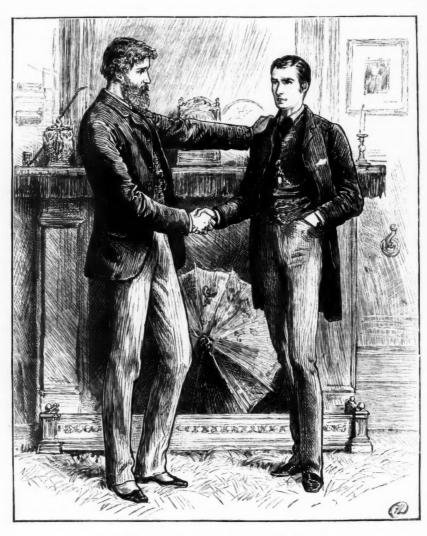
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"'You would be doing me a really great service,"-p. 650.

"why I have asked to see you. I hear from Mr. Waterhouse that there is some prospect of your going out to the Cape, and I wanted to tell you that in case of your doing so I should be very glad to stay with your sister. I thought it probable you might hesitate to leave her, if you did not know this."

great disability to express it. He paused for a moment, and then said in what might have seemed a cold tone—

"It is not yet certain that I go."

Hester was not aware of any coldness. She had always been accustomed to interpret this man's

manner of speech by methods of her own—methods were they of intuition or illusion? Is it possible that what we are accustomed to consider such illusions may be after all intuitions, which by love's potent plumb-line sound depths where lie the undeveloped capabilities, the futile aspirations, the defeated aims which could not be guessed at in the individual as we know him?

"Oh, I trust you will," said Hester, in a tone of simple earnestness; "it is surely worth an effort."

Hester was feeling almost happy at this moment. For in Denston's presence, where she had dreaded to find herself, lest her pain should grow unbearable, she found a singular ease, and freedom from personal emotion, an unembarrassed calm. Love she felt indeed master of her soul, but it had suddenly become, as it were, winged within her, capable of bearing her on strong pinions high above selfish agitation. Without effort it had become possible for her to crave nothing beyond the power to give some boon of help or comfort, to smooth, if in any slight degree, the path before him. Hester marvelled at herself. She did not comprehend that this was a reward-that she was reaping the fruit of her previous struggles-that because she had never allowed herself to indulge in ignoble feelings, now in her moments of need the noble part of her which had never been crushed rose up to her aid. Denston, though Hester's heart was a sealed book to him, was strongly affected by a sense of the existence of a true kindness for him, which melted him in spite of himself.

"Do you think, then," he said, "that it very much matters whether one lives or dies?"

"Yes," replied Hester, looking at him gravely, with her whole soul in her eyes.

"Supposing one has no hope before one?"

"Hope," said Hester, to whom words suddenly came, "is not a gauge of what God intends to do for us."

Denston was silent.

"Do you think it is my duty to go?" he asked, by-and-by, abruptly.

"Once he told me my duty-why not I now?" thought Hester.

"Yes, I do," she said, with emphasis.

"There is no one to regret my absence," he said, with a half smile.

"Yes, we all should-I should."

Hester's tone carried conviction. He smiled more fully, more brightly.

"I am selfish enough to think that a good hearing. If there were one person to regret me I would go, which sounds contradictory, doesn't it?"

"When you come back you will find us all ready with a welcome,"

"That is a cheerful way of putting the matter, but who knows whether I should come back at all?"

"God knows," replied Hester, with the same grave and earnest look; "we and you are in His hands."

These two seemed to be quite carried out of themselves and their habitudes. Denston found himself talking more freely of himself thanhe had ever done to any one before. Hester found herself carried along to reply by an unwonted impulsion which gave her words without consideration.

"But," she continued, "the voyage, the climate, the out-of-door life will make you strong—you will be stronger than you have ever been before. And then hope will come back to you. There is my prophecy." Hester smiled.

"Health, yes, health would be worth something,"

said Denston musingly, as if to himself.

"But you do not only go to seek health," said Hester, scarcely trembling even as she spoke the decisive words; she hardly felt she was daring, she felt not at all the fear of going wrong. "You go to seek forgetfulness."

Denston started, glanced at her, and then turned away his eyes again.

"That is not an inspiriting errand," he said at last, "But it must be done." Hester spoke with the tender unflinching severity of an operating surgeon. There was a long pause: then Denston looked at her again with eyes that seemed to say, "You then know all about it."

He asked suddenly the straightforward question— "Does your sister love any other man?"

"Oh, no," replied Hester, startled. "But——"
She was interrupted.

"You need not continue," he said, and advanced a pace or two. He took a letter from his breast pocket, and laid it on the table.

"Give her this, please," he said. "Say that I expect no answer."

All his old dryness of manner had returned. But Hester felt no reaction or chill of disappointment. Secure in her own interpretations, she was beyond the reach of any such surface variations.

"There is one thing I ought to tell you," she said, quietly, "and that is that my sister is ready, if you wish it, to make good anything her manner or words may have promised."

"Do you mean to tell me that that was her message to me?"

Denston's tone was very stern, and Hester saw that his face was pale and set, and that in his eyes was evident the pain otherwise suppressed.

"It was indeed. Remember how eager she is to undo—how loth to add to the injuries of the past."

"I marvel that you accepted that commission," Hester looked straight into Denston's eyes,

"I knew," she said, "that such an offer could have no temptations for you."

She made no further attempt to explain the nature of Grace's feelings; that operating knife which she had nerved herself to use she felt was unneeded.

Denston's eyes were held by Hester's during a moment's silence. Then he said—

"I can't let you say that. I have had moments of temptation. You do not know how base a man may be. I have been sinking very low lately. I ought to have written that letter last night; but I took an insane pleasure in delaying it. It gave me a horrible satisfaction to believe myself capable of refraining from it."

Denston paused, and then continued in a different tone—

"But I did not expect to make confession of these secret abominations of my soul. Forgive me. I will go,"

He advanced to take leave.

"Is it settled, then, that I stay with your sister?" said Hester, in a tone full of gentleness, and holding out her hand.

"Settled? No, nothing is settled. It would not be a life fit for you. What a satire that would be, were I to condemn you to it!"

"It will be no condemnation—I will not be a slave," Hester replied, smiling. "I have nothing to do—it would be giving me occupation. I should take pupils, and support myself, and that I have always wished. You do not know what a disappointment it would be if you deny me."

Denston also smiled one of his occasional smiles, full of feeling, and shook his head as he did so.

"We will, perhaps, talk of it again," he said, and then took leave. A moment or so after he had done so, Mrs. Norris returned from her walk. Hester waited in the parlour until she heard her mother go up-stairs, and then she went up to Grace, who was again lying down, with the letter. But she found her mother there before her. Grace had risen from the bed, a tinge of colour had come into her cheeks, and her eyes were sparkling. It appeared that Mr. Waterhouse had just suggested to Mrs. Norris that the family should all go off to the seaside as soon as possible after the funeral, which was to take place the next day, he betaking himself to the Langham Hotel

"Oh," exclaimed Grace, brokenly, "can we go, mother? Have we the money? It would be too good. To get away from everything, to breathe freely again! I am in a prison here. It is so hot, and we have suffered so much."

"Yes, my dear, we will go," replied her mother, in tones which contrasted foreibly with Grace's eagerness. Grace was recalled to herself. "Oh, I am selfish!" she cried; "you, my poor mother, cannot get away from your trouble. Do you wish it? We will not go unless you wish it."

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"Yes, I do wish it. It will do us all good. You are very feverish, Grace; you have been working too hard. Mr. Waterhouse suggested the plan as soon as I told him you were so unwell; he said he had been intending not to speak until after to-morrow. Hester and Kitty, too, are very pale. I am anxious about you all."

A discussion followed as to arrangements. When it was over, the girls heard their mother go downstairs; and when the sound came of a closing door, they looked at each other gravely. She had gone to take the last look, to give the last kiss to the husband who had been given back to her only to be recalled so soon. Butyouth cannot live by the bread alone of their elders, nor drink of the same cup, however close may be the bond of love between them. After a few moments' silence, Hester handed Grace the letter without speaking. Grace gave her a glance of extreme surprise.

"He wrote this before you saw him?"

"Yes, he brought it with him."

"What is it?"

"Read it."

"I am afraid to."

"You need not be."

Grace broke open the envelope, and leaning towards Hester made her read at the same time.

Dear Miss Norris,—I fear you will have expected to hear from me before this. Up till last evening, however, I was in doubt, and much bewilderment of mind. Your manner last night left me no doubt. Some misapprehension, for which I know not how to account, has caused me much perturbation, and I fear in some degree you also. If that was due to some stupidity or selfish blunder on my part, I pray you to forgive me, and in any case to rest satisfied that the misunderstanding is at an end.—I am, yours truly, Philip Density.

"Why, then, did he not write to me last night?" asked Grace, when this note had been read twice over.

Hester did not unfold what she knew of the reason.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL'S LONGINGS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER., M.A. AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS."

IN TWO PARTS .- PART II.

E have mentioned incidentally, and with sufficient distinctness for our present purpose, whence all these longings come. They have an independent being in our spiritual existence, even though they may have never been awakened into activity. And so, at times they

make themselves felt without any apparent reason; and at times they are quickened by circumstances; and at other times they are the direct operations of the Holy Chost.

The longings of the soul, of which we were speaking in our last number, are not mere

accidents of our present condition; they have their fixed place in our spiritual life.

Let us now turn for a few moments to the use, and place, and dangers of these longings of the

Are not these pantings, and thirstings, and breakings, and faintings, all evidences undeniable that this is not our home? Their voice, one and all, is this, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." They speak of a land that "is very far off;" they say your circumstances and yourselves do not fit; it is not for these discomforts that you were made,

For the original design of God was certainly not that He should be known only, or in any degree, through the soul's discomfort and unrest. That is not the place that He assigned to our first father; it is a concomitant of the present disturbance in all our relationships with Him. And so at present we have unrest that we may have true and abiding rest; and it might be almost said that through much tribulation of long-

ings we enter into the Kingdom of God.

May we accept the witness. Outer circumstances, with their decays, and changes, too truly testify to us that earth is not to be our home—these particular forms of the soul's vitality, with their necessary and fruitful discomforts (and pleasures) testify the same. "I will feed My flock, and cause them to lie down" (Ezek. xxxiv. 15) is yet to be fulfilled to us; the time is yet to come when there will be hungerings no more, neither thirstings any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead us unto living fountains of waters.

And these longings are safeguards against self-satisfaction. One class of the soul's temptations is to settle down upon its lees. It has temptations of the most opposite character—one, to undue irritation at not making advance, or perhaps at not being able to grasp immediately some spiritual blessing earnestly desired; another, to be self-satisfied, and tarry, as it were, in our spiritual nest. These pantings, longings, breakings, faintings, will all be found to have had their place in our soul's life, in safeguarding it from that self-satisfaction which would have

eaten out its vitality.

To these also we owe our being stirred on to desiring greater things than those with which we might otherwise have been content. Sometimes we had longings which allured us, and sometimes thirstings which impelled us. These impulses of the soul lifted us above the low level on which we might have been content to walk. The level of spiritual life was safe, no doubt, but it was low; and God willed for us something better than that.

Moreover, the spiritual yearnings are amongst the most powerful of checks against undue earthly yearnings. Yearnings the heart must have, and it is capable of only a certain amount of force in this direction as in others; and by how much the soul's longings heavenward were increased, by so much were its longings earthward diminished. The soul's hunger for God met and

checked its hunger for earth.

All these have a voice to us in the way of testimony, and comfort also. Do they not testify to us that we are born of God, and do not these yearnings and longings cherished and acted upon give healthy evidence of spiritual life? "Why is it thus with me?" the poor tempted soul may say to itself, when hard pressed by doubts and fears. If it have longings, it may say, "Whence these longings?" If it have faintings and distresses, at shortcomings and wantings, what is better? whence, and why all these? It is not the vague dissatisfaction which many a man of the world has, that the child of God feels; he might have this sorely and sadly enough, and be none the better for it. Its object is all clear, and well defined, "So panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." It is for His judgments that the soul is broken small with desire, it is for His salvation that tho soul faints.

In times of despondency, when the soul needs a testimony for its sustainment and comfort, let it turn its own tears to diamonds, its own stones to bread, its own sighs to music, to enrich its poverty, and supply its want, and soothe its inward fret; it may say within itself, I should not be

thus, if I were not the Lord's.

But guard against the perils of these experiences of the spiritual life. Do not rest in your longings. Say with David, "My soul followeth hard after Thee" (Ps. lxiii. 8). Say with Jacob, "I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me." Say, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." (Hos. vi. 3.) These have their place as evidences that our dependence must be in faith on God Himself, and the faithfulness for even these evidences may fail us; and we may some day find our poor hearts passing through such a phase of deadness that they seem not to have life enough left in them even to long.

There is a danger also as regards dreaminess in religion. We may not lead a life of dreamy longing; our longings must lead to action. "I will show Thee my faith by my works," says the Apostle. "I will show Thee my longings by my attainments," may in a measure be said by us. For we have attained to very little, for which we have not undergone soul travail; the heart longed,

strove, and at last attained.

Let us take care, too, that longings for the future do not make us ignore attainments in the past. In one sense we must forget them, but in another we must remember them. The Apostle said, "By the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. xv. 10). "To him that hath shall be given." We have

thus much—we are what we are; it is foothold, standing ground from which to step, or spring forward, as we may be able. We must not be like the Queen of Sheba, who, when she saw Solomon's splendour, had no more heart in her; but the more we see of the King in His beauty, the more let it energise us to get nearer to Him, and try and become like Him.

And lastly, let us not become self-torturers. Let us not vex ourselves into such a state of soul as will leave us unable for the outputtings of spiritual life. Let us not allow the weakness of a fretful spirit to hinder the progress of the soul.

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All spiritual pantings, thirstings, breakings, faintings, have their place in our spiritual life on earth. They may harm or help us as we use them wrongly or aright; let them be to us what they may be for good; by-and-by we shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness, and in His presence we shall find the fulness of joy, and at His right hand pleasures for evermore.

"IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?"



It was a brave enterprise, the opening of theatres and music-halls for the preaching of the Gospel, and like almost every "new departure" in Christian work, it had to combat many difficulties from within, and prejudices from without. How the work has made its way and made its mark, how the strongest prejudices have succumbed before it, and what precious fruit it has borne, Mr. Sawell tells us in his most interesting little volume, "Some Moral Miracles of the Gospel."

From the beginning of the campaign, twenty-three winters ago, the writer has been actively engaged in it, and his testimony is full of encouragement, whether as regards the numbers who have come to these services, the classes from whom these numbers have been drawn, above all, the individual instances of blessing received.

At the very beginning of this work, sixty clergymen of the Church of England were prepared to unite with as many Protestant Nonconformist ministers in carrying it on, and this number has been largely increased. The congregation at one of the earliest services, held in the Victoria Theatre, is thus described by the preacher:-"There was a great concourse of people, evidently such as never enter a house of worship. At first there was noise and confusion, but in ten minutes all were orderly and attentive. During a ministry of twenty years I have never preached the Gospel to any of my fellow men who seemed more deeply in need of the message of salvation." That such large attendance and earnest interest have been maintained is proved by a statement from Lord Shaftesbury: - "I have attended at this theatre on three occasions," says his Lordship, "and each time the audience numbered at least 3,200 persons; while no assembly could have been more orderly, more evidently anxious to catch every word that fell from the preacher's lips."

Very novel, very strange in every way, must the undertaking have seemed to these preachers of Christ, the "green room" their vestry, and often, as at Astley's theatre, the growling of wild beasts kept on the premises, distinctly heard; but we can well understand the feeling expressed by one who tells us, "I had been strongly prejudiced against such a work. The best answer to my prejudice was the appearance of my auditory; a dense crowd of working men, listening with extraordinary attention for nearly an hour to the story of the serpent uplifted in the wilderness, shown to typify the way of life through Christ our Saviour. Never had I entered so deeply into His feeling, Who, 'when He beheld the city, wept over it.'"

We are told how, after a sermon at the Holborn Amphitheatre, on "The Wreck of the Cospatrick," seventeen persons gave testimony of having joined themselves to the Lord; while a preacher at the Philharmonic Evening Services writes to Mr. Sawell that forty-eight who had frequented these, gave in their names as having been blessed through the Word there preached.

And the special cases of conversion to God recorded in Mr. Sawell's report do indeed justify the title of "Moral Miracles" which he has bestowed on it, and show most plainly that, as we said at the outset, the right class has been reached by this noble effort. "You see that well-dressed woman going in!" said one to the City Missionary in charge of the Pavilion services. "When I kept a saloon down Ratcliff Highway, she was my principal dancer, and the companion of sailors. One Sunday evening she was persuaded to come and hear the preaching. Soon after, she said to me, 'I've done with this kind of life for ever. Now I mean to be a Christian.' what a change has come over her! I don't believe, sir, there is a better woman living." "She had indeed," the missionary adds, "become a new creature in Christ Jesus." At the same theatre may be seen, Sunday after Sunday, a man now dressed like a gentleman, who on week-days sells whelks and stewed eels by the road-side; he was formerly an ill-clad drunkard, but all is changed with him now.

Some most hardened infidels have been drawn by this ministry to repent and believe the Gaspel.

A full and very touching account is given by Mr. Sawell of the conversion of an atheist lecturer, who had been an unbeliever for twentyhow he had welcomed this young man to the Lord's table, and how he was taking charge of a few houses in the parish, as a district visitor. He became afterwards a pastoral lay agent in the parish, and has himself preached at the Philharmonic theatre. An interesting incident is told in connection with this—how a poor fellow, for twenty years a sailor, dropped in at the Philharmonic theatre where the converted atheist was



"That shake of the hand did it all."

five years; his heart was touched by a sermon heard at the Town Hall, Shoreditch; for three Sundays following he went to the Philharmonic; at length he spoke of his soul's misery to the preacher there; for three months he was wrestling in darkness and confusion, "tossed," he says, "on a dark and stormy sea; but all is peace now. May I never forget my debt of gratitude to my Saviour, and to the promoters of these services." The Vicar of St. James's, Pentonville, in writing to the committee of his thankfulness that the theatres had been secured for another season, tells

preaching. As he was leaving, the manager shook hands with him, and asked if he was happy. "That shake of the hand did it all," to use the poor sailor's own words. He cried like a child. The manager continued to show the deepest interest in him; it was not long before both he and his wife were happy in the Lord. He obtained a situation on the railway, and one of his fellow officials has written concerning him: "Mr. G— is always at work for our Lord among us, but we get a deal of opposition. We continue our little service in my box on Sun-

days, and our hearts are lightened. What a wonderful change he has made here!"

"You said there was mercy for the very worst of sinners, and now I want to know whether there is mercy for me," said a man dressed as a navvy, to a clergyman who had preached at Victoria theatre two days before. "I'm at icket-of-leave man, and I was engaged that Sunday to break into a house at Croydon"—here he pulled some house-breaking implements from his pocket—"and I was waiting in the New Cut for my pal, when I heard the singing in the theatre, and dropped in." Strongly interested in the man, the clergyman was enabled to procure him employment with a friend abroad, from whom he often heard that the ex-ticket of-leave man was living a consistent Christian life.

"A short time ago," the clergyman writes, "I received a letter from himself, containing 25s.— his first savings; one pound was for the theatre services, two-and-sixpence for the Bible Society—because one of that society's Bibles which I gave him had been such a blessing to his soul; the remaining half-crown was to be spent on tracts for a number of his old companions, whose names he

sent me."

At the annual social meetings of the stewards engaged in this work, most striking instances of its value are given. Many of these men have themselves been led into the way everlasting at the theatres where now they minister.

"Twenty years ago," said one, "at Sadler's Wells theatre, I first saw the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of my soul. My wife and I had not attended any place of worship, but after that we went always to the theatre services, and it was a great joy to me to become a helper there. My wife, and mother, and I, have now joined a church near the theatre."

In many ways the good seed sown with such self-denying labour, and so much earnest prayer, is scattered far and wide.

A missionary writes:—"I heard three men in a forge singing at their work:—

"'There 'll be no sorrow there— In heaven above, where all is love— There 'll be no sorrow there.'"

He found they had learned it at the Park theatre services. "We like it so much; we sing it every day," they said. These men had neglected heavenly things entirely till they had heard of these services, at which they had been much stirred up, and greatly interested.

"It will be long," said a speaker at a recent Church Congress, "before we teach the people the blessedness of church-going." But it is certain that many have learned it through such theatregoing as we have described. The city missionary who manages the services in the South London Palace, states that at least forty persons known to him have been led, by teaching there received, to join Christian churches in the neighbourhood, and only one has gone back to an ungodly life. Another missionary relates how a mechanic who, with his wife, was converted in the Britannia, and became a steward there, obtained thirteen promises from men he met there to attend with him, at the end of the season. the congregational church which he and his wife had joined. On the evening appointed, his heart began to fail him when the service began and no one turned up. But soon two came, then others, and before long eighteen of the Britannia congregation had entered the house of God. For the most part they have continued to

And we think Mr. Sawell's record contains no story more touching than that of a poor dock labourer, found in great distress of mind at an after-meeting in the Pavilion theatre. "There can be no hope for one who has led such a life as I have," he said, then burst into tears; in a day or two his heart was at rest in Jesus his Saviour. Anxious to hear again the preacher who had been God's messenger of peace to him, he hired a coat and hat the following Saturday, and walked many miles to Kentish Town. That evening he returned full of joy to his East-end home. He resolved to break away from former sinful ties and old temptations by emigrating to Australia. Seized with illness on the voyage, he died before the journey's end, but not before he had borne powerful testimony to the love of Christ within him; and his end was full of trustfulness and peace.

Eleven theatres and public halls have been secured by the committee for the present winter. The plea of an overwhelming necessity, in which this movement had its origin, gains fresh force year by year in a city whose annual increase of population is 90,000, and where now exist a million for whom no religious instruction is provided by any Christian community; and surely a second plea for its continued and increased support may be founded on the blessing of our God, which so manifestly rests upon it; and is it not indeed the very work of that Master of whom it was said: "This man receiveth sinners"—Who said Himself, as concerning His earthly mission, "To the poor the Gospel is preached"?

Work while it is called To-day.



THROUGH TRIAL TO TRUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOYAL HEART," "A LOST KEY," ETC. ETC.

NIFRED BEALE and Horace Graham were not engaged. No open declaration of manly devotion had in this case won its sweet reward of maidenly assent. Yet the crisis was but delayed. The subtle bond of a genuine affection already linked these hearts; ratification by the lips was simply

a question of time.

In the village of Fairleigh—where everybody's business was understood to be also largely that of their neighbours—there existed no doubt about the matter. It was all very well to suggest that Dr. Graham's frequent visits to the Manor were strictly of a professional nature. The villagers knew better. Major Beale's gout might not improbably necessitate a call now and again; but the chief attraction for Horace within the park boundaries was the presence of the fair, fragile girl, whom his predecessor had appropriately styled the belle of Fairleigh. Any other plea was vain, an insult to common sense.

And in the current opinion of the country-side it was a good match. Even more arrogant and haughty than retired Anglo-Indians are usually supposed to be, it was known that the proprietor of Fairleigh Manor was, nevertheless, far from rich. He had inherited an estate hampered by many and grievous encumbrances; and having decided personal leanings towards luxury and habits of unthrift, had done little to lessen the burden. House and land were strictly entailed; and at the Major's death-as Winifred was his only child-would pass to a distant cousin, It was probable that for his daughter's future he had made but a slender provision. Horace Graham was a young doctor, who had purchased the lucrative practice of the invalid Mr. Carrow. He was of indisputable birth as well as of unblemished reputation. He would certainly be able to keep a wife; and Major Beale could find no reasonable ground of objection to him as Winifred's suitor.

Moreover, in the possession of youth and good looks, fortune had smiled on each. Both were tall. Winifred was slight of figure, charming in feature, graceful of movement as a young fawn. Horace could have put forward distinct claims to be considered a handsome man. He was broad-shouldered and clean-limbed, with merry, frank countenance, curly locks, and an honest blue eye. As Hotley, the local post-master, declared, "it was a treat to see the pair, and put one into a pleasant temper straight away."

That indecision of ardent lovers which, after all, is not indecision; that uncertainty which at heart is the sweetest, subtlest assurance; those fears which are but the under fringe of the most blissful hopes, cannot

last for ever. The romance may be enjoyable, but will inevitably reach its close. The restless spirit grows impatient to be over the Rubicon of avowal. The momentous question must be asked.

It was thus with Horace Graham. With the close of the Midsummer quarter he had been a full twelvemonth in Fairleigh, and could estimate the varied advantages of his situation. His ledger proved that he was making decided progress. In a mood of exhilaration he stepped out into the straggling village street, and as fate would have it, met Winifred Beale. There was an impulsive greeting, and then a few sentences of the most decorous commonplace. But the young doctor's caution was cast to the winds—soft, balmy July ones.

"Miss Beale—Winifred," he said, in a changed low tone, "I want to have a few minutes of private conversation with you. We cannot talk here, with people passing and repassing. Shall you be at home this evening about six? Will you let me call?"

The girl trembled. She perfectly understood what was intended; what her consent would be taken to imply. "Yes—s," she murmured, "I shall be at home, Mr. Graham."

"Then, if no pressing patient interferes—and I shall not thank one who does—I will come across. I am exceedingly obliged for the permission."

With a warm grasp of the hand, and a dainty lifting of his hat, Horace continued his journey.

Winifred returned to the manor in a state of shy expectant happiness. Had she possessed a mother her secret would have betrayed itself half a score of times in the course of that long afternoon. But the Major merely noted that his daughter was one hour singularly grave and quiet and the next brimming over with phenomenally high spirits. He was vaguely puzzled, but a girl was always more or less of a mystery, he believed. It was useless to make inquiry.

Slowly the tedious hours ebbed into eternity. The strokes of six from the ponderous hall clock echoed into the drawing-room, and mantled Winifred's cheeks with a sudden rosy flush. Horace was not quite punctual, then. But perhaps the irksome patient, of whose possible interference he had so lightly spoken, had actually appeared. It became Winifred to remember that a doctor's time was never absolutely his

Another quarter had passed, and then the half was chimed. This was a mysterious lingering, indeed. The girl had grown so excited that she could scarcely dissemble her agitation. She toyed with a rose that her father had brought in from the garden. A little later she tripped out into the hall and up the old-fashioned staircase. Here a recessed window commanded a full view of the Fairleigh Road. She

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leaned against the heavy oak banisters and watched. The flower drifted from her bosom, and fell to pieces at her feet. Was it an omen of disaster? Frolic, her favourite hound, had followed her with canine curiosity. But the sagacious animal could detect that

Horace did not come. Had he changed his mind? she wondered.

In sober, dreary truth a visitor had stepped in between Horace Graham and the realisation of his plans, a brother he had believed to be drowned at sea many



"She leaned against the heavy oak banisters and watched,"

something was amiss, and he ventured on none of his playful freedoms.

"Winifred, where are you?"

It was the Major's voice, and with a sad little sight he girl had to abandon her eager outlook. She returned to her waiting duties, and for the rest of the evening was marvellously obedient and still. years before had re-appeared. Philip Graham had been the ne'er-do-weel of his family, and, by the story he told, was still unaltered. He had travelled far and wide under an assumed name, and had drifted into many a scrape. To Horace he only applied when a pitfall of utter ruin yawned at his feet.

"The alternative is the finding of sixteen hundred

pounds; that, or a prosecution?" said the doctor, wearily.

"Very succinctly stated, and quite accurate," answered Philip.

Sixteen hundred pounds was very nearly the full extent of Horace Graham's resources. If he lost such a sum it would be folly to dream of marrying. On the other hand, the disgrace of his brother's exposure would quite as effectually destroy his hopes of winning Major Beale's assent to his proposal; and would probably injure his standing and professional prospects in Fairleigh in the bargain.

"I suppose you must have it," he groaned.

II.

HORACE GRAHAM no longer cared for Winifred Beale's society. If the girl could rely upon the evidence of her senses, it was impossible to arrive at any other conclusion. He rarely came to the Manor now, unless the Major sent for him. He studiously ignored every opportunity for a tête-a-tête. It was hard for Winifred to comprehend the change. The mystery deeply pained her, but it was one to which she had no clue. The young doctor had never satisfactorily explained his broken engagement. Some semi-coherent excuse-of a flower show he desired to see established in Fairleigh-he had pleaded for his venturesome demand for confidence. But Winifred not unnaturally looked upon the escapade as a treacherous trifling with a regard that, perhaps-it gave her a pang to think of it-she had exhibited too openly.

Winifred was a brave girl, and she cloaked her wounded spirit in a quiet maidenly pride, which, without the least intention of rebuke, conveyed a subtle reproach to the heart of the delinquent whenever he entered her presence. The desertion tried her grievously; but, if she could prevent it, no trace of disappointment should be detected by Horace Graham. In reality, he noted the symptoms, and suffered with her—very possibly, suffered more keenly.

Four months had elapsed, and, instead of the height of summer, it was early winter. Already a slight snowfall had taken place, and, gazing upwards at the sombre heavens, people were expecting a still heavier storm. Dr. Graham had just ridden in from a round of visits. He was both tired and hungry, and was anticipating with satisfaction an hour or two of rest and recreation. But at his well-spread table he found a self-invited guest, and the dream of comfort which had buoyed him up through the petty worries of the afternoon faded in an instant.

"Why, Phil! you back again so quickly!" he ejaculated.

"Where should the needy seek relief except in the land of plenty?" replied the prodigal, with a shameless smile. "You were so kind and considerate before that——"

"Stop!" thundered Horace. "If it's a fresh loan

you've come to ask, spare yourself the trouble. I can't grant it. I verily believe you'd ruin a banker if you had the chance."

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"Perhaps—by speculating too freely. Never was cautious enough," answered the other, still jaunty of manner, but with a perceptible shadow of dismay upon his countenance. "It isn't much this time; only a couple of hundred," he added,

"And sixteen hundred before, which was to have been repaid in six or eight months at latest,"

"I can't help it, Horace; I really can't."

"You do not try to alter it. You have had opportunity after opportunity, and what have you done with them? I have to work and keep steady, and you prey upon my savings. You talked of brotherly kindness in July. Is this how you display the virtue?"

The young doctor's long-harboured grief, and his resentment at the blighting of the one romance of his life, burst the bonds of his ordinary reticence. With a novel fire in his eyes he faced the scapegrace listener.

"You will care little or nothing, of course," he continued, fiercely; "but you robbed me in the summer of something of infinitely more worth than money." And then he told Philip Graham of the sacrifice he had made.

"And it was through me that—that you gave Miss Beale up?" Philip muttered, hoarsely.

"Through you entirely."

"I wonder you don't wish me actually drowned in the Messina."

"That is nonsense. But it is quite impossible that I should continue to pay your foolishly-incurred debts."

"There's no train back to town to-night."

"Oh, I've plenty of accommodation. You can stay until to-morrow."

But long before the dawn of a new day Horace had reconsidered his determination. He feared that if he were inexorable he might drive his brother to terrible extremities. Even the loss of hard cash would be preferable to the evils he vaguely dreaded. So, as Phil started, he offered him a cheque. To his astonishment it was refused.

"No, thank you, Horace, I'll manage somehow. I'm deeply obliged all the same," said the wanderer. In another minute he was gone.

Spring came round again, and on the eve of Easter Dr. Graham received a letter. This was what it said—

Dear Horace,—I am happy to enclose you four hundred pounds in part payment of my (monetary) debt. The remainder, I trust, will follow at early dates. Have no scruple about receiving it; it is honestly come by. Your generosity has done what no reprimands or good advice ever could do. It showed me what a selfish secondred I had been for so many years. It awoke remorse, I humbly hope a repentance towards God as well as man. I have obtained a good appointment—with Archer Brosand am living a very quiet, hardworking life. I propose most thoroughly to reform. How is Miss Beale? Surely

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now you will be able to marry. I will be no obstacle in your path to happiness. With deepest feelings of gratitude—I am, yours truly, PHILIP GRAHAM.

In reading this there was a real pleasure, except for the spasm of pain afforded by the last sentences, Horace replied at much length, and concluded—

"With Miss Beale I fear my relations are for ever ended. She naturally thinks me a traitor, and explanation is all but impossible. Besides, there are rumours in Fairleigh of another suitor. Even now he may be accepted. I must just live the feeling down."

Two days after the dispatch of this communication Horace was startled by a third visit from his brother. Philip arrived at the surgery very late, and on foot. What occasioned still greater surprise, he had plainly approached from the opposite direction to the Fairleigh station.

There was a cordial shake of the hands, and then Philip commenced his explanation.

"I have been to the manor," he said, calmly. "I couldn't sit comfortably down and allow you to

suffer for my follies, if a little self-condemnation would prevent it. I have told Miss Beale the whole story, from beginning to end. Now, you will be bound to plead your own cause. You may censure me as severely as you please. She did not."

"And-Winifred?"

"Test the matter for yourself, I say, Horace, only—I wouldn't give much for your rival's chances; and the girl is worth winning."

Matters having travelled to this climax, Horace judged it wisest to do as he was bidden. He first sent a note, and then quickly followed it to the Manor drawing-room.

"I would have waited for you," Winifred whispered shyly; "neither poverty nor what you style disgrace could have outweighed your love, Horace, But the suspense has after all only shown me how noble you are,"

"Perhaps we may both say that our path, in God's good Providence, has led through trial to trust," the young man answered, thankfully.

W. J. I.

OUT OF REACH.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

OO high for me to reach!"

The sigh came from a corner of a meadow, where sighs seemed out of harmony with the sunlit life of birds, and flowers, and grasses.

It was such a busy world that the whisper came and went unnoticed, and the Clover kept

its secret safe within its quivering crimson heart.

No one would have suspected the Clover of such a secret at all; he was always so frank

and friendly; ready with a greeting word for any passing acquaintance, never grudging the bees what he had to give when they called on their honey-search, happy even in the chilling presence of the east-wind itself. Of all the field flowers he was the first to catch a glimpse of hope in bad weather; and whilst the storm lasted, safe to reassure the fainter hearts around him by his example of steady cheerfulness. But this morning something had come between him and the blue sky to which his head was always lifted so bravely.

Again the sigh came, "Too high for me! I cannot make her hear!"

This time the West Wind caught the whisper. The Clover was one of her especial favourites, for he made the air so sweet round him, and she liked to waft on the fragrance as she passed in the day's work. So she paused to listen.

"What is wrong, Clover? Don't be vexed; I could not help hearing what you said."

The Clover flushed; but the other flowers were busy over their own concerns, or gossiping with the bees, and would not be likely to overhear; and he was in trouble, and needed a friend.

"I wish I were you!" he cried, "then I could go where I liked, and not be obliged to stay down here in this dull lonely corner."

"'He that is down need fear no fall,'" answered the West Wind. "You are safe here, and I have to go to all sorts of horrid places."

"I should not wish to go very far! Oh! it is so hard to stay here! Tell me, what does She say to you when you pass her?"

His friend laughed a little, for she had seen and heard a good deal in her journeyings backwards and forwards amongst the world, and guessed what must be coming now; but she only asked—

"Who is She? Why don't you talk to her, instead of wasting your time grumbling to me?"

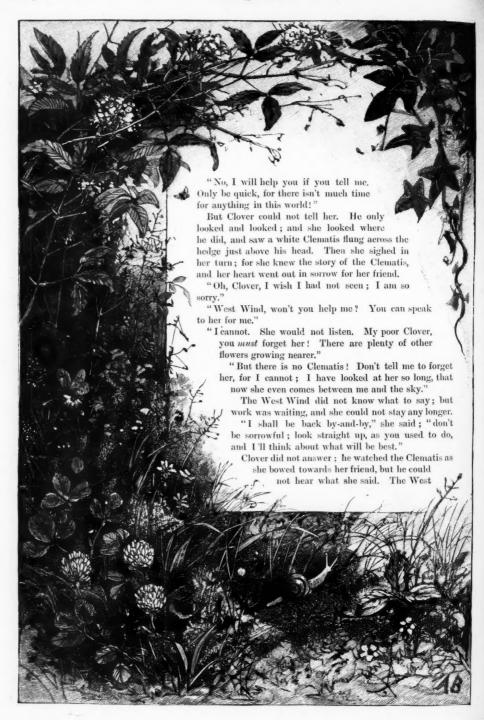
"She would not listen yet, and I don't know how to make her hear."

"The daisies have all a good word for you, I know."

"Oh, but She isn't a daisy," Clover replied eagerly.

"I knew you would think that; I had better not tell you her name, because you will only laugh at me,

and think me very foolish."



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Wind paused, for she could not very well pass without a word, and the white flowers looked weary and listless.

"Cheer up, cheer up!" she whispered. "Everything seems wrong this lovely morning. I shall expect to hear the birds sing out of tune next."

"What a long time you have been down in the meadow. What is it that smells so sweet?"

"A message from the Clover, I suppose. Can't you give him a kind word now and then? He is so very unhappy."

"My kind words, I fear, would hardly do him any good. Oh, West Wind, I wish I were you!"

"Why, that is what every one says!"

"No, I should be quite content to remain as I am if I could only change my place. Even now, I would not mind so much, if the Ivy were not poisonous."

His friend knew what she meant, and followed her glance to an elm some little distance off, round which heavy tendrils of Ivy were closely clinging.

"I know it," she answered sadly. "Look up, Clematis, at the sky, and down at the Clover!"

The day passed, and at sunset the breeze came again. She went first to the Clematis.

"What message shall I give him?"

"I have none to give. He looks good and true, but he cannot come up here to me, and I cannot go down to him," "Ask her to listen! Ask her to bend down just a little!" pleaded the Clover.

At first he was contented when one tendril, longer than the rest, drooped down and almost touched him.

"Don't look so sad," the Clematis whispered.
"I cannot come to you, but you must be happy with your friends down there."

There was heavy rain that night, and a chilling North Wind was on duty. He was as good at heart as his sister, but was too boisterous with the flowers. He gave the Clover (unwittingly) his heart's desire, for the Clematis was dashed away from her shelter.

When the West Wind returned the next morning, she found the delicate white blossoms trailing in the wet and mud-splashed field.

"Take her back," cried the Clover. "I see you were right! She is too high for me to reach."

Tenderly the wind raised the stained tendrils, and gently restored them to their former restingplace.

There was peace in the meadow whilst that summer lasted. For the Clematis had grown to be happier in her home, and the Clover, striving to conquer self-will, learnt to look through the white blossoms to the blue sky beyond; they both looked together, and were content.

Helen C. Garland.

"YE WOULD NOT."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

E are accustomed to envy the young man who is about to take his first practical step in life, because the whole world lies before him, and infinite objects of selection present themselves. Those who have already made their choice and are smarting from failure, would gladly, if they might, retrace their steps to youth's

first home; but they feel that destiny is upon them now, and that to accomplish anything, they must abide in the work they have begun.

It is so in holier things as well, although the choice be limited there to two roads. But at its outset, a choice is possible—nay, is pressed upon us; and sometimes, when the perilous path has been followed a little way, a man has not the strength or the courage to go back and take the path of prosperity and joy.

The power of choice is ours, the possibility of using it depends upon our information. And the world and its work seem to many so much the creatures and the tools of chance, that they are willing to take their places in the great scramble and gather what they may. Ignorance of a better makes a man contented with the worse.

And the information which man wants is twofold: he needs a knowledge of facts, and he needs
examples of how these work in practice. He must
learn things godly, and he must see a godly man.
He demands not only the spotless light of the
sun, but the earth illumined by the reflected
light of the moon—a God dwelling in the distance, and a God likewise manifested in a Son of
Man.

But it happens in a thousand cases that he who knows both of these, and whose entire associations of life are coupled with the knowledge and the example of Godliness, fails to accept the offer and to make a choice. The consequence is that he continues a man of hazard, caught up by evil, and beaten forward in a road which thwarts and wearies all his best and highest being. He is hounded on, but he makes bold again and again to look back; he longs for goodness, but, like the fabled apples of gold, it eludes the hand which had almost touched it.

Does God then give us the opportunity of choice but not the power to choose? Or does He imbue all men with ardent longings after Himself, and permit only a few to be gratified?

Many passages of Scripture allay such doubts as these: "I, if I be lifted up," said Christ, "will draw all men unto Me." He has been lifted up. The syllogism is complete. All men are being drawn. And those who possess His Word and gather in His house have felt that force with which He attracts us.

"But ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." Therein lies the difficulty—in the un-

willing will of man.

But many say, "I should like to be holy, and to live for heaven: still, I cannot." Have you really tried? Yes. Often? Yes. Have you failed as frequently in this pursuit as you have failed or made mistakes in worldly things? Has it been pressed upon you as constantly, or with as much force as the necessity of success in daily work? Has it been as really and thoroughly a business of heart and mind to get into the road of eternal life as it has been to get into the road of work and of enjoyment?

There are many masks with which men first disguise their wills and then refuse to acknowledge them. They blame others because themselves put on the cognisance or vizard of some one else.

There is the theological mask, and under it a voice repeats, "No one can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him: therefore, I cannot come, because the Father has never drawn me." We tear that away with the right hand and with the left. Are you sure the Father has never drawn you, and did you not hear the words, "I will draw all men?"

There is the mask of human sympathy: "I will not, because men will speak of me in scorn and derision, and I cannot set myself against the verdict and the sympathy of all my fellows." Are they, then, the best and the truest that scorn thy fealty to thy God? Will they abide with thee always? Will they support thy heart in dying, and bear away thy soul after death?

And again there is the worldly mask: for "if I give myself to God, I may lose my situation: or if I attend to religion, I cannot attend to my customers: I cannot go to Christ." But through that transparent disguise is seen a downcast eye and an uncandid face. Whose are the beasts of the forest and the cattle upon a thousand hills? What Power brought thee forth from nothingness, and will cast thee hence again a handful of dust that will scarcely grow one summer's flower? I, the Life-giver; I, the Independent One; ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life.

There are further odds against such unwilling

They have yet a doughty antagonist minds. in their own reason and judgment. Men sometimes scoff to shroud their terror, and laugh the ribald's laugh to drown the ribald's sigh. There is a Power before which the united forces of a thousand generations of men were but the snowflake in front of the winter's storm—a tiny craft beneath the stroke of Atlantic billows. The reason of instinct dreads His frown, but the reason of judgment presses forward to His feet, and often, amid the world's din, it has seen, figured as in a mist, the form of the Godhead, and has almost clasped it. And if it failed to reach Him, how was it? "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life."

There is, however, a closing scene too often witnessed in this painful tragedy. They tell in the fables of Eastern lands that when a weary traveller lay down by the roadside to rest, a huge bird, without any rustle of flight, drew near, and, hovering above him, gently waved its wings and fanned him into deep and not unwelcome slumber; and then, when Nature's sentry was gone, it darted its pointed beak into his heart and gorged upon his blood. In like manner do these spirits that deceive and mislead man's will, draw round, all silent as a rising star, and draw away the life which gave that will its energy. An arm and a side are often paralysed in the old. But before the grey hairs come, the will of man is paralysed against any effort for God. Days pass, and the will gives no further trouble. The reason has slid away, discomforted, long ago. Terrors have been quieted. Old alarums have grown weak through use. There is a complaisant quiet over the whole nature -but it is the quiet and calm of

And when some dreaded summons is heard, when all the being that is left starts up affrighted, when in the glaring sight of dissolution and of Judgment, a man would surrender all the friends whose scorn he feared, and the world whose success and wealth he bought at too high a price; there is no power of will or of nature to bring him on to God. "O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate; ye shall not see me henceforth until—"

There rests within us a double power; its responsibility is stupendous, but its might is omnipotent. It is the power to *choose* and the power to *will*: to choose the narrow way of God: to *will* that we shall be His for ever.



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DODDLEKINS.

BY GABRIEL GARTH.

IN THREE CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER II.



VE asked Him to do for father like for the yellow - browny man," said a small voice at my side.

"But, my dear little child, there may not be a miracle for father. Come here, and I'il try to tell you," sitting down, and drawing her towards me. "Father is blind

—isn't it so? Yes, poor little thing! And you have been praying that he may sec."

Doddlekins nodded, with her great eyes fixed on me.

"Perhaps God will do something better for father, instead of making him see."

Doddlekins took a good long stare at me, and then said, with the most bewitching air of superiority—

"You don't know the blind beggyman's story, then.
I'll get Miss Jones to tell you—next Saturday."

But, while I was smiling at my need of instruction, she broke out, in a yearning tone—

"Won't He make him see? Tell me, won't He?"
"Only don't make too sure, poor child. God may

"Only don't make too sure, poor child. God may love father better while father is blind,"

Doddlekins withdrew the finger and thumb that had seized my button-hole. She remarked, slowly, as if to herself—

"He doesn't know-nussing-about it."

Cold explanations were unfit for her simplicity. Unless I knew better how to speak to that simple heart, I should not interfere with her happy hope, Soon after that wet Saturday I found out much more about Jacob Lynn and Dora Lynn, or "Doddlekins," by letting the poor man bind for me some books that had long been my travelling companions.

The Lynns lodged at the top of a house, over a chandler's shop, in Brick Alley, Little Paradise Street. The only vegetation in Little Paradise Street was the remains of cabbages, at which the hens pecked as they meandered from their cellar hen-houses to the cabstand. Nothing grew in that unlovely Little Paradise but the chicks and the children; and the chicks had the advantage over the children, for their clothes grew with them, and while the children came daily out of the side gutters black and torn, the chickens dabbled and went home with cleaner beaks and

claws. Poor Doddlekins was one of the dabblers, too, in her play-hours; but she mostly inhabited the top room, where Harry, the chandler's boy, sometimes came up to tell her stories, and to help her father, who was always working in his slow patient way, platting straw mats or binding a few old books. In the bookbinding, two tiny hands, as awkward-looking as a pair of pink star-fishes, were of the greatest assistance to him; and Doddlekins had almost carried on the business, by collecting and carrying home books under a certain old umbrella, during one weary week after the poor man had hurt his foot. Did I not remember well that big umbrella that had passed every morning by the inn window? Doddlekins was under it.

Who shall say what the day-dreams of children are, or to what fairvland the poorest of them are spirited away during their reveries, unconscious of reverie? Who shall say what thoughts were in that curly head, while Doddlekins hummed to her broken doll in that poor lodging? or when she sat on the top step of the wooden stairs, drumming with her feet to the tune of the barrel-organ in the distance, while the first stars peeped down at her from the dark high heaven-even through the skylight of the mean roof in the court, and at poor little Doddlekins? She had dreams, too, while the kettle sang its song, and the small fire glowed in the twilight-dreams when she and the other children had squabbled in their play, and when she had retreated skirmishing along the alley, to take refuge seated on the counter among the bunches of candles, like a parody of Charles in the oak. But her greatest visions, and most beyond our ken, were on the Sundays when she listened in church to the solemn organ, and on Saturday afternoons, when the church was empty, and she sat on the first seat, among dark oak carving, in the dim religious light, looking up at "the mizzicle window," and thinking such thoughts as no words of dry reasoning could follow. Perhaps the sound of a distant barrel-organ brought her bright dreams at home, by association with her long watching beneath the church window. Certain it is that the beautiful stained glass, with its glorious colours, and its still more glorious story, was lighting up radiantly, day and night, the life of this poor little child in Brick

When I was leaving the town, and had paid for the last of my book-binding, I found Doddlekins perched on the counter as I passed out through the shop. She was rattling coppers in a money-box, and nodding that funny head of hers in time to the tune. "There won't be none of it left! There won't be nussing left! There won't—"

I coaxed her meaning out of her.

"Them's candles—that's soap," presenting a bar, as if insinuating that I had never seen such a thing in my life, "Tarch and soda, soda and tarch—on the s'elves, all up, up, up to the top. Some goes on fire to nussing, and in water—all away to nussing. Everything here goes—there won't be none of it left. Did you ever think of that?"

I acknowledged that there had never dawned upon me the fate of a chandler's shop by fire and water. But as Doddlekins' view of the subject was too much for my ignorance, I asked, "Where's the

doll?"

"Vezzy bad in bed. So whity looking since I washed her at the pump. Harry says he'll make

her well. Harry has a paint-box."

This mention of the rouge cure seemed to remind her of a graver trouble. "Father'll get well too," she said, and then with treacley fingers caught me by the button hole, and pulled me down to whisper in my ear. "I'll tell a secret. He's going to do for father like for the beggy man."

"Who? What man?"

"The yellow-browny man on the mizziele window. That was a beggy man."

"But, little Doddlekins, how do you know He will make father well?"

"'Cos I asked Him."

"But, you poor little thing, you don't understand. Do not look for a miracle. That was a miracle—about the blind man. If father does not be able to see, when you pray, it is because father will get something much better, instead of his sight, you know, and ——"

Doddlekins left the treacle about my button-hole and took away the fingers. "He will! He will, like for the yellow-browny beggy man!" she cried, with a warning redness about the eyes. "The yellow-browny man asked Him, and He did it. And I've asked Him—oh, lots of asks!—and He's the same."

Doddlekins, either listening to the barrel-organs, or waiting for the kettle to "fizz," or sitting on the stairs watching the stars peep down through the skylight, was accustomed to what we have called dreams, and what she called her "thinks." One night she was "having thinks" while the kettle was singing, when it was nearly time to call up Mrs. Wicks to wet the tea. Her father was still working among the fitful red light, and the deepening shadows. Daylight and darkness were the same to him.

"Father," said Doddlekins, "where's up in London? How do people get up there?"

"London is a great big town, dearie, ever so far, miles on miles, and hundreds o' miles from here."

"But there's a way up. How is it up?"

The picture in the mind of Doddlekins must have been Brick Alley, Little Paradise Street, High Street, and the church, all multiplied indefinitely to a cloudy immense size, and seen in a cloudy manner upon a cloudy height—not up-stairs, for what sort of stairs could they be ?—not up a mountain, for even a hill she had never seen, but up in some mysterious manner,

perhaps in the same way as Heaven was up; yet, no, London was not beyond the stars that shone above the skylight on the stairs. Oh! those mazy puzzles of the little strangers that know only one small corner of this tremendous world, and only a few small words of its speech—how little we think what fascinating stupefying, hopeless puzzles they are!

"One goes up to London in the train," said the blind man, "and it costs a pot o' money." Forthwith a railway sprang into the mind-picture of Doddlekins, an upright railway, as misty as the misty

town high up.

After a long pause, "Father," said the little voice again from the fireside, "how much money is in a pot? More than a sixpence—a whole sixpence—and twopence and a farthing—is it?"

" Much more."

"Must it be in a pot? What pot?"

"Oh! it don't matter much what it's in; a purse or a box, so long as there's plenty to spend."

After that, with her chin resting on the doll's head, Doddlekins went on with her "thinks," and the kettle went on singing, and the blind man went on working in the dark.

Some weeks after, Miss Jones—that white-haired lady, dressed in black—called at the chandler's shop, to inquire if Jacob Lynn was ill, for he had not come to blow the organ for her on Saturday or Sunday, A babyish head, with the whitish hair common to the children of the Wicks family, popped up behind the counter, and lisped over it, with some pride of important knowledge—

"Doddlekins is got the tarlet feber."

"Ah!" said Miss Jones to herself, with a startled sigh; "I knew the poor man had some trouble."

"Doddlekins is got the tarlet feber," repeated the small white-haired Wicks, as if it was an enviable interesting event; "she's gone to th' 'ospital."

Gone to the hospital! What a lonesome space seemed to be left in this poor home by that small missing figure, that filled somewhere else, among a suffering crowd, such a little corner—such a little bed!

Day after day it was hardly possible for the lady in black to comfort the poor blind father, or to persuade him that the little child would not grieve; that she would be well cared for; that she would bear the separation with the wonderful resigned patience that belongs to little children. Poor Jacob Lynn, dumb, heart-broken, tried to work on, saying nothing except a stammered word to thank her. Heaven only knows how much greater than ours are the griefs and anxieties of the blind. For them it is always the anguish of the night. There is no object seen to divert attention; nothing but the great sorrow and the suffering soul alone together in the dark.

One evening the poor father told Miss Jones that his child wanted her.

"It's near the end," he said, in that tearless heart-broken gasp, "very near the end now."

It was the rule that only one visitor could enter



"I found Doddlekins perched on the counter."-p. 667.

the ward at a time. Miss Jones soon had permission to enter. The gentie woman, whose hair was whitened with a sorrow of long ago, was well known in every haunt of human suffering.

"She's in the worst ward now—Dora Lynn is," said one of the nurses, leading the way along broad airy passages towards a pair of swinging doors. "You'll mind your clothes when you come out, ma'am; it's the worst thing in the world, ma'am, for

going about."

Miss Jones nodded, and went quietly into the ward. She passed down the lofty lightsome room over å polished floor. The great open windows high up, and the size of the whole spacious place, seemed to dwarf the row of narrow beds along by each wall. There were only a few cases; no head was raised or stirred; those who lay there were too self-conscious in suffering to take notice who came or went. The nurse in the room—a white-capped pleasant-looking woman—suiled a recognition at little Dora's name, for the child was every one's pet, because of her littleness, and her patient helpless ways. She led the visitor to the bedside, with a warning not to bend over it. The

little child—oh! how weak, and little, how sweetly childlike she looked in her narrow bed!—opened her eyes, and smiled a recognition to the kind face that she recognised well. Doddlekins, hot and worn with suffering, was sadly changed; but when she began to talk in a small hoarse whisper, it was the heart of Doddlekins that spoke, true to the might of its deepest feelings, as all hearts are at the last—true to the end to its devoted love.

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"I'm chokey—in here," she whispered, with a moist little hand raised weakly to her neck.

"Poor darling! You'll be better soon."

"Don't t'ink so. I hear 'em say—they don't know I hear—but I'se not going to be besser."

"Dora—darling—they are trying to make you well. You will be well and happy soon."

Miss Jones felt her own voice choking at the word. Ah! who could tell how happy this little one might be very soon, when the heart of the poor lonely father would be breaking! Then, all at once the visitor noticed what made Doddlekins so unlike herself—the curly locks were gone.

(To be concluded.)

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE GILDED PRISONS.



It is daily becoming a more and more recognised fact that missionaries in heathen lands lack one of the most powerful means of winning the confidence and attention of those whom they seek to serve, if they enter upon their labours without having first obtained some competent knowledge of the "healing art." Pain and sickness are universal heirlooms, and they are certain not only to be welcomed but to be even eagerly sought after, who have it in their power to relieve either the one or the other.

This is found to be especially the case in countries like India and China, where the missionary is seldom listened to with attention and respect until he has gained the confidence and sympathy of his hearers by other means. Such considerations as these have for some years past turned the attention of those engaged in the promotion of missionary effort to the urgent need of providing suitable means of instruction in medicine and surgery for those who are to be sent into the mission field. Indeed, recent experience has proved that in this direction lie the richest treasures of the already whitening harvest.

"But the labourers are few." Many, it is true, are ready to devote their lives and energies to the task which lies so invitingly before them, but the obstacles in the way of their attaining the requisite qualifications for success are, or have hitherto been, great. The greatest of all, perhaps, has been the expense attendant upon passing through the necessary hospital curriculum, one which only a very few of those intending to become missionaries have been able to incur. This is especially true in the case of ladies; and yet, in the comparatively few instances in which they have entered upon this interesting and useful work, they have proved themselves fitted for the task in a pre-eminent degree, and have met with great and, we may almost say, unvarying success.

Within the past few years they have been admitted into the zenanas of India, and have thereby in several ways brought about a great improvement in the condition of the inmates of

those gilded prisons.

At first their visits were looked for on account of the refief from bodily suffering which their medical knowledge ofttimes enabled them to afford; but now they are quite as frequently welcomed for the words of spiritual comfort and instruction which these ladies pour into willing ears. Such a consummation was hardly thought possible of attainment at no very distant time, and opens out a wide field for hundreds of ladyworkers similarly prepared and equipped. But this golden opportunity is only one among many. There are innumerable districts in India alone where no competent medical man can be found within a distance of a hundred miles or more, and

where the sufferings of the sick are rather aggravated than relieved by the rude and unskilful remedies suggested by native practice.

In such localities the presence of the Lady Medical Missionary is especially welcomed by the native women, who are, naturally, most frequently in need of her help, and who are beginning to realise the advantage of putting themselves, whenever it is necessary and obtainable, under her superior treatment and advice.

It was with a view of enabling ladies to prepare themselves thoroughly for entering upon this vast and interesting work that the Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies was established, in 1879, at Vincent Square, Westminster, under the auspices of Dr. G. de Gorrequer Griffith, whose observations in India and China had led him to see the necessity of such an Institution. A committee was formed, an able staff of lecturers secured, and the workaided freely by the contributions of the many who recognised its importance-soon proved likely to become a success. Most of the Missionary Societies have expressed their readiness to send out its pupils from time to time on the completion of their medical studies and training, and indeed several of the young ladies there prepared have already been employed by them in this way in India and elsewhere. At the present time the number of pupils exceeds the accommodation at the Home, and the committee are taking steps to secure additional houses, *

The full course of instruction extends over a period of two years, and no pupil is eligible for examination with a view to gaining the usual certificate of proficiency who has attended the classes for a less period. Of course there can be no doubt that the better qualified and the more skilful the Lady Missionary is, the greater will be her opportunities of not only doing good to the bodies of the suffering ones around her, but also of winning their attention and confidence when she wishes to speak to them of higher things. But it is acknowledged by most of those who from long experience, both in India and China, are well qualified to judge, that a two years' course such as the Institution offers, provided that the opportunities afforded are honestly and diligently employed, is sufficient to give the pupils such an amount of medical knowledge as will enable them to treat with skill and confidence all cases of at least ordinary sickness, and secure their ready admission into the secluded homes of the women of the East. "It must ever be borne in mind," says Miss Hewlett, an experienced and successful Lady Medical Missionary at Amritsar in the Punjaub, "that the first work of the Medical Mission Lady is not to perform difficult operations,

which some believe, with much reason, to be beyond a woman's province altogether; but to minister to the sick in such a way as to lead them to inquire into and love the religion of Jesus, which sent them such ministries, and we may safely say that if fifty of these ladies were labouring in one city in the performance of the simplest of these ministries, they would all be fully occupied, and find no time for surgical operations."

Besides attending the lectures given by eminent physicians and surgeons in medicine and in minor surgery, the pupils enjoy the advantage of hospital instruction at two ophthalmic hospitals, at the hospital for skin diseases, at the throat and chest hospital, and at the hospital for women and children in Vincent Square.

The year is, as usual in the management of such institutions, divided into three terms, and the fees for instruction are at the rate of five guineas per term. These go to the funds of the Institution, as both lecturers and examiners give their services gratuitously.

Besides the instruction fees, resident pupils pay one guinea a week for board and the use of the Home. Only half this amount is charged during any period of unavoidable absence in the course of the term. Partial boarders, that is to say, ladies living at their own homes and only wishing to have dinner and tea at the Institution, can do so for a payment of half-a-guinea a week.

"Presentation pupils" may be nominated by any one either contributing fifty pounds to the Institution funds in one sum, or collecting the same amount, and these, if approved, are admitted to all the advantages of the Home for one year without any other payment whatever.

All the pupils, whether intending to be resident or otherwise, are required to enter for the first month as probationers, to enable the Committee to form an opinion as to their fitness for missionary work. During this period, the fees for instruction are not charged unless the candidate be permanently accepted.

The "Home" is pleasantly situated at the side of a large old-fashioned square, the windows at the front overlooking a grass enclosure of considerable extent, bordered with trees. It is under the direction of a lady superintendent, and the aim of the Committee appears to be to render it in every sense worthy of its name. The internal arrangements are all that could be desired, and calculated to insure the comfort and well-being of its inmates. It need only be added that the Home is always open to the inspection of visitors, who are thus enabled to see for themselves the value of the work which is there being done towards the extension of Christ's Kingdom in the dark places of the earth by the training of Lady Medical W. MAURICE ADAMS. Missionaries.

Since the above was written, the Home has been removed from Vincent Square to more commodious premises at 58, St. George's Road, S.W.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

JEWISH FEASTS AND FASTS.

No. 1. INTRODUCTORY LESSON.



NTRODUCTION. Have now finished the parables, Been having lessons on them for ten months. Propose to have lessons on the Feasts and Fasts of the Jews.

All like festival days, Children have many such. Keep birthdays; anniversaries of joyful events in families; deliverance from danger; return home of

brothers, etc. Also have sad anniversaries; mother's death; breaking up of home, etc. Nations made up of families; have their days of rejoicing; national mercies, e.g., defeat of Spanish Armada in English history, and also days of sad memory. Jewish nation many feasts and one fast. Shall see why, when, and how they were kept; also what lessons they taught them, and what they teach us.

I. Feasts Appointed. (Read Exod. xxiii. 14—17.) By whom were they appointed? therefore must be kept. Were positive commands of God, called "appointed feasts," "solemn meetings" (Isa. i. 13, 14). Who were to attend them? But women went also, especially to Passover. Remind of Hannah going every year, and taking Samuel a new coat (1 Samuel i. 3, 9); of Mary going with Joseph (Luke ii. 41). Boys taken usually when fourteen years old, but forward and intelligent boys allowed to go earlier. Who increased rapidly in wisdom, and attended the Passover when twelve years old?

Travelling difficult and dangerous in those days. Roads bad, thieves numerous; so people went together from the country in large companies. (See Ps. lxxxiv. 6, 7, where "strength to strength "means company to company.) Would not their land be in danger? No; because God promised to protect it. (Exod. xxxiv. 24.) Now must learn names of the three great feasts—viz., Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles. Repeat in right order till quite perfect. In above verses are called by three other names, Passover is called "unleavened bread." Pentecost is "feast of harvest," and Tabernacles is "feast of in-gathering." These names tell us something about each feast, but the other names are generally used.

II. THE FEASTS KEPT. (Read Exod. xxxiv. 18—23.) Can find out much about them. There was (a) Joy and Gladness. (Ps. lxii. 4.) Can easily understand why. Reminded of mercies—were occasions of meeting friends—came at pleasant times of year. (b) Sacrifices. (2 Chron. viii. 12, 13.) Offering to God for sin—also thank-offerings for His goodness. Were told never to appear before the

Lord empty. (c) Entertainment, and giving presents. Thus Elkanah gave presents to his family at this time. (1 Sam. 1—4.) Just as we do at Christmas.

LESSONS. (1) The duty of praise. Great object of them was to praise God. (Ps. cxxii. 4.) When nation forgets to praise, soon forgets to pray. (2) The blessing of worship. God commands it—we must obey. Will be for our profit and happiness. (3) The duty of giving. They always connected worship with gifts to God—so should we.

No. 2. The Passover. Part I. Scripture to be read—Exodus xii, (parts of),

Introduction. Recall the circumstances of the Israelites being in Egypt. Jacob and his family, seventy in all, settled in Egypt—increased rapidly. Another king arose who knew not Joseph—afflicted them. Moses raised up to be deliverer—sent to Pharaoh to bid him let them go—his refusal—the plagues sent—the last and most fearful being death-of eldest son in every house in Egypt. What did Israelites do that night? Ate a solemn feast and came out of Egypt. This feast called Passover.

I. THE FEAST. (Read 1-11.) Question on the details. A feast appointed by God to be observed yearly for ever. (Verse 24.) The animal-a lamb or kid of first year-perfectly sound-in highest perfection, to be taken on tenth day and killed at even on fourteenth day. What was to be done with the blood? Picture the father of each family taking basin of blood-sprinkling the side post and cross bar of the front door with blood-family looking on. Then the family meal. How was it to be cooked? No bones broken—the whole lamb to be roasted bitter herbs to be eaten as sauce, and unleavened bread. And all must be eaten, none left till the next day. Notice how it was to be eaten. Not reclining on couches, as usual at a feast, but all standing ready dressed for a journey, dress fastened up, sandals on feet-eaten in haste.

II. THE OBSERVANCES. (Read 12—20.) What was to happen the night of the first Passover? Can conceive the great horror through Egypt at one dead in each house. Can conceive the joy of the Israelites at their safety—mothers clasping eldest sons to their bosoms. Possibly some Israelites neglected the order. Would be cut off. But remainder—all saved by the blood.

How long was feast to be kept up? On first and last day a holy convocation or assembly for worship. Offered special sacrifices and offerings of corn, etc. (Num. xxviii. 19—24.) Also as were just beginning to gather barley which ripened first, were also to offer a sheaf of barley on the day

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after the Sabbath, i.e., the first day of the week. (Lev. xxiii. 10-14.)

III. THE MEANING. The first Israelites would know why all this was done, but in after years children would ask meaning of it all. (Verses 26, 27.) Were to be told its double meaning. To commemorate (1) The safety of the firstborn. Therefore, all the eldest sons were to be dedicated as holy to the Lord, (Exod. xiii, 2.) (2) Deliverance from bondage. This affected all the people-all left Egypt that night-all were saved from king's tyranny-all began journey to promised land. Well might they remember it for ever.

IV. THE LESSON. Only time to-day to speak of one great lesson, viz., gratitude for mercies. Their deliverance work of God alone. He must be praised. Have we less need to praise God? His mercies still abound. Let us bless the Lord at all times.

No. 3. THE PASSOVER. PART II. Scripture to be read-various.

INTRODUCTION. Impress on children that the Passover was the great feast of the year-celebrating the greatest event in history of Jewish nation. Would they ever forget to observe it? Strange to say, they did. Neglected the feast because forgot God and turned to other gods. But sometimes a revival of religion. Three times read of a solemn Passover being kept. In reign of Hezekiah (2 Chron. xxx. 1), reign of Josiah (2 Kings xxiii, 22), and in time of Ezra after their return from seventy years' captivity in Babylon (Ezra vi. 19, 20). Another reason for observing it. Not only taught lessons of the past, but was type of the future. Shall see how wonderfully was typical of Christ and His work.

I. THE LAMB. (Read Exod. xii. 3-9.) Same passage as last lesson. Shall see, verse by verse, how is type of Christ, The lamb was (a) Without blemish. So Christ absolutely without sin. (1 Peter i. 19.) (b) Taken from flock. So Christ was taken from among His brethren. (Heb. ii. 14.) (c) Killed in evening. So Christ died at sunset on evening of fourteenth day. (Mark xv. 34, 37.) (d) No bones broken. So Christ, being dead already, His bones not broken as those of the two thieves, (John xix, 36.) (e) Blood was shed. So Christ spoke of His blood being shed. (Luke xxii. 28.) (f) Blood sprinkled on door-post saved Israelites. So we saved because of shedding of Christ's blood-spoken of as sprinkled on our hearts. (Heb. ix. 14.) (g) Those who despised were lost. How much more shall they be who despise Christ's sacrifice! (Heb. x. 29.)

II. UNLEAVENED BREAD. (Read 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.) What kind of bread? But why? To remind how they came out of Egypt in haste-had no time to let the yeast work-so baked unleavened cakes. Are told that Jews still most careful to search houses to see that no scrap of leavened bread is found during seven days of feast. What is leaven? Decayed putrid matter. Therefore a type of sin. Christ died because of sin, so all sin must be put away. Must mortify or put away all kinds of sin (Col. iii. 5), and seek after heavenly things.

III. Lessons. (1) Thankfulness. dimly in types the meaning of the Passover. We have Bible in hands-have heard and read of Christ all our lives. How thankful should be for our clear light and knowledge, (2) Diligence, They often neglected Passover. Let us give diligence to make calling and election sure.

No. 4. THE PENTECOST.

Scripture to be read-Deut. xvi. (part of).

INTRODUCTION. Point out that this feast only occupied one day (see Acts ii. 1); other two great feasts lasted seven days each. Why this difference? Ask when this feast came? Fifty days after Passover; that was just beginning of earliest harvest. Israelites, a nation of farmers and shepherds, could manage to spare seven days when ploughing and sowing corn, but Pentecost at busiest time of year, full swing of sheep-shearing, haymaking, etc., therefore only occupied one day. Tabernacles at end of year, farmers' labours completed, lasted seven days. Point out how considerately this was arranged.

I. THE FEAST. (Read 9-12.) Called "Feast of Harvest" (Exod, xxiii, 16), because was beginning of regular harvest of the year, so called also "Day of the Firstfruits." (Num. xxviii, 26.) Was held fifty days after Passover. Show how this makes the completion of seven times seven, seven being considered the perfect number, because of God's creation of the world in that time. Therefore called also "Feast of Weeks," (Exod, xxxiv. 22.)

II. OBJECTS. This feast referred to events in—
(1.) The past. To remind of Law given on Mount Sinai, Compare Exod. xii. 6 with Exod. xix. 1-11, will be found to be fifty days-and the Lord came down in the sight of the people. Might well keep the day in remembrance.

(2.) The present. A yearly harvest festival-were beginning to gather in the harvest-therefore must thank God, the Giver of all increase.

(3.) The future. Ask what was going to happen on this day. (Acts ii. 1.) Both times God appeared with fire. Both times a rushing mighty wind. Both times a wonderful voice. At Sinai God's own voice to Israel. At Whitsuntide God's voice to Apostles, enabling them to speak God's Word to all nations.

LESSON. The Israelites had the law-we have the Gospel. Do we still more than they thank God for this blessing? Not on one day alone, but all days, Best way to thank God is to live to His service.

NO. 5. THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES. Scripture to be read—Deut, xvi. (parts of). INTRODUCTION. Once more let children repeat names of the three great feasts. This, like others, had two names—Tabernacles and Ingathering. Like others also had double significance—referring to past and present. Like them, also, had typical meaning. Like Passover, was kept for seven days—came after harvest all gathered in—slack time of year about end of September—generally fine weather.

I. The Feast. (Read 13—17.) Was held in seventh month on fifteenth day (Lev. xxiii. 34), just six months after Passover—in same month as Feast of Trumpets, and great day of Atonement. This was a regular harvest festival custom for people to leave their houses—build huts or booths of trees (Lev. xxiii. 40) in streets, and live in them during whole feast. (Neh. viii. 15, 16.) Afterwards other customs added. Water was drawn from Pool of Siloam, and poured out before the Lord. (See Isa. xii. 3; John vii. 2, 37—39.) Twice read of special feast kept up at Solomon's Temple (1 Kings viii. 2—65), and on return from captivity. (Ezra iii. 4.)

II. THE MEANING. Three objects for keeping—
(1.) The past. Reminded the Jews of their dwelling in tents—without settled habitations—in wilderness for forty years. This would remind them of

their sins—tempting God in the desert, and also of His mercy—feeding and guiding in wanderings,

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(2.) The present. Year's work over, must praise God for His goodness in giving harvest. Many sowed in tears would reap in joy. (Ps. exxvi. 5.) Therefore give thankoffering to Him.

(3.) The future. Typical of coming of Christ into world. He left His home—lived in humiliation on earth for our sakes. See John i. 14, where word "dwelt" should be "lived in tents," or "tabernacled among us." (See also Phil. ii. 6—8.)

Thus all three feasts reminded of past, and pointed to Christ and His work, and were full of meaning.

Lessons. (1) Thankfulness for daily bread. So common, apt to forget Who giveth all. God often punished Israelites by famine. We are taught to ask, "Give us this day our daily bread." Surely shall give praise for it when given. (2) Thankfulness for spiritual food. All feasts speak of Christ. This to His life, Passover to His death, Pentecost to His Spirit. Let us keep the Christian feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun, as days of holy joy, with worship, and offerings and prayers; then will be a real blessing to us.

DOUBLY BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. - A SURPRISE,



N the following morning Helen's eye was much worse, and yielding to Rose and Aubrey's earnest entreaties, she set out while it was yet early in the day-having received the necessary directionfor the house at which the oculist whom Aubrey had mentioned was staying.

She had not far

to go. Her gentle knock was immediately answered, and on stating her errand, the servant at once ushered her up-stairs, and into a large darkened room, in which sat many other waiting patients, downcast and silent.

It was a bright sunny autumn day outside; but here no golden sunshine might enter; the blinds were quite down; and Helen gazed around her, in the semi-darkness, shading her hurt eye with her hand awe-struck and pitying.

She had worn a light bandage over her eye in coming, which she had removed on her entrance,

Here she saw a poor man who looked like a clerk, or a schoolmaster perhaps he might be; he had both eyes bandaged, and by his side sat a pale girl of fifteen or sixteen, who might be his daughter, and who had probably conducted him hither.

There was a poor boy, who gave no sign of boyish brightness or vivacity. Patient and silent he sat, like the rest, and his eyes were protected by an immense shade.

By Helen's side sat a young mother, holding a little sleeping babe in her arms. And every now and then she kissed it mournfully; for it was blind, though, happily, not hopelessly so.

There were many other patients, but Helen's eye fell on but one other—a young man, with dark handsome head bowed between his knees, as though in hopeless silent despair.

And Helen gazed at him for an instant as though spell-bound, and grew white to her very lips,; and then, with a great sigh as of surprise, and mingled joy and sorrow too great to be borne, she fainted quietly away.

And, strangely enough, no one observed her. The room was so dark, and she had appeared merely to turn her face away with a sigh, and to lie back more restfully in the corner of the couch she had chosen. Many thought, doubtless, that her eyes pained her; and even the young mother beside her was so occupied with her little one that she noticed nothing amiss,

And when Helen, with another fainter sigh, re-

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covered her consciousness, she found herself with her head resting on the arm of the couch, while the room seemed in the same undisturbed quiet as before.

She lay languidly still for a moment; then her eye sought a certain chair on the opposite side of the room. It was empty.

"Where is he?" she asked in her faint soft voice, scarcely realising that she was speaking as yet.

The young mother—who looked like the wife of a well-to-do tradesman—turned quickly at the weak tones.

"Who?" she asked. "The doctor? He is in the next room, poor dear! Your eyes are very bad, aren't they?" in a gentle pitying voice.

And, as she spoke, she was, with a face that was no longer mournful, tying on her baby's close hood, and arranging its little dress generally, preparatory, as it appeared, to departure.

"No," answered Helen, quietly, her recollection returning more fully every moment. "O no, thank you!"

And while she was thinking what to say next, the young woman continued—

"Then I am afraid you are not well. You feel a little faint, don't you? It is close in here, isn't it? And the place seems depressing, and no wonder! But O! I am so glad and thankful that I ever came to it!—for my baby will not be blind, after all! But the doctor said that I brought her only just in time. I have been here before to-day, you know; and he says I needn't come again—her eyes are quite right now, little darling! She is our first, you see! and I do think that if she had been blind, it would almost have broken my husband's heart!"

And she bent to kiss the little one again, and to hide her tears of grateful joy.

"I am very glad for you," said Helen, kindly and simply

"You are very good, ma'am. And I am sure I hope that the doctor may be able to do as much for you as he has done for my baby. He is very clever; and if there is anything to be done he'll do it. But perhaps you know him—though I haven't seen you here before?"

Helen answered that she had not been before, and that the gentleman in question was a stranger to her.

"Ah!" said the little woman—and pretty, and smiling, and bright-faced now, she was—"then I think I may say that you will be sure to like him. He is the kindest gentleman possible. And the gentleman of the house; you have heard of him, of course? His sight is improving—he will have to mudergo an operation, but they are very hopeful about him now, I believe. He is kind, too, is he not, to allow his house to be turned into a hospital, as one may say, for the time?"

"Very kind," answered Helen, feelingly. Then she asked, in a voice that trembled a little with suspense, and also suppressed excitement, which she had been vainly trying to still"Do you know anything of the gentleman—quite young, and with dark, slightly curling hair, who sat over there?" And she pointed to the chair.

"I do not," was the reply, "except that he is quite blind, poor fellow, and that he has been here more than once. You could ask the doctor about him, could you not? An old lady generally comes with him, but he was alone to-day—though the lady might have been outside."

"You do not know his name, of course?" Helen's heart was beating so fast now that she scarcely knew what she was saying. "I did not see his face," she added, "but he reminded me——"

"You did not see his face, ma'am! Why, excuse me, but where could your eyes have been? He got up, when the servant came in for him, and put out his hands; and there he stood, for a moment, full in front of you. A pale, proud, handsome face he 's got too. It's a thousand pities he 's blind!"

But now the servant opened the door and signed to Helen to follow him, which she did.

She learnt that her eye was by no means severely injured, and would probably be quite well in a few days.

And then, very guardedly, Helen made her inquiries concerning Bernard. But she could discover nothing save his name and address, and that he had made an appointment to come again, at the same hour, the second day from that.

He was, as Helen had already supposed, staying with Mrs. Pallister and Miss Spencer.

And next, the physician, a kind man, and a true doctor, with the true tender "instinct of the healer," seeking to assuage pain and weakness wherever he found it, made some slight inquiry concerning Helen's voice—so soft and weak, and almost whispering. And she told him that she had sought and followed advice for it in vain, and that, upon taking the slightest cold or unusual exertion, she at times lost it wholly.

The physician gave her a second prescription, and encouraged her to hope that with improved bodily health and strength her voice would by-and-by recover itself, and be almost as strong as ever again.

At length Helen, having bidden the kind doctor farewell, went away, not thinking of her eye (though it did not pain her less than it had done), nor of her voice, nor of herself in any way, but entirely of Bernard; and, strange to say, not now despairingly. In his blindness and consequent weakness and help-lessness, he would surely not reject her loving care—the tender and constant wifely care—that she more than ever longed to give him.

"The day after to-morrow!" she murmured, in an agitated tone, as she hurried (without the slightest reason for hurrying) on her way. "And I, too, will come again then, even at the risk of being discovered by Mrs. Pallister or Miss Spencer! And what next! I cannot tell! How should I? I cannot see another step. It is like feeling my way in the dark; and yet, O not in the dark! Yesterday it was dark,

without a streak of light; but to-day I think I can begin to see the silver lining of the cloud." And a faint smile, that was full of thankfulness to the great Giver of all good, overspread her pale face, She sat down with them, but she could not eat; and neither could she mention what had occurred, as yet. She felt far too weary to tell her long story to-day. But she answered questions as



"He at once treated her as a friend."-p. 677.

But she soon slackened her hurried pace. She had by no means yet recovered from the combined excitement, fatigue, sorrow, and disappointment of yesterday; and neither had the shock of to-day—albeit it had been touched with relief, and new hope—tended to strengthen her.

On reaching the schoolhouse, she found Aubrey and Rose just about to sit down to their simple dinner. to what the oculist had said of her eye, and she told also that he had given her hope of the recovery of her voice in time. And Rose and Aubrey both, though they, as usual, said very little, appeared much pleased, and greatly relieved, and went into school, as Helen could see, with lightened hearts.

And their satisfaction was reflected back again to Helen. The examinations were very near, and the

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two young schoolmistresses needed all their cheerfulness, and all their strength, in preparation for them, Helen knew. They worked hard all through the year, day by day, and week by week; now they added to their exertions; and anxiety also, that would not be kept out, added itself to all.

And yet, wherever they were, or wherever they had been, in spite of all they had to do, and to think of, there seemed always to breathe an atmosphere of quiet restful peace. And since their double engagement (which had delighted Helen, who was a true woman —more than she cared to show), this had been only more apparent, and never once less.

Left alone, with all quiet around her; everything in its place also, as usual; the kitchen hearth swept, and the fire made up, and the kettle standing back on the oven in readiness for tea; and the blinds down in the sitting-room, to keep out the bright autumn sunshine; Helen's restless, eager, impatient thoughts began to still themselves; and, lying down on the sofa, she presently fell asleep.

And she slept soundly, and dreamlessly, the whole afternoon.

She was at last roused by the sound of the little kettle in the kitchen making a furious hissing and bubbling. And while she was endeavouring to rouse herself more thoroughly, she thought she heard a slight hushed laugh. And next the kettle boiled over, and there was a multiplied hissing and sputtering, and another laugh, and finally a step—Aubrey's step, Helen could tell—and the tiresome little kettle was quiet.

Aubrey had come in from school then. Helen was awake to that fact now; and she knew also, by looking at her watch, that it wanted a quarter to five, and that consequently it was not likely that Rose had left her girls yet.

Aubrey was alone then. But what possessed the quiet little woman to be making merry out there to herself at the boiling over of her tea-kettle? And Helen, for a moment, almost laughed herself at the idea. But she felt weary and anxious in spirit yet, though rested in body; and the laugh would not come—only the gravest of smiles.

But, hearing now the jingle of the tray and the clatter of cups, she silently rose from the sofa, and went up-stairs to make herself neat and ready for tea.

"One afternoon has gone!" she murmured. "Only one more—and then I shall see him again! But how shall I ever get through the time? Every hour will seem like a day!"

When she, by-and-by, presented herself in the bright pleasant little kitchen, there sat Alfred Teddington (the young man to whom Aubrey was engaged), with an unusually smiling and happy face. So it was he who had been laughing, Helen supposed.

Since the afternoon on which he had asked her advice, Alfred Teddington had ever looked upon Helen as one of his best friends; and now, as he rose and bowed in deep respectful admiration, as he always did, and accepted her offered hand, he at once treated her as a friend by telling her what had made him happy. For happy he was just then, beyond a doubt.

He was a musician, and had had a good post offered him, as organist and music-master in a large town in Devonshire, and he and Aubrey had already made up their minds to get married as soon as might be, on the strength of this good prospect; and Aubrey would give proper notice to the authorities, in order that she might leave her school as soon as possible.

And while Alfred told all this to Helen, as to one who had shown herself a friend to them all, Aubrey, with a very bright colour, and with a happy smile hovering over her downcast face, was busily setting the table for tea.

"And what of Rose?" inquired Helen, after offering her warm congratulations.

"Oh, Rose is going too!" returned Aubrey, forgetting herself and her shyness, directly her friend was mentioned. "Alfred has told Mr. Moreton" (Rose's lover, a grave chemist, some years older than herself), "and he talks of exchanging his business for one in the same town, if he can; but, if not, as near that as may be; and so it is quite likely that we may all go together."

This was indeed good news.

And soon, now, Rose came in; and then she had to be told. And Alfred also bore a special message to her from her lover, namely, that he would be with her that evening, in order to talk over their own arrangements, the moment he could leave his business, which he hoped to do quite early.

In due time he arrived, and all four went out together, but Helen stayed in-doors.

But that night, when they were sitting together as usual for a little while before going to bed, Helen told Rose and Aubrey her history, asking them, however, for the present to keep it secret still. And they would faithfully do so, she knew, if they gave her their word; she had not lived with them all this time without finding that out.

"I should not have spoken even yet," she concluded at last, her faint voice growing weary, "but that I felt bound to do so, after all your kindness to me, and my promise."

They had not once interrupted her while she had been telling her story. And even now that she had finished, they only looked at each other in silent wondering surprise, as though they had heard something that they could by no means comprehend.

"I feel as though I were dreaming," said Aubrey, at last. But the next moment she laid a kind little hand on Helen's. "It will all come right," she added. "I feel sure it will all come right,"

Helen smiled a little, and thanked her.

There was a pause. Then Helen said to Rose-

"You remember the chapter we read—only last evening !—about Joseph? It is "—and now tears

of strong feeling glittered in her eyes—"as though to-day my king had suddenly sent for me. And yet he did not! I only happened to see him. And he does not dream how near I was."

And she sank into momentary dejection,

Then Rose asked-

"Have you thought of what you can or will do further, after meeting once more at the oculist's on Saturday, all being well?"

"No," answered Helen, despondingly.

But at that moment Aubrey, who had been looking through some small books, apparently in search of something, put a little card into her hand, upon which she read the following:

Yet not without a guide I wend,
My unseen way, by day and night;
Close by my side there walks a Friend,
Strong, tender, true—I trust His sight;
He sees my way, before, behind,
Though I am blind,

How long the hours seemed! for Helen was not strong enough now to fill them with work, as she would once have done.

But through all her suspense and weakness, she was on the whole more cheerful than Aubrey and Rose ever remembered seeing her—but also far more irritable. However, they were unfailingly kind and patient, and at length the morning arrived—fine, but not sunny, and fresh, with a touch of winter in the air.

Helen was soon ready. There was no need, she mournfully thought, to make such a special and careful toilet, as she had done only a few mornings before. The eyes she loved would not regard it.

Leaving Aubrey and Rose to their Saturday morning's work of thoroughly sweeping, and dusting, and cleaning their little house, she set out.

And, a very little later, there she was, sitting in the same room, and in the same place, yet with feelings, oh! how widely different from those which had filled her mind only two days before.

The sun did not shine this morning, therefore the blinds had been drawn a little higher, and the appearance of the pleasant well-furnished room was consequently much more cheering.

Helen was quite early, as she had intended to be; and, having seated herself, she drew her thick veil more closely, and wrapped her long flowing cloak freshly about her, and then, with a heart beating almost to faintness at every fresh footstep, how eagerly and intently she watched!

She took smaller interest in the patients individually to-day. They were fewer. She observed that; but for anything beyond she seemed, at the slightest sound, to lose all power of thought. All her mind was concentrated in listening. Would she be able to recognise his footsteps as they approached? she asked herself.

At length a step sounded in the long hall, which

could, as it seemed to her, be none other than Bernard's—Bernard's as he was, not as he had been—a firm, and yet, at the same time, a hesitating tread.

Yes, it was Bernard; and who was with him? With an inward sigh of intense relief, that was yet, curiously enough, mingled with indignation, she saw only a respectable woman-servant—a stranger to her.

But Bernard would not allow the servant to enter with him.

"Thank you," he said, in the cold tone that Helen so well remembered—though beneath its coldness there sounded now a profound melancholy, at which she could have wept. "You need not wait; your mistress will need you. Never mind me!" with a frown of impatience, as the woman was beginning to denur, "I can take care of myself."

"Independent as ever!" thought Helen, with a little sad smile, which, though he seemed to be looking now in her direction, Bernard of course could not sec. But then she started up, for the woman having, with dubious face, departed, Bernard was groping his way to a seat.

His peremptoriness—his coldness—his independence—could not move Helen to fear him for an instant. She was at his side, before any of those nearer could anticipate her intention, and with lightest touch upon his arm—which only blindness could have felt—she said in her weak, and soft, and yet sweet voice—but it was love that made it sweet now—

"Allow me to lead you to a seat."

Did the soft tones of tender touching humility please him—proud man that he was? or did they waken any faintest echo of old memories? For to Helen's gratification—a gratification that tears to her eyes—he submitted at once. And she led him—had she not a right?—to a seat near her own.

"Thank you," he said, in a tone of more sadness than coldness this time. Then he added, "You are not blind?"

"No, thank God!" answered Helen, in a still lower voice, and with deep reverence; and, though he little knew it, her thankfulness was far rather on his account than her own, for now she might —O, if such happiness might only be granted to her at once!—be eyes, be so far as this world was concerned, all in all to him!

She had raised her thick veil by this time; for she no longer feared discovery, since neither Mrs. Pallister nor Miss Spencer had appeared. Yet, how could they, she wondered, with renewed indignation, have left it to a servant to guide him hither?

She made one or two simple observations, and Bernard answered them readily; and then she ventured to ask about his eyes, and she learned that the doctor gave him but small hope that he would ever, even partly, recover his sight. But—so Helen learned by careful yet not obtrusive questions—much, very much, depended upon his strength of

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body and serenity, and, in short, peace and happiness of mind.

Helen's eye was almost well to-day, and she did not intend to see the oculist for herself, and had signified as much to the servant.

But she awaited Bernard's reappearance from the inner room, in trembling suspense; for what should be her next step? She did not think for a moment of revealing her identity, for she feared lest he might then turn from her at once. She could not endure to give him up; yet, what could she do?

Just as he finally came out, the woman-servant who had arrived with him reappeared.

He seemed, to Helen's watchful yearning attention to every movement, to be gazing round him with vacant unseeing eyes, as though he had been thinking of her—of her as the stranger who had spoken with gentle sympathising kindness to him, that is—but while she was hesitating, and wondering whether she should again approach and address him, the servant went up to him—

"Missus sent me back again at once, sir," in a low breathless tone; "Miss Spencer is worse, and she keeps asking for you."

CHAPTER XV,-THE MISSION-CHURCH.

It was Sunday morning. Aubrey, Rose, and Helen were all three ready for church. Helen had said nothing yet of yesterday, only her two friends noticed that her face wore once more the look of weary anxiety which they knew so well, and that it was fuller than ever of thought and sadness.

"Will you come with us this morning, Miss Hope?" asked Aubrey, quietly, as Helen stood there in the parlour, drawing on her gloves, while unshed tears were trembling in her eyes.

"No, thank you," she answered. "Oh, no, I must go my own way. I should only be a damp upon your joy. I would rather go by myself."

"I am afraid," said Rose, in her kind way, speaking, as she always did, more quickly than Aubrey, and fearful of seeming intrusive or inquisitive, "that you were disappointed yesterday?"

"Oh no!" returned Helen, in the same low, plaintive, almost fretful tones as before. "And yet—yes, I was disappointed; though I saw him, my dear husband," and she raised her beautiful soft brown eyes for an instant to Rose's. "You are very good not to have mentioned it before. I knew you felt for me all the same. But I cannot—cannot talk of it! I saw him—and spoke to him; but he went away then; and perhaps——Oh," suddenly breaking off with impatient pain, "I do not know when I shall see him again!"

And two bright tears fell—only two—and were brushed hastily and with nervous impatience off her black mantle. Then, with a little quiver of her lip, she moved, as though to depart.

"Had you not better come with us?" It was Rose who asked her this time. "I cannot bear," she added, "that you should go away alone."

"Oh, it does not signify," returned Helen, with forced quietness. "You are very kind, but please do not think of me. I have troubled you far too much already. I think "—after an instant's pause—"that I shall go to the little mission church in Howe's Lane. That will do me-good."

And she went.

The sun shone; the day was lovely, and many were abroad, and the streets were alive with the sound of multiplied footsteps, and the hum of voices of old and young.

But clouds were sailing grandly over the blue sky here and there; and bright though it was at present, the weather did not look altogether trustworthy. And even before Helen arrived at the mission church the sun was obscured for a moment, and a tiny sprinkling shower descended, and she put up her umbrella.

But she soon closed it again, for here was the small, plain, unpretending building she sought.

Here she would find at once welcome solitude and bitter loneliness.

"But, oh, no! not the last!" she murmured to herself, as she entered. "How ungrateful—how wicked I am!"

She chose a seat not far from the general entrance, yet not in view of it, and here she hoped to remain unobserved; for her heart was bursting with tears, and to give way to them would, she felt, greatly relieve her.

She knelt—she hid her face—she prayed and pleaded—not with her voice, but in her heart and inmost soul, like Hannah of old—for help—for guidance—for light—for comfort—for pardon for all her want of trust and faith, and for all her impatience.

And she was heedless, and perhaps unconscious, that some one, possibly wishing, as she had done, to escape general notice, had also chosen that quiet obscure seat, and was now seated near her.

Her sobs were painfully suppressed, but they were not quite silent; and presently a whispered tone said:—

"I am afraid that you are in some great trouble. Forgive me for speaking; but I could not sit by, and hear you in such grief and say nothing."

Helen started, and trembled all over. And what a thrill, like a shock of joy, went through her. For some strong instinct—the keen waiting instinct of love—told her instantly whose was that whispered voice.

And who could say that some ministering pitying angel, sent by the Master Himself, had not, unseen and unfelt, guided him whom Helen loved, blind though he was, to take his place beside her? And she hushed her sobs, and dried her eyes, and strove for calmness—while her heart was bounding with thankfulness—but she could not yet speak.

But who was with Bernard? Nervously she took her hands from her eyes, and gave one furtive but quick keen glance in his direction. He was apparently quite alone, having, probably, chosen to grope his way hither unattended. "I am blind," said the same voice, a little deprecatingly, a little mournfully now; "I cannot see you, therefore; but I am not mistaken, I know. You are in sorrow—perhaps, deep sorrow. Will you accept a stranger's sympathy?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she murmured, in soft grateful

tones.

And now he started, ever so slightly. Had he recognised the weak gentle voice that had yesterday spoken in kind sympathy to him?

"I have suffered myself," he went on. "Let that be my excuse for speaking—suffered in mind and body. I am suffering still. I came here for peace."

"And I," murmured Helen. And in her heart she added, "And, thank God! oh, thank God! I have found it—earthly and heavenly peace in one. I thought myself forsaken; but, oh! the Lord is good and merciful and gracious. Can I ever doubt Him again?"

Bernard sighed softly; then he said-

"I suppose we are all alike. We go our ways, carelessly and ungratefully enough, while all is well with us. Then trouble comes; do we not draw it upon ourselves? And, forced by necessity, we fly to the Lord our Maker, and seek peace and rest—ah, and forgiveness—where alone they can be found."

"I did so," answered Helen, with lifted eyes that he could not see, brimming over with tears. "And now, O now, I can thank God from my heart for all

the trouble-yes, for all."

"Can you?" he rejoined, gloomily. "Then, I cannot. My heart is full of all rebellion and unrest. I have spoilt my own life in part, and blindness has done the rest for me. I have no hope left, nothing to live for, nothing to look forward to. How can I ever be thankful for all this?"

"Perhaps, one day," rejoined Helen, trembling very much—and he bent to catch the whispered words—"you may be thankful for the result, nevertheless; the Lord always brings good out of evil."

But now the service was commencing. The little place was not very full this morning; but O, what a blessed and happy service that was for Helen. In old times Bernard had cared for none of these things, neither indeed at heart had she; but now, here they were, sitting side by side, drinking them in together. And Bernard's manner was, as it might not have been once—fully as reverent as her own.

No one appeared to observe them particularly. Others in trouble and sorrow beside themselves had come here to seek for peace. There were others beside Helen who wept; and in her heart she, as she saw them, tenderly and pityingly prayed for them—prayed that the God of all comfort might speak peace and joy and relief to them also, as He had done to herself,

It was raining fast again, and there was a heavy cloud overhead.

"I shall wait a few moments," observed Helen,

a little timidly, as she and Bernard (he having kept close beside her) stood in the porch of the missionchurch.

"And I," said he. And then he made some slight observation concerning "yesterday," and Helen was pleased to find that he had recognised her. And the two went on talking more easily and unconstrainedly even than before.

But very soon the sky cleared, the rain ceased, and they must go.

And, after he had parted from her—a little reluctantly, as Helen's heart was full of joy to think—and he had said something, too, about "coming again next Sunday," she followed him, at a little distance, all the way to Mrs. Pallister's house. She had not dared to offer herself as his guide; but this she would do.

But no harm came to him. Easily, and yet carefully, making few mistakes, and never once stumb-

ling, Bernard groped his way.

And, at a distance still, for Mrs. Pallister, or some one else in the neighbourhood who might have seen her at different times, might recognise her; or Bernard's hearing, preternaturally quickened by his blindness, might distinguish her footsteps:—at a distance still, then, she watched him as he entered Mrs. Pallister's gate and passed up the flight of whitened stone steps. And having listened until she heard the door close behind him, she went her way.

CHAPTER XVI.-HAPPY DAYS.

"I HAVE talked of you to Mrs. Pallister, till she has more than once expressed a great wish to see you," said Bernard, almost pleadingly.

"Indeed!" said Helen, in her pleasant soft tones, that were beginning to strengthen already, however slightly, under the influence of happy days.

For, oh, yes! these were happy days, though there were happier to come, even in this life.

But at this instant happiness was for the time lost in a rising excitement, not all pleasurable, but touched with uneasiness and alarm, at the idea of a meeting with Mrs. Pallister.

It was Sunday evening. Bernard and Helen were returning from the mission church—together, this

time-that is, for a part of the distance.

The stars shone brilliantly above them. The moon's calm silver radiance was pouring down upon them also. There was no wind stirring, but the air was keen with frost; for winter had arrived, and not one week, but many, had gone by since that morning of mingled sweetness and bitterness at the little mission church.

And Helen and Bernard were firm friends now. He had, indeed, been two or three times to the schoolhouse, and had learnt to call her "Miss Hope," as Aubrey and Rose did still, though Helen had explained to him that Hope was not really her name; and then she had repeated to him the verse that had suggested it.

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And, of course, she had now taken Aubrey and Rose into her full confidence. And they, happy in their own bright prospects, and busy days—and no

well visits to pay to mutual friends, etc. etc. And New Year's Day had been chosen as the day for the double wedding. And, perhaps, before that—who



"She followed him, at a little distance, all the way to Mrs. Pallister's house."-p. 680.

longer troubled with anxiety concerning approaching examinations, for they by this time were very successfully over—gave Helen glad and real and constant sympathy, in full measure.

At Christmas they were to give up school-keeping, and then there would be the delightful journey to their pleasant country homes, and wedding clothes to make, and wedding festivities to arrange, and fare-

could say?—Helen might be happy also in her husband's home; at least, so hopefully argued Aubrey and Rose.

And if not? Helen had put this question to herself, and then had immediately rebuked herself, that, after all that had come to her, mistrust should so readily creep into her heart again. For were not all the paths of the Lord mercy and truth to the Chris-

tian believer? And did not all things work together for good to those who loved God? All things—always—not with breaks, but constantly, a continuity, a chain of blessings, from the day of birth to the day of death, with not one broken link. And if ever any of the links, even for a moment, seemed to be broken or missing, it was only that between them and mortal sight, had come the false misleading glitter of "earth's crosslights."

And, long cre this, Bernard had honourably told Helen all his story; and she had had the doubtful satisfaction of beholding, in part at least, from his point of view, what she had only seen from her own

hitherto.

He had never really loved Helen Smith, he told her, though she had always been all that was good and true. He might probably have cared for her in time if he had been left alone. He deplored now the wrong he had done her in making her his wife.

"I did not know the value of love in those days," he had concluded, with a sigh. "I have discovered since that this great world holds nothing more precious—that all nature would be in darkness and death without it."

"And what"—Helen had thought that she might put this question, though she had done so with inward trembling, and sickening suspense—"what is your intention with regard to her—your wife—now?"

"I have none," he had gloomily returned. "She left me—in just indignation, I own—but, as yet, I have not thought of seeking her."

But weeks had passed since this conversation; and not a single allusion had been made to it since.

And Helen had told of herself as little as possible; next to nothing, in fact.

This evening, as Bernard went on talking of Mrs. Pallister, Helen learned yet more of him, and his affairs, and prospects, which, as it gave her a sort of bitter-sweet pleasure to remember, were also her own.

She had known before that poor Miss Spencer's illness had ended fatally, and that since then Mrs. Pallister's health had been far from good, and her plans for the future undecided. But this evening she learned

something further,

Miss Spencer's will—altered many times since the days in which Helen had known her—had been drawn up finally, wholly in Bernard's favour; though, on the very day of her death, and in opposition to Mrs. Pallister's distinctly-expressed opinion, Miss Spencer had once more charged the important document with a condition—thus asserting her independence of thought in the hour of her greatest weakness, as she had never done in the days of her health and strength. And the condition on which her now, of course, diminished fortune fell to Bernard had been, that he should within a year from the day of the reading of that will, seek, and become reconciled to, his wife. Failing this, the money was to go to different charities.

"And what was the date of the reading of the will?" inquired Helen.

"The 25th of October," returned Bernard, gloomily.

But Helen had listened to all he had said with sinking heart. Would she never be left alone, as other women were left alone, to win the heart of him she loved? Miss Spencer had meant that "condition" in truest kindness, she did not for an instant doubt, but, sorrowfully enough, she felt that it had been entirely mistaken kindness.

Silently now she walked by Bernard's side—he taking her arm for guidance, as he liked to do, for was not she his true friend? ay, and a far truer ode

than he dreamed of.

"Have you money of your own?—that is, an independence?" asked Helen's gentle voice at length.

"I have something," he returned, moodily, "but very little—not enough for independence, certainly. Indeed, it is only a comparatively small sum, which I was fortunate enough to make by my pictures, before my blindness. But it will last me for a while longer yet, and then——"

He paused, and sighed heavily. He had already told Helen of his previous losses,

"Then you will not even endeavour to comply with the terms of Miss Spencer's will?" asked Helen.

"No!" he rejoined, angrily once more, and with his old pride rising strong as ever; "I will not seek my wife at the bidding of any woman, or any man either! When I seek her—if I ever do—I will do so of my own free will."

There was another silence; and then yet again Bernard reverted to the subject of Mrs. Pallister's wish to see Helen, saying also—as, indeed, he had said before—that she greatly missed her friend, poor Miss Spencer; and that she was, in short, wishing—and this he had not so much as hinted previously—to find a young lady, gentle and obliging, and a true Christian, who would live with her as companion.

A startled look came into Helen's eyes, and a quick colour into her cheeks; but, of course, Bernard saw neither. All he could do was to listen, with, perhaps, deeper interest on his own account than Helen was aware of, for her next words,

To be under the same roof with Bernard again, her husband, brother, friend—all in one; her all in the world; to sit at the same table with him day by day; to be, if she might, not an occasional, but a daily help and comfort to him. All these thoughts, and a host of others, were so sweet to her that they brought tears of eager longing to her eyes.

"I have not offended you in any way, I hope?" said Bernard, as she did not speak. "I thought that as your friends, Miss Bond and Miss Carlton, were leaving their schools, you might possibly——"

"Certainly not offended," answered Helen, as he paused; and coming to a quick conclusion in her own mind as she spoke. "I am grateful to you for mentioning it."

"Then I may bring Mrs. Pallister—perhaps tomorrow—to call on you, may I?" he asked, eagerly. And Helen assented.

(To be concluded.)

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THE GREAT SUPPER.

(Luke xiv. 16.)

Y THE VERY REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A., DEAN OF DENVER.

IN TWO PARTS.-PART II.



E next said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and go to prove them." He never let anything interfere with his business; he had been a man all his life who had stuck to his business; he had made quite a fortune by his energy and perseverance; he knew how to make business succeed; active, personal, assiduous attention was the way; he had no

time to go to the Great Supper, and must "beg

No time to be saved! no time to do that for which all time was given him, no time for quiet prayer, no time for meditative study of the Word of God, no time for a week-day service, no time for doing God's work, church-building, church-keeping, district-visiting, Sunday-school teaching, choir singing, no time to serve God!

It takes no more time to be religious than it does to breathe. Godliness is a state of the heart; a man of God may well be a man of business too, and all the better business man for being one of God's men.

And such a man has a time for everything, and when "the King sitteth at His table" he is in his place, for he loves his King above his busi-

Better had it been if this man of business had told the simple truth—that is, if he knew it, which most likely he did not—that he had no heart for the Supper. It was no pleasure to him, but he loved his business, he was proud of it, he thought of it, he dreamt of it, he lived in it, it had become his second nature, it filled him until there was no room for the concerns of the Kingdom of Heaven, and "he begged off."

And where is he now? There are no long teams of oxen drawing cumbrous ploughs where he is. There is no farming yonder; and yet he is there, with his mind still filled with business, and his heart loving the material, where there is no material to love. And the King, Whose gracious invitation he had slighted, is all in all in yonder land, but he, finding no love in his heart for the King, hath no part or lot in the

pleasures and satisfactions the King bestows on those who love Him.

Clever and successful man of business! he has lost the only valuable thing he ever had, he has lost his soul! He thought himself very wise, and no doubt praised himself on his self-denial in giving up the feast, to look at the stupid oxen. But God said to him, "Thou fool;" and could you, reader, but hear his lamentation this hour, it would have the burden, "I had the invitation once, but I despised it; I sold my eternal inheritance for naught—for naught."

If any fancy they have not been spoken to by the parable, they will find the word for them in the reply of the third invited one. He said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Surely if "the woman who was a sinner" found her way unstopped into the hall of Simon's house, how welcome would have been the wife of one of the great man's own friends. Why did he not take his wife with him?

He knew the law, in its tender forethought, excused the newly-married man from many national duties, and he, not having heart for the feast, presumed upon his condition, and so strong did he feel his excuse that he roundly said, "I cannot come."

He loved his home and his wife; at least, so he said—what he really loved was himself. He did not like the exertion, he was very comfortable as he was, he would not put himself to any present inconvenience; he had no real sense of the pleasure of the King's feast, he had never cared for the King or his friends, so he fell back on what seemed so right, so laudable; he would look well after the wife God had given him, and his influence should fill his home!

He and his are on all sides. He will not go to evening Church because he likes to be quiet at home. He or she will not teach a Sunday-school class because it disturbs the home arrangements. The early sacrament, at which the pious gather together to ask the King's blessing on the opening Sabbath; it is too early; requires too much exertion. And as to the sacrament itself, it is a very solemn thing, and should only be attended by pious persons. A great many of those who attend are not what they ought to be, and he says, if he went he would live up to the mark, he would act at home as he acted in church, and be as good at home as he appeared to be in church; he likes honesty. True! honesty is excellent; but let us hope he is not so deceived as

to fancy that that sort of honesty is going to ward off from him the wrath of the King!

He made his choice—home here, or home yonder; he chose the home here, which a few years at most must end, and when he passed over he had no home to go to. There is still the home—the Father's house; but his own words are his still, "I cannot come." Poor homeless wanderer, out in the cold eternal night!

Then, if all these will not sit down at "the Marriage Supper of the Lamb," who will?

It is right to possess property—nay, laudable. It is right to work with both hands earnestly, and not be slothful in business. It is right to love your wife and your children even as yourself, and no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but all in Christ; unless the love of Christ permeate all and give all eternal endurance, you will part with all at the graveside, and that for ever! But use all these things aright, and these be they which will mould your character and give you entrance into the feast.

Again the slaves ran from the castle, but not to the great houses which dotted the landscape; but some went to the hovels yonder, at the foot of the castle hill, some kept along the king's highway, some turned down the lanes. They seemed urgent, for the King's word was, "Compel them to come in," compel the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind—compel them to come in.

The poor. Those who have come to know that they have nothing and are quite dependent. They subsist on God's bounty; they have no pride, but are thankful for what is given to them, and are satisfied. Theirs is the blessing of the Lord—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The maimed. Those whose right hand is in-

jured, they at least cannot with strong arm hew their own way and cut the road open to the gate of heaven. So, owning the fight is not to the strong, they follow closely the great Captain, and tread in the way His mighty sword hath opened. You hear their prayer, "Lord, undertake for me," "O Jesus, be Thou the Finisher as Thou art the Author of my salvation."

The lame. See how they limp! see how carefully they set down their feet, how circumspectly they walk, see how they lean upon the staff. The swift rush past them, the race seems hopelessly lost; but they have their finger upon the place where it is written, "The lame take the prey," and leaning on the promise, bearing, suffering, but always trusting and hoping, they too enter in

The blind. Look at them, with faces upturned to where they feel the sun is shining, with hands outstretched, with feet high lifted, not to strike the stumbling stones, owning their ignorance, their darkness, their incapability of finding the way; they go as they are led, and, being led, they enter in.

Then, Lord, if that be so, what wealth I have I will count mine no longer! Never again will I trust to my own arm, mine own strength, my own will. Sore from my falls, I will walk very gently, very carefully, and very humbly, and having been so often deceived by mine eyes, believing the things I saw were real and valuable, I will shut them for ever to this present, confessing that, blind and ignorant, I neither see nor know. Therefore, ye angels of the Lord, take hold of my outstretched hands and lead me, that I may accept the gracious invitation of my King, and find my place at His royal banquet—the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

USEFUL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.



ETTERS may be instrumental either of evil or good. As an agency of usefulness, letter-writing holds a place of peculiar value. You may be able to say on paper, what you would not have

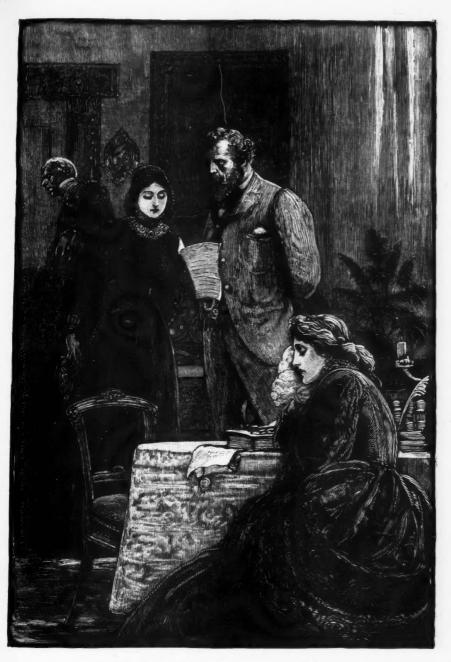
courage or presence of mind to say viva voce. Moreover, written words may be more carefully chosen, and therefore more likely to make a suitable impression. Besides, what is written remains; it may be repeatedly perused, each successive perusal by the reader helping to a clearer apprehension of the writer's purpose, and hastening the desired result.

Some persons are "poor correspondents;"

either from want of time, or aptitude, or some other cause, their letters to friends are brief and few. Other persons have a special faculty for correspondence; there is a naturalness and an ease about their style, in addition to the intrinsic worth of their matter, most charming. Some of the choicest treasures in our literature are—

Those fallen leaves that keep their green, The noble letters of the dead.

A position in the first rank should be assigned to the Letters of Samuel Rutherford. "Hold off the Bible," said Richard Baxter, "such a book the world never saw. Rutherford is equally at



THE FINDING OF MR. GURNEY'S LETTER TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

home as a son of consolation, and a son of Thus he comforts Lady Kenmure in her trouble :- "Howbeit you get strokes from your Lord, yet believe His love more than your own feeling. Your Rock does not ebb and flow, though your sea doth," To one bereaved mother he writes, "Your child has but changed his garden, and is planted higher up, nearer the sun, where he will thrive better than in the out field:" and to another, "You have lost a child-nay, she is not lost to you who is found to Christ: she is not sent away, but only sent before." How faithfully he warns an aged parishioner of rank, of whom he stood in doubt! "Worthy and dear sir,-Remember when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and you are in the utmost circle and border of time, and your foot within the bounds of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you like the ashes of a blaze of thorns or straw; then shall your soul be more glad of one smile from your Lord, than if you had gained this whole world for eternity. Now when you are drinking the grounds of your cup, and are upon the utmost ends of the last links of time, and old age, like death's long shadow, is casting a covering upon your days, it is no time to court this vain life and to set love and heart upon it; the night is at hand; seek rest and ease for your soul in God through Christ.'

John Howe's letter to Lady Rachel Russell, after the execution of her husband, remains a noble specimen of consolatory writing. extracts can give a true idea of the letter; still, one or two sentences may be suggestive. "The cause of your sorrow, madam, is exceeding great. The causes of your joy are inexpressibly greater. You have infinitely more left than you have lost." Again, after exhorting her to think much of the glory of that world to which her husband had been removed, he says, "How can your love, madam (so generous a love towards so deserving an object), how can it but more fervently sparkle in joy, for his sake, than dissolve in tears for your own?" Once more, "The God of heaven lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and thereby put gladness into your heart; and give you to apprehend Him saying to you, Arise and walk in the light of the

Lord."

One of the finest letters from that prince of correspondents, William Cowper, is that addressed to his cousin on the death of her husband. From beginning to end it is a message of tender sympathy and wise counsel. As sources of consolation, he directs her to the throne of grace, the love of Christ, the promises of God, the gracious design of affliction, and the perfect happiness and glory of the heavenly state. He assures her of his prayers on her behalf, and commends her to the word of God's grace, and the comforts of His

Spirit; and thus concludes: "I grieve with you, I pray for you; could I do more, I would; but God must comfort you.—Yours in our dear Lord Jesus."

A most interesting correspondent was Thomas Erskine of Linlathen. His keen sympathy with suffering souls, and his large views of the love of God, pre-eminently fitted him to be a comforter. In a letter to Madame de Staël, he thus writes:—
"The history of every individual is deep tragedy; for sin is in the world, and there is no other deliverance from sin, but by the way of sorrow administered by love, and received in love, so that this hope is given up to the development of the sacred mystery of sorrow. It is by sorrow that God calls the prodigal to think of his true home, and it is by sorrow that He perfects His saints."

Some of Hugh Miller's letters of condolence are original and sympathetic. We give an extract from one:—"I shall not urge you with the common topics of consolation; I know the heart will not listen even when the judgment approves. Grief is a strange thing: it is both deaf and blind. Where could it be more perfectly pure from every mixture of evil and folly than in the breast of our Saviour? And yet even in Him we see it finding vent in a flood of tears, when He must have known that he whom He mourned as dead was to step out before Him a living man. May I not remind you that He Who sorrowed then can sympathise in our sorrow now?"

These specimens of consolatory correspondence may fitly close with a brief passage from a letter by the late Bishop Wilberforce :- "My dear friend, there is a tenderness-a compassion-a sympathy in Christ for laden bleeding hearts like yours, which no love of man, or even woman, can fairly represent. And if you will trust it, and lean on it, and call for it, you shall know it, and in that light even the desolate wilderness of life, into which your breaking heart is taking you, shall blossom as the rose. After all, life is very short, and eternity our true being-where reunion shall be eternal. And you may think of him as safe-no more risk-no more rough winds—no more pain. Safe for ever, and for ever yours."

In the "Life and Letters of John Angell James," we have some good examples of dealing with the young. Writing to the pupils of a Young Ladies' School, Mr. James says:—"Some of you have found peace through faith in Christ. Strive to keep it by looking still to Him Who first gave it, and by walking in all well-pleasing before God. Remember the loveliest fruits of faith are humility and love, and the best ornament of piety a beautiful exemplification of the character of a daughter and a sister. There are others of you who are seeking the Lord, but have not yet found peace in believing. Take care.

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Delays are dangerous, Impressions and convictions that do not soon end in conversion, terminate in confusion and disappointment. Tremble lest yours should leave you unconverted. Nothing is so dangerous as to trifle with conviction of sin. There is still another class-I mean those who are not yet even convinced or deeply impressed. What! where salvation is come so near as even to some of your schoolfellows, will you not seek it? You may never again be in a situation so favourable to your eternal welfare." A letter to a youth just about to leave school ends thus:—"Be attentive to whatever business your father, after consulting your taste, shall determine upon. Make him your counsellor and your mother your confidant. Love their society, consult their wishes, promote their comfort. Bring from school the fixed determination to make them happy. And then, do not be an idle or a selfish young man. Do not live only for yourself. Determine to be useful. Begin life doing good, as well as getting it."

Relatives have sometimes been useful by letters to those dear to them. The Rev. Rowland Hill's conversion in early life was attributable in a great measure to the influence of his sister and elder brother, who wrote to him when he was at Eton, and in their letters urged him to decide for Christ. John Williams, the South Seas missionary, was instrumental in the conversion of his father, by means of a letter addressed to him on the death of his wife and the writer's mother. Mr. Prout, the missionary's biographer, thus records the fact, "As a man, and as a parent, he (the father) possessed many excellencies, which won the regard of his family and friends; but his social feelings proved a snare to his soul, and opposed a serious obstacle to his salvation. Under this conviction, and learning from the letters of his sisters that their father was deeply affected by his bereavement, Mr. Williams resolved, with respect, affection, and fidelity, to make one earnest effort to break the deadly spell by which his beloved parent was bound. And the attempt was not in vain. The appeal found its way into his father's heart. From the time of its reception, the snare was broken; the associates of other days were forsaken, and a change was indicated by signs so marked as to satisfy the pious members of his family, that he had passed from death unto life. In this altered and happy state, he subsequently lived and died; blessing God for the child to whose letter he owed his spiritual renovation. When on his death-bed, in 1827, Mr. Nott called to bid the family farewell, prior to his return to the South Seas. Mr. Williams was then too ill to say much; but on being asked by the venerable missionary, 'What message shall I take to your son?' his reply was, 'Tell him, oh tell him,

that the father is saved through the son's instrumentality."

There have been some striking cases of usefulness through letter-writing of a more general kind. It was one of the methods so successfully adopted by Harlan Page, the American mechanic, in bringing men to Christ. Robert Annan, a well-known town missionary in Dundee, pursued the same plan. Now, he would write a kind and faithful letter to one whom he feared was trusting in his own righteousness, and not in Christ's. Then, he would address a solemn appeal to a family whose practical ungodliness was inconsistent with their religious profession. Two days before his death, he wrote to a penitent "unfortunate" whom he had rescued from suicide in the Dundee docks, the last letter he ever penned. "My dear friend," he said, "I write you this day about Jesus, the Saviour of poor sinners like you and me. I do not see any reason why you should not be washed in His blood, but that which every other careless sinner has, Will you not go to the dear loving Saviour Who bled and died on Calvary to save sinners? Will you resist Him any longer? I am as certain He will save you as I write this note, if you will but trust in Him."

Ministers may do much good by writing to their people. A short time ago a gentleman addressing a public meeting, drew a letter from his pocket, and, holding it up before the audience, said, "Twenty-four years ago I received this letter from my pastor, urging me to decide for Christ. I had long resisted all his sermons, but this letter conquered me. By God's blessing it made me a Christian, and I hope to continue such to the end."

Ladies find here a sphere of usefulness, Miss Marie Fry of Dublin, a young lady who died a few years ago, selected the army as her field of labour; and by her letters led many soldiers to Christ, and exercised a marvellous influence over them in preserving their steadfastness. When President Lincoln was assassinated in 1865, a letter was found in the breast pocket of his coat, which he had received from a distinguished member of the Society of Friends, Mrs. John Joseph Gurney, nearly two years before; and in which were wise counsels and warm sympathy, calculated to sustain him in the discharge of his arduous duties. He had duly replied to it with grateful acknowledgments, and now preserved it near him as a precious treasure.

Letter-writing has been an important agency of usefulness in the past; but what with the introduction of telegrams and post-cards, and the general hurry of life in these present days, there is some danger of its being soon numbered among the lost arts.



"I heard my name called distinctly."-p. 690.

THE LOST WHIP.

T was on a bright sunny morning in August that I stood in a charming little school-room, appearing to be intent on looking out of the window at the beautifully kept lawn and exquisitely arranged shrubbery. Our morning studies were ended. My two pupils, aged respectively eight and ten years, were disputing on a point which greatly interested me, as the younger boy evidently saw in his brother the same trait of character which I had so often tried to check, but in vain.

"There, that will do; the bell will be ringing for dinner in a minute, then we shall have no game at all."

"Don't you be in such a hurry. You see now I 've

put all my books and things where I can find them in a minute."

"You are a regular old man! I can get mine just as quickly although they do take their chance when I pitch them into the drawer."

Just then a man knocked at the door, and said the two ponies were saddled. As their papa intended taking them for an hour's trot, both were delighted with the announcement, as it was so seldom he could find time to accompany them.

"Don't be long, Master Tom," said the man. "Master is in a hurry." Little Fred was soon ready, with gloves, whip, and cap; but not so Tom, who, as usual, had to look for all he wanted. At last his

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mother came, and taking Fred by the hand, quietly led him to the front door. He mounted his pony, and after a few words between the parents, off they started, the man being told to lead the other pony back to the stables.

I watched these proceedings from my window, and though feeling sorry for Tom, hoped this disappointment might do more than my teaching. In about five minutes he rushed into the room, and said, "Have you seen my whip anywhere, Miss Allen?" I replied, "No, Tom; where did you put it?"

"Just as if I should ask you if I knew! Here, give me that switch—that will do," and off he ran to the door, only to discover he was too late.

I heard his cry of disappointment, and expected every moment he would return; but finding he did not, concluded he had gone in search of his mother, to pour out his grief to her. I sat reading for a short time, when Mrs. Warner entered the school-room, and seemed much surprised to find me alone; she asked me if I had seen Tom since his father and brother had started; I then told her exactly all I have related, both of us wondering what had become of him. Soon the gentleman and his little son returned, and the bell announced that the early dinner was ready for me and my pupils. Upon entering the dining-room, only Fred was there, who asked where his brother was, as he had been up-stairs and could not find him. I then began to feel rather uneasy, and sent the maid to tell his parents of his continued absence. Both came quickly into the room, and I had to again repeat all that took place when I last saw him.

The servants were despatched in all directions to search the house and grounds. Mr. Warner went in search of the ostler, whom he met just returning to the house; but he knew nothing, as he had been away to the town on his master's business, and had left the boy in charge till his return; so both went on to the stables at once-found the boy at his post, but only the pony that Master Fred had ridden; the boy had not seen the other one since he returned from his dinner. The truth at once flashed upon the mind of the poor father—his son must have gone out riding alone. The boy was questioned, and the fact ascertained that as soon as the pony had been brought back, the saddle and bridle were at once removed, and hung up in the right place, but were no longer there.

I shall never forget the grief of the parents as soon as they realised what must have happened, and the dread they felt of what might follow. The carriage was ordered, and I was asked to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Warner. We drove five or six miles in every direction from the estate, and made numerous inquiries, but with no result, till darkness began to remind us how long we had been travelling; and hoping against hope we returned, but only to be disappointed, as no intelligence of the missing lad could be learned. Each successive day was spent in the same fruitless search.

About a week after, as near as I can remember, we were sitting at breakfast, when the morning letters were brought in. Mr. Warner gave a short exclamation, and turned so deadly pale that his wife was greatly alarmed, and at once guessed he had some bad news of their lost son. "No," gasped her husband; "but my brother Charles says he is sure he knows where the pony is. I must go to town at once, as he will do nothing till I arrive, lest the man should hurry off with it."

No time was lost; the poor distracted mother wished to go too, but her husband begged her to be calm, and left her in my charge, and assured her she should know all by telegram or letter.

Early the next morning we were up anxiously watching for the arrival of news. A short letter came for Mrs. Warner, begging her not to raise her hopes; that he had found the pony was true, but the man who had it knew nothing of the rider. He arrived very soon after the letter, having brought back the pony by train with him. He had found it in the possession of a pedlar who owned to having found it astray on a large common. He had sold the saddle and bridle for a trifle, and was training the animal to draw a small cart with his wares. The beauty of the creature had first attracted the attention of Mr. Warner's brother; then the loss of his nephew at once flashed on his memory, and he had no doubt this was at last a clue to his whereabouts. He followed the man about for hours, till he put up for the night at a shabby little house down a court. He saw the pony led in at the front door, and concluded he was taken through to the yard; he then sent for his brother.

Now came the question, what more could be done to trace out the child? The police were on the alert, bills had been circulated in all the towns within ten miles, all the hospitals within a reasonable range of where the pony was found were visited, but still no tidings, and we began to despair of ever seeing him again.

One day I was walking in the grounds with Freddy, trying to divert his mind from our loss by giving him a lesson on botany, and while we were observing the peculiarities of some plants growing near the gateway, I heard my name called distinctly, and then saw a strange man opening our gate for a hackney coach to enter. I walked to the approaching vehicle, when, to my great surprise, I saw our long-lost child, very pale, but looking out of the window excitedly, and calling to me and his brother. A widow lady was with him, and seemed greatly alarmed at his intense excitement, and reminded him of his promise to keep very quiet, and not make himself ill again, and he allowed her to gently place him back on the pillow on which he had been reclining.

I soon heard from her lips that Tom had been very ill from a blow on his head. He was found by her son lying near a ditch close by a milestone. She lived in a small house not far from the spot, and one evening, on his return home, he brought the boy in his arms for his mother to see if she could bring him to consciousness. She had him carried to bed, and sent for a young doctor, a friend of her son's, who lived near. He examined him, and said he was suffering from a severe blow on the head, and that he must be kept as quiet as possible. She was then about to continue her narrative, when I observed that I had better leave her for a few minutes to break the news to the sorrowing mother, and directed the man to drive round to the side-door, and have the child taken at once to my cosy little study and laid on the couch.

I ran to the house quickly—gave the necessary instructions to the parlour-maid, who in her turn bade all the others to keep very quiet. Fred was with me; fortunately, he had been so intent on collecting the different leaves and flowers—the subject of our lesson—while I was conversing with the lady, that he had not noticed his brother.

I found the library untenanted, and feared that Mrs. Warner was out, but as I was hastening towards the little work-room, dreading, yet longing to relieve the poor mother's anxiety, I met her husband, who I knew could break the news to her much better than myself.

Having left Fred alone in the schoolroom arranging his specimens, I hastily told him the good news, and took him in to see his brother.

What followed, the meeting of the beloved parents with the restored child, and that of the two brothers, who were much attached to each other, can be better imagined than described; but before the lady

left who had been instrumental in bringing about this reunion, all were anxious to know all she could tell them of what had happened; and to explain how it was she did not communicate with them at once, she said she hoped day after day that he would be able to tell her who he was, and where he lived. but her friend the doctor insisted upon perfect rest, and bade her not attempt to get him to think by asking him questions. He assured her that only a little patience was requisite, and to show how very desirous she was to restore him to his friends, it was only that morning the doctor had been able to elicit from the child where he lived, but would not have him asked one question that could be avoided, and advised her, as he was now on a fair way of recovery, to take him home to his friends. Many weeks clapsed before Tom was allowed to resume his studies, but I had many a long conversation with him as he was getting stronger, and gathered, from what he could remember of that sad day, that he rode a long way in hopes of finding his father and brother, till he did not know where he was, and then turned back, as he thought, but did not know the road at all, and the saddle got loose, as if something had got unfastened, the pony plunged and threw him down, and he remembered no more. It was with great difficulty he could be led to believe that so much time had elapsed since his fall.

When he was quite well, and was reminded by his indulgent parents of the cause of so much pain and trouble, he said little, but I could not help observing how orderly he had become.

M. N.

POEMS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.-VIII.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

"Deliver us from evil."

ATHER in heaven, we pray to Thee,

Deliver us from evil:

From sin's hard bondage set us free,

The world, the flesh, the devil—

Evil without us and within,

From all the servitude of sin;

The evil that man's fall hath wrought
Upon this fair world's face,
The evil Adam's sin hath brought
On all his sin-born race;
The evil that our will controls,
The evil that defiles our souls.

Each grovelling fleshly appetite,
Anger and lust and pride,
Envy, hatred, malice, spite,
And deadlier sins beside;
From all those evils set us free,
Father in heaven, we pray to Thee.

Thou second Adam, Lord in heaven,
Who the first Adam's fall
Repaired, and triumphing hast given
Life by Thy death to all—
Deliver us, O Christ, from evil,
The wiles and malice of the devil.

And Thou, who canst alone control
Each evil thought and will,
Spirit of God, each heart and soul
With Thy blest influence fill.
Let body, soul, and spirit be
Temples for Thy divinity.

O Father, Son, and Spirit, hear And guard us evermore, That so no evil we may fear, Nor yield to Satan's power, And let our prayer be ever thus— From evil, Lord, deliver us. army
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A DAY WITH THE NAVVIES AT TILBURY.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.



ARD by the river-side fort, dear to English hearts from its association with the old Armada days, a work is now in progress, the completion of which will convert the once lonely surface of Tilbury Marshes into the site of a great dock. An

army of some three thousand men, equipped with the latest implements of modern engineers, has descended on the place. Their labours are so changing the features of the land, that even the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" will soon be in

danger of losing his way.

An hour's journey from Fenchurch Street, over the squalid courts of Shadwell, the streets of Stepney, and across the low-lying lands bordering the Thames on its northern bank, brings us to the river-side at Tilbury Station. Leaving the train, we are at once greeted by our guide. He, in the course of a varied life, has tasted the hardships and joys of East London mission-work; has preached to thieves and vagabonds in common lodging-houses; has searched the streets at midnight for lonely friendless wanderers; has rowed from smack to smack in the North Sea fishing fleets, over seas that were none too smooth, that the means of grace might be brought to all. Now there is congenial work to be done amongst the stalwart navvies at Tilbury Dock.

The railway skirts the boundary of the works, and a very short walk from the station brings us within its limits. The eye takes in at a glance the situation. The site of the future dock forms by itself a parish; the navvies and other men employed are its population; the mission-hall represents the church, schools, and like organisations; and our guide and his helpers stand to some extent in the place of clergy. Our interest to-day is in the work done here by the agents of the Thames Church Mission, to whom the East and West India Dock Company confided the spiritual oversight of the men as soon as the work began. The contractors, too, support its operations cordially, and will no doubt find the influence it exercises used to their profit. Increased sobriety and conscientiousness amongst the workmen is a result likely to be welcomed by any employer. We must not, however, leave altogether unnoticed the exertions put forth by the local clergy and their assistants.

Just within the boundary we pass the large canteen, and then walk down a small street of comfortable trim cottages. On entering one, a very pleasant interior is disclosed, and the many

children playing outside give a thoroughly home aspect to the place. We are made to understand that in each of these cottages they take in lodgers, so that on the whole a larger number of workmen reside actually within the boundary than might at first be supposed. But the great majority are compelled to seek shelter in Gravesend, Grays,

and the villages round about.

Our path is varied-now over an expanse of yet untouched turf; now surmounting heaps of upturned clay, crossing and re-crossing dykes and excavations on the slippery surface of a single plank, or by the huge beam stretching from side to side; now looking with an unprofessional shudder into the murky depths of a great shaft, whence a pair of pumps are raising a swirling stream, to flow back to the river bed; anon crossing lines of rails, where small locomotives are hurrying loaded trucks towards the tips; then over a ditch, till the river bank is gained, sniffing the salt breeze coming up from the North Sea, and marking the steam ferry crossing to Gravesend.

There are strange machines to be seen here steam navvies, toiling in deep pits, waited on by a locomotive and train of trucks together with a contingent of men. These excavators resemble great scoops attached to steam cranes. With two mouthfuls they fill a truck. There are steam crabs, too, the claws of which tear up a mighty double-handful of the soil, as though in mockery of the old foot-and-spade work we see

elsewhere in progress.

And the men themselves? From any one point no great number can be seen simultaneously at work. We find them in the excavations where the steam-navvies are scooping away the soil; or placing in position the massive timber struts which stretch from side to side of some long cuttings. The groups all bear a great family likeness to each other. The men are in most cases tall, massive beings, of the Saxon type. Their dress is quite characteristic—the knee-breeches and woollen stockings worn by many, the trousers strapped below the knee, the ponderous laced-boots reaching far above the ankle and caked with the soil, the handkerchiefs knotted around their necks, the clay-stains visible on all their garments-these all mark out this type of worker. They for the most part go about their tasks in a stolid way, suggesting latent power for the execution of long and arduous tasks. There are boys, too, amongst them, dressed in the same style, and swinging along with the same gait as their fathers.

We have now glanced at the works and the

men; let us next turn our attention to the missionary enterprise here carried on. agent of the Thames Church Mission has around the Hall a virtual population of some three thousand souls, amongst whom he and his helpers carry on such operations as are usually found in a well-organised parish. The Mission Hall is an outwardly plain but internally comfortable building of iron. One corner we find occupied by a Post Office recently opened, the Savings Bank attached to which has of course extinguished the Penny Bank connected with the Mission. On entering the building, there first meets the visitor a cheerful and comfortable room, simply furnished, well warmed and lighted. This is always at the service of the navvies, without payment or restriction of any kind, save, of course, such as tend to the orderly use of the Here they may read the papers or a book from the somewhat scanty library; discuss around the stove Tom So-and-So's narrow escape from being crushed to death, or the latest item of gossip from the works; make and drink their tea or coffee, or laboriously pen letters to absent wives and friends, assisted in this undertaking, if they so desire it, by one of the mission helpers.

Passing through this room, we arrive at that usually devoted to services and meetings. The piano and harmonium suggest hearty cheerful worship, and occasional gatherings of more purely social character. There are regular services, we are told, twice on Sunday, on Thursday evenings, and on any other evening when opportunity offers. Certain pecuniary transactions, at which we are present, indicate the existence of a sick-club. There is a Sunday-school for the young people, and a cricket club unites the clerks and other workers in the contractors' offices with some of their

neighbours lower in the social scale.

And now, adding the experiences of our visit to the information gained from the workers, let us run over the salient points of a day's duty. One thing could not but forcibly strike the visitor, namely, the universal feeling of confidence and regard manifested towards the Christian workers. On all hands one met with cordial greetings and a readiness to listen. On most mornings there are to be found groups of men lying here and there in sheltered spots. They are navvies seeking work, or men who cannot go on with their task for lack of material; or individuals incapacitated for a few days by sickness or accident, yet well enough to walk about the marshes. These are by no means indisposed to talk or listen, and the gift of an attractive leaflet paves the way for open speaking. To talk with men actually at work would be a distinct breach of faith, as tending to hinder them in their duty. But a book or a tract may be placed under a stone or into their jackets ready for them to carry away when work ceases.

Presently the dinner hour comes, and the eye looks for streams of men wending their way homewards, or to some central point. But we look in vain. A few minutes after the "knock. off" not a man is visible. There are no claystained groups eating the meal under the lee of the low earth-hills. Where are the men gone?

Not until now have we marked the presence of certain low, square huts, built of sods, roughlyroofed, with a single plank door, and a single chimney-pot rising from the summit. One such hut is to be found near each spot where any number of men are at work, and to these they resort for rest and shelter at meal times. We will enter one with our guide, and see what passes every day in several of them during the dinner hour. Pushing open the rude door, we stoop and enter. At first little or nothing can be seen. The place is in absolute darkness, save for the red glow from the coke fire in the centre, and a few rays of light which enter through imperfect joints in the sod-built walls, or openings in the primitive roof. Seated upon a rough plank against one side of the hut, we presently grow more accustomed to the absence of light, and partially inured to the fumes escaping from the rude stove. The navvies are ranged around the hut, carving with huge clasp-knives their hunks of bread, overlaid with solid slices of cheese or cold meat. The fitful glare from the coke fire glimmers upon the bright tin cans from which they drink.

Our guide proposes a hymn. In every instance it is a well-known one, the design being to recall memories of earlier days. "Let us sing 'Crown Him Lord of all' to-day," he would say; "perhaps some of you used to sing that at Sunday

School.

"I knows that un, zurr," one would cry; "I used to zing that un at zuch-and-zuch a zchool."

Then a verse would be read out, and all would sing together. Right lustily they sang, and the volume of sound would find its way from the rough sod hut across the marsh to the river bank, and perhaps strike faintly on some emigrants' ears as their ship passed down the river in the wake of a panting tug. After the hymn and a short prayer would come the address, quiet and conversational in its tone, but very pointed and very earnest. It must not last long, for other huts will be looking for a visit, so after another brief prayer we grope our way to the door and out again to the breezy marsh. As long as the dinner-hour lasts these visits go on. With the summons of the men to work again, our guide turns his attention to other duties. There are a few sick in various cottages, who will be grateful for a visit. There is the day-school, too, an object of some anxiety, since the children of a navvy, leading, with their parents, nomadic lives, have but scanty educational privileges. Here all is being done for them

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which circumstances will permit. Occasionally the missionary is summoned in haste to the Mission Hall. Somebody has met with an accident, and he is the great medicine-man of the night to outlying houses where some of the men are lodging; of stout opposition, turning in due time to good-will and self-surrender; of struggles through seething crowds to part the principals in



"A very pleasant interior is disclosed."-p. 691.

place. He has strapping at hand, lint, and a few simple remedies. When things are too serious for his imperfect ministrations, there is an infirmary across the water at Gravesend. Three or four navvies will tenderly carry their comrade to the boat and see him safely over.

With nightfall come the gatherings in the Hall. We hear, too, of other work; of lonely tramps by drunken fights, though happily such scenes are not very common; of many individuals, once careless in their lives, but now serving God; of three hundred men who have taken the pledge in five months, and in most cases kept true to their word.

And all that we hear is amply borne out by the testimony of our eyes,

THE LONELINESS OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM-WITH-STRADSETT.

AN is a social being, and yet so constituted that he must often dwell alone in thought and spirit. Nowhere is solitude more intense than in a crowded city. The rapid streams of human life surge past us; but we are cheered with no responsive glance, no heart beats in unison with

our own. The multitudes throng and press us; their presence brings no comfort, for we cannot say with Christ, "Somebody hath touched me."

So it is especially with men of lofty genius. They soar so high above their fellows, that few can appreciate their thoughts and aspirations. They, too, that attain unusual degrees of purity and spirituality of character are thereby unwillingly isolated from others, earnestly though they long and strive to raise them to the same standard.

Now pre-eminently was this the case with the Lord Jesus Christ, as it is still with those who are one with Him, in proportion as they approach

His mind and spirit.

I. Two features are wonderfully combined in the perfect character of Jesus, the largest sympathy and the most profound self-concentration. He loved human society. He did not, like the Baptist, retire from choice into the silent desert, far away from the busy haunts of men. His. delight was with the sons of men. It was His pleasure to draw multitudes together and minister to their wants, bodily and spiritual. Early in His ministry He gathered round Him a band of attached followers, and He felt the presence of the most loyal of them a great support in His hour of deepest sorrow. The home at Bethany was His chosen retreat from the din and conflict of the city. In the infinite depths of His loving heart there was room for the pure joys of humanity, as well as for its deepest woes. "The little child is an image of gladness, which His heart went forth to embrace: the wedding, the feast, and the funeral have all their chords of interest in His bosom."

Nevertheless, in the ineffable mystery of His being He was alone. Full of sympathy with all, He found none to fully sympathise with Him. They that knew and loved Him best, only half understood Him. Even when, at the age of twelve years, He was found by His parents in the midst of the Doctors of the Temple, and the rising consciousness of His divinity found expression in the question, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" they understood not its deep meaning. The remainder of the thirty years at Nazareth must have passed

in solitude of spirit, while the cottage home and workshop bore witness to His silent communings with His Heavenly Father. Nor at His entrance on His public ministry did He emerge from this inward loneliness. It is not surprising that proud, narrow-minded Pharisees should have misread His motives, and thought it inconsistent with His claims to be a teacher sent from God. that He should eat and drink with publicans and sinners. Nor can we wonder that His unbelieving brethren should have challenged Him to a more public display of His mighty works. "If Thou do these things, show Thyself to the world." (St. John vii. 4.) But we are at first hardly prepared to find His own faithful disciples unable to comprehend His oft-repeated anticipations of His rejection, sufferings, and death, and Peter, as their spokesman, presuming to rebuke Him. The Cross cast its sombre shadow over the whole of His earthly existence, and yet they failed to discern its awful meaning and its deep necessity, until all was over. "The light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not."

As the end drew nearer, Jesus retired more and more closely into the sacred recesses of His own being. What heart can conceive His profound isolation in Gethsemane, or when He stood alone, in all the majesty of sinlessness, before His guilty judges? and most of all on the Cross, as, amidst the preternatural darkness, with none of His loved ones near, except the beloved disciple and the devoted women, He uttered the exceeding bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Truly in this sense did He "tread the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with Him." And although the consciousness of His Father's presence was fully restored, He met and vanquished the last enemy alone. In short, both in life and death He illustrated His own sad closing words, "Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, when ye shall be scattered, every one to his own, and shall leave Me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." (St. John xvi. 32.)

II. Awful, and beyond measure mysterious, is this solitude of Christ. It is enough for us to reverently contemplate it. We cannot grasp its reality. Is there, then, an impassable gulf in this respect between the Master, and even the most true-hearted of His followers? We venture to say there is not. In Him, indeed, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and that of itself rendered His position unique. Still the mind that was in Him we are bidden to make our own. As He was, so are we in this world. The possession of His mind in even our im-

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measurably lower degree must tend to isolate the Christian. Christianity, while, like its Author, it is eminently social, is also strictly exclusive. It separates us from the world in regard to the springs, the supports, the trials of life.

1. Faith was the ruling principle of the Saviour's life. The Son of God, as well as the Son of Man, He ever thought, felt, spoke, and acted in submission to His Father's will, and in dependence on His love. As God's children, by adoption and grace, we too live by faith. That faith necessarily detaches us from the corruption which is in the world through lust. At the same time it leads us to look upon that world from Christ's point of view as still God's world, and on all our fellow-creatures as in a large and true sense members of His family, the objects of His love, whom we would see reconciled to Him. Thus, while our sympathy is enlarged towards all that is good, and true, and pure, and Christlike, a sense of isolation is produced from those who despise and reject His overtures of mercy. In fact, the Christian's course is like that of the moon in the heavens. She makes no effort to shine. She shines because she cannot help shining, simply reflecting the radiance cast upon her. And as the gentle queen of heaven moves in calm lonely majesty amidst the dark clouds, her very presence separates the light from the darkness, and makes a distinct pathway for herself through the vapoury masses. In like manner the children of light, by the very force of their renewed nature, reprove the hidden things of darkness, although by doing so they may often have to tread a solitary path.

2. Still, the believer, like his Saviour, is not left in absolute loneliness of spirit. Jesus could say with a depth of meaning impossible to us, "I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." But with equal truth, in however inferior a degree, they that strive to follow in His steps, must not hesitate to say the same. Theirs is a hidden life-"hid with Christ in God." Its effect on the outward conduct the world can discern, while its Divine source is beyond its ken. The Jewish rulers were struck with the boldness of St. Peter and St. John, and even traced it to its true cause, their having been much with Jesus. Still, not having known Jesus, they could not comprehend what communion with Him implied. Much less did they understand how the Holy Spirit's descent upon the Apostles had imparted a transforming power to the impressions

left upon their hearts by their Lord's words and acts. All true converse of the soul with God is equally mysterious to the uninitiated. Nowhere is the child of God so thoroughly alone as in drawing near the Throne of Grace, for, as Montgomery has sweetly sung:—

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near,

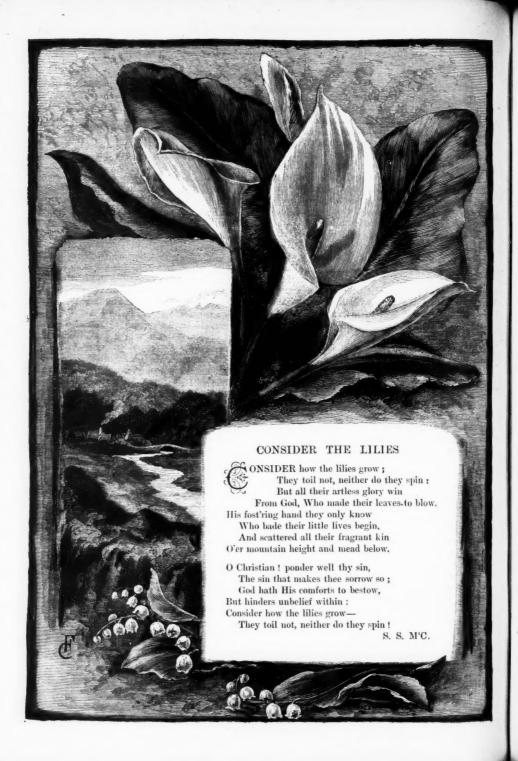
Nor is this seclusion of the spirit confined to private devotion. Even in public ordinances, while the breast expands in love and sympathy with his brethren, the true worshipper feels himself alone with God. He brings his own burden of sins, sorrows, and wants to the common mercyseat, and raises his own peculiar song of thankfulness in unison with the general voice of praise. So, whilst many outwardly press round the unseen Lord, it is given to some to touch Him with the hand of faith, and to find that virtue still, as of old, goes forth from Him to heal the sickness of their souls. Whether in the closet or in the sanctuary, the quaint remark of an old writer is verified, "A. good heart, and a good God, make good company."

3. It is, however, in hours of trial that the Christian can most nearly sympathise with his own suffering Redeemer. Be his sorrows such as he shares in common with the rest of mankind, or entailed by faithfulness to the true and the right, there is ever an innermost shrine, a Holy of Holies, in his heart, which the truest human love cannot penetrate, and God alone can fill.
"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." Most of all, is it so in the solemn moment, when his spirit is breaking loose from its earthly tabernacle. Jesus died alone, and so must we. "Human forms flit and fade, and the sounds of the world become confused. Death only realises that which has been felt all along. In the central deep of our being we are alone."

Why should we faint and fear to live alone, Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die? Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own, Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.
"Christian Year."





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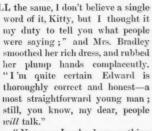
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"SHE THOUGHT IT HER DUTY."

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



"Yes, people who have nothing else to do," Kitty Morgan replied, without looking up from her work; "but, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bradley, I have little time and less inclination for gossip, nor am I much interested in what High Leigh says about me. As for Edward going up to Crag, of course, he has a very good reason for it, and it's entirely his own affair."

"Quite so, my dear; exactly what I said; and I'm very glad to see you take such a sensible view of the matter. Depend upon it, Edward can explain it all satisfactorily, if he chooses. As for his

admiring Alice Westwood, it's quite ridiculous. Put down your work, Kitty, and come home to tea with me. You're looking quite pale and worried. I do hope you're not letting this idle chatter disturb you?"

"Not in the least, Mrs. Bradley," Kitty said, looking up with a bright smile. "I'm not likely to allow anything any one can say about Edward to concern me; and I'm sorry I can't go to tea with you this evening, as I'm busy."

"It's my belief you're working too hard over all this wedding finery. Good-bye, my dear; come and see me soon. Of course, you know I don't believe a single word of all this chatter about Edward; but I thought it my duty to call and tell you."

Kitty's face was rosy enough as she stood up to bid her garrulous visitor good-bye, and it was not till she was far down the green shady lane, that the blushes faded from the girl's cheeks, leaving them wan enough, and showing them to be somewhat hollow. Hurrying to the end of the garden, she threw herself on the grass under a huge ash tree, and covered her face with both hands. So West Leigh and High Leigh had discovered that Edward Burton did not visit One Ash Farm as frequently as he used, and did toil up the hill to Crag, presumably to see Alice Westwood, while Kitty lingered in the garden watering her flowers, and listening for his foot-

steps in the lane, till her Aunt Susan reminded her it was time to go to bed.

Kitty was the only child of crusty old Luke Morgan. She could not remember her mother, but Aunt Susan had never let her feel the full extent of her loss. In her rough way she loved the girl dearly, and petted her considerably, but, like her brother Luke, Miss Susan was somewhat crusty by nature and soured by circumstances.

Edward Burton was a clerk in Lawyer Enderby's office, and he and Kitty were engaged to be married. For a long time the old farmer refused his consent, but at last he gave it, on condition that Edward should have two hundred pounds in hard cash before his marriage. Then he might come to live at the farm and have a share in the profits. Edward consented, and for two years he had been working very hard, and saving the money.

The wedding-day was fixed, the old farm-house made quite gay for the occasion, and in another month they were to be married. Kitty sighed deeply as she returned to the house and put away her work. She had been busy on her wedding dress, when goodnatured thoughtless Mrs. Bradley entered, and by repeating the idle tittle-tattle of the village spoiled all the pride and pleasure she took in it. As she folded up the dainty muslin flounces her tears dropped silently on them. There was no use denying that she was very miserable about Edward, how miserable she scarcely knew, till she heard that other people were talking about her and him. It was Friday, and he had never been to see her since Sunday, while every evening, directly he left the office, he walked a mile and a half to Crag to see Alice Westwood. Kitty was terribly jealous, though she was far too proud to admit it; besides, she did not know how much she doubted Edward till Mrs. Bradley told her what they were saying about her. Altogether, poor Kitty, who had been waiting, fearing, and hoping the best, was sadly put out by Mrs. Bradley's visit, and it was with a heavy heart she set about making ready for her father's return from market. He went every Friday to Leighton, and always returned more crusty and hard to manage than usual. But on that particular evening, fortunately, he returned very amiable, and tossed his daughter a little note from her godmother, who lived in Leighton, asking her to spend a few days with her before her marriage, and promising to send the pony and trap for her the very next afternoon. Mrs. Bradley meantime walked leisurely down the lane and along the high road, and at a turn she met Edward Burton hurrying along in the direction of Crag.

"I've just been to see Kitty," she cried, stopping him; "and she tells me she doesn't believe a word of all that gossip about you and Alice Westwood," "What do you mean, Mrs. Bradley?" he cried,

"Why, they say you're going to marry her instead of Kitty; but she doesn't believe it, though she looks quite ill, and worried, Edward; and there's no doubt you do neglect the poor child shamefully. We all know you spend every evening of the week at Crag."

Edward uttered an exclamation of anger.

"I wish you would mind your own business, Mrs. Bradley; you make an incalculable amount of mischief by repeating idle chatter," he said, sternly.

Mrs. Bradley look frightened for a moment, and then offended. She would not willingly injure a human being, but she had an idea that it was her duty to tell every person what friends and foes said of them. She thought it candid and straightforward, and had no idea how much misery her words sometimes caused. Edward Burton's anger amazed her, and as she walked away, she couldn't help thinking pretty, gentle little Kitty Morgan had a good riddance of such a short-tempered lover. Edward was on his way to Crag just then, but he couldn't go without running down to see Kitty. He knew she would be sore and troubled by what Mrs. Bradley had said, and he smiled with something of his accustomed brightness as he thought how little foundation there was for it. Kitty was all the world to him; and in a very short time he would be able to prove to her how sincerely he loved her, how constantly he thought of her. She was getting the tea when she heard his step in the porch, and her whole face brightened as she went out to meet him.

"I've just looked in to say 'Good evening,' Kitty, but I have an engagement, and can't stay a mo-

ment!" he cried, cheerily.

Her face fell, and the light died out of her eyes in an instant.

"Where are you going, Edward?" she asked, coldly.

"Up to Crag, dear; I have a business appointment, and I'm due there now; so good-bye, Kitty!"

"Can't you stay for tea? It's just ready, and I have not seen you since Sunday," she said, laying her hand on his arm.

"I can't to-night, Kitty, but I'll come early on Sunday. Surely, Kitty, you're not angry - not jealous!" he cried, looking earnestly at her. "I tell you it is business brings me to Mr. Westwood's, and it will soon be over now. Tell me-you're not

"Not in the least: you can go to Crag morning and evening, and spend Sunday there, too, for what I care. No, I don't want explanations; I know all

"You're absurd, dear, and unreasonable, and a little unkind, too; but I'm not going to quarrel with you. You will think better of it before we meet again. Now, good-bye!"

"I shall not think better of it nor of you, and I never want to see you again!"

And with a toss of her head Kitty left the kitchen. But before she reached her own room her dignity gave way, and, sitting down by the window. she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Edward stood for a moment astonished and indignant, then he hurried down the lane.

"Kitty must have taken leave of her senses," he said; "but it's all that meddlesome Mrs. Bradley's fault, who thinks it her duty to make mischief wherever she goes,"

CHAPTER II.

On Saturday afternoon Kitty started on her visit to Leighton, to her godmothers', and left no word or message for Edward. Her father and aunt knowing he had been at the farm the evening before, thought she had told him, and were surprised when they saw him coming down the lane on Sunday afternoon, and sorry too, when they saw his expression of blank wonder and regret. "Gone to Leighton for a week, and she never told me a word about it," he said slowly; "I can't understand it, Mr. Morgan!"

" Nor can I, Edward; had you and she any words?" the old man asked, somewhat uneasily.

"Words, no; why should we? She was a little bit short with me day before yesterday, but that's nothing; Kitty and I never had a quarrel;" and both the farmer and Aunt Susan declared it was very strange, and quite unlike Kitty, who was the most gentle, loving, considerate girl in the world.

"I shan't be able to see her till Sunday again," Edward reflected, as he left the farm. "Why, its only ten miles to Leighton, after all; I'll walk over there, and not let another sun go down on her anger;

for angry she must be, poor little Kitty!"

It was a long walk in the hot afternoon sunshine, but the way was pleasant, and Edward Burton enjoyed the quiet Sunday restfulness. The freshmown hay smelled sweet, the corn-fields were still green, and the wayside hedges a tangle of wild flowers. No busy hum of voices, or hurry of restless feet, or noisy whirr of machinery broke the solemn stillness.

The scythe

Lay glittering in the dewy wreath of tedded grey, Mingled with faded flowers, that yester morn Stood waving in the breeze.

Nature was quiet as a resting wheel, and Edward felt the peace of it enter his heart. But when he reached Leighton, a cruel blow awaited him. Kitty was lying down with a bad headache, and could not, or would not, see him, and Mrs. Merton, her godmother, treated him with the stiffest and scantiest courtesy. He walked home in the fragrant twilight with a very heavy heart. He had performed more than a Sabbath day's journey, with the best intentions in the world, and been coldly repulsed, but he did not feel angry, only supremely sorry both for Kitty and himself.

> "Alas! how slight a cause may move Dissension between hearts that love,"

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he thought sadly; then he resolved to be very patient and gentle, and wait till Kitty came to a better frame of mind. But in a few days he received a note from her, saying she wished their engagement to terminate. She heard his visits to Crag still continued, and she wished to leave him at liberty to go there on Sundays too. She had fully made up her mind, and there was no use in his either writing or calling again, and she intended to remain in Leighton for a time.

"Not a bit like Kitty," he said, as he read the letter over. "I wonder if she has written to her father yet; I hope not." And then he asked permission to leave the office for half an hour, and going straight to the bank, drew £200, the savings of his life so far. That evening he sent an excuse to Crag, and went to One Ash Farm instead. He found the old farmer sitting by the fire somewhat disconsolately, and dashed into his business at once.

"You said, Mr. Morgan, that before I became Kitty's husband I was to have £200; here it is," and he placed the money on the table. "I happen to know that the sum would be of great service to you just now; take it, and welcome; and don't lose a day in calling on Mr. South; I have reason to believe South means you mischief."

"Then you know the farm is mortgaged," the old man said, "and that South has threatened to foreclose if the principal and interest are not cleared m."

"Yes, I know that, and he's a hard man; he will keep his word."

"And you give me this money to pay him, without security?"

"Haven't you given me Kitty? Say no more about it, sir, but go to-morrow morning and pay South to the last farthing; and promise me, not one word of this to Kitty or any one else. That's the only security I ask. Promise me that!"

"Giadly. I will not tell it to my right hand. God bless you, Edward! you have removed a heavy load of trouble from my heart, and saved a good old name from disgrace. If One Ash Farm was sold, I could never hold up my head in Leigh again; and there has been a Roger or a Luke Morgan here for three hundred years. And I'll pay you, Edward, every penny; things are not so bad as they seem with me, but this is a bad time of year to raise money."

The next morning at eleven o'clock the old farmer walked into Lawyer Enderby's office, and wrung Edward's hand heartily; then he took out the mortgage deed, and tore it into fragments, and walked home to One Ash Farm happier than he had been for many a day.

Edward breathed a deep sigh of relief, and next day he wrote a long loving letter to Kitty; but it was returned to him in an envelope, and for a few minutes he was sorely puzzled.

"I must only wait and hope," he said to himself; "when Kitty comes home she will think differently."

Meantime he went every evening to Crag. He was engaged in copying some very valuable MSS, for old Mr. Westwood, and spent all his time in that gentleman's study, instead of in the society of Miss Alice, who looked far higher than a poor lawyer's clerk. Edward was most eager to get the work completed, for the money he was to receive for it would have to defray the expenses of his marriage, and he had formed a plan to take Kitty to London for a week, for their honeymoon. Every time he climbed up the steep hill to Cliff he thought it brought him a step nearer to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; as he walked down after a long evening's wearying work, he consoled himself with the thought that it meant an unexpected pleasure for Kitty.

But days passed, and it was within a week of the date fixed for the wedding, and Kitty did not return from Leighton. At last her father would not be put off by excuses any longer, and went one day specially to fetch her. Then, amid bitter tears and hysterical sobs, Kitty declared that all was over between her and Edward Burton; and she would never marry him, never.

"Very well; don't. You're not half good enough for him; but home you come; and I'm surprised at you, ma'am," he added, turning to Mrs. Merton, "encouraging her in such shameful conduct. The very idea of a daughter of mine jilting a respectable worthy young man!"

"But, farmer, I understood from Kitty that Edward Burton treated her scandalously."

"Kitty's a fool, and so are you," he interrupted, angrily. "Put on your bonnet, miss, and come home."

And Kitty was forced to return, reluctantly enough, to the farm.

It was the very evening of her return that Edward finished his work at Crag, and as he put the twelve guineas paid him by Mr. Westwood into his purse, he sighed bitterly. They were valueless in his eyes since he was not to share them with and spend them on Kitty.

His first idle evening hung very heavily on his hands; on the second he resolved to go up to the farm. On his way he met Mrs. Bradley, all smiles and good humour, her anger entirely forgotten.

"I've been to see Kitty," she cried, "and I don't think her visit to Leighton did her a bit of good, and when I told her Alice Westwood was going to marry that horrid Mr. Short, would you believe it, Edward, she burst out crying! I said what a good thing it was she never paid any attention to the ridiculous reports about Alice and you, and she ran out of the room in the strangest way. I don't know what to make of her!"

"Never mind, Mrs. Bradley; she 'll be all right in a day or two," and, for once, Edward felt that perhaps the chatty lady might have done him a good turn.

He went on to the farm with a lighter heart, and

found Kitty in the porch, with the tears still wet on her face. In a moment he had her in his arms, and was stroking her hair lovingly.

" Poor little lassie! she has been punishing herself

one thing—never again pay too much attention to idle chatter, nor think, because a person thinks it her duty to tell you a disagreeable story, that it must be true. You see how much sorrow your credulity has



"Edward Burton's anger amazed her."-p. 698.

as well as me," he said, looking into her pale thin face; "but it's all over now, Kitty, isn't it?"

"If you can ever forgive me, Edward," she whispered. "I have been horribly unkind."

"I can't forgive you, darling, because I was never angry, only so sorry; but it's all over now, and on next Wednesday—well, I won't; only, mind you are ready by eleven sharp; and, Kitty dear, promise me caused us both, and it might have caused a good deal more, only my little Kitty's heart is a good deal better than her head."

Kitty promised very sincerely, and never heard Mrs. Bradley or any one else repeat a shred of gossip without earnestly entreating of them to be careful, as they did not know how much suffering it might cause, or how serious the mischief it might make.

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SHORT ARROWS.

LITTLE WORKER IN A GREAT WORK.

I was only a tiny vessel of about eight tons; some seventy feet in length, by fourteen feet across. By a very irony of coincidence, as it almost seemed, she lay on the same ground in the N. Greenwich Yard where the 10,000 ton Great Eastern had been built, and whence that sea monster had been launched at a cost of £250,000; and, surrounded as she was now by craft of considerable size, she looked almost like a toy, or at most a pleasure-boat. But

the company gathered on this occasion of her launch were not like pleasure-seekers in the ordinary sense. Gladness and thankfulness, but earnest purpose also, were on many faces; and a prayer went up, and a hymn of praise, as the miniature steamer slid down gently into the waters. She was, as the pennons floating above her denoted, the Henry Reed, given to the Livingstone Inland Mission by the widow of a gentleman whose name she bore, and was destined for the use of that mission on the Upper Congo, whither she was to be carried in the 1,600 sections into which she would be divided after a trial trip at home. Three hundred miles inland from the mouth of the Lower Congo she would be rebuilt at Stanley Pool, thence to ply on the portion of that great river to which more and more the eyes of Europe are directed as the highway to the heathen heart of Africa.

A FRESH START ON THE CONGO.

For six years the Livingstone (Congo) Inland Mission has carried on its patient and often painful efforts to spread the knowledge of God's truth in the Congo country. Many of its members have laid down their lives in the feverfraught climate which prevails near the sea-board of that land. But undauntedly the death-made breaches have been filled up by volunteers from the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, and now a chain of six Christian stations has been formed between Banana, at the mouth of the Congo, and Stanley Pool, in situations as healthy as could be found, and the reaching of this latter point marks a fresh departure towards the interior of Africa, where it is believed that on the tableland through which the Upper Congo winds its way, and which is thickly peopled with native tribes, European constitutions will encounter far less suffering and danger than lower down the river. For the filling in of this scanty outline we would refer our readers to a most interesting pamphlet by Mrs. Grattan Guinness, "The First Christian Mission on the Congo," to be obtained at the East London Institute, Harley House, Bow, E.

HOMES FOR POOR PEOPLE.

The improvements which are continually being made in the metropolis in the uprooting of "rookeries" and clearing of narrow streets, bear hardly, in many cases, upon the deserving poor. The Metropolitan Board in its sweepings does not pay much attention to small bits of humanity, which are often thrust down beneath the refuse which it is the Board's object to clear away. Upon such the sweeping policy of London improvement comes hard, and we are pleased to chronicle the continued benefits of the institution of Mrs. Barker-Harrison's Home for the Industrial Classes, of which some particulars reached us a little time back. The homes are in Westminster, and they are known as Westminster Buildings. These are of no novel construction, for many years' experience have demonstrated their usefulness. The rents, we are told, range from 1s..9d. a week, up to 4s. for a single room, so that all the various grades of poor workers can be accommodated. Such homes as these will surely succeed, and we cannot do better than devote a little attention to their increase. They seem to maintain the self-respect

of the labouring poor, and prevent them from falling into vicious and uncleanly habits, to the danger of many souls and bodies. Mrs. Barker-Harrison's success should lead other charitably disposed persons to emulate the means whereby she has won it.

A SEA-SIDE HOME OF REST.

The Home of Rest at Walton-on-the-Naze was established some time since, as a means of giving to poor deserving women that rest and change of air which are frequently so necessary, after an illness, for complete restoration to health. More than fifty such poor women, with their babies and children, have enjoyed the benefits of the Home during the past year, and have gone back to their various families, not only with renewed health and strength to take up again the struggles of their daily life, but with a bright spot in their history to look back upon in the midst of their many hardships. A generous friend, impressed with a sense of the good work being carried on, bought last year a large freehold house and gave it for the purposes of the Home, thereby more than doubling the former accommodation. A well-qualified matron has also been engaged to take charge of the Home and its inmates, and to impart such spiritual and bodily comfort as her opportunities will allow. The best testimony to the usefulness of the Home and its appreciation by those for whose benefit it is intended is afforded by the numerous letters, full of expressions of gratitude, received from the women who have already enjoyed its advantages. Donations and subscriptions, either for the general work of the Institution, or towards meeting the additional expenses incurred in furnishing the new house, will gladly be received by the Hon. Superintendent, Mrs. P. H. Moore, 102, Regent's Park Road, N.W. A donation of one guinea will keep a woman for a fortnight at the Home, including all expenses.

THE BIBLE FLOWER MISSIONS.

Last year we invited the attention of our readers to a few extracts from reports of these valuable and interesting societies, and the letters we received from some kind individuals connected with the Missions convinced us that the "Short Arrows" had not been shot in vain. The work comes before us again at this bright season, when all gardens are gay with flowers, which somehow carry with them, direct to the hearts of the poor and helpless, a message from heaven. In the construction of the flower, perhaps as much as in any other created thing, the wondrous power of the Great Creator is manifested; and even to those who cannot study the beautiful mysteries of the folded leaves or opening buds, and the various parts of the blossoms, the colour and the sweet fragrance tell a tale of health-of open gardens, of fields, of blue sky, and glorious sunny days! A work which blesses him that gives and him that takes, which is so well suited to the tender loving hands of women, should never want any labourers in its field. It is occupation fitted for the most retiring, and worthy of the bravest. There are many who study and practise gardening who frequently cut off and throw away bright flowers because the vases are full. Let such send them to the Flower Missions, and gladden many a poor sufferer.

THE GLORY OF THE FLOWERS.

Even to the strong and healthy a bouquet is a pleasant and touching attention, but when such a gift is handed to a patient in a hospital bed, a person who perhaps has not had a glimpse of the green fields or the trees for many, many weeks, what a message it must bring to him! The high estimation in which the little bunches, so freely and pleasantly distributed by the workers in the Flower Missions, are held by the poor and the afflicted must be witnessed. The one thing they prize more than another is still to be obtained in quantities, so let us

not forget to send a basket of blossoms to the workhouse and the hospital. In the reports of the Missions we find many gratifying instances of the good influence which the bringers of the flowers have exercised through kindly attention; and the texts which accompany the little bouquets are eagerly read and learnt. The flowers direct attention to the message from the Great King, One instance we will quote in concluding the subject. A lady visitor came up to a poor dying man, and he was eagerly watching for the expected gift. "Oh, lady," he cried, "I do prize these flowers; I am very thankful; the Lord is very good to me." The nurses in the hospitals will confirm the impressions which are made by these pleasant tokens of friendship, and we would urge any one who can do so to forward plants or flowers to Miss Stock, Home of Industry, Commercial Street, F., or to the Cannon Street Flower Depot, to the care of Miss Dove.

THE CANAL BOAT CHILDREN.

We are glad to learn that Mr. George Smith of Coalville, whose exertions in behalf of the brickyard children secured the emancipation of 10,000 of these youthful toilers from their hard lot a few years ago, is renewing his efforts to bring about the amendment of the Canal Boats Act of This is rendered necessary from the fact that the carrying out of the Act, when passed, was left in the hands of the various local authorities, and is to a great extent permissive. Therefore, although much good has already been done through the powers it conferred upon the sanitary officers for the prevention of the spread of infectious diseases, the main features of the Act have hitherto been almost utterly neglected. These are the annual registration of the boats, the prohibition relating to the overcrowding of the cabins, and the education of the children. The clauses relating to the latter have altogether failed of their purpose. And yet it is estimated that our canal population comprises some 40,000 children of schoolgoing age, of whom not 15 per cent. can either read or write! The amendments proposed to be introduced by Mr. Smith will, if passed, go far to remedy this state of things, and we cannot but hope that his endeavours to ameliorate the condition of our canal children will meet with the success they deserve. If so, his youthful clients will, in his own words, "be educated, and the boatmen's homes rendered more healthy and happy; industrious habits will be encouraged, and the country will also be made richer by increasing the happiness of her watertoilers on our rivers and canals."

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

Many of our readers who have perhaps heard little or nothing of the Christian Evidence Society and its operations, must have felt, especially during the past year or two, how great and urgent was the need of such an institution. Atheists and atheism have been brought much to the front in our days, and the former have shown a zeal and energy in promoting the wide circulation of infidel works and other literature calculated to unsettle religious opinions, and in their indefatigable propagandism of secularist views by means of lectures, publications, speciously-worded handbills, and otherwise, such as would have deserved the highest commendation and praise had they been directed into a more worthy channel. But, besides this, the easily unsettled state of opinion in various classes of society, and especially among the young and inexperienced, with regard to even funda-mental religious truths, has rendered the Christian Evidence Society one of especial value at the present time. Its function is to combat doubt and scepticism by every possible means-by sermons and lectures, by popular controversial addresses and discussions in public halls and in the open air; by classes for the study of Christian evidences, and examinations bearing upon the students' work; by the publication of books calculated to meet the current objections to Christianity; by the insertion of short paragraphs in newspapers; by the distribution of tracts; and by communicating information on questioned points to

those who seek it, either by correspondence or personal interviews, and thus to meet the difficulties and strengthen the faith of the doubting and perplexed.

WORK ALREADY DONE.

The good done by the Society hitherto in its persistent exposure of infidelity, in its defence of the truth, and in its bold proclamation of the Gospel at the various stations where secularists are wont to congregate, is incalculable. Its teaching has produced in many a heart a deep and manly conviction that the doctrine of the secularist and freethought school is a baseless fabric, powerless for any good, and alike incapable of yielding glory to God or benefit to His creatures. Much good has also been accomplished indirectly by enabling men to answer questioners themselves, and thus preventing their companions and others from falling into infidelity. Very much more might be done if funds were more liberally provided for the free issue of handbills and tracts, for the hire of public halls and lecture rooms in all the important towns, and for a greater command of the intellectual. moral, and spiritual forces which are available for in-fluencing public opinion. The subject demands the prompt and serious attention of all who are concerned in the defence of a common Christianity, to whatever section of the Church they may belong.

THE WALDENSIAN MISSIONS.

We have at hand some interesting particulars concerning these Missions, which have been conducted for so many years-the missions of an ancient church which has testified to Gospel truth during so many centuries. The report issued by the Committee tells us that during the past year nearly five hundred new members have been enrolled as a result of the work undertaken by the missionaries. By various means, public and private; by reading, by conversation in meetings by the way, in meetings in houses, in churches or dwellings, the glad tidings has come, and has in these hundreds of instances been accepted by the hearers. There are no doubt great difficulties to be encountered, many disappointments, much superstition to be overcome or removed. But we cannot gainsay the success of the work which is being conducted on the Continent, and so we may be thankful that the continued efforts made by the pastors have resulted in bringing so many erring sheep into the fold.

A BLIND BIBLE READER-

Contrary to the general meaning of the quotation, we have in the south-west district of London a blind man, who, by his reading of the Bible to our suburban population, has gained many adherents to the Faith. We understand that this reader is attached to what is known as the One Tun Mission-an institution in which the Christian lady already mentioned in connection with the Homes in Westminster is interested. The Mission is in the same place, and embraces many branches, which extend within the reach of all. Girls and boys equally with adults reap the benefits of this Institution, which maintains schools, a Working Lads' Institute, Bible-classes, and all the usual advantages of the missionary enterprise. The girls are taught needlework, which our informant tells us is extremely well performed, and many other occupations testify to the excellent manner in which the work at the Pye Street Institution has been and is carried on, both in the matter of the accommodation for the deserving poor, and for the education and advancement of the younger branches.

WHAT MAY BE DONE.

"How am I to set about doing something really useful and good in the Master's service?" is a question which is frequently heard in one form or another, and we have at various times pointed out in these columns occasions that may be seized by the earnest worker, such as making book-bags, etc., for the Thames Church Mission, and other handiwork or employment. Our attention has just been

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directed to a letter to a weekly contemporary, which answers the question we have formulated, and to those who are desirous to do something practical, the suggestion of furnishing tracts, to be placed in boxes, provided for the purpose, at hotels, may be commended. "A few years writes the correspondent of the paper referred to, I wrote about boxes for small books and tracts at the different railway stations. . . I had many letters asking about it from all parts of the kingdom, with a view to putting up others, and the result was that a great many have been started at the various railway stations in London and elsewhere." This idea applied to hotels is that now suggested. The experiment has already been made with such success that all the tracts deposited in the box have been taken by inquirers, and in exchange money to defray the expenses has been placed in the tract box. This at once proves the earnestness of the takers, and the good use to which the tracts have been applied. The success of the experiments already made has emboldened the lady to appeal to those wishing to do a "little something" for the Truth's sake, and that the results will be beneficial we cannot doubt. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." One word in season may be productive of a great good, and such tract distribution should, and doubtless will, find many imitators, who should, before commencing work, apply to Mrs. Macrae, 45, Moray Place, Edinburgh, by whom all necessary information will be afforded.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

We have, on the authority of Professor Angus, some statistics concerning the results of the work done and the money expended in Jamaica during a period of thirty years, anterior to the Professor's visit to that island. The large sum of £100,000 had been expended in sending out and supporting missionaries, and the result of this expenditure is stated. It is as follows:-The value of the property at the various stations established, such as the places of worship, the habitations of the ministers, and the schools connected with them, amounted to £140,000; a sum considerably in excess of the sum originally spent. The property has therefore largely increased. But during the time the social status had also improved, and the converts amounted to 50,000, of whom more than one-half were then "The material results," says the speaker, "more than repaid all we had spent, and God gave us the souls besides.

ON BEHALF OF THE JEWS.

Last year public indignation and sympathy were excited on behalf of the persecuted Jews in Russia, and an appeal has reached us for the Syrian Colonisation Fund, which has for its president the Earl of Shaftesbury. The great persecution of the Jews by professing Christians was the cause of the institution of the society, when so many refugees arrived in England from Russia on their way to America. No less than 20,000 individuals passed through Hamburg last year, bound westward, and much assistance has been rendered. A number of the Russian Jews wished to settle in Syria, and many were sent out by the Committee of the Fund. But nearly one hundred individuals who had been driven from Russia and Germany were so scattered that very great efforts had to be made to find them, and when found the people were in sad distress. Ruined and without necessaries and clothing, they, particularly the children, were suffering terribly from the climate and from destitution. "It is impossible, says the "headman," to "put on paper the horrible condition of things." However, at length they were clothed and rescued. Since then they have been supported by the Committee of the fund. It appears that the Turkish authorities at first received the colonists kindly at Latakia, and approved of the manner in which the settlement had been arranged. But the further plans of the committee in Syria were checked by the sudden death of their local representative. This appears to have been the turning point, and the hopes of the committee of the society have been to a certain extent cast down,

as the immigration has been declared unwelcome to the Syrians, and many difficulties have been put in the

THE CYPRUS SETTLEMENT.

In consequence of the objections raised to the Syrian plan, the Committee have, it is stated, yielded to the suggestions made by the remainder of the colonists, and have made arrangements for sending them to Cyprus, where it is said a prosperous colony may be established under British protection. This arrangement, it is supposed, will prove very beneficial, and prove a stepping stone to the arrival in Palestine which is so eagerly looked forward to. The Committee are in want of funds to carry out the needful arrangements in Cyprus, for though land will no doubt be allotted without much expense, the cost of appliances, food, clothing, and residences will have to be defrayed for these destitute Jews. We have entered thus into detail, as every one who feels disposed to contribute may be fully informed under what circumstances the appeal to the public has gone forth. We should add that the Bank of England, Messrs, Drummond, Messrs, Barclay, the Royal and Provincial Banks of Scotland and Ireland respectively, will receive subscriptions.

ST. MARTIN'S LEAGUE.

This is a voluntary association of post-office employés, already numbering more than 700 men. Four "homes" have already been established in connection with it, of which the central one is at 5, Greville Street, and in these the members of the League can rest between their hours of labour, and obtain refreshment both for body and mind, amid the many discomforts of their work. How great a boon such a place of refuge must he to those for whom these homes are intended can be better realised when it is remembered that many of the postmen begin their duties as early as three or four o'clock a.m. To compensate for this they have generally an hour or two off duty later on in the course of the day. In the League houses there is a quiet room provided, and couches, on which the men can have a little sleep during this time if they wish; or they can go to the sitting-room, which is supplied with books, papers, pens and ink, piano, etc., and spend their leisure there. Arrangements are also made for the men to have their meals at the Home, if they wish it, at a very moderate charge. Some of the houses are far too small for the number of men they have to accommodate. As all of them are well used, the wear and tear is considerable, and funds are urgently needed both for keeping them in proper repair and for increasing the accommodation and providing additional comforts and conveniences. The League has also established a house at St. Leonards-on-Sea, where the members can spend their fortnight's holiday at a charge of 2s. a day, or 12s. 6d. a week, and to which they can travel at reduced railway Either of the ladies in charge of the houses will gladly make arrangements for visitors to see over them on receiving a request in writing to that effect.

FOR WORKING LADS AT WHITECHAPEL.

This Institute, which is under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of London, is intended as a home for some of the many thousands of lads who are daily employed in the metropolitan warehouses and shops, or as errand boys, factory hands, and apprentices. The effort thus made in their behalf was first inaugurated at the Mansion House six years ago, and has for its objects the rescue of these youthful workers from the evils of the streets and the many low places of amusement; the counteraction, by the supply of edifying literature, of the moral injury wrought on such lads by sensational and immoral publications; and the promotion by every available means of their physical as well as intellectual and spiritual improvement. During the winter evenings classes are held for instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, shorthand, and similar subjects. Lectures and entertainments are also given; and a Bible-class held throughout the year is well attended. Temperance and thrift are encouraged, the deposits in the savings bank amounting last year to over £60, and the principle of self-help is recognised throughout. Up to the present time nearly a thousand boys have availed themselves of the advantages of the Institute, and, encouraged by their success, the committee have purchased a site for a new and more suitable building, which will also supply sleeping accommodation for such members as may need it. Contributions will be thankfully received by any member of the committee, or may be paid to the Treasurer, Mr. Frank A. Bevan, 54, Lombard Street, E.C.

PROGRESS OF THE TRUTH.

We have previously noted the progress being made in the Peninsula, and the success which, in spite of all opposition, continues to attend the diligent efforts of the missionaries. We have now to put on record the similar results which have succeeded the persistent work carried on in some Spanish and Portuguese settlements in South There had been, as may readily be imagined, America. great opposition made to the preachers; but one Sunday, we are told, while the sermon was being preached in the native tongue, the movements of one of the gendarmes or policemen were noticed, and as he continued his attendance great hopes were entertained of his conversion. He probably at first attended "on duty." But soon he came regularly, and gladly heard the preacher. The result was startling. Not only did he renounce the superstitions in which he had been brought up, but he relinquished his position in the gendarmerle, and embraced that of a preacher. He has since then been most active in bringing native children to the Sunday-schools, and in working generally for the cause in which he has so boldly enlisted. His influence has resulted in the conversion of others, and so his duty regularly performed for his worldly superiors has led him to acknowledge a higher duty-the preaching and teaching of the Gospel.

"QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

EIGHTH LIST.

Being amounts received up to and including June 18, 1883.

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L. and M., Hurst Lighthouse of	8 6	John Duncan, Aberdeen	0 3	0	W. Cook, Wingham	0 5	4.		1,00	1 10	9

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

126. From what two passages is it generally implied that Noah was one hundred years building the Ark?

127. What was the name of the first great empire of the

world, and by whom was it founded?

128. Quote a passage from which it is generally inferred that at the beginning mankind lived only on herbs, etc., and that it was not until after the flood that meat was eaten. 129. To what four rivers was it supposed by the ancients

that the river of the Garden of Eden gave rise?

130. What was the name of the first city that was built, and after whom was it named?

131. In what way did God show to the people of Israel that the calamities recorded by the prophet Amos were the judgments of His hand?

132. What is bdellium, mentioned as being found in the

land of Havilah?

133. In what way does St. Mark show the connection between the Old and New Testaments?

134. What speech of the unclean spirit illustrates Christ's power over the devil? 135. In what way did Our Blessed Lord first intimate to

the Jews the fact of His death and resurrection? 136. What proof have we of the importance which John the Baptist attached to prayer?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640,

113. "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards Him." (2 Chron,

114. Rezin was king of Syria, and Pekah was the king of

Israel who slew the former king, Pekahiah. They are called by Isaiah "smoking firebrands." (2 Kings xv. 25, 37 : Isa. vii. 4.)

115. The desert of Zin lies just south of the Dead Sea. The wilderness of Sin is west of Mount Sinai, on the borders of the Red Sea. (Ex. xvi, 1; Numbers xx. 1.)

116. When he was sailing to Rome he foretold the destruction of the ship and the safety of the passengers. (Acts xxvii. 22.)

117. "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. I find then a law that when I would do good evil is present with me." (Rom. vii. 19-21.)

118. From Hiram, king of Tyre, to whom Solomon gave in return a yearly payment of 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 measures of barley, 20,000 baths of wine, and 20,000 baths of oil. (1 Kings v. 1-11; 2 Chron. ii. 10.)

119. The atmosphere which surrounds our globe, and the air we breathe. (Gen. i. 6.)
120. It is said, "Enoch walked with God," which is re-

ferred to in the Epistle to the Hebrews, as being a "life of faith in God." (Gen. v. 21; Heb. xi. 5, 6)

121. In the days of Seth, when we are told "Men began to call upon the name of the Lord." (Gen. iv. 26.)

122. The word "Gopher" "signifies pitch; it was, there-

fore, a pitch-bearing wood, such as pine or cedar. (Gen.

123. They had their own boats, and employed hired servants. (Mark i. 20.)

124. It is St. Mark only who states that our Lord was "with the wild beasts," (Mark i. 13.)

125. The city was ploughed up. (Micah iii. 12; Josephus, Wars vii. 1, 1.)

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A LAYMAN'S THOUGHTS ON WORK.

DW shall I, as a Christian man or woman, do my daily work so as to feel that it is a help and not a hindrance to my religious life—a continuance and not an interruption of my worship of God?

Many a young believer has anxiously pondered this question in every age of the Christian Church, but the answer to it has not always been the same.

On the one hand it is often said by some even by some who say they are Christians—that religion is very nice for Sundays, and church, and solemn times in life; but that business is business, and in this age of competition must be carried on in the usual business way. Business men, they say, have a "place for everything, and everything in its place"; and they maintain it should be the same with religion and work. Public worship, sermons, spiritual reading, and spiritual thoughts-these for Sundays and, perhaps, in moderation, on Good Fridays and Christmas mornings; but ordinary week-days should be kept for common business-for buying and selling and other really practical affairs. In one word, they say, religion for Sundays and work for week-days: is not this the pith of the fourth Commandment? They are not intended to mix, or, at any rate, they will not mix, and sensible practical people will not try to mix them, any more than they would try to mix oil and water.

On the other hand, there have been-and there still are—those who, realising deeply the certainties of the unseen, and desiring above all things to live their whole lives here so as to please God, feel their every-day work—the work by which they earn a livelihood-seriously to interfere with religious duties, and with what they sometimes call Christian work—shorte, ing their time for prayer and for the study of the Scriptures, and driving away thoughts of God for hours together, when they had been genuinely longing to have Him in all their thoughts. Thus, worried all day by their work, they go home at night wearied out, and incapable, from mere physical causes, of heartily enjoying spiritual thoughts, books, or work. Such perplexed ones, too, are inclined to say that to mingle business and religion is so difficult as to be, practically, impossible; and some, unable otherwise to solve the difficulty, have fled the world and its work

altogether, to spend their lives in secluded abbeys, or hermit caves, where alone, in their opinion, opportunities for the cultivation of their spiritual nature by the uninterrupted worship of God, were to be found.

We are constantly meeting with one or other of these views in a more or less modified form; one class of men saying that religion is a hindrance to business; the other saying that business is a hindrance to religion.

Now if there is any truth in either of these views—if it is in any sense true that work and religion are incompatible, or, if business is necessarily not conducive to holiness, or even if time and thought given to business are really so much time and thought taken from God—then surely, if we have any belief at all that the character of our present life has to do with the happiness or unhappiness of an endless future life, we ought not, and we would not, hesitate to say that the monks and the hermits were right, and it would be our best policy to follow their example with as little delay as possible.

But a little consideration will, I think, show that it is not the duty, nor even the best policy, of any one to become a hermit in this life if he wishes to fit himself for the heavenly life, and that the two extremes—business without religion, and religion but no business—have resulted from the difficulty, and not from the sin, of mingling religion with every kind of work.

It must be freely confessed that it is a hard and difficult matter for any one to hold on through life in the middle course. Still, if, in temporal things, mere difficulty rather stimulates than deters, should it be otherwise when more enduring things are at stake? It were surely not altogether reasonable to expect no difficulty. And, granting this, let us proceed now to answer, if we can, our opening question—which, in effect, is, how can I be "not slothful in business," and at the same time, "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"?

To succeed in this work, we must bear three things in mind:—

1. We must be Christians.

There is an anecdote told of the great chemist Sir Humphry Davy, that when he visited the Louvre in 1813, he walked with rapid steps through that famous gallery, and, to the mingled astonishment and mortification of his friends, he did not direct more than a passing glance to a single painting: his only exclanation during the whole time being one of surprise, "What an extraordinary collection of fine frames!" He would have been a most appreciative visitor to a great scientific institution, but he went through the picture gallery without any love of

painting, and the greatest works of the greatest masters excited in him no admiration at all.

In the same way if a man is not of a religious spirit he cannot infuse any religion into his work. As well expect a refreshing draught from an empty vessel. We have only too much reason to fear that, if our daily work does not exhibit to ourselves or to others some trace of religion, it is because we have really none to supply. "A poet," they say, "is born, not made." If this is true of the poetic spirit it is doubly true of the religious. We must be "born anew" (R.V.). Let us faithfully examine ourselves, and see if the fault and the chief difficulty do not begin here.

2. We, being Christians, must count all work sacred. There is a widely prevalent belief that all work is not sacred; some work is considered Christian or sacred work, and some is called secular. Hence some old prejudices have to be got rid of here, and the Christian trying to count all his work sacred, may find himself treading for a

while a sadly strange path.

But some one says, "That is just my difficulty; my work is of such a nature that I cannot concentrate my thoughts on my daily task and at the same time feel myself in the presence of God, and doing my work for God." But, as it has very happily been pointed out, it is not necessary that there should always be a conscious feeling of that kind present in a Christian's mind. The feeling, it is true, must be there, but it may be latent.

An illustration of this suggests itself from each one's memory of school or college. We were placed there by our parents or guardians; all our course of study was known to them, and we knew they were watching our behaviour with loving interest. And we, while working hard at our tasks, "diligent in our business," were certainly not every moment consciously thinking of those at home, but most of us will at once say that every effort at improvement and every struggle for honours was stimulated by the desire, more often latent than conscious, of pleasing

father or mother at home.

We shall find it a material assistance in our endeavour to regard all our work as sacred, to take all our work as God-given. Christian a difficulty in so regarding his business? Let him go out any fine night and look at the stars. With what apparent aimlessness and disorder are they scattered abroad the heavens! Yet, if we know anything with certainty, we know that they are all controlled by exact laws, and their positions fixed with the utmost nicety. We may surely then well believe that the same God who has "ordered" the stars has not put us men into the world, without giving us a well-defined purpose in life. But we have not been left to mere conjecture, for St. Mark (chap. xiii. 34) tells us that our Master Himself said that, just as a man going into a far country would allot work to each of his servants till his return, so He had Himself given "to

every man his work."

Believing then, as our privilege as Christians entitles us to do, that God has Himself given to each of us our special daily business, why cannot we be always influenced by the desire to please our Heavenly Father in this work, even as we sought to please our earthly fathers in the days of our youth? And if, in that naturally thoughtless time, we often reflected on the influence of present diligence on our future prospects in life, why should we be unable now to carry with us to our business places the thought that every common duty honestly and thoroughly done is fitting us gradually for the performance of yet higher work in the world that is still future?

Christians lose much by overlooking the connection between the work of God's servants on earth and the work of the same servants in heaven. This connection is probably much closer than we commonly suppose. It is written (Rev. xxii. 3) that there "His servants shall serve Him," and this must surely mean, over and above musical praises, the praise of actual service, and possibly of the special active service of those who have, so to speak, qualified themselves for the posts by the faithful discharge of common duties here.

"Lord, Thy pound hath gained ten pounds," "Well, thou good servant, because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." "Lord, Thy pound hath gained five pounds." "Be thou also over five cities."

(Luke xix. 16-19.)

The prophet Zechariah speaks of a time when "there shall be upon the bells of the horses Holi-NESS UNTO THE LORD, and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like unto the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of Hosts." It is a prophecy applicable to the Gospel times in which we live, and teaching us that "holiness to the Lord" shall be not only upon what we esteem the very holiest things used in religious service, but upon such common and trivial things as the tinkling bells attached to the bridles of horsesin other words, everything shall be sacred to God-whether connected with public worship, or business, or pleasure.

If, then, God's Word teaches us that God has selected our "daily round" for us, and that the "common task" is holy, we may well consider whether it is not incumbent on us to raise the estimate we often have of our daily work. Whatever its character or estimation among men, if honest, there is a dignity, and a holiness, and a significance about it that we are too often prone to overlook. Work may be high or low, according to the spirit and purpose in which it is done. For instance, you see two men by the roadside

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doing, to all appearance, precisely the same sort of work—both are breaking stones; but you find that one is a geologist, and you immediately rate his work at a higher value than the other's, simply because his aim and purpose in the work

are in your estimation higher.

Our business—God-given, and holy—is it, after all, so far off the spirit of the Lord's Day as we have often sadly thought? "Appointed" and "sacred," can it be a hindrance to religious life? Do we not begin to see that, far from hindering, our business must really help our religion? What we require is to "level up" our conceptions of our daily work, and at the same time to be careful not to depreciate the value of our strictly religious days, and services, and places. That would be "levelling down," and we do not want to bring the worldly spirit into the Church, but to carry the spirit of holiness into the world.

3. We must have God's help.

This help, it need scarcely be said, is indispensable, and it is perhaps inconceivable that any one who desired to follow his ordinary occupation in a spirit akin to that indicated above, would

fail carnestly and constantly to seek help by persevering prayer. But having raised his work to a higher platform, he will more often pray about the details of his business, and in his business hours he will more often pray.

Thus there will be action and reaction. The more thoroughly any one is a man of prayer, the more thorough man of business will he also be. The more a man succeeds in being in the true sense "not slothful in business," the more will he also know what it is to "pray without ceasing," not merely in the sense of asking for gifts, but in the fuller meaning of prayer, "to think with God in all the thoughts."

Thus praying we shall find renewed strength for daily work, and in our daily work fresh cause for prayer and praise, and we shall learn a truer meaning of the ancient motto, "Ora et labora"— "pray and work," than ever monk of old gave to it—our daily work will be felt to be not a hindrance, but a continuance of our prayers.

The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we ought to ask—Room to deny ourselves; a road To bring us, daily, nearer God.

J. C.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARTENHOE.



ARTENHOE is not a fashionable wateringplace. It is an ancient straggling little town, running along under the slope of a hill. On the hill-side is perched a fine old church, far too considerable a structure for the necessities of the place. Between Martenhoe and the

sea lies half a mile of flat meadow, through which an elm avenue makes a shaded path. And down by the sea are to be found a terrace of lodging-houses and a few less important ones scattered up and down. Here also is a promenade of small pretensions, and a half-dozen of bathing-machines.

Seaward comes up, for the very sea at Martenhoe is a modest one, a crisply rippling tide. Turning landwards is to be seen a stretch of green meadow, then the low red roofs of the little town, then the tree-dotted hill-slopes and the grey church tower. London sends down its shoals to Peplestoke, some miles up the coast, where is a hive of streets, a noisy promenade, a noisier beach, and a surrounding country flat and arid. But it knows nothing of Martenhoe; it has spared the rich meadows, kneedeep this June weather in the lush crops growing ripe for harvest, with their moon-daisies, red sorrel. and brown feathery grasses swaying in the fresh breeze that blows from the sea; i' treads not the winding lanes, whose high green banks on either side are aflame with gorse and broom; it disturbs not the noisy stillness of the copses, where the small wild creatures murmur and rustle or flit. And for such forbearance the few people who know and love this out-of-the-world corner of England's garden are abundantly grateful.

It may be supposed that an arrival of visitors here is an event to be noted, especially if they are a novelty, and not to be recognised as among the ordinary frequenters of the place. One fine June afternoon four feminine figures alighted on the platform of the little railway station which is set on the

hill-side in a golden frame of gorse, and leaving their luggage to be carried by the omnibus, walked down into the town, on their way to seek lodgings. shopkeepers and landladies who saw them pass gauged them at once as poor and genteel-a kind which is highly unprofitable. They also proved to be difficult to please, for they scoured the town, high and low, before they settled themselves down, Finally, they took Mrs. Inchcar's rooms, which are some way from the sea, and are small and cheap. But the cottage is perched on a grassy knoll, and over the town and the fields the sea-breezes blow straight upon it. Its porch is covered with climbing roses, and the serpentine box-edged walks of its little garden, fit only for the promenades of a doll, enclose lozenge-shaped beds full of pansies, pinks, and musk. The townsfolk, when they discovered the choice, found their suspicions of the new visitors' economical tendencies confirmed. But the visitors had a standard of which the townsfolk were ignorant. They measured merit by unlikeness to Barbara Street, and by that test Church Cottage bore off the palm.

Martenhoe speculated concerning them, was interested in them. The four ladies passed through the town in a morning, bought in their provisions, and then went down the avenue to the sands. The mother was a new-made widow, poor thing, that was plain, and left with little enough to spend over her mourning. The young lady that generally walked with her, the tall one, was what some might call handsome, but as proud as if she had got anything to be proud of, which she clearly had not. But the widow and the haughty young lady rarely spoke to any one out of the family. It was the other pair that came into the shops, and did all the little business here and there. The small sister, voted not at all pretty, with eyes too big for her, and a sallow complexion, became, however, a general favourite. And in face of plain attire and an insignificant physique, it was surprising how much attention was awarded to her; for no temperament is so coarse or intelligence so dense as not to be affected by the mysterious influence of will, an influence which may be irresistible without being at all understood. Modest as were her purchases, the tradespeople served her with smiles and readiness, and the grim bathing woman reserved a machine for her in a grossly partial way that brought upon her a good many half wondering, half disdainful glances from sundry well-dressed rivals. At the heels of this sister always came an open-eyed, childish girl, wellmeaning enough, but at the awkward age when girls will always seem in the way. This pair of sisters always seemed gay, and to be enjoying themselves thoroughly, which was more enlivening in a sorrowtul world, and more of a credit to the place, than the quiet sadness of the mother or the cold selfpossession of the other sister.

In the meantime each of these criticised individuals, with the exception of Kitty, who was still in that happy period of existence when experience acts upon one from without and not from within, was living that inward life which receives little check or stimulus from change of place and outward circumstances, and which removes the mind from the power of any criticism, great or small.

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Every one will remember the epoch in his own experience when the discovery came upon him that to procure the means of enjoyment was not the only essential to enjoying one's self; and that though the cup of happiness might be compounded exactly to taste of all the ingredients experience or imagination could suggest, he might after quaffing it find himself bearing an amazed and heavy heart.

When Hester came in sight of the green dancing ocean, flecked with white, for the first time in her life, she was moved, it is true, but the moment of emotion gone, green sea, nor golden gorse, nor blithe sweet-smelling breezes buoyed her spirit high above trouble. The actual Barbara Street was left far behind, but what had been suffered, and felt, and done there was more real still than Martenhoe and its June glories.

This was Hester's experience, hers being a nature which emotion graved deeply with lines not easily erased. But Martenhoe, though it could not bring gaiety to Hester's spirit, was full of good for it. It was good for her to be removed from the sphere of agitation. Insensibly her spirit gained repose and acquiescence in the healthy out-of-door life she led here. Her trust in her mother and sister grew too in the inevitably close companionship of sea-side life. She herself was aware that the respite was what she needed. She recognised that her absence from Barbara Street, which stood for Philip Denston, was, if something of a wrenching, something also of a relief; she felt herself growing capable of regarding the contingency of his leaving England without farewell as holding a possible advantage for him and for them all. She appreciated the breathing space, the opportunity for calming and settling her mind before entering on the new life which lay before her if her offer were accepted.

After the first week she began to find her emotions dominating her less, and instead of an utter languor of body, an inclination sprang up to join Grace and Kitty in their walks. She awoke occasionally also to a sense that she was enjoying herself, and had forgotten trouble; for she was young, after all, and there was nothing here to press the thorns into her, and there was always the comfort that sprang from the new sense of confidence in family relationships. If her mother seemed heedless of her presence, passive and preoccupied, Hester was now aware of the cause. The irritating mysteries of the past were made clear. Though Grace was now gay and wilful as ever, and administered her caresses in the old light, bright way, and the deeps broken up for a time were now frozen again, and intercourse was once more on the surface, things could never again be as of old between them. When Grace patted her cheek or mocked her laughingly, Hester did not suppose

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her heartless. When she fished for crabs at the end of the breakwater with a liveliness of interest worthy of a better sport, Hester did not stigmatise her as

Street, she had at the same moment taken leave of all seriousness and soberness of mind, and that the suffering and anxiety of the last weeks there had



"Mr. Waterhouse met her about half-way to the shore."-p. 713.

childish. She still wondered, but now she trusted, which transformed the wonder into something harmless. Had Grace really any interior life of emotion and thought, as, overflowing with energy and fun, she buoyed up the quiet feminine party, and kept the temperature from sinking below proper fête-day spirit-level? It certainly seemed that, taking leave of Barbara

vanished without leaving any more trace than a bad dream. Indeed, from the hour when the expedition was decided upon, Grace had risen like a reed that may be bent by a storm, but rises elastic after it. There was no more feverishness or depression; it seemed that the sea-air even in prospect exhilarated her like wine; the weight of misery had already

been to some extent lifted-now escape, the country, the sea lay before her.

The first days of mourning over, all was cheerful preparation and expectancy. Philip Denston was not seen; he came no more. For him she felt the prospect had begun to brighten, as there seemed every reason to suppose he would accept Mr. Waterhouse's offer. It was hardly possible for Grace to regard as very acute the suffering that might arise out of a hopeless love for herself; so that concerning Philip she grew a little comforted. Hester, it was true, still suffered, and her mother's pale face and widow's cap were a constant reminder that a new grief had come into her lot.

Grace was always more art to suffer through the troubles of the people she loved than on her own account, but it was not her bent to betray the suffering in a lengthened face and dejected demeanour; nor was her sympathy shown in tearful kisses, but rather in the shedding of added sunshine about her. What influence her presence had at such times cheered and animated, and her rare kisses were given with smiles.

But now and then, if one observed her closely, one might surprise a furtive glance, anxious or gravely inquiring, which contradicted any estimate of thoughtlessness that might have been formed. On the whole the anxious glances Grace gave just then were reassuring; they told her that Hester was going through her trouble in a way to admire, even to reverence, and that her mother's grief was of a kind less poignant and bitter than the anguish which had tortured her in secret through so many years. If, in addition to the interests and cares which centred thus in those dear to her, Grace had brought away with her any more personal, she herself would have been the last person to admit it, and no one observing her would have guessed it. It was possible, nevertheless. Certainly the experiences of the last few weeks seemed to have left her more vulnerable at a certain point. The very relief which she had felt on escaping from one entanglement seemed to prepare the way for another. Joy or something else threw her off her guard.

Four days after the funeral they left Barbara Street for Martenhoe, and Waterhouse betook himself to the Langham Hotel. In what frame of mind was he as he departed from the dingy suburb which had been the scene of such vicissitudes of emotion as make sacred ground to us thereafter of any place, be it as common or unclean as it may? Ask, rather, how had Grace behaved to him before this moment of parting, for it had lain in her power by a word or a look to make him the most wretched or the happiest of men.

Five minutes before he left he was neither the one nor the other, but hovering rather between the two extremities. For Grace had been gracious: she had refrained from remonstrance, though Waterhouse had rendered service after service: she had discussed arrangements with him: he had had the happiness of knowing himself to be the instigator

of a scheme which had relit her dark eye and reanimated her small quick frame. He had suggested, on the authority of some friends who knew it, Martenhoe as the right place for the expedition, and had seen the blood mantle in Grace's olive cheeks as she heard of the gorse and the rich June meadows. And nothing had she said or done by which she betrayed even the remembrance of that unfortunate episode which had caused him so much misery.

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It was evident he was forgiven. What he had dared scarcely to hope for was his. But was he contented? Far from it. Having what he desired, like other mortals, he immediately desired more. What he had was too neutral and pale-tinted to be called happiness, He was even so unreasonable as now in secret to chafe under this obliviousness of his past offence. want her to forget his lapse from this brotherly friendliness, after all? By no means. But in spite of chafing he was not so foolhardy as to risk incurring Grace's anger again. Just before the general exodus, however, one little impulse came which he did not resist. No word had been said concerning his return, but he had observed with keen satisfaction that Mrs. Norris had implied it more than once in speaking to him. Therefore in speaking to her he cunningly implied it also-but Grace, she was the arbiter of his destiny. Would she forbid or consent? She was just now a sphinx, though a smiling and a gay one.

While ruminating thus, with a countenance unusually shaded by anxiety, he encountered Grace in the front passage as she was strapping up shawls and umbrellas. He relieved her of the task, and as he stooped over it, with his face conveniently hidden, he risked the remark (his sense of temerity rendering his tones somewhat uncertain)-

"Dear old Barbara Street! It's not at all pleasant leaving it. When shall I come back again?

To his very great surprise, there was no reply to this; no tones saluted his ears, neither offended nor bantering. Instantly he raised himself. Some instinct seemed to endow him with assurance, and he looked full at Grace. In her face was the warrant of it, for she had hoisted the maiden's flag of surrender. -A vivid blush suffused her cheeks. She had lost her self-possession, and was striving to look unconscious of the loss. Some one came out of the parlour adjoining, whom she addressed, and made use of to cover her retreat.

Waterhouse remained with an extraordinary sense of victory. His heart beat high, he trod with a conqueror's step, and his elation accompanied him to his hotel. Yet all Grace had done was not to answer him! This was what she told herself, to relieve a certain uneasiness which accompanied her, and which was so unfounded and absurd. As if encouragement could be conveyed simply by stupidly failing to convey discouragement at the right moment!

One morning, about ten days after their arrival, Grace, as usual, came down first to breakfast. Through the open casement of the cottage parlour came the scent of musk, the hum of bees, and the morning wind fresh from the sea and the gorse. The view from this window generally engaged Grace's attention immediately, and especially on such a morning as this, when the white horses were out, and the sea was made up of flitting purple shadows and spaces of translucent green.

But on the small table on which was displayed Mrs. Inchear's unique collection of breakfast-ware were also to be seen letters—letters whose superscription stirred up sufficient feeling in Grace to preclude any interest in the aspects of the sunny morning. There was one addressed to her mother—did not Grace know that frank free hand, and the size of the envelope, seeming both to symbolise the sender's large careless notions? Besides this, there were two for Hester—one in Miss Denston's peculiar hand-writing, the other in the same hand as that which had a short time back penned her own release.

Mr. Waterhouse had written to her mother—well, that was right and proper enough, she supposed—in fact, she knew her mother had written to him. She turned the letter over, since there was nobody by,

and would like to have seen inside,

But this from Mr. Denston was a more serious matter. It would probably convey the refusal or the acceptance of Hester's offer. It would agitate Hester, and generally disturb the serenity of the atmosphere, and Grace would have liked to tear this letter to pieces, and deliver it to the brisk sea breeze. As that scheme could not be entertained, she made the tea, with a preoccupied air, and wondered how soon Hester would come down-Hester was always the last-comer in the morning, and was generally late for breakfast, Perhaps it would be kinder to run up with her letters. She would turn very pale when she saw that one lying there. Yes, the poor girl might at least be spared that; so she went up and delivered the letters into Hester's hand, and ran down again. They had finished breakfast, and Mrs. Norris had read her letter aloud before Hester made her appearance down-stairs. This was the letter Mrs. Norris had received-

My DEAR MRS. NORRIS, - I have attended to your commissions in Barbara Street. I looked in upon Sarah unexpectedly, in order to take her off her guard, which I had an idea was the right thing to do, in case of policemen installed on the premises, or undue festivities of any kind. You will be glad to hear that, on the contrary, she appeared more low-spirited than ever, and the house wore the most cheerless aspect that ever a house could wear. I had been apostrophising it as "dear old Barbara Street," and longing to behold it again, for I candidly confess the last ten days have appeared to me more like ten months. I had expected No. 47 to greet me with the smiling face of a friend, but lo! I found it a stony mask. How was it that it seemed to me the dingiest and dreariest of dwellings? Pan gave me a welcome-barked and wriggled himself into next week, but he wistfully sought and sniffed for his little mistress, who is doubtless enjoying herself without a thought of him.

Denston, I am happy to say, has come to his senses. He now sees fit to oblige me and benefit himself at the same time. The sort of proud stomach that would induce a man to hold out against doing the former because it involved the latter seems very queer to me. I don't understand it at all. It seems hardly Christian. He

looks a mere shadow, and I am anxious to get him off as soon as possible.

I emphatically don't like this hotel life—can't endure it. I shall go a-travelling to get through the time till you come back. I am glad you like Martenhoe. You are not condemned to solitude. You must be very happy down there, all of you together. You can talk to each other, and have sympathy in smiles and sighs.

With my kindest regards to all of you, ever yours sincerely, John Waterhouse.

"Poor Pan! dear little doggie!" was Grace's only spoken comment on this letter.

"Oh!" cried Kitty, indignantly, "it is poor Mr. Waterhouse, I should think—so lonely, and all by himself! I wish I was his sister."

Grace, though she tried to avoid it, caught her mother's eye, which shed a mildly humorous ray. And what must she do but blush?

"His sister, indeed! you absurd little thing!" she cried, frowning upon Kitty. "And what do you think he would do with a little mouse like you running after him? I am used to it, and can put up with you very well, but it would be a nice thing for you to be tied to a great selfish man."

"Oh, Grace! he is not a great selfish man. I think he is as unselfish nearly as a woman, for all you say. And he would not think me a trouble, He is very kind to me, and he likes me very much."

And Kitty maintained undaunted her air of solemn complacency.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LETTERS.

WHEN Hester took her letters from Grace, and saw what they were, she turned pale, and trembled very much. She was grateful to Grace for bringing them up-stairs, and appreciated this proof of thoughtful consideration. When Grace came in, she was just coiling round her mass of light-brown glossy hair; but she let it fall again, and it spread over her shoulders as she sank into a chair by the window, with the letters on her lap. After turning them over once or twice, she let them lie there for a few moments, and looked out on to the fields and the sea. To open them would be to learn her destiny. She hesitated. She scarcely knew what she hoped or feared, but she knew a rush of strong feeling of some kind or another would sweep over her when the contents of these letters became hers, and she strove to fortify and compose her soul. First she opened Miss Denston's. It was a long letter, beginning with the address, "My own Hester," and ending with the signature, "Thy friend for ever, Georgina." But between the two, from the midst of much that only served to express the writer's confidence and affection, or to entreat her dearest Hester's sympathy, Hester learned that Philip had accepted Mr. Waterhouse's offer. After explaining the terms of the offer, as to one who had heard nothing of it, the letter ran thus-

"On hearing of it from Philip, which came about almost accidentally, I immediately urged upon him

the desirability of accepting it, and, I am happy to say, succeeded in producing the effect I desired. My own sacrifice I could think nothing of. Indeed, when he pressed upon me the impossibility of living alone, in my feeble condition of health, I ventured to hint at the possibility of a certain promised arrangement with a certain dear absent friend, which, if carried out, would give me companionship dearer than any other. Was I wrong, Hester?"

Not a word was added as to the effect this suggestion produced upon Philip. But the key to the remaining problems lay at hand. Hester folded up this letter, and took up the other, but could with difficulty surmount her dread, her shrinking, sufficiently to open it. But opened at last it was. At a glance it proved to be longer than Hester had expected. As she read, the dread at her heart, which had almost stopped its beating, gave place to a flood of interest, emotion, joy, which set it throbbing full and fast. It ran

DEAR MISS HESTER,-I am sorry to have kept you so long in suspense. Again I have to apologise for delay. But, though my mind was made up on the main question, there has been much to deliberate upon and to mature. I have had to wait for a favourable opportunity on which to open the matter to Georgina. I have had also to arrange certain decisive interviews with Waterhouse. It is now settled that I sail in the Spartan, which leaves in three weeks' time. This is sharp work, but it is better so

You have perhaps already learned that it is easier for me to feel than to express gratitude. But I have never so regretted my unaptness as now. Your sisterly goodness when I saw you last I shall never forget. I was in a state bordering on distraction, and I had lost the power of forming a sane judgment as to my course of action. But my senses returned to me as you spoke, the confusion subsided, and from that time my mind has been quite clear

As to that part of my course of action which concerns you, there has naturally been a struggle. The sacrifice which you offer is a great one-the acceptance of it could not but be questionable. But the remembrances of our interview have made that acceptance easier. Before the matter is finally settled, however, let me remind you of what I think you must be already aware-that medical opinion declares my sister's life to be a most precarious one. Dr. Black tells me that any seizure, such as she is liable to, may be fatal. Do you accept such a trust as this? Do not hesitate to draw back if the self-imposed task, as it may well do, seem too great. If you accept, I go with even graver responsibilities and more pressing obligations to get well as soon as may be.

You will not be returning to Barbara Street before I leave. You must say "Good-bye!" for me to your mother, the remembrance of whom will always go with me; and to your sisters. As for yourself, am I not justified in feeling that I leave two sisters behind in place of one? PHILIP DENSTON.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

Half an hour after Hester had read this letter there came a knock at her door, and Kitty's voice cried-

"Hester, your egg is boiled, and is getting quite cold, and we are just ready to go down to the sands, Aren't you coming?"

"Yes, I will come directly, thank you," was the reply Kitty received, but the voice in which it was given had that subdued tone which suggests recent tears. And Kitty went down again more slowly, and with a wondering expression on her face; and when

her sister came into the little parlour, soon after, she glanced at her apprehensively, with a mingled sense of awe and of resentment evoked by this untimely depression. For Kitty had never known, throughout her short dull life, such delights of holiday-making as these with which the summer days were filled. And yet here was Hester coming down to her breakfast with uneager tardiness and red eyelids,

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Soon they were all on their way to the sands. All the world of land and sea was glowing with colour and sunny warmth, fanned by a dainty fresh breeze blowing from over the salt waves. Kitty could not refrain from many a hop, skip, and jump to relieve the pressure of happiness; and Grace's enjoy. ment was scarcely less patent in the intense vitality that inspired her look, and speech, and movement, When the sea was reached, quivering with small sunlit waves, that the outgoing tide tossed gracefully over on to the glistening brown sand, to bathe in it seemed the first necessity of the hour. Hester alone preferred to remain on dry ground, but that was because the first necessity with her just now was to be alone and at liberty to muse and dream. She sat down under the sea-wall, and heeded nothing of what was going on before her eyes, neither hearing the playful cries of the bathers, nor observing their gambols as they disported themselves in the water. In vain Kitty waved her hand to her, eager to direct her attention to the progress she was making in the art of swimming. Hester did not see.

"Why, Hetty," cried Grace, when at length they issued from the bathing-machines, "how cruel of you not to reward Kitty's exertions with even one bravo. I am not sure, but I believe that at one moment she had both feet off the sand at the same time!"

"Oh, Grace," cried Kitty, aggrieved, "you know I had for two or three minutes at least, I can swim perfectly now!"

Hester smiled rather absently.

"Perfection depends upon the standard, I am afraid, Kitty."

"Oh," said Kitty, "you are cross this morning, I am afraid."

"It is Kitty who is cross, I think," said Grace; and Kitty walked away in a huff, and pretended to be deeply absorbed in picking up shells. Hester had coloured. She was sufficiently changed from the old Hester to feel, not vexed with Kitty, but with herself for having disappointed her little sister through her own self-absorption. Grace looked at her rather anxiously. She walked on a little way by her side.

"I am afraid you are not cross, but unhappy," she

ventured to say.

"No," said Hester; "on the contrary, Grace, I am very happy." The two looked in each other's eyes. Hester did not volunteer more, and Grace, though wondering much, was satisfied to wait. She went in search of Kitty, whose ill-humour soon melted under the sun of Grace's blithe spirits, and they prosecuted together a search for rare sea-weeds and shells with an ardour which deserved better success than it met.

By-and-by, when it was getting towards the time for returning home to dinner, the two were far out upon the slippery weed-covered rocks in which the retreating tide had left clear pools filled with treasures for the toy-pail which Grace carried. Grace, rising from one of these, and shaking back from her eyes her long black hair, which had been left down to dry after the fashion of the place, turned to look back to the sands for her mother and Hester.

"Can you see them?" asked Kitty, but Grace did not answer. She was gazing as one astonished, and

a flush had risen in her olive cheeks.

"There they are!" cried Kitty, "but they are talking to some one, a gentleman—how funny! Why, it looks like—it can't be—yes it is! it is Mr. Waterhouse! Oh, how delightful!"

"Nonsense, Kitty!" returned Grace, speaking slowly, and in a low voice. "Why, we heard from

him only this morning."

But it was very evident that it was Mr. Waterhouse, He had caught sight of them, and was coming to meet them. There was no mistaking, even at that distance, the well-knit, vigorous frame, and the brown beard.

"There must be something the matter at Barbara Street," said Kitty. "Oh, I hope Pan is not

poisoned!"

But Grace was silent; not even the allusion to her well-loved doggie brought any exclamation to her lips or quickened her steps. She picked her way over the stones deliberately, and Mr. Waterhouse met her about half-way to shore. He was not at all shamefaced; on the contrary, he looked radiant and well-assured. As for Grace, she looked rather weird than beautiful as she poised, cleverly and lightly, on the slippery rocks, with her black hair streaming, and a very odd expression on her face, as if she wished to be angry but could not quite succeed. Either this expression or something else made Waterhouse very bold.

"You look as unearthly as usual," he exclaimed, when they met. "Are you a mermaid, or what?"

"And what are you, pray? An apparition?"
"Not at all; take my hand over these slippery stones, and you will find me perfectly solid."

"No, thank you, I find it best to trust to my own footing."

"Ah, that is always your principle, as some of us find out to our cost. Does it apply to the carrying of the pail also?"

"You may take it, if you will not upset it, and don't mind those nurse naids laughing at you."

"I am too used to be made ridiculous by you."

Kitty was almost too amazed to retain her equilibrium. She had never heard such queer talk when two people greeted each other after an absence. Why did not Grace ask him why he had come? And how was it that Mr. Waterhouse had never spoken to her, Kitty, nor even seemed to see her, although they had been such friends? And, indeed, the utter vanishing of ceremony, and the

strange sense of buoyancy which characterised the unexpected meeting of these two, were very odd. But when they joined the others the explanation, such as it was, of Mr. Waterhouse's appearance ensued. He had suddenly made up his mind to go into Germany, to see some friends whom he had known in his boyish days, and, "of course," he could not go without saying good-bye. He was going to stay at the hotel, but Mrs. Norris said he must come home with them for some luncheon, and he said, "Of course I shall!"

Grace was very quiet all the way home, while Waterhouse talked gaily to every one but her. Hester glanced at one and the other very gravely. An idea had come to her with a sudden shock, and all the way home the question was repeating itself internally, "What do these 'of courses' mean?" Dinner passed off very pleasantly, and then Waterhouse went away, but not without arranging to join them in a walk in the evening. All Grace's high spirits seemed to have departed since Waterhouse's appearance. She went up-stairs after dinner, and was not seen again till tea-time, and Kitty was quite disconsolate. Mrs. Norris seemed the only person at case, and manifestly glad of Waterhouse's arrival. She apparently saw nothing strange in Grace's behaviour. As for Hester, she knew not what to think. She was very uneasy, but dared not attempt to penetrate Grace's reserve. Her heart, fed by its new joy, which was not a selfish one, and which set it at rest in a wonderful way, responded promptly to the call for interest and sympathy on behalf of her sister. It occurred to her that to give her own confidence to Grace would be the way to win a return. So, stifling a sense of reluctance to disclosing her heart's hidden treasure, which almost seemed like parting with some of it, she determined to tell all to Grace that evening. Her mother, too, must now be, to some extent, taken into confidence, and she could consult with Grace as to the best way of doing that,

At twelve o'clock that night, Hester was not in bed. She sat at the window of the little sitting-room, looking out into the soft darkness of the summer night. Philip Denston's letter lay on her lap. All the rest had gone to bed, and in Hester's room Kitty was fast asleep. On the table lay the answer she had just written. It was very short, and ran thus—

DEAR MR. DENSTON,—Indeed I do not draw back. I thank you very much for your confidence in me, and for your letter. I will take good care of your sister while you are away. My mother is going to write to you. The others join me in farewells and good wishes. We hope and expect, and will pray, that you may come back well.—Yours very sincerely, HRSTER NORRIS.

It had taken Hester a very long time to write this, short as it was, and she had made several unsuccessful attempts to express what she wanted to say. Most of them were too cold and formal; for though she longed with all her nature to respond to Philip's kindness, Hester dreaded more than anything else lest she should express too much. She had hesitated a long time over the clause, "and will pray." Should she put that down or not? Why not? It was true: prayer for him would be her chief comfort and stay; and, perhaps, it might be some comfort to him at times to know that he was being thought of and prayed for. Did she not remember well how drearily he had said that there was no one to miss him? Every sad word and look was stamped on her recollection, and the recalling of them had often wrung her heart. How wonderful it was to know that, unwittingly, she had been of help then, and had so strangely strengthened him from the midst of her own weakness! The thought of it smote her with a keen joy, which was akin to pain, and for which she thanked God in her heart, with a passionate gratitude. Several times during the day, when the pressure of the actual life around her threatened to cause this secret joy to elude her grasp, to fade and grow illusory, she had drawn out the letter again to read once more the wonderful, strange words, and now in the darkness she kept them near her still as an evidence of possession. Since the blow fell that memorable night, Hester had had no thought of any happiness in store for her as vivid as this. She was not conscious that she was reaping as she had sown, that she had struggled bravely against self and its meaner instincts, and had kept her head above despair by holding fast to the saving impulses of sympathy and service; and that by doing so, she had earned for herself the comfort that came to her now.

It seemed to her a marvel that her words, so few and simple, should have moved Philip so, unconscious as she was that there had been a heroism in her mental attitude then that was more potent in its unrecognised influence than any spoken words.

At last Hester moved to go to bed, and the uneasiness about Grace's affairs, which had for the last hour been out of her mind, returned as she did so. For though she had had her proposed talk with her sister, the result had not been satisfactory. Grace had left her an hour or so ago, after such a talk as had recalled those days of closer fellowship in Barbara Street. They had sat without a light at the open window, and Hester had ventured to take Grace's small hand into her own. She did not show Grace the letter, for she passionately craved to keep that for her own eyes only, but she told her the substance of what was contained in it.

"And so you are happy, Hester?" Grace had asked, wonderingly.

" Yes," said Hester, calmly.

"Poor Hester!" and Grace stroked her sister's hand. At the sound of Grace's voice, a sudden revulsion to self-pity came over Hester, and from the height of her exalted happiness she suddenly found herself sobbing.

"You cannot live with that woman! you shall not!" cried Grace, impetuously.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hester, checking herself.

"Don't you see that it would be the happiest life I could have, working for-"

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Grace guessed what the unfinished sentence meant. Then they had talked of their mother, and what they should tell her, and decided that she should know nothing of the troubles concerning Philip, but only of the reason why Hester's devotion would but serve to lessen a debt. For otherwise ti ey believed that she would not consent to part with her. And then it grew late, and nothing had been said concerning Hester's new anxiety, and it seemed more than ever difficult to mention it. But just as Grace was going, Hester had at last managed to say, without looking at her sister—

"Grace, were you not very surprised to see Mr. Waterhouse to-day?"

"No, not at all," said Grace, lightly, but with a slight edge of resistance in her voice, which made Hester shrink,

What more could she say? She forced herself, however—

"I was," she said, "and I could not resist coming to a startling conclusion, which perhaps was foolish."

"It is not wise to come to conclusions," laughed Grace, a little consciously; "always avoid them, or you will make mistakes. Good-night."

But Hester's courage rose to meet this further rebuff, and, holding Grace away from her before she kissed her, she said, earnestly—

"But I hope I may come to the conclusion that you will not make him suffer, Grace. I do not want to see him suffer."

"Oh, he is not one of the suffering sort," replied Grace, persistently playful. "He is a man that will always get what he wants."

And then she had gone away, leaving Hester puzzled, and still uneasy. She did not understand Grace very well, and that was not surprising, considering how diverse were the two natures, and neither was her trust in her, though growing, what it would have been had they always lived as near to each other as they had begun to do of late.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN ENCHANTED PENNY.

MR. WATERHOUSE had professed to come to Martenhoe merely to bid a hasty farewell, but he showed no sign of haste. Several days passed, in which he met the others on the sands in the morning and joined them for walks in the evening. What delightful walks they were! Across the fields the evening sun shed a mellow light slantwise, and threw long shadows of the figures on the young wheat and the tall grass as they walked in single file down the narrow paths. Out in the lanes they would stroll in an irregular group, plucking nosegays from the hedgerows, which were a lovely tangle of glowing maple, red-brown oak, bramble, with the bees flitting from blossom to blossom, dog-rose, and honeysuckle,

There was little, outwardly, to encourage suspicion, but Hester was now keen to observe slight tokens which would have passed unnoticed before. Grace was certainly not herself; some new uncharacteristic diffidence or restraint seemed upon her; her eyes did not meet Mr. Waterhouse's frankly, her tongue let slip many opportunities of merry rejoinder. She avoided tête-à-tête. She was evidently not happy. Yet Mr. Waterhouse did not appear at all disconraged, but, on the contrary, very gay and radiant, and that made Hester disturbed and anxious. For her own pain had endowed her with a new fellowship with others' pain, which, though she did not know it, was worth the price she had paid for it. No further reference had been made to the matter in the sisters' intercourse. Hester had not dared to

But at length Waterhouse said he must go, and the last evening arrived. As usual, they all took a walk together. In the course of it they came to a farmstead lying in a rich nook of meadow-land, with great elms near it, in which the rooks were cawing. They stood looking over the low wall of the farmyard at some red-brown cows brought up from pasture, till Kitty discovered she would like some milk, and they went on to ask for it. A little toddling child came with its mother to the door, and as the woman would not take payment for the milk Waterhouse felt in his pocket for something to give the child, who peeped shyly at the bearded stranger from behind its mother's gown. But the careless fellow found his pockets empty, and Mrs. Norris supplied the lack. But Kitty said, as they were walking away-

"Mr. Waterhouse, did you feel in your waistcoat pocket? You have got a penny there, haven't you?"

Waterhouse laughed.

"You little witch! How did you guess that?" he asked, glancing at Grace; and Hester could have fancied a slight redness in his cheeks.

"Oh, don't you remember telling me one day that you always kept a magic penny there for luck? But, perhaps, you were making fun of me."

"Not at all; it was honour bright, I assure you. But, if it is a magic penny, how could I part with it? Here it is;" and Waterhouse pulled out a penny from his pocket. "It looks like any other penny, you see; but that is the way with enchanted things. A fairy gave it me, in exchange for a bunch of violets, and it was the only thing she ever did give me—not much, was it?—and I wanted something much more valuable from her."

Waterhouse spoke lightly; and when Kitty asked, "But what does the penny do?" he walked on with her, inventing a story of magical properties. Grace had fallen behind, and to Hester's amazement, had coloured violently.

By-and-by Waterhouse made a deliberate effort to get in line with Grace, and there was so much of determination in his manner, that he succeeded in gaining his end, and the two found themselves out of earshot of the others. There was silence for a moment or so; then Waterhouse said, in a tone there was no mistaking—

"Your mother says I may come back to Barbara Street."

There was no reply.

"May I?" he continued, stooping to look into her face. But Grace kept it averted.

"Why do you ask my permission, since you have settled it between you?" she said.

"Not to say 'no,' is to say 'yes,'" replied Water-

"Oh, no," replied Grace, hurriedly.

"Yes; I don't think you can draw back now," insisted Waterhouse, with an unmistakable ring of triumph in his voice.

Grace gave him a hasty and rather frightened glance.

"Yes, indeed it is," replied he, emboldened by the look. "You could not possibly send me away now."

"Well, if you come back," said Grace, after a pause, and with an effort to assume a playful tone, "you must promise to behave well."

"Have I not behaved admirably since I came here?"

"I do not call that affair of the penny admirable."

"Oh, well, that was a slip. The penny is in my pocket now, and shan't come out again."

"I understand that as a promise, then," said Grace.

And in the same breath she called Kitty, to look at a hovering butterfly of gorgeous hue; and the tête-ù-tête was at an end.

Waterhouse muttered something between his teeth, in a threatening tone, concerning the bad effect the country was having upon her, and that he would find out whether Barbara Street did not see her less cruel; but Grace, fortunately for him, did not hear him, and remained under the impression of his absolute submission. He fell back, and in a few moments found himself walking alone with Hester. He was still absorbed in his own feelings, and started when the question reached his ear—

"You leave Martenhoe to-morrow, Mr. Water-house?"

"Yes," he said, absently.

Hester, impelled by her fears, which had grown in strength, took a sudden resolution to speak openly.

"Do you know," she said, "I am rather glad of that?"

Waterhouse looked into her eyes, and understood her meaning instantly. "Are you in your sister's confidence?" he asked, hastily.

" No," said Hester, colouring slightly.

"Ah," he said, with a sigh of relief, "who is?"
But your mother tells me to come back again, and I
mean to do so. She will neither tell me to go nor to
come. I made a mistake once, you see, in being too
precipitate. So that makes me cautious. You
meant to warn me, I suppose, and I thank you for

it; but I hope you wish me success," he added, hesitatingly.

Hester looked at him, for the first time fully

shade of hesitation, of modesty, which was very winning. He was not confident of being approved by Hester, as he knew himself to be by her mother.



"'See the way she carries Jack.'"-p. 719.

realising that it was possible Grace might love this man, and that the future might be going to hold in store for her and for them all something very different from expectation. Waterhouse felt that it was a look which meant a good deal, but he sustained it well. His manhood was softened by a

f "It is a surprise to me," said Hester, at length.
"I had never supposed we should any of us marry,
and Grace least of all."

Waterhouse was too much in earnest to smile at this girlish speech. "You think I am not worthy of her," he said, with some eagerness; "and perhaps I

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am not, but where there is a great deal of love it makes up for much. I think I could make her happy. You have seen me under a disadvantage, you know. I do not mean to idle away my life like this always. I have only stayed in Barbara Street for your sister's sake. You have all done me so much good. I never knew what home was before,"

Hester met his eyes and smiled. "You are very good and kind, I know," she said, "and if Grace marries you I am sure she will be happy, because she will not do it unless she loves you enough." More towards discouragement than this Hester could not find it in her heart to say, but secretly she very much doubted whether Grace did love enough. "This is all so sudden to me," she added; "I have known nothing of it. If it is for Grace's happiness, I do wish you success."

"Thank you," said Waterhouse, earnestly. There had been an indescribable atmosphere of womanliness about Hester during the little scene which, sensitive as he was to feminine influences, penetrated Waterhouse keenly. Her own experience had taught her sympathy and the sacredness of love. Her words had not been very gracious, but then her bearing had been more so than Waterhouse had ever known it. He impulsively took and raised to his lips the hand which was hanging by her side. "I shall hope to make a good brother, if you will let me," he said. Hester had blushed, but she felt more drawn to Waterhouse than she had done before, and she made up her mind that moment to brave Grace's displeasure by another attempt to win her confidence.

An opportunity occurred that very evening, and she did not let it slip. The parting with Waterhouse was over, and Grace was up-stairs in her room. Hester made an excuse to go to her, for she felt that just now Grace would probably be less able to turn off the matter lightly. But her expectations of lightness were quite at fault. Grace was sitting with her face buried in her hands, and was crying most bitterly. She did not hear her sister enter.

"Grace!" cried Hester, alarmed. Grace started up, and forced back the tears. Hester took her hands by force, and said, "Is this about Mr. Water-

house?"

"Oh," cried Grace, a gleam coming into her great eyes, "I will not be talked to about him. He and mother, and now you, combine to tease me. have I done to deserve it?"

"Why, Grace," said Hester, "if you do not love him, you have done a great deal, for he thinks you do."

Grace's face grew crimson.

"I have never meant him to think so," she said, less vehemently.

"But do you, Grace? Do tell me. He is coming back to Barbara Street. Surely you ought not to let him come if you feel like this. He is too good and too much in earnest to be played with."

"My dear Hester," said Grace, in an altered voice, and, putting her arm round her sister, "do you think

him good? Do you like him?"

The sudden transition was so odd that Hester could not forbear a smile.

"He showed how good he was when papa was with us, and I am beginning to like him; but since you ask me that, it is all right then, Grace? I know

I ought to have trusted you."

"I don't know what you mean by 'all right.' I should call it all wrong," said Grace, sighing; "but," and a smile began to dawn in her eyes, "he seems to be satisfied, and mother is, and I'm sure Kitty is, and if you are, Hester, why, I am the only one who objects, and one is too small a minority to signify. I have been shamefully drawn into it, and I only seem to get deeper and deeper. But we will never say any more about it, please. He has promised not to do so."

With that, words ended between the two, but they kissed each other, and Grace's tears fell again and wet Hester's cheek,

After this, the days slipped back into their old course, and Waterhouse was no more referred to under his aspect of suitor. Mrs. Norris was told at last the long-kept secret, and Hester's plans were laid before her. In consequence, Hester was made to feel more sure of her mother's love than she had ever felt before, for the sacrifice she was ready to make on behalf of her father's memory (for naturally this was the aspect of the matter which appealed most strongly to Mrs. Norris) called out her mother's affection and gratitude as nothing else could have done. And love always made Hester happy.

Three weeks afterwards she heard from Miss Denston that her brother had sailed.

CONCLUSION.

WATERHOUSE remained abroad for four months. This extended absence, and, indeed, his departure itself, were due to Mrs. Norris, who perhaps intended to give Grace time to miss him. But when he returned, it seemed to him that Grace had put the time to the quite different use of forgetting him. She had resumed the duty of waiting upon him, but with it also that manner which set up, as of old, an intangible and impassable barrier between them. The dainty mockery came now and again to bewitch and tease him, but never was he allowed a glimpse of that subdued and shy consciousness which had once or twice filled him with delight and hope. She was again a thing of spirit and air, not to be tamed or touched. But though Waterhouse did not see the change, her mother and the rest knew that Grace was not her old self. She was bright and gay as of old, in the main, but with unaccustomed lapses into thoughtfulness, and a new taste for solitude. Also she suffered and even sought caresses which once would have been playfully set aside. Her eyes more often looked soft and deep, and it was only Waterhouse who always saw in them a gleam and sparkle or a cold reserve. The winter passed thus,

but when the first spring days, with mild sunshine and soft winds, visited Barbara Street once more, and set country-lovers a-longing, they found Waterhouse quite desperate, and bent on desperate measures.

One day Grace, when she came up to his room at dinner-time, found him seated at the table with his head resting on his hand, poring over some printed list. So intently was he occupied, that he did not move or even look up.

"Excuse me," said Grace, after waiting a moment in silence, "may I spread the dinner-cloth?"

She spoke in the formal manner which it was her custom still to assume when she put on that cap and apron which to the last inspired Waterhouse with as keen a disgust and irritation as ever they had done Hester, but which Grace with firmness and gravity had declined to remove.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," cried Waterhouse, starting up, and leaving his papers to be removed by Grace.

It was natural, after this, that she should glance, out of curiosity, at what had so absorbed him, without any idea that here was an ambush prepared for her. An estate agent's list, marked here and there by Mr. Waterhouse's pencil. She could not refrain from a glance in his direction, which he was not unconscious of, though he did not return it.

"I am thinking of buying some land, at last, and settling down, Miss Norris. It is high time I gave up this dawdling, good-for-nothing life. I know I

shall have your approval."

Grace did not reply for a moment. She smoothed the creases of the tablecloth carefully.

"I do not wonder that you are getting tired of Barbara Street," she remarked.

"Yes, I am excessively tired of it," he said, with emphasis,

A slight colour mounted into Grace's cheeks. Was she thinking of the occasion, not so very long ago, when he had begged so hard to be allowed to stay? She had apparently no reply to make.

"You see, I could not possibly spend the summer here," he continued, coolly, fetching the list from where Grace had laid it, and turning over the leaves. "There is one place here I rather take to, only these descriptions, I am afraid, are got up to humbug one. Oh, here it is, 'Buckhurst, Hampshire, a freehold residential estate——'"

"Excuse me," interrupted Grace; "I am afraid the fish is spoiling," and she left Waterhouse alone.

If she expected by that means to turn the subject she was mistaken, for he was still at the list on her return, and insisted on gaining her ear for further details concerning acreage, shooting, fishing, etc., and the "family mansion" of Queen Anne date, which commanded extensive views of the New Forest.

"When are you thinking of leaving?" asked Grace, coldly, with an averted face.

"Why? are you wanting my rooms for some one else? If so, I can go at once," he replied, lightly. But the farce was ended there, for he surprised the involuntary reproachful gaze of eyes swimming in tears. The next moment, with a leaping heart, he had kissed the face which was pale with emotion and surprise. Grace covered it instantly with her hands, and was making her escape without a word, but Waterhouse barred the way. He felt it must be now or never with him.

"Why have you been so cruel to me, all this time?" he cried, ignoring the necessity for apology. "I see you do not want me to go, yet you would have me stay to be played with, to fritter away my time, and never to get my answer. Isn't that very

unkind and unjust?"

As Grace did not speak, or remove her hands, he removed them for her, and made her look at him, which she did in a frightened and deprecating way. It was evident that he had successfully stormed the citadel, taken it by a surprise, which is supposed to be equally fair in love and in war. As they looked at each other, the alarm gradually faded out of Grace's face, and she said, by-and-by, with a dawning smile, "You will stay?"

"No," said Waterhouse, "certainly not. I shall go, but I shall take you with me. Did you suppose

I meant to go by myself?"

Grace's great dark eyes continued to gaze at Waterhouse, but now with a kind of startled fascination, like that of a deer before it bounds away. But Waterhouse held her fast, while the forgotten dinner grew cold, and Sarah down below fell a-wondering.

Waterhouse and Grace were married two months after this. Grace had said to her mother, very

gravely-

"Mother, if I am to be married at all, you had better make me do it as soon as possible. And in the meanwhile you must take care that I don't run away. I shall have to be watched."

"But, my dear child," replied her mother, anxiously, "we do not want to marry you against your

will "

"Mr. Waterhouse does," said Grace, with a little shrug; "he knows I don't wish to be married, but he says I have gone so far, and given him so much encouragement that I can't in honour draw back. Oh, mother, why did we ever take a lodger? How happy we might be now but for that!" Grace's sentiments were so alarming, and her moods so extraordinary, comprising so many fits of depression and irritability quite foreign to her, that her mother betook herself in perplexity to her lover. Waterhouse laughed a little, but he was nevertheless rendered uneasy and miserable, for of Grace after that one decisive occasion he could scarcely get speech. It was not to be expected that he, although much advanced in knowledge of feminine nature, should be able to understand these vagaries. Nor could Hester at all understand her sister. mother, after all, knew her best, and after a little while came to the conclusion that she had in reality fallen very deeply into love, though her high-spirited nature that the would Thoug path, l continu for the War

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nature kept up to the end a fight against it, and that the sooner the marriage took place the better it would be for every one. And so in truth it was. Though Waterhouse's courtship had been but a stony path, his wedded life blossomed like the rose, and continued sunshine after marriage made up to him for the stings he had known before.

Waterhouse took Grace to the old house at Buckhurst, Hampshire, which naturally had borne off the palm from all others that had not its special recommendation-that of having startled his wife into accepting him. Mrs. Norris and Kitty were installed in a charming cottage which stood on Waterhouse's land, and Hester and Miss Denston, when they looked across the road to No. 47, saw no longer the cheerful red curtains and glossy evergreens, but only blank windows and staring bills. Hester had by that time become thoroughly at home and settled in her new life. She had been engaged as daily governess by one of Mr. Waterhouse's friends, and she was fairly interested and successful in her work. Her dignity and self-command gained for her at once that first essential to success, the respect of her pupils. At home she had for comfort the sense of being of supreme value, and of being well, if selfishly loved. But supreme comfort of all was the sense of comradeship with the brother far away, which made each act of devotion to the sister a tie which bound them together, and which was none the less sweet because it was recognised nowhere but in the secrecy of her own heart. For three years Hester worked on thus, and from time to time came cheering news of Philip. At the end of that interval, and when he was soon to be expected home, Miss Denston, who had been in better health during those years than for many previous, suddenly died as she was sitting in her chair with Hester by her side. Then Hester went to her mother and sister, and to all the sweet sights and sounds of the Hampshire spring, to the cottage from whose windows she saw the tender haze of green spreading over the stretches of forest and heard the cuckoo notes startlingly near. And she was petted and made much of by her mother and Grace, who were grieved to see her pale looks. But Hester, though she basked in the love as in sunshine, said she must only stay for a holiday, that work agreed with her, and that she must return to it before long.

Waterhouse, who had grown to admire Hester more and more, though he still did not feel quite at home with her, on one occasion called his wife to the window to look at her sister as she stood outside on the lawn with Grace's little boy in her arms.

"She is a fit model for a Madonna," he said; "see the way she carries Jack, and what an exquisite look she is giving him." Here Hester caught sight of the pair watching her and smiled at them. "I suppose," continued Waterhouse, "you used to see that Denston had views in that direction? You women have generally sharp eyes in such matters. I hope she won't be cruel to him, don't you?"

"Now, pray don't expect me to fall in with any match-making schemes. You know my opinion of matrimony."

"Come, Beatrice, Beatrice! that sort of thing does not become you now; your railing days are over."

And Waterhouse put his hand on his wife's shoulder. He often excited her to merry rejoinder by addressing her thus—though Grace, probably, was not loth to be reminded of an illustrious and charming lady who had, like herself, forsworn her maiden resolutions. But he received no merry answer now. She gave a little sigh, as she looked out of the window at her sister, and caressed with her own small hand the muscular one that rested on her shoulder. It will be seen that she had kept more than one secret from her husband.

Philip had started on his homeward voyage before the news of his sister's death reached him, but it met him on the way. Barbara Street was deserted, and, on landing, he went straight into Hampshire, where, as Hester had once promised, a warm welcome awaited him.

THE END.

THE CHILD'S YEAR.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS," ETC.
OCTOBER.

"Who redcemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies."—PSALM ciii. iv.

HEN stormy winds blow o'er the sea,
And giant waves rise mountain high;
When thunder rolls unceasingly,

And lightning darts across the sky, In vain the sailor's strength and skill: The tempest laughs and works its will.

But One there is at Whose command The angry billows sink to sleep— Our loving Father, in Whose hand Lie earth and sky and mighty deep; And through the fierce white threatening foam He brings the storm-tossed sailor home.

So is it, too, with all whose way
Is dark with storms of grief and pain!
When, full of faith, they kneel to pray,
God's hand brings peace and joy again,
And, wheresoever they may roam,
He leads His trusting children home.

THE WIFE OF ULRIC ZWINGLE.

(GOOD WIVES OF GREAT MEN.)

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER.



LONG list of titled ancestors was not the heritage of Anna. Her father was simply an innkeeper, but a citizen of Zurich and an honourable man. Both parents are spoken of as fine examples of Swiss fidelity and piety. Anna had good parts, elegance of form, great personal beauty, and the fear of God in her heart; allied to these qualifica-

tions were an amiable disposition, great delicacy of mind, good powers of conversation, and a humility and yet dignity of manner, which, with her gentle expression of

countenance, and bright, beaming eye, made her

every way attractive.

Among her many admirers was John Meyer, the son of an aged nobleman and councillor of Zurich. John's father, looking more at social rank and money than at excellence of character and mental endowments, opposed the match. The young man, however, could not consent to accept his father's choice; he greatly preferred his own, and resolved to risk all for the sake of Anna, She was not twenty when they were married. Her husband was older, and a man held in honour in his native city. Instead of being grateful for such a daughter, old Meyer disinherited his son. By a singular incident, however, the old man's property came to be possessed by Anna's son Gerald. The story, as treasured in the old family papers, is as follows:-

Anna having sent her maid-servant to purchase fish in the market at Zurich, the servant took little Gerald with her, who was about three years old. While the girl received and paid for the fish, she set the child down. In a room belonging to one of the public bodies of the town which overlooked the fish market was old Meyer, conversing with an acquaintance. The child, full of vivacity and merriment, attracted the old man's attention.

"What beautiful and lovely child is that?" asked he of his friend,

"Do you not know?" said he. "It is you son John's."

Immediately the old man's heart melted. Wrath and resentment yielded to the promptings of paternal love, and he ordered the child to be brought to him at once. This was done, and the little fellow, returning his gentle caresses with pretty smiles and engaging playfulness, the aged councillor was completely overcome, and, bursting into tears, he said, "Although thy father has mightily provoked me, I will not make thee suffer on that account; I will take thee in the room of thy father as a son and heir."

He was as good as his word. Little Gerald was taken home to his house in Meyer's Court, where he was brought up with great care and tenderness, and allowed to visit his parents as

often as they pleased.

After thirteen years of married life, Anna was left a widow, with two daughters and

Gerald.

Soon after her bereavement, Zwingle became pastor of the Cathedral Church of Zurich. His was a powerful and effective ministry, full of evangelical fervour, and glowing with Scripture truths presented in a most telling manner. Of the two thousand converts in the first year of his ministry at Zurich, none gave greater proof of a real blessing received than Anna Meyer. Every Sabbath she and her children were found in their places in the great sanctuary. The trials she had endured had given a seriousness to her whole character, and with her many other excellent points, there were mingled much good sense and modesty, and many domestic and social virtues.

Zwingle was interested in her and in her children, especially in Gerald, who, when only eleven years of age, became a devoted disciple of

the Swiss Reformer.

At length the idea of marrying the attractive and intelligent widow took possession of the mind of Zwingle. They were much of an age, Zwingle having been born the year after Luther, and Anna the same or the next year.

Though the children of Anna's former marriage were rich with what their father was not allowed to possess, she herself, though having much household and personal gear, had but four hundred florins and an annuity of thirty florins.

In her new position as the wife of the chief pastor of Zurich, she gave herself to understand and perform her various duties. With a charming modesty and humility, she laid aside the costly jewels, the embroidered garments and



"'I will take thee in the room of thy father."-p. 720.

valuable ornaments which she had worn as the wife of the son of the rich and noble councillor, and dressed herself in the attire of the wives of respectable citizens. She gave herself to Zwingle and to his work, to be his affectionate and obedient wife, and his constant and ready helper. In doing this she gave herself again to her Lord also.

Zwingle's labours were toilsome and multifarious; Anna both cheered and lightened them, being in every sense "a helpmeet for him;" aiding him, too, by the soundness of her judg-

ment and her wise counsel.

She lent him, also, her efficient aid in visiting the sick, carrying them food, medicine, and clothing, and in every other way within her power. While, like another Martha, she was punctual in attendance on her domestic duties, presiding over her household with simplicity, frugality, and painstaking care, she was her husband's assistant in his more private duties, and the sympathising and appreciative companion of his literary toils.

When, in 1525, the early portion of Luther's German Bible was rendered into German-Swiss by the divines of Zurich, Zwingle used to read to her the proof-sheets of an evening before retiring to rest. And when the whole Bible was published in 1529, Zwingle made her a present of a copy, which was her treasured guide and helper long years after he had been taken from her side. She did her utmost, too, to promote the circulation and reading of the Scriptures among the

The conjugal happiness of Anna and Zwingle had not lasted many years, when, as is well known, he fell on the heights of Cappel, the martyr of a good and noble cause, and a victim to the folly of appealing to the sword, to settle what good sense, mutual charity, and patience

might have more effectually settled.

Zurichers.

Six of the Cantons of Switzerland had been won over to Protestantism, but seven still remained attached to the Church of Rome. The Romanist Cantons were prepared for the conflict, having well-trained and well-armed soldiers, who had fought as mercenaries in the wars of Italy and Germany and France; but the Zürichers were much fewer in numbers, wholly unprepared, mostly untrained, and imperfectly armed.

Many clergymen joined the feeble band, and Zwingle was called out as its chaplain. It was a hasty summons, and quickly obeyed. With a heavy heart Anna gave the consent it would have been useless to withhold. The parting was deeply affecting. She foreboded no happy result, and, unable to restrain her emotion, she burst into tears, and with affectionate embraces gave expression to her earnest prayers for his protection, while the children joined their mother in weeping, and clung to their father's garments to detain him.

"The cause is good," said he, as he tried to conceal the tender feelings of the husband, the father, and the pastor, "but it is ill defended My life, as well as the lives of many excellent men who have wished to restore religion to its primitive simplicity, will be sacrificed; but no matter; God will not abandon His servants: He will come to their assistance when you think all is lost. Let us trust in God, and leave all in His hand."

Bitter were the pangs of parting in many a home in Zürich,

With restrained grief and subdued spirit Anna saw the company depart, numbering among the feeble band many who were the objects of her dearest love—her husband, her son Gerald, her brother, and other near relations and many friends. With anxious eyes she followed them until they disappeared, and then, in the retirement of her own chamber, she fell on her knees and offered up her fervent prayers to God for their safety, and for grace to bear in a fitting spirit all that might befall her.

She was not held long in suspense. If the arming and discipline and the preparation of the 1,700 Zürichers had been equal to their courage, its 8,000 sturdy opponents would have bought their victory dearer, or the scale might have been turned against them. As it was, the conflict

was short and the slaughter terrible.

Of the Reformed ministers who were in the army, twenty-five were slain, the most noted being Zwingle. He was well armed, but he had made no use of his weapons. Scarcely had the battle begun, when, stooping to comfort one who was mortally wounded, he himself was struck with a stone and fell. Rising, he was brought down again by a wound in one leg, and a second time rising, he fell with a wound in the other leg. Rising the third time, he received a thrust from a lance, and, staggering to his knees, exclaimed, "Well! they can indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." These were his last words. He fell backwards on the grass beneath a pear tree, where he was found, surrounded by the dead bodies of many Zürichers, with his hands clasped, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, his lips moving in inaudible prayer. A sword soon despatched him, and the lingering spirit sped its flight to rest. A rough monument marks the

During the whole of the conflict, Anna could hear the roar of the artillery, and with indescribable anxiety she awaited news from the scene of the battle. Soon all uncertainty was at an end Zwingle was among the slain, so was Gerald her son, so was one of her brothers, so was the husband of one of her daughters, and many other relations. But the long list of heart-breaking sorrows was not yet complete.

Zwingle's body was found in the morning. The

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savage vengeance of the victors was wreaked upon his corpse. The dead man was brought before a military tribunal, and condemned to be quartered for treason, and burnt for heresy. The sentence was carried out, and his ashes mixed with those of swine, and scattered to the winds. Could bigotry and hate maddened into fury go further?

Anna bore her multiplied and crushing sorrows with wonderful patience and submission, and was not a little consoled by the many letters of condolence which reached her from various quarters. She was not forgotten of her friends nor of God.

Anna, however, did not survive her husband more than about seven years, and then, after a few weeks of painful illness, she died as calmly and gently as she had lived, as the words of Bullinger, her pastor, and Zwingle's successor, testify:—"I cannot wish myself a more peaceful state than the end of this good woman. She expired like a gentle light, and went home to God adoring, and commending us all to the Lord."

THE GIFT OF SPEECH; ITS USE AND MISUSE.

(Ephesians iv. 29.)

BY THE REV. A. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, HULL,

PEECH is one of the distinguishing glories of man. It distinguishes him from the brute creation and the life of the world about him. While these are dumb or but utter inarticulate sounds, he can speak. It is also one of his distinguishing glories, because it is the vehicle of the communication of his mind. It is this that gives it its true dignity.

J mind. It is this that gives it its true dignity. The babbling utterances of insanity have no glory, because the mind fails to inform the words.

But speech is not merely a distinguishing glory, it is also a distinct power-how great we can hardly measure. But that it is great, all history and every experience can testify. The mere fact that it is the vehicle for giving form and expression to the thoughts of the mind, endows it with power For as the mind of man is his power, so that which is the servant and minister of the mind's operations and influences must share its power. And that power has been seen and felt in that which speech has been able to effect. A little member is the tongue. An intangible thing is a word! "'T is only sound," we say; and sounds such as the roar of the sea, or the thunders of heaven, may drown the feeble breath upon which the words of man are launched forth on the world. But there is a power in man's speech, such as no loudest voice of nature can equal. See what it has done. It has stirred its auditors to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. It has set nation against nation and man against man, and covered the earth with its slain. It has overturned thrones, revolutionised thought, forged fetters, set captives free, and brought pain and joy to millions.

If so, we may well regard it as not only a glory, but as a responsibility, and therefore as that which requires to be brought under regulation. A

weapon for good or for evil it is. It becomes a question as to how it is to be used.

In this, as in other matters, Christ was an example. This glory, this responsibility of man was also His, and He used it in accordance with the whole spirit of His life and teaching. Of Him we are told that He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth. And yet how freely did He speak, and that, in all the natural tones of human speech. He was angry, and indignation broke forth in splendid denunciation. He was tender with all forbearance, towards the weak and erring. He was sad, and words of sorrow and regret came from His lips. He discussed, He taught, He warned, He exhorted, He entered into conversation with saints and sinners, wise and unwise, learned and unlearned. He encountered opposition and misunderstanding, malice and misrepresentation, deceit and stupidity, and yet never once did word of evil escape His lips. And of His conversation, as of His whole life, He could say, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?"

It is not to be wondered, then, that seeing the position that speech occupies, and the power which it exercises, and the pre-eminence which its right use had in the life and example of Christ, that it should come not only generally under the influence of Christianity, but that it should form a direct subject of instruction on the part of St. Paul.

St. Paul recognises the liability to abuse to which this power on the part of man is subject, and gives directions accordingly—"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."

Observe the absoluteness of the command. "No corrupt communication." Speech is one of the modes of communication between man and man, and so it is spoken of as such. Not that this exculpates evil communication between the man and himself. Evil thoughts are sufficiently

and emphatically condemned not only by the spirit and genius of Christianity, but by the direct teaching of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, and elsewhere.

Of speech, then, the Apostle remarks that no corrupt sort is to be allowed. However slight the corruption, however veiled, it is unallowable. Speech, always and of all sorts, is to be pure. Is not that strict? Can any, looking back and remembering the use we have made of our speech, say that we have never violated the apostolic injunction? Alas! how often have we turned that which was our glory into our shame, and by unworthy speech dishonoured our manhood and in-

jured and offended our neighbours!

Observe the injunction, "Let no 'corrupt'" i.e., "worthless, decayed, rotten speech," where a comparatively mild word is used, and so the area of forbidden speech is enlarged. Not only that which has some great evil in it, but even that which is worthless—all that kind of speech, from the mere foolish, meaningless, profitless, babbling to that wicked speech that does direct harm, is forbidden. A comprehensive injunction that should make us pause before we allow the heedless and unguarded word to escape our lips. But above this mere foolish speech there are three kinds which we may well suppose to come under the lash of the Apostle.

Impure speech. That which has in it the taint of moral impurity—the unclean jest, the impure allusion, heard, alas! not only from the lips of those who have been born and bred in an atmosphere of impurity, but from those who ought to know and desire better things. There can be no "fun," no merit, no reasonable excuse for soiling the soul, lowering the moral tone of the mind, and spreading a moral contagion amongst our fellows. When we do so, we sin against ourselves, we sin against others, and we sin against

Christ

Unkind speech. There is perhaps more unkindness done by word than by deed, Many who would shrink from an unkind act, do not hesitate to indulge in the unkind word. A certain mean and ignoble pleasure to say an uncharitable thing of another is one of the saddest and most contemptible traits of human nature. There is something infinitely foolish, too, which lies at the root of such a practice. The unkind spokesman, and, indeed, we ought perhaps to add the unkind spokeswoman, seems to imagine that the depreciation of another is the exaltation of self. And even were it so, how ignoble, how base, how unworthy of all that is truly high and generous, is it to seek to exalt self upon the ruins of others, But it is not true that there is any exaltation to be gained by such means. He or she who thus indulges in unkind words does only lower self in Why should the unkind word be easier to say than the kind? Is this the way we

desire others to speak of us? Is this the way Christ was wont to speak? He blamed and spoke strong words, but they were at once the words of justice and necessity, spoken by One who had the right to judge. But as for us, who are we that we should speak in wanton unkindness one of another?

Untruthful speech. But there is another form of corrupt speech; a very corrupt sort of speech, as falsehood is ever corrupt. I mean untrue speech. It is of three classes. There is, first, the form of deliberate untruth; then the speaker knows that what he asserts is false; and when the words convey a literal and deliberate false-Then there is the equally false speech when the form and intended meaning do not agree; when in one sense the words are true, but in the sense which they suggest to the hearer, they are untrue; and when the speaker tries to cheat himself into the conviction that it is no fault of his if the words are taken in a meaning that conveys the false impression that he really desires. Thirdly, there is that form of false speech, when, without proper and careful investigation, things that are false are recklessly asserted to be true on some insufficient grounds. All these are forms of corrupt speech. They corrupt the conceptions of society by misleading it, and are calculated to produce a rotten and evil state of affairs, not only within the speaker himself, but in that area of society over which his influence extends. They corrupt the moral sense of him who deals in equivocation; or by inducing a reckless spirit of assertion, corrupt that strict regard for accuracy which truth de-There is no commoner form of untrue mands. speech than the last, and the only safety against it is, never to speak without having made certain of the truth of that we assert.

II. The Apostle's rule for the guidance of speech:—"But for edification, suggested by the need or occasion, that it may impart a blessing."

Here we have two characteristics of this speech:—(a) "For edification to impart a blessing." To build up, strengthen, bless, that is to be the object of all speech. But (b) "according to the occasion." This is the saving clause. There are different needs and different occasions. The same speech will not do for all men, nor for all occasions, but according to what we see to be the needs of our fellow men, must be our speech.

What does this imply? Does it mean that we are always to be engaged in solemn and so-called serious conversation? No, but it certainly does mean that we are not to make our speech the vehicle of perpetual frivolity, but that as the occasion is so must be the speech, and that always with what is useful in view. Thus there are times when serious matters have to be discussed. Then if we can advance the discussion and aid our fellow men by words of soberness and information, then are we so to speak and to give our contribution to

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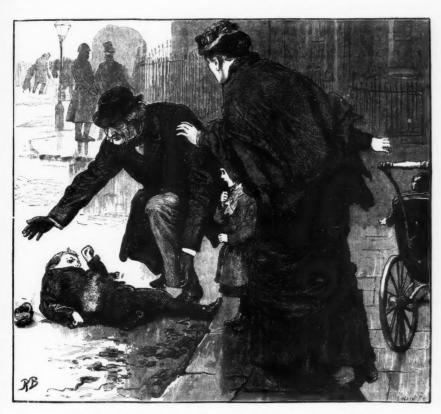
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the general good. There are other times when the more serious talk will be out of place, when it might do more harm than good, and so would not do for edification. For there are times when our fellow men must put away the cares and anxieties of life and indulge in relaxation. Then comes the occasion for that lighter form of conversation that is calculated to impart a cheerfulness that is required by all men who have to do serious battle

with the world. Only let us remember that all life is not contained in a laugh, nor all philosophy and wisdom in a jest.

In conclusion, purity, kindness, and truthfulness of disposition, these are the great requisites of an uncorrupted speech, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And these are his who has the Spirit of Jesus Christ.



"Mr. Campbell stepped forward instantly to the mother's assistance." - p. 726.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

older!" said Mr. Campbell to himself, as, with kindly face, but absent eyes, and with the autumn sunshine gleaming on his silvered hair, he thoughtfully pursued his way along the pavement of one of the quieter streets of a large manufacturing city. "As years are added to years, the Christian's hope burns only with a more enduring glow. And

what merely earthly outlook can for a single instant be compared with his?"

Here the kindly faced old gentleman paused in his soliloquy, and looked before him. He was nearing two women, one of whom was pushing a perambulator, in which lay a little delicate-looking baby, fast asleep in the pleasant autumn sunshine. Beside the perambulator walked two small pale-faced children, a boy and a girl,

One of the women was middle-aged, with comely countenance, and neat dress; the other, seemingly the mother of the children, comparatively young, but pale, and sad-looking, and also but poorly dressed.

As he was overtaking them, Mr. Campbell watched them, pursuing his own thoughts the while.

"But how many there are," he was thinking, "who have not the Christian's happy outlook, whose prospects fade, and whose joys vanish with their youth. And what is the true Christian's duty with regard to these? Surely to help them upward, by God's grace, to the free and happy standpoint of all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity—a standpoint from which they may view an immortal hope which no earthly troubles can so much as touch, except to brighten and beautify it."

But now he heard the pale young mother say to her companion—

"You have quite made up your mind to go, then, Mary?"

"O dear, no!" rejoined the other. "I may go, or I may stay in England. "T isn't decided yet, and won't be for months. It is only something to talk about."

"And something to look forward to," added her friend, with a half sigh. "But come, Minnie and Joey, we must be getting on. Aunt Addie will be wondering what has become of us else."

"And I think I'd better turn now," said the person who had been addressed as Mary; "and I'll wish you good-bye, Ellen." Then, after an instant's pause, "Perhaps there may be something better in store for you than you think!"

The young mother shook her head.

"I have given up hoping," she said. "It is wrong, I know, but I have. Instead of improving, things are only getting worse with us. And there is Addie will be thinking of leaving me soon, to get married; and what I shall do without her is more than I can say. No, I can't feel that I shall ever have anything but trouble to look forward to again. My happiest days are over."

Her friend left her, and she moved on more quickly with her children, never thinking that her last words had filled her little son's heart with a vague, unreasoning terror, so that, occupied with it, instead of minding his steps, when, a minute later, he came to a crossing, he slipped, and fell heavily.

Mr. Campbell stepped forward instantly to the mother's assistance, for it was easy to see, from the way in which it was doubled under him, that poor little Joey's leg was broken.

CHAPTER II.

"Something to look forward to!" mused Mr. Campbell, in his half-absent way, as he sat by the counter in a small grocer's shop, talking to "Aunt Addie"—a good-looking young woman of two or three-and-twenty. "Something pleasant to look forward to! It is what we all want, and, more than

that, it is what we all ought to have; and, more still—it is our own fault if we haven't it."

There was a moment's silence. And then Aunt Addie answered, from the other side of the counter-

"I do not think, sir, if you will excuse my saying so, that you need think so much of what my sister said. It is only what she always says when she is downhearted. And, what with the trouble about the business—which is declining fast—and what with her husband's carelessness, and extravagance, and idleness, it isn't a bit to be wondered at that she is generally a good deal better able to see the dark side of things than the bright."

"And what is the bright side? And what has she to look forward to?" inquired the old gentleman, glancing up. He was alone in the world, and he was rich. What could he do better with time and money than use both to the glory of his Lord, in brightening the hopes, both earthly and heavenly, of his poorer brothers and sisters?

Aunt Addie's face grew clouded and serious.

"To tell the plain truth, sir, I can't see much of the bright side myself; for her, that is, poor thing! Though, of course, I try to cheer her up by saying that we need never let go our hopes. Things are always changing, and as often as not, for the better, And at all events there are the children to be thought of; they may grow up to be a comfort to her."

The old gentleman was silent.

"I hope you did not misunderstand me just now, sir," continued Aunt Addie, as she was quietly dusting some of the tins, etc., in the window, "when I said that I thought you took my sister's words too seriously. I was only afraid that you might perhaps imagine, from the way she spoke, that she meant to ask your help. I am certain she hadn't the least idea of doing so. As I said, it is only the way of talking that she has got into lately, poor thing. And besides, she owes you more than she can ever repay as it is—and so we do all—for your kindness to poor Joey."

The old gentleman made some kind pleasant reply, and then added—

"He is a nice little fellow, but delicate. They all seem delicate." And here he frowned. "They want country air. Children belong to the green fields as much as the lambs do; Lut in the middle of a great town like this, I suppose they don't get a breath of the country once a year?"

"It is more than a year, sir, since we took them into the country for a day's holiday; but they go into the park now and then."

But now a customer entered; and while Aunt Addie was weighing the ounce of tea that had been asked for, Mr. Campbell was reviewing in his own mind a few of the facts with which, in one way or another, he had been made acquainted, during the three or four days that had clapsed since poor little Joey's accident—facts, that is to say, concerning the young mother who had "nothing to look forward to."

"A husband who throws away his money (not to mention his time) at races and in public-houses,"

though childre poorer poor w And aloud-

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ever will retu way thought the old gentleman. "Three delicate little children, heavy debts, and a poor business getting poorer every day! Dear, dear! what a load for one poor woman to bear!"

And as soon as the customer had departed, he said

"But no matter how dark things look, we can generally find some promise of brighter days to come, if we will but look in the right direction; or, at least, we can try to help each other to do this. What do you suppose that your sister——"

But before he could get any farther, Mrs. Whitham, Joey's mother, came into the shop.

"My little boy is awake now, sir, and asking for you, if you would like to step up and see him."

"Of course I would!" was Mr. Campbell's reply, as he rose at once.

But James Whitham had now entered, and had heard both his wife's words and the visitor's answer.

"And then, sir," he began, in a slightly swaggering as well as offensively familiar tone, having replied to Mr. Campbell's somewhat stiff greeting, "when you've done with the child, perhaps you'll give me the chance of a few words with you?"

"I will!" returned the old gentleman, with emphasis, while Aunt Addie appeared both angry and concerned, and the poor wife distressed.

"Oh, James!" said the latter, unwisely; "I am sure you can't have anything to say to the gentleman, except to thank him."

But following Aunt Addie, Mr. Campbell was already out of hearing, and on his way to Joey's room.

CHAPTER III.

HALF-AN-HOUR later he (that is, Mr. Campbell) and James Whitham sat together in the poor little shabby parlour.

"Have you formed any plans?" inquired the old gentleman, at length, after listening in silence to a rather roundabout statement as to the uncomfortableness of the speaker's position. "I am always willing, I hope, to give whatever help may lie in my power, but only when I see those who solicit it at least willing to help themselves."

James Whitham's swaggering air and familiar manner had both by this time vanished, and with downcast face he gloomily rejoined—

"If I had the money, I would emigrate. But I 've left it too long, till I 've made away with every penny, as I might say; and now——"

Here he broke off, but the expression of his hopeless countenance completed the sentence for him.

"Then what are you looking forward to?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"Nothing, sir," doggedly. "I've nothing whatever to look forward to, that I can see, unless you will help me."

"Is that spoken like a man? and an Englishman?" returned the old gentleman. "If I help you in the way that, just at this moment, you think you would

like me to do, I shall be lowering your self-respect, and really doing you an injury, which, in your heart of hearts, you may never be able to forgive me. But if I can lead you to help yourself, I shall have the happiness of doing you a service for which you will thank me during the remainder of your life."

There was a pause. Then James Whitham said, very dubiously-

"What would you have me do, sir?"

"Work up your business," answered Mr. Campbell, promptly. "Work night and day for a time, if need be. Throw your very heart into what you do, and also ask the blessing of the Lord upon it hourly, and you will not be likely to complain of want of success. It is wonderful to think how helpless men seem—yet how powerful they really are—when once they give their whole minds to a thing!"

Still Mr. Whitham appeared extremely doubtful. However, his new friend—for such he proved—had a great deal more to say yet; and when he at length concluded, something like renewed hope and a momently gathering resolution lit up his hearer's face.

Six months had passed quickly by. It was a bright spring morning, and a large emigrant ship was moving slowly out of one of the London docks, bound for Sydney; and among those on board were James Whitham and his wife and family, and also his wife's consin, Mary Goble, and the friends with whom she had at last decided to east in her lot.

And Mrs. Whitham could not now say that she had nothing to look forward to, and hope shone, even through her tears, as she stood on the deck of the vessel, with her husband and children beside her, and waved her farewell to "Aunt Addie" (who was married now), and also to kind Mr. Campbell, and a few others, who had come to see them off.

Her husband had obeyed Mr. Campbell's suggestion, and had indeed "thrown himself into his business," and had worked with an energy that had filled his wife with wonder. And Mr. Campbell had been a constant and a wise and cheering friend to them all; and a Christian friend also, so that heavenly joys, as well as earthly, had risen upon the young mother's horizon, and her heart and soul were full of thankfulness.

"It is all like a dream to me," said Aunt Addie to an acquaintance, as she took her handkerchief from her eyes to wave it once more in the direction of the receding vessel. "Only to think that that poor child's accident should, in a manner of speaking, have brought about so much! Ah, well! we never know what is really before us. But if we have true faith in God—as you've told us so often, sir"—turning to Mr. Campbell, who stood near—"no matter how dark the future may seem, we may always be certain that there's something behind the cloud which the Lord Himself will give us, and which is sure to be better than anything we could choose for ourselves."

C. R.



Y eastern lattice yet is dim,
Where roses hold a dewy brim
To greet me when the dawn shall be,
When other greetings come to me.

Through slumbrous dreams I hear the trill Of one sweet bird beneath the hill, Who from a heaven of love is sent To teach my bosom glad content.

With tender questionings, again, And yet again, my secret pain He probes with subtle minstrel art, With plaintive note and tuneful part.

> And listened for the measured beat Of dusky wing and pinion fleet— So listen, doubting heart, and own Man liveth not by bread alone!

For I'll believe, whoe'er may smile, This bird of gentle art and wile, This unseen messenger of glee Is burdened with a song for me.

He tarries till the dawn may break For me alone of all who wake— For me this heavenly bird was sent To teach my bosom sweet content.

CLARA THWAITES,

A swift response to every plaint, A cordial for my spirit faint, In mellow and melodious rain, Is showered on my heart and brain,

In very scorn of doubt or fear He pours his burden in mine ear; I hear in every note he saith The happy laughter of his faith!

And muse on one, who, morn and e'en By whispering brook in leafy screen, Awaited, free of human care, The burdened messengers of air, an

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"THE HARVEST IS PAST."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



HE harvest is again upon us. The russet leaf and the hollow woods tell that the winter is near. Summer and spring have become a remembrance, and are gone to swell eternity with a further account of man and time. They leave behind them many a "sorrow's crown of sorrow," many a bitter recollection and foot track of desolation; but they leave also, thank

God, many a lingering ray of human happiness and joy. No life has passed these months without some gladness. Suffering, even, and ruin, are relieved by their own peculiar consolation, and death itself is illuminated by the prospect of the resurrection.

And so the faithful eye lifts up its look to God; and the faithful tongue utters its song of thanksgiving; and the faithful heart accepts the harvest blessings, and bears the harvest disappointment, and presses forth into the future of purer thinking and better and nobler doing. For the wise man knows that life will always be like those rivers of France which, when they unite, carry the double stream of limpid joy and turbid failure down to the mighty sea of God, and he listens with a feeling of sadness and melancholy to these words which come with the rising wind across the centuries, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Not saved! It is the sorriest state of all. It were better to let the land lie waste, better to call the canker worm to the garden, and the mildew to the wheat. For success is worthy only in the presence of this. The man or the nation which is not saved has never found his proper function in the world. He is out of harmony with the nature of things. His own nature is dragging him athwart the torrent of destiny which he wooes. He is cut off from the comfort of alliance with his fellows. His hand clasps his brother's hand, and his eye meets his; but the touch and the look of sympathy and brotherhood are wanting. He is alone on the earth, alone in the huge world of God.

"Not saved." What does it mean? Jeremiah looked around him upon Israel. He heard from afar the prancing of the horses that came against Israel, and he saw calamity borne forward with the Eastern ensigns against Jerusalem. There, in their midst, in their homes, on their hills, was sin, and Judah and Ephraim loved their sin better than their God. It was there, and because of it they were not saved from destruction.

Are we saved? Am I saved from sin? or do I love any sin so dearly that I will not take it to the cross? Or has sin settled down upon me as the plague used to do upon doomed cities, so that I have no vision of life left, no health of mind, no prospects, no hope?

Or am I saved, and is my country, from sordid selfishness which binds and ties me like the fabled Nemesis—paralysing the strength of nerve and muscle, and contracting within my narrow crib all the manhood and generous nobility with which my God created me?

Do I think always and most of my own advancement, and comfort, and happiness, even of my own salvation? Have I snatched so eagerly at the crown of life for myself that in the struggle I have thrown down some one else that is weaker?

Or am I saved even from the chill November twilight of carelessness? Have I passed from that contemptible negligence of holy things which, like the profane Philistine, challenges so many thousands of Israel? The summer joy, the spring resolution have passed onwards into the harvest reckoning, and must I say of myself, or of my country, in this, not saved?

One solemn thing is said by Christ—"Ye will not;" and one worse—the worst, the last—by His Father, "Let him alone."

But we will turn from these fallen trampled leaves, and these dripping woods, and look back upon the corn fields, and try to glean one or two lessons from the passing harvest.

And first we learn how to see God in all things, manifested most in the flesh. Surely to the seeing eye He is dimly but really manifested in the material worlds. And this is what the appeal of the prophet meant—that summer and harvest are calling men to God. David felt this too. "He rode upon a cherub and did fly, yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness His secret place, His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice—hailstones and coals of fire." The Japanese heathen felt it when his comrade stood with him upon the vast Eastern sea, and inquired, "Where is God?" The inky

clouds of a gathering storm were marshalling upon the horizon, and rolling upwards in ranks of war; the sun had sunk behind, and the night wind was out upon the deep. "God is there," he replied: there, in the measureless distance, there in the moaning wind, there in the ebon cloud. And Alexander Pope felt it when he exclaimed that the soul which dwells in nature is God, and that it is He who

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees, Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

It is, moreover, remarkable that this power of the Unseen is felt most at the two periods of life which lie nearest to eternity. The child perceives in the shifting cloud the shapes of men, and he fancies that the hugest and most benign is his Father, God; and the thunder is that Father's wrath, the sunshine that Father's smile. In the man this "fades into the light of common day;" but age re-opens the infinite, and the old man's eyes anticipate the glory that awaits him. His senses gain a keener edge; what they lose of earth they win from heaven; and, whether from fancy or from fact, they feel around them a spirit world that is filled, as nature is, with God.

Can it be that with all this any should remain "not saved?"

And, again, we learn an universal charity. Are there any words more pathetic than those in which Christ describes His Father as making His sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sending His rain upon the just and the unjust? His love is the secret of His beneficence; and He commands us to be perfect as He is perfect. It seems hard to be bidden thus, and harder still to accomplish our task. To love the outcast, the vile, the bitter in tongue and cold in heart, appears im-Yet the command is the ideal of human attainment, to love these as I love myself. Four thoughts help us much. They have the same Father as we; they and we have sinned, if not as greatly yet as truly; He loves them dearly as He loves us; and He loves us so profoundly that He asks us, for His Son's sake, to forgive and to love them.

For after all, the breadth of a man's love for his kind measures the horizon of his spiritual life. It is useless to talk of loving God or of being saved unless we are cultivating this, the first fruit of the Spirit. The man is not spiritual, not holy, not pious, who does not love in some

degree his fellow man-

He liveth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast. He liveth best who loveth best All things both great and small; For the great God who loveth us He made and loveth all.

Then we learn a sadder lesson of the har-

vest-the lesson of opportunities gone. Here in the front stands salvation. "Not saved;" and the harvest is past and the summer ended. For others have been rejoicing in long days of spiritual peace and gladness, and reaping richly from every field of God. And some are still strangers to all this, and have lost the year's chance for ever. The same opportunity will not return. The repentance and turning of next year will be harder than it would have been last June, last August. Every week, every day of postponement adds to the rigour of the task, The Judge stands at the door viewing the past; the Saviour knocks, contemplating and hoping for the present and the future. "Not saved" will surely not be the account the angels must give of any of my readers when next year they look down into the golden corn fields of our blessed British land.

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Then this harvest has passed with special opportunities of progress. "The Master calleth for thee," was the message to Mary at Bethanya saint of saintliest tone. Men would call her "saved" now, but she wanted something more than that—new revelation, fuller life, progress on her pilgrimage. It was a special call for a special purpose. And "I," says St. Paul, "am so little satisfied, that I can hardly look upon myself as having laid hold upon the soul's secret at all; and so I still press forward." Spiritual life is too little of an effort and a plan with us. It seems to many to lie in the clouds or the empyrean instead of this fallow field of my manhood which I must break up and cultivate. There has been the loss of opportunity this year, because there has been the absence or the lack of sustained energy and method. Make a plan of life-nourishing it as you nourish the bodydrawing from every source you can, luxuriating in its promises and prospects, and rejoicing in the present gladness that God has given. The child's hymn bears a good motto, to-

> Nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.

The same may be said of work. But I want to speak of the last lesson, and that is the "Harvest Story of Death." It is a tale told, they say, every five minutes in London, and there is no family of man in which the record is not written. If now we are "not saved," the outlook is terrible. To traverse that Unseen without a friend is more than a common mind can think of. But if the full ear upon the hillside and the song of the reapers be the emblem of what we, and the happy messengers of God around us are, then death becomes the best of friends. I do not say that any man will face it without a shudder. We take no journey on earth without emotion and a tinge of sadness; and that is a longer journey and a lonelier.

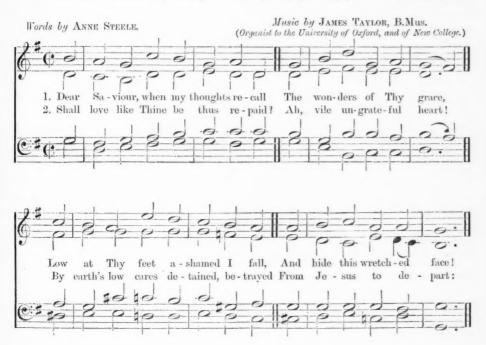
But this I do say-that as the Christians of early

times, who did not know one half as much as we, felt comfort as they talked of the meeting hereafter with the Lord, and the complete and intransient rest with Him, so we may well, and ought, a thousand times more to look at the brightness of dying, and the gladsome, joeund morning of the resurrection. Earth's harvest is ours: the harvest of the churchyard and the sea is Christ's, and He will gather and keep His own. But shall we then be "saved"? Some of us stand now upon the drill-ground: some are down in the valley fighting the tough battle; some have never stood upon the one, and are engaged

against their Lord in the other: but when the call comes and the learning time is past, and the tale cannot be rehearsed, better—infinitely better—the poorest humblest hero that welters yonder in his blood, than the noblest and proudest and strongest who has never felt the shadow of the Cross.

Yes, death's harvest story contains the chapter of the Judgment. And, before that, the prophet's refrain is heard like a solemn undertone ringing sadly through all—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we—and I"—Heaven and myself alone can tell the rest.

Dear Saviour, when my Choughts Recall.



From Jesus, Who alone can give True pleasure, peace, and rest: When absent from my Lord, I live Unsatisfied, unblest.

But He, for His own mercy's sake, My wandering soul restores; He bids the mourning heart partake The pardon it implores. Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord, The penitential sigh, Confirm the kind forgiving word, With pity in Thine eye!

Then shall the mourner at Thy feet Rejoice to seek Thy face, And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet Thy condescending grace.

SALVAGE!

BY MARY ONLEY, AUTHOR OF "GRAN'SON JACK," ETC. ETC.



ELL, Nell! where are you? There is distress all along the coast; life-boat, rocket apparatus, tugs, all are in request. I'm off to the beach. Will you come?"

This in a full ringing voice from George Lowry to his sister Aileen, who, like himself, had been reared either on the sea, or within sound of it; their father being a merchant captain, and their home a mile or

so from Eastport, on the English coast.

Out into the fierce gale went the robust young couple; and in the teeth of cutting hail, under the deafening roar of wind and sea, they managed to reach the sands, where a crowd had already assembled, when Whizz! whirr! through the air came a sound only too familiar to them. "The rocket," cried they, in a breath; and from the crowd of fisher-folk on the beach uprose the shout, "The rocket! Who's going to Eastoff to help with the cradle?"

"The gear is a mile away; the sands are heavy; the work will be done before you get there, while lives will be lost here for want of your help. Stop where you are, lads, stop where you are!"

So much from young Lowry, as, with his sister by his side, he hurried up to the excited crowd. The voice was recognised and respected; nobody rushed off to the spot where the life-saving gear was at work, but every man remained at his post, for, too plainly, a vessel loosed from her anchors was dashing desperately shoreward. In a few minutes they knew there would be work enough for fifty men, for she was bearing down on the very spot where they stood.

"Out of her way! out of her way!" was the next cry. "Run west-'ard! run west-'ard! she's drivin' down like mad, an' there 's no knowin' where she'll fling her timbers when the crash comes! Now for it!" and away went men, women, and even children in a flying shouting rabble; nor was their precaution needless, for the doomed vessel was scudding along so furiously that a violent grounding was inevitable; and as to her debris, no one could guess where she would toss that.

"There, that'll do," gasped one and another at length. "We're out of her way safe enough. But how about they aboard? Ah, it will be an awful shock when t'do come. Look t'her! Look t'her! Here she come! There she go!"

There was a tremendous Crash! erash!! crunch!!! upon the shingle, and with a wild fling over on her broadside went the schooner, tossing a piece of a mast here, and a snapped bowsprit there; splashing, creaking, groaning, succumbing deadly and for ever to the lashing of the wild sea. Roaring breakers at once and continuously burst over her parted deck and broken keel; and in and out the gaping fissures which the pitiless sea had made, the receding water foamed and hissed, and seemed to frolic with mad glee.

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Thus fared the vessel. But what of the living souls on board? Nothing but the life-saving gear could reach them, so the people on the shore said, and among them were tried seamen—brave fellows who were not likely to quail before trifles. Nothing but the rocket apparatus could save the crew, and that was in use at a distance, while the boards under their feet were likely at any moment to be lashed to fragments by the wild breakers. And, now and then, from the schooner came heart-breaking cries for help.

"Aren't we close to Eastoff? Where 's your rocket? The cap'n's wife is aboard with her little babe! Can't you put off to us nohow? Be ye going to let us perish on your very sands, mates?"

And so on, while every moment the crowd on the beach grew more and more excited and eager.

"Are you sure the life-boat's out?" cried one.

"Why, yes," came the answer. "Didn't you see the tug take her off ten minutes ago? An' look out there toward the Gat-way, they're throwin' up flares at this minute! The life-boat's pretty near the Roads, that's where she be; ye needn't count on her; her work am cut out yonder, dessay."

"I'll tell you what," cried young Lowry; "if we could fling a line across for them to fix, we'd get them along it with the help of tow-ropes and a sack!"

"How? How? Who'll take the tow-ropes across? The thing isn't possible."

"I will," said George, "and the sack, too,"

"But how? We should be daft men to let you do such a thing as that, Master Lowry. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going across to that wreck hand over hand on the line to which I am fixing this lead. So now—AH-OY! on board there! Look out for line and lead. Fix it, and hope for succour."

One end of the line was secured to a strongly built shed on the beach; then, with a determined fling from a powerful arm, the other end reached the vessel and was made fast; a firm grip, a vigorous swing, and, under a fire of applause, George Lowry met the heavy hissing breakers, boldly breasted them, and tl

swung on hand over hand; now a gigantic wave towering above his head, now a tremendous weight of water rolling off his stalwart shoulders; heedless of fierce wind and rattling hail, on he battled, trusting to his iron grip and to God.

There stood Aileen, with a white, white face, and in her heart a strong cry to Heaven. A few fisherwomen, with torches in their hands, gathered about

Still, on, on, with firm grasp and even swing, went he steadily and surely. A few dozens more of those vigorous and powerful swings, and the gallant young fellow would touch the wreck.

Hope rose high; for a few moments, very high. The people on shore held their breath under the strain of anticipation; every one's hearing was sharpened to catch the first "hurrah!" from the vessel



"On, bravely, hand over hand, came the dauntless seaman."-731.

her. "But," said they, "what can we do?" Yet they were brave, hardy women; many of them could handle an oar as well as her husband, but in this extremity they were powerless to help. True, they might manage to keep their torches bright, and so fling a gleam along the perilous line, and, perhaps, the shadow of one on the quivering wreck.

"Risky work!" said the burly seamen.

Ay, it was. A noble young life hung upon a mere thread, which was likely to snap at any moment. Everybody knew this, the hero himself included.

when the foot of the gallant seaman should rest on the shattered hull. And what a tremendous burst of acclamation there would have been from the beach in response! Yes, there "would have been," but there was not. Instead, there was a suddenly slackened rope, a wail from the ship, and a bitter cry from the shore! The rope had snapped!

Wail answered wail. "There is no hope!" said they all, on sea and land. The captain's wife, lashed to the stump of a mast, had felt, rather than seen, the catastrophe; and she had realised that with the dropping of that lithe manly form had utterly failed all hope of rescue for her husband, her child, herself, and the vessel's crew.

Stumbling over broken masts and a host of other things, came the captain to his wife's side. He had made up his mind to face the direful situation. "Bessie," said he, "be calm, and listen. If human power can save you and the baby, the thing shall be done. But—I haven't much hope, dear, for you know the man who was coming out to our rescue has gone down. So kiss me, Bessie, and say good-bye for this world, in case the worst should come. Goodbye, my lass."

No response parted the wife's pallid lips; no intelligent touch or sign made answer to the man's choking anguish. She was cold and white—perhaps dead! But even of that he could not stop to consider, for the timbers of his craft creaked more and more ominously; he knew she would part soon—the thing was imminent, and there was no help—no help!

He folded his arms, and stood like one turned to stone. Above the fury of the elements, he heard sounds of sharp disappointment and distress on the heach. And said he, suddenly, with hand and face reverently raised to the dark sky—

"Oh, God! are we to be lost—lost within hearing of voices on the shore!"

Then he bent over his wife, and set her limp arms free. And thought he—

"Has terror done the work that was impending from shipwreck? Is she in a swoon—or what?"

It was impossible to decide, for the darkness was deepening. He could see that her face was deathly white—no more. So he unlashed the shivering infant from her bosom, put it in the arms of an old man, lifted her head to his own knee; then called out to his men—

"Lads, come here, if you can find the way."

Stumbling over the rapidly increasing debris, they came. "Lads, we are beyond man's help; let us pray to God."

And they did pray—ay, it was a prayer; not one of many words either; an agonised cry in which souls of men were laid bare before the Lord Omnipotent. And as the deep-toned Amen blended with the wild piping of the wind, the ship's timbers creaked louder and louder, the parting deck quivered more and more ominously; higher and higher rose the sounds of excitement and distress on shore, while under the dark wild sky, still and helpless, with folded arms, stood the captain beside his inanimate wife, and surrounded by stalwart men, but all, in this extremity, utterly powerless.

Ah, but stronger arms than theirs had sustained the gallant fellow; for at the moment when hope seemed to be dying out, rose suddenly and sharply above the boom of the breakers, from young Lowry's well-known voice, the words—

"Haul away! I've the rope's end in my hand!"
"Not lost! not lost! HURRAH!" Every heart

"Not lost! not lost! HURRAH!" Every heart leaped, every voice helped to swell the jubilant cry, as a body of men rushed knee-deep into the water to his relief. "Haul, ay, that us will! But ste-ady!—ste-ady!" And steadily, surely, they at length brought him to land.

"Here you be, Master George—eh! But what a pull you've had!" And again the acclamation burst forth, as half a dozen horny hands shook the young man's arms nearly out of their sockets.

"The craft is parting as fast as she can!" gasped he, as soon as he could get his breath. "Quick with another line and lead! I am going to have another try to reach her!"

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Finding the young Hercules was really not hurt, expert hands obeyed him. The line was found, the lead secured; then, "Ahoy, there, on the schooner! Another rope—look out! Now—one! two! three!—swi-sh!" and the lead was at its destination. Once more it had cleared the high-crested breakers. It had whizzed over the creaking planks and the parting deck, over the prostrate mother and the wailing infant, and now eager hands were making it secure to the highest and firmest part of the wreck.

Every eye was strained to discover what this new rope was bringing to the schooner; every ear on the alert to catch the tones of a friendly voice. And, ere long, coming steadily on through the wild sea, they espied their preserver.

On, bravely, hand over hand, came the dauntless seaman, bending his head here while a billow swept over it, giving himself an extra swing there while a heavy sea rolled beneath him; on still, with cheers from the shore and prayers from the ship, till his hand was on the shivering hull, and every arm on board was thrust forth to board him. They eased him over the broken bulwark, and brought him down upon his feet on the quivering boards.

Then burst forth their shouts of joy; then from the shore came answering cheer for cheer. All felt that this gallant fellow was a HERO! and each seaman thanked God that the world held such a heart of cold

"But to business," said the captain, "and lose no time, lads, or even now we shall not be saved. How many life-belts can we muster?"

"We've took care of them, sir; we haven't lost not one."

"Good! But look here, men," and he bent over his wife; "maybe this poor darling is *dead*. Still, she must go off first. What say you?"

"Ay, ay, sir; first she shall go, o' course. Lift her up in your arms, cap'n; slip the sack over her feet, fasten a life-belt well round her, an' secure her to the line. Now for the towin' cords. Make all fast, then mebbe, sir (to George), ye'll sing through the cap'n's trumpet, an' give 'em fair warnin' what to expect."

All this from an old seaman, who was evidently anxious to spare his captain the pain of sending off the apparently lifeless burthen.

At once the voice of young Lowry rang out—

"On shore, there!"

" Ay, ay, sir."

Two or three strong hands mount the shed and raise the rope.

"A lady is coming; she is unconscious, and must be towed steadily and kept above water."

"Ave, aye, sir."

To the letter these rough men obeyed; then they laid their pitiful burden down on the sands for the women, with Aileen at their head, to tend.

"Is she dead?" asked they, under their breath, as they removed the life-belt and sack, and wrapped her round with the shawls which they had taken from their own heads. But, living or dead, they lifted her quickly and tenderly; and, while the men were busy landing the baby and the schooner's crew, they carried her, at Aileen's request, to Captain Lowry's house.

The women spoke softly to each other as they bore along their cold quiet burthen; there was a weirdness about the scene which some of them trembled at; and they were glad when Aileen came hurrying after them with the crying baby hugged up under her mackintosh,

Soon the girl and her noisy charge were in advance of them, for she was anxious to prepare her mother for the more startling arrival. But Mrs. Lowry's hall door stood open, and she was quietly waiting for any and all whom calamity might drive to her hearth.

She and her maids took the captain's wife in charge, and soon found that life began to return. She had fainted from terror and exhaustion-no

In another room Aileen undressed the baby, rubbing and warming the little creature to its exceeding content; for it soon began to coo and smile in her face; then, under the soothing influence of warmth and comfort, it fell asleep,

Presently Aileen turned to the little heap of drenched clothing which she had thrown off the child; she picked up a pinafore, examined it, and saw "Aileen Lowry" written neatly inside one of

She rubbed her eyes, as well she might, and looked again.

"My name, such an odd one as it is, on this stranger baby's pinafore!" repeated the bewildered Aileen; then, like a flash, came the thought-"Why, the rescued captain is my own brother Robert! And this little child-yes, surely, she must be my niece, named after me!"

Such was the fact. After a four years' absence from his native land, the eldest of the Lowry family was proudly bringing his young wife and only child to introduce to his relatives; his intention having been to sail gallantly into Eastoff Harbour and take them by surprise. The surprise was accomplished, though not as he had desired. Still, he passed over the threshold of his parents' home with gladness, for, after all, Bessie, the young wife, was living, so was every man of the schooner's crew; and with hearty honest pride, he sat down and poured the varn of his young brother's dauntless bravery into the ears of his delighted mother.

"Talk of salvage!" said he, as he glanced at Bessie and her child. "Why, mother, who would fret over a lost purse while he held the gold which it had contained? Not I! Let the sea do it's worst on the old timbers now the precious salvage is housed."

the shadows of Hymettus. Then we dropped anchor

in the harbour of the Piraeus, and in the after-

noon reached the ever-memorable city. It was

Sunday, and, when our evening prayer was over,

we walked to the Areopagus to listen, by St.

A WALK THROUGH ATHENS.

BY THE REV. CANON ARTHUR GORE, M.A., VICAR OF BOWDON.



STATE CHAIR AT ATHENS.

TE were called on deck in the early morning, to see the fair marble columns on the height of Sunium, where the little state of Attica first catches the seafarer's eye, and where Athene was supposed to watch providently against the enemies of the people who worshipped her with such unfaltering

Luke's help, to St. Paul addressing the "more than commonly religious" Athenians. being.

love, After awhile, Athens was seen, half hidden in

We were ready betimes the following morning for our explorations. Athens is soon and easily seen; not so soon nor so easily absorbed into one's The modern town, well built but glaring, lies to the north of the places of classic and sacred interest. These are all well known by name. They need only to be disentangled and arranged in their relative positions. A convenient walk may begin with the Stadium, or race-course, to the south-east. Its horse-shoe form is perfectly preserved, but its marble seats, which used to rise tier above tier, and which were wont to be crowded with 50,000 spectators, have long since been burnt

into lime. From the Stadium, moving north-west, we reach the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, of which sixteen stupendous columns are still standing, and one lies prone, broken into its original joints, but otherwise little injured. By means of it, an idea is gained of the grand size of the others, and of the temple, which next to that in Ephesus, was the largest Greek temple in the world. On the plain round the temple, Adrian built an Athens of his own, and embellished it with statues of himself; but the city of the somewhat vainglorious emperor has disappeared, save a triumphal but not very beautiful gate, on his side of which is inscribed "The Athens of Adrian, not of Theseus;" and on the other "The Ancient Athens of Theseus." Through the gateway we eagerly passed to the elder city. We were now at the foot of the Acropolis, the citadel of Athens, on the side remote from the city, but looking towards Marathon and Hymettus and Sunium. Before us was the theatre of Dionysus, on whose stage were acted the immortal plays of Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and of Aristophanes. From the theatre our way lies south-west round some huge and unsightly Roman remains. Then, by our own choice, we turn a little while from the dominating Acropolis, and having the Museum Hill on our left and the easy slope of the Pnyx to the right, we gradually wind back again, ascending the latter from behind, and, crossing its summit, we stand upon the Bema, from which Demosthenes thundered over Greece.

We are now facing north-west. Above us, and a little to the right, is the Acropolis, its front view; immediately before us the Areopagus; on either wing the Museum and the Hill of the Nymphs, and, a little in the distance, between the last named and the Areopagus, the Theseum, the best preserved of the temples. The Bema and its steps are rudely carved out of the natural rock, which is shaped around it into a small amphitheatre, where, probably, the chief fathers sat and listened. The ground in front takes a similar form, and into it thronged the multitudes. No view could present itself better calculated to stir the patriotic soul of the orator. Above the countless heads of his fellow citizens rose the Areopagus, and more glorious still the Acropolis, with its diadem of marble; nestling beneath were the city and the Agora, gleaming with altars and shrines and statues, with temples and colonnades; and more distant but still near, partly seen and ever felt, Salamis, Eleusis, the Academy, Phyle, Pentelicus, Marathon. The decds of their ancestors created the orators as well as the poets and historians of Greece.

A few minutes suffice to pass from the This famous Pnyx to the Areopagus. hill is eminently disappointing to the visitor of the present day. It is a low mass of naked rock, separated from its neighbours by a slight depression. Probably the valleys have been choked by the débris under which Athens lies entombed. From the present level, a narrow and much worn flight of steps, cut in the rock, leads up to the old court, its site barely indicated by a scarcely perceptible levelling of the surface. Nothing more is to be seen. But up these steps St. Paul was led from the Agora, the quarter of the city devoted to political business and philosophical discussion. On this platform he stood in the presence of the Areopagites; the Acropolis above him, the Agora at his feet, temples, altars, statues all around. Here he courteously acknowledged the devotion of the people to their gods. "In all things more than commonly reli-

Yea, their reverence surpassed their knowledge. He had found, perhaps in an obscure place, an altar which, after having been long forgotten, had been restored. The name of its god had perished from the marble, and perished from the memories of men; a God Who was before Zeus and Athene and Apollo and Poseidon,



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THE PARTHENON.

and long before the marble heroes and heroines by which Athenian devoutness had suffered Him to be displaced; and he had noticed that the restorers of the altar could but inscribe upon it the sorrowful words "To the Unknown God." Who, then, were the setters-forth of strange gods and goddesses? And what was Paul's preaching but a passing back to ancient days, to the worship of the forgotten, the now unknown God, "that made the world and all things therein?" The skill and tact of his appeal have often been noticed. Its deep pathos, when properly understood, is no less striking.

Again a few steps, and we have mounted the Acropolis. The fortifications are entered by a wooden door to the side, which is opened by an invalid soldier. Passing to the left, we stand at the foot of the steps of the Propylea, the splendid portico. To appreciate the Acropolis, we need history and poetry as our handmaidens, but how shall they satisfy our cravings in the brief space we can afford them?

The Doric columns which supported the broad and massive lintels are still standing. Their burden has partly fallen; we measured one magnificent slab twenty feet in length. On each side of the portico stood, and still stands, a Doric

Temple, that to the proper right containing the National Picture Gallery. In front of the other, on a spur of the rock, is the shrine of Nikè Apteros, Wingless Victory. This little sanctuary has had a strange history. It was dedicated to commemorate a victory over the Persians gained by Cimon in B.C. 464. The wings of the goddess were clipped, that she might never desert Athens. Alas! in years long after, the ruthless Turks pulled her temple to the ground, and built its stones into one of their bastions: but, strange to be said, the bastion perished, the sacred stones were recovered, and the shrine now stands, once more perfect, upon its ancient site.

The Theseum, that is the temple and tomb of Theseus, the little temple of the winds—reproduced amidst such charming scenery at Fountains—an ancient Stoa, and a modern museum, filled with antiquities, chiefly tombstones, all presenting the touching scenes of the last grasping of the hand—the last wistful farewell of those who sorrowed, having no good hope of immortality—are the only other objects of much interest. The remains of ancient Athens can be seen in a walk of two hours.

Athens in two hours! But there is another way of looking at things. Athens has its environs not less interesting than itself. The setting is as precious as the jewel. Our ride up Pentelicus, 3,400 feet high, helped us to see the glorious surroundings of the little state. Our expedition began by a drive of two hours, made in the very early morning, at the end of which we took to mules furnished with pack-saddles, that is, wooden frames without any cushions, the bridle being a rope tied round the nose of the mule in primitive fashion. So mounted, we rode for two hours more through glades gleaming with arbutus and bright with flowers. Our way led us by the marble quarries, which are still worked, though not as busily as in ancient days. We were, for the most part, in a lonely land, the brigands' country; but to-day they were asleep.

Animated nature was almost absent, two large and lazy tortoises, a snake four feet long, which we suffered not to live, a raven sailing through the clouds, little else. The view from the summit, like other views, depends on the weather, and to us it was somewhat veiled; but at our feet were the bay and plain of Marathon, and on the other side, beyond the city, we "looked o'er sea-girt Salamis," and Phyle was visible, where sat the "Spirit of Freedom,"

"with Thrasybulus and his train;" neither did the Groves of Academus hide themselves, nor Colonus, nor Eleusis. Even Parnassus loomed large and dim through the mist. What could we ask for more?

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Save for a hasty visit to the desolate site of Corinth, we have seen little of Greece except Athens. Yet what we saw helped us to understand the character of her people. In Greece the eye always rests on lines of beauty. Nature awakened and educated art. Art adorned the work of men's hand. The fair cities nestling in seclusion among their fastnesses may well have evoked the spirit of love and patriotism in their citizens. The mountain passes offered the means of defending what was beautiful and beloved, The mountain life supplied the needful strength and hardihood. In another school, upon their restless but brilliant seas, the sons of Greece learned to save themselves from the narrowness of mountain clans, and to hold a wider fellowship with men. Ages of oppression and wrong have indeed fostered among their descendants not a few of the vices of slavery. Yet the dawn of a new and better day may be breaking, though generations, perhaps centuries, must pass before its sun shall reach the zenith.

* The illustrations to this article are from photographs by Messrs, F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

DOUBLY BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.-NEW UNFOLDINGS.



ELEN had reached the quiet schoolhouse, and was sitting in the little box - room alone, anxiously deliberating as to what would be her best course. Mrs, Pallister would be her friend, she thought, and keep the secret of her identity; but how should she, in the first place, reveal it

to her before her arrival? Finally, Helen decided upon writing a letter, which she would get conveyed by a messenger early on the following morning.

It was not a long letter. Part of it ran-

"It is I, his wife, with whom Bernard has become acquainted, and whom he calls 'Hope.' Please do me the great kindness to keep my secret for the

present. I have almost lost my voice, so that, in his blindness, my dear husband has not yet recognised me."

A few explanations were added, and kind words of sympathy with Mrs. Pallister in her trouble at the loss of her friend, and that was all.

The letter was sent. The hours passed, and at length Mrs. Pallister arrived, glad, moved, earnest, and tearful; all of which feelings wholly escaped Bernard, so occupied was he with the happy plan of obtaining his new friend's companionship—not occasionally, but daily.

Arrangements were soon made, and Helen removed from the school-house within the week, bidding Rose and Aubrey a bright farewell; though it was of course only a farewell for the present, for she saw them again many times before they also departed. And then they promised, at Helen's request, to write, and to tell her all about the weddings, and their new homes, and how they spent their time when they had no longer any teaching to think of—no school-work to fit and prepare, no exercises to correct. And, finally, in their reserved, yet gentle way, they together expressed their earnest wish that before very long Helen, too, might be happy, and at rest as to her future.

And week after week passed on, and Helen was

happy—and, so far, at rest also—ministering to her Bernard's comfort and pleasure, and happy also in soul as well as in heart and life.

She had now, too, the joy of seeing Bernard at peace even as she was. They had searched the Scriptures together—that is, she had searched, and read, and he had listened, and talked, and thought—and finally the sweet knowledge of forgiveness had come to him, and with it, oh! what wondrous and deep-seated heavenly joy!

Mrs. Pallister had soon grown accustomed to Helen's weak soft voice in reading, and seemed to give herself no concern as to the risk there might be of trying the feeble tones beyond their strength again, leaving such concern (if any needed to be shown) to Bernard.

And neither was the thoughtful old lady more than ordinarily kind to her young companion, simply in order to lead Bernard to be still kinder to his unknown wife than he was.

But Helen's voice ran little risk in these days; indeed it was gradually, but surely becoming stronger, for there were no schools close by in which to try it; and neither was she now obliged—and how thankful the reflection made her—to fill all her waking time with work, in order to keep out sorrowful thought.

Month after month of this life of peace, and almost unruffled happiness, wrought so much improvement in both Helen and Bernard, that Mrs. Pallister declared that they looked like two different people.

They were all sitting at breakfast one warm morning in July, when she made the remark—

"Tell me exactly what difference it has made in Hope!" exclaimed Bernard, eagerly.

Mrs. Pallister smiled in a way that bespoke mingled perplexity, vexation, and pleasure; she often did so smile when Bernard called Helen "Hope," in that bright, animated, almost loving, tone.

"The 16th of July!" Helen had been saying to herself, as she absently sipped her coffee. "Only three months longer—and then what?"

For Bernard had not yet been to Wyntoun-by-Sea, in order to make inquiries concerning his wife; and lately he had, especially when alone with Helen, shunned the subject more than ever.

"The difference in Hope is," said Mrs. Pallister, "that she looks much better, much younger, and much happier, than she did when she first came to stay with us,"

Upon which Bernard relapsed into silence: he had been talking cheerfully enough before.

After breakfast, finding Mrs. Pallister in the store-room all alone—he was accustomed to wander over the house from attic to cellar, as he felt inclined—he inquired, after some hesitation, whether she knew "Miss Hope's secret."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Pallister, after an instant's deliberation. "She has told me everything."

"And I suppose it has, naturally, to do with some

love affair? Secrets generally have, I believe; young ladies' secrets, that is!"

Bernard was not speaking lightly, but almost in a tone of displeasure—at which Mrs. Pallister smiled with a secret satisfaction which she carefully kept out of her voice.

"Yes," she replied again. "You are quite right, Bernard. The secret certainly does, as you say, relate to a love affair."

And for a moment the old lady went on choosing from her stores—eggs, preserves, spices, etc., etc.—in silence.

The pretty, broad, shallow basket, in which it was her habit to arrange the different things she chose, was almost full, when she continued—Bernard standing by, with down-bent head, and face of gloomy thoughtfulness the while—

"You must understand, Bernard, that I have broken no confidence in answering your questions, Hope"—she had almost said Helen—"trusts, as I believe, to my judgment, knowing, as she does, that I would not willingly utter a word to hurt her, and that I think her one of the truest and noblest women living."

"And she is in love—with some undeserving fellow or other, I dare say?" said Bernard, with even a touch of real bitterness in his tone this time.

"Undeserving?" repeated Mrs. Pallister, now taking up her basket, and preparing to depart. "Well, I certainly must say that I have my doubts as to his being altogether deserving of her."

"Then she is really in love?" persevered Bernard.
"Yes;" but the old lady began to look uneasy.
"And now I am going into the kitchen, and I cannot tell you anything more, Bernard."

Bernard went into the small garden, and there, a little later, Helen found him, standing in the shadow of a stunted old elm.

She had come to tell him that they must take their accustomed walk by themselves this morning, as Mrs. Pallister would be too busy to accompany them.

Bernard made no reply, and soon, having as usual taken Helen's arm for guidance, he was making his slow way along the worn pavements of Leybridge. He was unusually silent; but so also was Helen.

The latter was thinking of her voice. She felt that, if she chose, she could now, without much effort, speak out much more strongly and clearly than she had done for many, many months; and that, in fact, soon she would scarcely be able to avoid doing so. And what would be the consequence of this? Bernard was wonderfully quick. She grew hot and cold in an instant, at the fears she conjured up. He would recognise her—he would turn against her—and be her friend and take pleasure in her society no more.

She sighed inwardly, in perplexity and sorrow.

But now they were just outside the town, and passing a church—pleasantly situated, well kept, wreathed with ivy, and surrounded with flower-borders and gravelled walks,

The doors were open, and there were signs that a wedding was about to take place. Helen told Bernard.

"Would you like to see it?" he inquired, some-

And Bernard accompanied her at once—already grieved lest his tone might have wounded her.

It was but the wedding of a pretty, modest-looking servant-girl, and a young shopman. There was,



"Helen removed from the school-house. -p. 738.

what coldly; and then, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, he added, "Ladies always do like to witness a wedding, I believe."

Helen felt hurt and chilled by his manner; yet gently, though perhaps a little more quietly than usual, replied that she *had* a wish to witness the ceremony.

of course, no show or grandeur there—no eager crowding of spectators. But there was all that Helen wished. There were two persons standing in the house and mighty invisible presence of the Lord God, making certain solemn vows. Would they keep these vows? And, if not, would they not be guilty before that same Almighty Lord God?

Had not Bernard made just such vows? And had he kept them?

He and Helen sat quite near to all that was going on, and Bernard could hear every word.

With bent head, frowning brow, and gloomy countenance, he was evidently listening attentively.

Just so; before many witnesses, he had once taken Helen, and had promised to love her, and to comfort and honour and keep her, in sickness and in health, till death should part them. Just so he had listened, kneeling reverently, to that prayer that they might live together in holy love unto their lives' end. And now, and for this long time past, he had forsaken her.

They had left the church and turned their faces homeward.

And, after long silence, Bernard said-

"They are solemn vows!"

"They are, indeed!" returned Helen, quietly.

"You, no doubt, as a woman, think me everything that is bad because I have broken them?"

She hesitated.

"I think the wrong began long before you broke them," she said then.

"When I made them !—knowing well that I had not in me the heart of love that would rejoice to keep them."

"Before that," she said again.

"When I asked for my poor Helen's love—but had none to give her in return? Ah, yes; and if I might live that day over again——"

"What would you do?" asked Helen, quickly.

His voice rose, and trembled with passion and earnestness.

"No earthly power should force me to insult any woman by the offer of an empty heart!"

"And yourself," she said, a little timidly, "how much, also, you have wronged yourself!"

"Yes," and he sighed a long sad sigh. "Yes; I have wronged myself; but the realisation of that comes to me now as my just punishment."

"But in the end," ventured Helen, with he little knew how much suppressed tenderness and yearning sympathy, "you may win joy yet, may you not?"

He was silent.

Presently he said-

"I may—though it is not likely. But give me your advice, my kind good friend. What would you have me to do?"

"Never mind me," she said, brushing away some tears which he could not see; "do what you know to be right."

"That is-seek my wife?"

She assented.

"When?" asked he.

"Why not soon?" she rejoined. "Why not to-morrow?"

A long pause, and then he answered, firmly-

"I will."

But Helen could tell from the expression of his face that he reverently made an inward reserva-

tion, and that (though he would have been far enough from doing so in former days) he to-day recalled the Apostle's words—

"For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."

The morrow came; and Bernard went-and returned, in company with Mrs. Pallister-only, of course, to tell Helen, then, what she already knew, namely, that his wife, if alive and well, would be at Wyntoun on the 16th of the coming October! Only to tell her this! Yet how high Helen's joy had risen at the dear signification of that journey! His wife was but as a memory to Bernard-and not a loved or cherished memory-yet he was faithful to her, and he had sought her again, for his own honour's sake; and not for this alone, but for a far higher, dearer, stronger reason. He had sought her again, for right's sake, and not so much for his own honour as for the honour of his Lord. And what an ennobling thought it is to the Christian to remember that his Lord's honour, and his own, are, in a beautiful sense, one; that to wound one is to wound the other; and that to be true to one is to be true to the other.

But now there came a still further unfolding of events. Bernard declared that his sight was improving, and that at times he could almost discern the outline of "Hope's" figure as she passed him. And Helen had listened to the assertion with startled gladness.

Bernard was eager to take a journey to London; for there was now no oculist in Leybridge to content him.

He went as soon as might be, both Helen and Mrs. Pallister accompanying him.

Yes, there was hope for him; and perhaps no very long time of suspense.

And Helen was at once excited and happy, anxious and undecided; for what should be her next step?

The oculist wished Bernard to remain near him for a time, and accordingly Mrs. Pallister and Helen spent an afternoon in searching for suitable rooms.

They were found, and taken, and, while Mrs. Pallister was still conversing with the landlady, Bernard and Helen took possession of a roomy and comfortable sofa, and waited for the cup of tea which the landlady, a bright, pleasant, talkative little woman, had already promised them.

But not that they had had any thought of wishing for tea!—their hearts were too full for any such trifling remembrance. And they had chosen the comfortable sofa quite at haphazard. It might have been altogether uncomfortable for anything that they either knew or cared.

But though their hearts were so full, it was not, as may be supposed, an altogether mutual emotion that occupied them. That had yet to come.

Bernard had felt since leaving the oculist as though

he had been treading on air. And Helen, at sight of his happiness, was strangely, deeply agitated.

"And now!" exclaimed he, softly, as soon as they were alone—for Mrs. Pallister and the landlady were in one of the sleeping rooms. "Now!" And his voice became unsteady with his great joy. "I shall look forward to seeing soon—very soon—my kind friend, Hope! I like—I love her name—even though I know that it is not really hers; but her own, whatever it may be, cannot be more suitable."

He paused—his agitation increased. Helen's breath, too, came quick and short, and her tears were falling. Then, as one hand tremblingly brushed them away, she felt the other taken by Bernard, in lightest gentlest caress. He had never so touched her hand before, and it thrilled her through, yet her

tears fell faster.

"She is weeping," Bernard softly murmured.
"What can it mean? Does my friend, then, weep at my joy?"

But suddenly he grasped her hand firmly, and an expression as of some strange pain crossed his face.

"You will always be my friend, Hope, even though by-and-by-...."

He paused; then continued more coldly-

"But there may be no need to think of your probable marriage yet? You have never honoured me with your confidence, but I suppose——"

Another break. But then, in an instant, his voice had sunk to deepest tenderness—mingled, too, with the old melancholy which Helen by this time knew so well—

"But you are my friend, Hope? I cannot doubt it; and I will remember only that. And when I return to my wife—as I hope to do—I shall tell her of you! She is noble and good, and will never feel a mean unworthy jealousy, as some women might. And you will—"

Once more he paused, seemingly almost as agitated as Helen herself; then, dropping her hand, he

abruptly turned away from her.

"What did you mean by my marriage?" asked Helen, in a low voice now, and choking back her tears.

A change passed over his countenance at her tone; his features for a moment seemed as though illumined with yet another great joy. But he was regaining his self-control, and as yet he did not speak.

And, while Helen waited, Mrs. Pallister and the landlady came in again.

And then, with crimsoning face, Helen rose and stole away, and Bernard uttered no word to detain her.

She made her way to the room which she was to share with Mrs. Pallister while they remained in London, and, closing and locking the door, she stood for a moment with upraised face and clasped hands, and eyes still brimming over with tears, through which, however, joy shone like sudden April sunshine, and she murmured—

"I must leave him. If I stay another day he will find me out, and I shall tell him everything, and the time has not come for that yet. But oh!" in a voice just above a whisper, while her glad smile grew even brighter, "I think, I believe, he really does love me now. And, if so, I may yet be happy. Oh, so happy!"

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CHAPTER XVIII .- A GLAD JOURNEY.

AND yet, was it wholly a glad journey? For, instead of joy, did not hope and fear once more walk with her, side by side, and hand in hand?

Yes; but during past weeks hope had strengthened and fear had weakened, and Helen, with a heart beating with thankfulness, could not but compare her journey of to-day with that which she had taken

a year ago.

Then all had been blankest uncertainty; but now, she had not only the full expectation of meeting her husband, but also of remaining with him; and of having therefore at least the opportunity of winning the love which she had hoped was hers when she became a wife.

Mrs. Pallister had written from time to time, telling her that Bernard still adhered to his determination to meet her at Wyntoun-by-Sea on the sixteenth of the approaching October. Also Helen had received the welcome news that at length his sight was fully restored.

For she had not remained in London with them, but, with Mrs. Pallister's kind and ready concurrence, had left on the morning following their arrival.

Some excuse had, of course, been made for this proceeding to Bernard—an excuse, however, to which he had seemingly paid but small attention. He knew, he thought, why she left; and he became, notwithstanding his thankfulness at the recovery of his sight, gloomy and irritable.

Helen had never once written to him, but only sent him a kind message now and then through Mrs. Pallister.

Where had she passed the intervening weeks? With Aubrey and Rose in their happy homes. They had written many times, earnestly inviting her to pay them a long visit, if she cared to do so, "dividing herself between them," as their homes were so near. And she had accordingly spent a little more than a month with each.

Very greatly had the time so spent rested and refreshed her, for in either house she found the same quiet peaceful atmosphere that had pervaded the little schoolhouse in former days. An atmosphere it was that seemed to rest and restore all who came within its influence. And after saying so much, it is surely needless to add that the newmade husbands, as well as the young wives, were happy.

Helen often thought, as she watched them all, of the text which says, "The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

"And what a great and wonderful blessing peace is," she thought; "and as great in its degree in the home as in the nation. What security it gives !—and what leisure! And what strength and health and wealth it soon gathers to itself, and what an attraction it exercises! Aubrey and Rose may well allow their husbands unquestioned liberty. They might go to the other side of the world if they chose; but that subtle all-powerful influence of peace, and ever-ready sympathy and gentlest truest affection combined, would surely draw them back again."

While with her old friends, Helen had, to their great delight, entirely recovered her voice; it was

now full and rich and strong as ever.

And now she was on her way to Wyntoun-by-Sea once more.

It was a serene October day. The earth was strewn with fallen leaves, but upon them, as they lay, fell pale sweet sunshine, and the air was soft and mellow, and the morning light on the sea full of calm still beauty.

Having walked from Hamley, as before, Helen first made her way to the house at which Phœbe Bassett had lodged.

But here a surprise awaited her. The house was Phœbe's home no longer.

"Old Miss Bailey—that had done for our parson so many years, you know, ma'am—died," said Phœbe's former landlady; "and then, who was there so fit to take her place as Miss Bassett? Why, she knows the affairs of the parish as well as the parson himself, I'll be bound! Anyway, there she is at the vicarage; and they do say——"

But Helen hurriedly thanked her informant—a comparative stranger, who had not recognised her (she having her veil closely drawn)—and departed. She was not in the mood just now to hear what

"they" said.

Phabe Bassett received her with the same gentle simplicity that had always characterised her. But there was, Helen thought, something more than even the brightness of a warm kind welcome in her smile—something that was surely more like real heart-happiness sat on lip and brow, and sparkled in the clear grey-blue eyes.

Helen would not yet go to the room which had been thoughtfully prepared in readiness for her, but, instead, sat down in the little-used drawing room to talk to Phæbe.

Early though it was, Philip had gone out. Some sick person had sent for him, Phoebe said.

Then came a little pause, which Helen broke.

"I do not ask whether he has been," she said, in tones of mingled agitation and gladness—"my husband, I mean—because I know that he has! Oh, Phæbe! to think that he can see again! and that presently he may stand before me here face to face! To think that he is coming to claim me, after all this time! It is so strange!—so strange! And she gave a little half-sob. "How shall I look at him? what shall I say to him? Oh, Phæbe, how shall I tell him that—that he has not been parted from me so long as he thinks?"

And then, to listening, wondering Phaebe, she poured out her story. How she had met Bernard in his blindness, and become his friend. How the loss of her voice had hindered him from recognising her. And how—but even as she listened there was a full manly voice in the hall; and in an instant she had started from her seat, while the blood rushed in a torrent to her face.

But Phœbe laid a quiet hand on her arm, and with a gentle sweet smile that made her look young again,

"It is only Mr. Evelyn."

And, indeed, before the words had been uttered, Helen had distinguished the sound of Philip's crutches, and the next moment he had entered the room.

And he also gave Helen a warm hearty welcome.

He was a grave middle-aged man now; but not grave from eare or sorrow, only from habitual thoughtfulness, and a kind Christian sympathy with the sorrows of others; for no faintest shadow at this time overhung his own life, save the long-accustomed and now little-regarded one of his lameness.

He stayed but a few moments with Helen, however, for, as Phœbe informed him, two of his parishioners were awaiting him in his study.

But, in those few moments, another living story of patient love and waiting had suddenly unfolded itself to Helen.

Philip and Phœbe were not young lovers, full of eagerness and unrest, and overflowing with impatience. But they were none the less happy. Rather, they were happier.

Yet though they truly loved each other, they did not—as they probably would have done if they had been young—place earthly love before that which is so far beyond it. And neither did they allow the claims and promises of this present life to outweigh those of the glorious life to come. They would have, as they loved to think, not the comparatively few remaining years of their lives here alone, but all eternity in which to be happy, with the dear Lord, who was King in each of their hearts, and with each other. What need was there, then, for haste or impatience?

And this strong living faith shed such a calmness, and serenity, and security over their affection for each other, that unobservant lookers-on took calmness for indifference, and were quite unaware that affection existed.

But Helen's quick eyes of loving sympathy had seen it at once; and as Philip closed the door behind him, her gentle glance met Phæbe's.

And Phœbe gave a little smile, while a faint colour rose in her quiet face, and then she answered the look as though Helen had spoken; and in a few words told her all.

"It is between ourselves, yet," she concluded, "though he spoke to me a fortnight ago. But we are to be married as soon as may be. There is no need to wait, as we have known each other so long."

She spoke quite simply and easily; but her voice was full of deepest hapiness.

"And will you be married here?" inquired Helen.

"Yes, though we do not wish to make an ordinary wedding-day of it; and we are going to leave school treats, and teas, and everything of the kind till afterwards. Of course we shall just tell the people, or they will feel hurt. But we only think of walking to church together, as we might to a week-day service; and then, we had planned to go away for a few weeks, as Philip has had no holiday this year, and is beginning to want one badly."

And here she hesitated; and Helen bent forward, and, taking both her hands, kissed her cheek.

"Go on, dear Phœbe. You do not know how glad I am for you. Please say everything you wish to say."

"I was thinking of only one other little thing," returned Phebe, with a look of quiet pleasure at Helen's caress. "But, perhaps," she added, "it would be better to leave it until—after Mr. Brand has been——"

"Oh, no, Phœbe! Go on talking to me—please do! It is helping the time along." And now she glanced at the clock with renewed anxiety and more than half-sorrowful suspense; and her eyes said, "What if he should not come, after all?"

And Phœbe understood the look.

"It is early yet," she said, gently; "do not be afraid. Please God, your husband will come, and you and he will be happy."

Helen had from her earliest babyhood been used to Phobe's comforting and encouraging words. It was not likely that their influence would fail now; and it did not.

"Yes," thought Helen, giving Phœbe a grateful glance, "it is indeed as pleases God. He holds all events, great and small alike, in His own hands. Where, then, is there the smallest need for a single doubt or misgiving?"

Phœbe presently repeated softly-

"Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us—
All must be well."

How the sweet words calmed Helen! How they raised her thoughts yet higher—above all that was merely earthly. Yes, truly, to the Christian, come what may, "all must be well."

But—for Helen was rarely selfish, even in thought—her reflections soon came back to Phœbe, and to that "one other little thing" which she had had to say.

Philip and Phœbe, needing both the rest and the change from parish work, were going away for their honeymoon—that was understood. But would Helen like, if her husband approved, to remain there the while quietly with him in that roomy old vicarage, spending, what might prove to them a second honeymoon? This, in effect, was Pheebe's question, which Philip had fully authorised her to put.

But, before Helen could answer it, there was a loud ringing at the hall-door, and she fell back in her chair, agitated almost to faintness again.

And the next moment Phobe had made her exit by one door of the room, while Bernard was entering at another.

And what a strange meeting was this!

Helen had of course put up her veil while talking with Phœbe, but it was closely drawn again now; partly to hide her emotion, and partly because she feared lest, in some way or other, Bernard should at once recognise her as "Hope."

She rose to greet him, and Bernard took the gloved hand which she held out—holding it only for an instant, however, and then allowing it to fall with involuntary coldness.

And next a few commonplace words were uttered on either side, Helen speaking in a voice whose rich, yet trembling cadence Bernard must surely have well remembered.

And then they sat down, side by side. And, be neath her veil, Helen was meeting, with what composure she might, the now fully conscious gaze of Bernard's keen blue eyes.

And she heard him sigh, and she saw the old stern expression coming into his face. Perhaps he was thinking of "Hope"—regretting that he had lost his friend?

"Our lives have been a great mistake," he said, at length. And then—not a little coldly still—"you are Helen—are you not?—Helen Brand—my wife?"

"Yes," she murmured. And he started slightly.
"O yes!" thought Helen; "he is certainly remembering 'Hope' now!" And then she felt curiously jealous of herself—curiously clated also,

at the same time, at the reflection that, when she had been left alone to her own unaided powers, she had been able easily to attract towards her the man she loved.

And Bernard was thinking of Hope. But what a wrong he had done, he was saying to himself—in giving her the first place in his heart—even for a moment! She had been his friend; but here was his wife—who had been waiting for him all this time. And it seemed that she had a true wifely love left in her heart for him yet—little though he deserved it—for she had uttered no word of reproach. And he felt suddenly drawn towards her.

"Will you not lift your veil?" he asked, as he gently took her hand.

She did so tremblingly, and his eyes rested long on her downcast face, in which unquiet blushes came and went, and at the gentle tender mobile mouth, and at the down-dropped cyclids, under which tears were gathering.

"Can you forgive me, Helen?"

He drew her closer to him; and though she spoke no word, he had his answer.

The wedding was over, and Phœbe and Philip were gone.

newed tenderness to the friend he had lost, and who, as he said to himself, had never once been cold to him, but had ever given him readiest, truest sympathy.

Helen said to herself, almost hourly-

"I must tell him! Oh, I must tell him! But how shall I begin?"



"Bernard quite unconsciously . . . took her arm."-p. 746.

And Helen and Bernard were left behind.

A very short time had passed, and the long-parted husband and wife seemed as yet fairly happy together; though there was still Helen's secret between them. Bernard had told her all he could of "Hope," but he thought that she had listened coldly, and then he had been somewhat colder to her in consequence; while his heart went out with re-

The two went about the parish together, meanwhile, as they had never done in former days. And they discovered, little by little, something of the great work upon which Philip had spent daily thought and pains, daily strength and love, and almost hourly prayers, for so many—not weary, as some might have imagined—but happy, happy years.

For Philip's parish was to him his garden of souls,

in which he loved to spend and be spent; and, though it was quite possible that no very great results of his loving labours might appear in this life, his fair flowers, he knew, would amply repay his care and culture one day in the great everlasting garden of heaven above.

But not that Philip thought of repayment, either here or hereafter. He only sought, for love of his Lord and Master—for love of those around him—and for love of his work, to benefit, one by one, every single soul in his parish, by drawing it out (by many means, according to his own peculiar ideas) into a recognition of itself, and of its own worth, and powers, and wondrous future. Into a recognition, also, of its own security in the love of the Lord, who gave His life to ransom it; and of its sole obligation to accept that loving sacrifice, and to live accordingly—with love again as the sole groundwork for every thought, and word, and deed.

And for his work—who could doubt it?—the Master would one day say, "Well done!" But Philip thought not even of that—only of that same dear Master's love.

It was evening.

Helen and Bernard were returning to the vicarage, after an afternoon spent, not only in giving help and sympathy to those in need and sorrow, but in receiving also, oh, how many precious and comforting lessons for themselves! And many and many a word of Philip's, that he would have deemed long ago forgotten, had been repeated to them by one and another of his faithful parishioners.

Helen was thinking over all that she had heard, and Bernard also. They had been silent for some

time now.

Helen, indeed, felt rather nervous about speaking, for it had been raining at intervals for some hours, and she could tell that the dampness was affecting her voice, as the physician had forewarned her that it still would do.

The two had been making their way along the high road, by the quiet grey sea; but now they turned into the lane that led to the vicarage, and faced the chill air from the north-east; and Helen removed her hand from Bernard's arm, and drew the soft white wrap which she wore more closely around her throat.

But before she could replace her hand, Bernard, quite unconsciously, as it seemed, took her arm, as he had been used to do in Leybridge in the days of his blindness; and, giving one quick glance up at him, Helen saw that he had closed his eyes, as he often did now when thinking intently.

But the next instant, with answering surprise, he was looking down at her. She had yielded her arm just as "Hope" had been used to do, he had said to himself.

Again he closed his eyes, and he could have imagined himself walking with "Hope" once more, and not with Helen, his wife, at all. Step, height, pace, casy unconscious movement, all accorded. What did this mean?

Helen had been thinking of Wyntoun-by-Sea, and of the unmixed blessing that in all probability had come to it, chiefly by way of Philip's lameness, seeing that he had, by the grace of God, through that lameness, been enabled to throw himself heart and soul into his work.

But now Bernard's look had fluttered and disturbed her, and, forgetting that she had intended not to speak again, unless obliged, till within the safe warmth and comfort of the fireside, she unwittingly began—

"I should think that there never was such a wonderful parish as this!"

But she got no further, for her voice was almost gone; and her heart beat so quickly besides, that she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

And at the first sound of those faint weak tones, Bernard had uttered a half-exclamation as of extreme astonishment.

They were now at the vicarage gate.

Without a word he hurried her along the gloomy yew-shadowed path, and into the house, keeping his hold upon her, until they stood in the dining-room, before a bright glowing fire.

And then he himself put up her veil, and, holding her in his arms, as though he feared she might escape him, he gazed at her long and earnestly.

"You are-" he began then.

"I am Hope," said the same soft strengthless voice that had already thrilled him through and through. "I wished—I tried—to tell."

He caught her passionately to his heart.

"It is Hope!" he cried. "I thought I should never hear her dear voice again! O my darling, my darling, why did you not tell me?"

And Helen's cup of happiness was full.

The days passed, and Philip and Phæbe returned from their holiday, and two pairs of wholly happy eyes met theirs in greeting.

And a few hours later, as four happy people sat round the fire together, looking at each other a good deal, but not talking much, Helen thought—

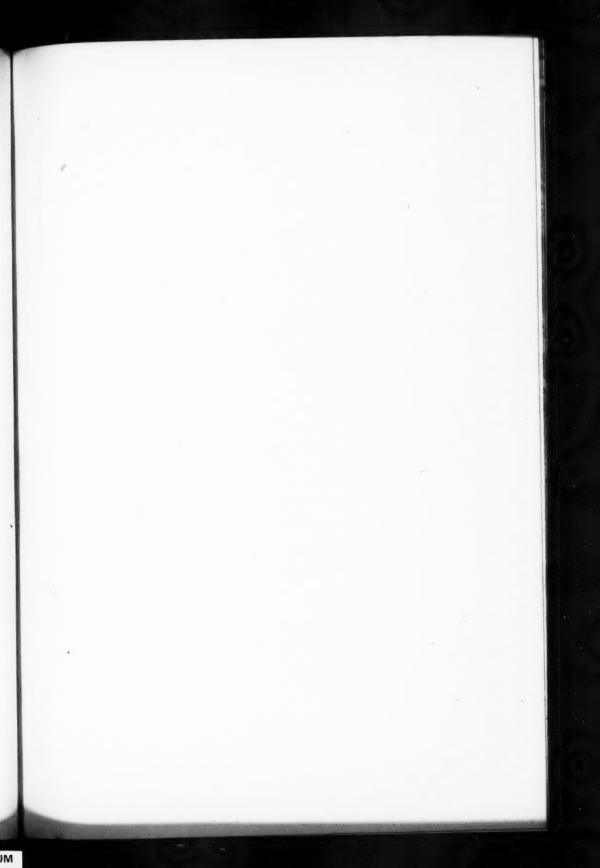
"The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet."

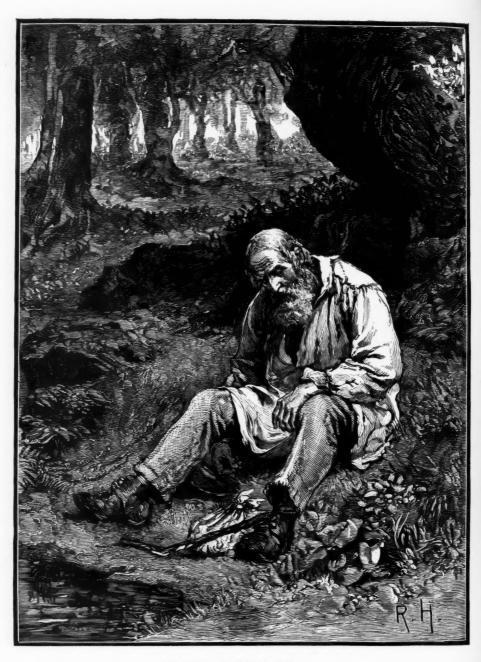
And presently, in answer to some gentle observation of Phobe's, Bernard quoted gaily, yet tenderly, while his eye sought Helen's with a glance, as of deprecating love—

"All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown; Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

"And the end," said Philip, his thoughts rising immediately, as they so invariably did, above this finite world, and its limited joys and sorrows; "the great 'end,' and 'fine,' and 'crown,' will be eternal. 'All's well that ends well,' indeed. And so our otherwise comparatively unimportant 'course' here, becomes all-important, when we reflect that in it lies the seed of an immortal future; and that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

THE END.





"So here I sit, perchance to dream Like Jacob on his rocky bed, How angels up and down that beam Of light will hover o'er my head."

THE REST BY THE WAY,

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

A

ROCKY track ascends the hill;
I linger faint and dread the way;
Slow fall my footsteps, slower still,
As heavy thoughts the soul dismay;

No stop till sunset gild the west, A hovel then—the wand rer's rest.

And yet I'll halt; six weary miles Untrodden wait; I dwell alone; No cheering word my path beguiles, Wife, kindred, aims, hopes—all are gone;

No babe, when wished-for eve has come, Will laugh and welcome father home.

The parson preached—'t was yestermorn, At the last village where I slept, For faithful souls with sorrows worn That mansions bright in heav'n were kept; For mansions there he bade us sigh, Whose perfect rest would satisfy.

In faith I'll wait; twelve honest hours'
Good work, the Master always had,
I took life's sunshine and its showers
Till ev'ning came, day's toil to glad.
One bore for me death, anguish, dust—
For Him I'll bear and humbly trust,

So here I sit, perchance to dream
Like Jacob on his rocky bed,
How angels up and down that beam
Of light will hover o'er my head;
Who would not for such visions blest
Sleep hardly here till comes true Rest?

THE CARE OF OUR POORER SISTERS.



HROUGHOUT the length and breadth of England, the name of

Ellice Hopkins is known, and her work-so essentially one which should interest every woman-has become recognised and thought of not only by those who, like myself, have had the privilege of listening to her living voice, but by those who have heard of her, read her books or reports of her speeches. In some way or other some echo has reached far and wide, and the subject she has so much at heart,

namely, the care of our sisters, is one which no woman, be she young or old, rich or poor, can, if she be a Christian in more than name, say, "It does not concern me." The subject does concern you; and you girls, whom I am especially addressing now, it concerns very much indeed.

"I don't understand the subject, and so I can't do anything," you say. Yes, you can. Just look at the matter from a common-sense point of view.

In watching by the bedside of your little brother who is ill of fever, do you expect to understand the whole workings of the disease? No, that is the doctor's business—it is not yours. You, if you are acting as nurse, have simply to obey his orders, to do what you are told. It is not needful for you to do anything else. And if you are obedient, you help your brother to get well, and you prevent others in the house from catching the disease.

Well, a fever of sin, far worse than any bodily disease, haunts our land. Of it our sisters, poorer than we are in rank, and money, and education—ignorant, very many of them, as you are not—are sick. What can you do? Trust to those who know all about it, and who, heart-sick at the great groan of anguish rising from our midst, bid you work.

Listen to me while I suggest a few ways in which you can help girls to preserve the true dignity of womanhood. And first, if you would do anything, you must be "fit for the Master's use." You must be living with eyes uplifted to the everlasting hills, seeking your strength from Him Whom you are conscientiously endeavouring to serve. He must be your King; your loyalty must be rendered to Him, or else you cannot work for Him. And as His servant, your very

love for Him will constrain you as nothing else will to see that you lose no opportunity, that you leave no stone unturned in your effort to do His will, and fulfil to your sisters that service which you are bound to render, and which for the doing, or not doing, you will one day have an account to give.

"Blessed are the pure in heart!" Let that be your motto, and see that you keep yourself in the

true spirit of purity. Take care of yourself, your words, your thoughts, your actions; try them by that test, and see if they are really always white and clean. And the books you read be careful about them, and put away far from you the poem, or novel, or book, of any kind, that you feel instinctively and very surely is doubtful. And so, ever remembering Whose you are both body and mind, your power will be great,

and you will, like Sir Galahad the maiden knight, have the strength "of ten," that he had, and for the same reason, "because his heart was pure."

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In some way or other, girls will cross your path. They may be your pupils, your Sunday or Bible-class scholars, your servants, your dressmaker, shop girls, girls poorer than yourself, or even like yourself, will come in your way. What

is your duty to them? Make friends of them. Don't be satisfied with teaching your class of girls on Sundays, and having nothing more to do with them. Get to know them, win their affection, and let them treat you as their friend. Gradually you will gain their confidence, and your influence may be an untold power for good on them, If you can, ask them to tea sometimes, and be pleasant to them, taking an interest in their lives, their work, their Try and find out their amusements. reading, and lend them nice books, not necessarily religious or devotional books always, but sometimes good wholesome stories and magazines. You as a young girl can sympathise with them, and befriend them in a way that an older person with the best intentions cannot do in the same way. Try and throw a little brightness into their lives. Remember their youth, like yours, can only come once, and many a girl is driven to mischief, if she is not very steady, as a relief from dulness. Without actually preaching to them, you will be able to guide and help them, and sometimes lead them to some wise friend or clergyman who can help them more than yourself, if a difficulty arises. Then servants, shop-girls, dressmakersin some way or other you can reach them. Perhaps you think you cannot. are too shy, too reserved. You can't break the ice of British reserve, and talk to these girls as if they were—as they are-your sisters. Dear girls, there is only one way of conquering this. Just kneel down and tell God the difficulty: ask Him to make the way plain for you, to give your opportunity, and, when



found, the tact and words to exercise and say, and He will. The very act of putting your difficulty into words, and breathing it to Him to Whom all hearts are open, will help you.

So that next time the dressmaker tries on your dress, you will find some way of touching her life, and letting her feel that you care for her,

that you take an interest in her as a human being, and do not treat her merely as a dress-making machine.

We all need sympathy, don't we? And you girls like it yourselves. Don't you know how much pleasanter it is to have your pleasures with some one else, to tell your plans to some one who cares to listen, to pour out your sorrows to a sympathising friend? Well, these girls feel that just as you do, and perhaps have no friends, or very undesirable ones, to whom to turn.

Be a *friend* to them, and be sure that that work of love will not be lost.

You may save those girls from reading books which fill their heads with rubbish and wrong, you may influence them about their companions, winning them to choose good and give up bad ones; you can teach them to discriminate. You can show them by your life and your lips an-

example of purity that they will not forget, and which may save them from wretchedness and misery in the future.

They may talk to you of their love affairs, and if they do not, the sooner you can guide them into a right view on that most important subject the better. It may not be at all easy, but it is

work for you to do, and work which has a very certain reward.

I would most earnestly press upon every girl the fact that her time, youth, accomplishments, talents, education, possessions, are so many talents for use in the Master's cause. And these your poorer sisters can be often saved from incalculable harm if you will only use these talents and gifts in their service to the Giver of them all,

Play to them, sing to them, teach them, show them your pretty things, take them

into your garden or to some gallery on a holiday, lend them books, know them in their houses, let them come to you as a friend in yours.

This is all merely suggestive. To every girl I would most emphatically say, You can do something; find out what that something is, and do it, and remember that you are in a very real sense your sister's "keeper."

L. E. D.



SOME CHRISTIAN PHYSICIANS.

If a close study of the structure of the human frame could make men pious, if an intimate acquaintance with the functions of the body, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," could inspire men with faith in the Almighty Creator, and if the constant observation of diseases in all their thousand forms, and intercourse with the suffering and the dying, could make men devout and godly, medical men, as a rule, would be among the very best of men and the brightest of Christians. No one needs to be told

that such is not the case, although, as a profession, the medical might compare favourably with some others. Medical science and theology are, however, like the Book of Nature and the Volume of Revelation, in strictest harmony; and if those who make the nature and the cure of human diseases their study are not actuated by the fear of God and faith in the Great Eternal, the fault is not in their science, but in themselves; and the fact shows that the grace of the Holy Spirit is necessary under all

circumstances to transform the heart and lead men in paths of righteousness.

An everlasting debt of gratitude is due to Dr. William Harvey, the distinguished man who discovered the circulation of the blood. Born of a Kentish family, he rose to the highest pinnacle Without claiming for him any high distinction as a Christian, it is pleasing to know that while he was laboriously diligent and studious, he did not neglect the heavenly calling; and the more he penetrated into the wonders of nature, the more he was led to adore and trust the God and Father

Dr. James Hope has not been an unknown name in the medical world. He obtained the high distinction of physician of St. George's Hospital, but he did not live long to wear his honours. Among the regulations of his professional life were the following :- Never to keep a patient longer than was absolutely necessary; never to receive a fee to which he was not fairly entitled; and always to pray for his patients. He was kind and condescending to the poor, giving them the same attention as the rich, and he took every occasion, in his intercourse with medical students, to maintain the principles of revealed religion against materialism and infidelity. Thus in life he bore testimony for Christ, and gave proof of the power of true religion in his own heart, and in death it was not otherwise.

Dr. John Reid died at the age of forty, of cancer on the tongue. His parents were earnest and consistent members of the Presbyterian Church, and trained up their children in the way they should go. Having made choice of medicine as a profession, he attained great proficiency in his studies. When little more than twenty-two, he took his M.D. degree, and went to Paris for improvement. His life all this time had been blameless in the sight of man, but he was a stranger to the peace of God and the love of Christ. "He lived," says one of his relatives, "soberly, and in many respects righteously; for he was strictly truthful, just, kind to those in trouble, strikingly forbearing to the faults of others, industrious, unassuming and gentle in his manners, and remarkably free from all sins of the tongue."

But with all his decorum he was a proud reasoner about God and revealed truth rather than a humble believer. He would try all problems by logic, and whatever would admit of demonstration he would believe; whatever could not be brought to this test he would reject as doubtful or untrue. Before the efficacy of prayer could be proved to his judgment, it must be ascertained how many received answers and how many not. Thus he was kept in bondage to purblind reason. The Holy Spirit did not leave him; and what would have made his earthly successes more bright and joyous had he sought the great blessing earlier, was not denied him when, in the last year or so of his life, he gave himself to seek first the Kingdom of God.

Dr. Wilson, his biographer, has related the circum-

stances attending his friend's conversion. The actual transition of mind took place while he was from home, on a visit to the Lakes for the purpose of health. There was a mighty struggle going on in his mind when he reached Keswick, on Saturday night, quite alone. The dreadful disease made talking a misery, and he observed silence as far as possible; but his countenance betrayed the agony of his them

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Referring to his condition before his illness, he himself said, "I have passed with others for a moral man, but God was not in all my thoughts." "In his travelling-trunk his wife had been careful to place a Bible; and one of the earliest letters to her was full of thankfulness for the thoughtful kindness. This Bible was his daily companion in his lonely walks, He studied it with an intensity he had never displayed in the study of any book before; and he was earnest in prayer to God for the gift of His Spirit. . . . Within some three weeks, at farthest, a peace, composure, contentment, and joy which John Reid had never known in the most healthful and prosperous season of his past life, pervaded his soul, and his heart began to fill with that perfect love which casteth out fear."

Rapidly he grew in grace and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and anxious was he to bear testimony for Him while his brief opportunity lasted, although his sufferings were beyond description acute and severe. When he could no longer speak, he used his pen for the purpose of awakening others and directing them to the Saviour. To a medical friend he addresses the following note:-

I look upon my relations with this world as rapidly When I was in good health like you, I foolishly fancied that death and eternity were things which I needed to be in no immediate hurry to make subjects of serious contemplation. If it had pleased my Heavenly Father to have called me off suddenly, instead of giving me ample time, how terrible might have been my fate! Have you thought of this, my dear you at present prepared to give an account of the deeds done in your body?-Believe me, your affectionate

His patience under his extraordinary sufferings was no less a witness to the power and grace and sustaining love of Christ than his strong expressions of earnest faith were to the freshness, fulness, and freeness of His redemption. To the last he was calm and trustful, and with the earnest notes of Christian hope and Scripture promises sounding in his ears, his spirit passed away to the region where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Dr. George Wilson, the biographer of Dr. Reid, was nine years his junior, and at about the same age followed him to the grave and to the better land. George and his brother John were twins, the latter dying at the age of eighteen, in the enjoyment of Christian peace and hope.

It is said that their mother used to pay a nightly visit to the cot of her twin boys, and repeat over

them the words in which Jacob blessed the sons of Joseph—"The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!"

Up to the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, though ontwardly observing religious duties, admiring the beauties of godliness, and seeking to act conscientiously in all things, George Wilson was a stranger to Christ, and "alienated from the life of God." But his mother's prayers were to be answered; and God, Who, as he remarks, "speaks to some in the still small voice of gentle persuasion," was pleased "to address me in the whirlwind and the storm."

The spraining of an ankle led, after a painful interval, to the amputation of a limb. He asked a week to prepare for the operation, which was the choice between certain death and the possibility of living. That week was spent as no previous one had been. Face to face with death, he felt unfit to die. His faith was feeble, and his light was dim. But he set himself to seek the Lord, and earnest prayer and diligent reading of the Word of God found him "with a hope in Christ, though a trembling ove." The operation was successful, and the result of the trial was good in every sense.

His remaining life was full of work, of honours, and of Christian service; but he was worn out at forty, "living as a dying man," and "spinning," as he said, "his thread of life from week to week, rather than from year to year." But he who had so shown, according to a corrected version of the Apostle's words, "For to me life is Christ," had, when he came to die, but one desire, "To be with Christ, which is far better."

Christopher James Davis, M.B., is a name well remembered in and about Sedan, in connection with ambulance work among the sick and wounded Germans and French in the early part of the great Franco-German war. His life was short, but full; and faithfully he laboured for God as an evangelist, and for men as a physician. Of African parentage, and born at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, in 1843, his attainments secured him the appointment of House Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. The reports of the fearful sufferings of the sick and wounded in and around Sedan, led him to visit the spot during a short vacation, and devote himself to their relief, ministering to the needs of the body, and seeking to lead the sick and dying to Jesus. Every one spoke well of "the black doctor," and not a few learned to thank God for his earnest and loving words. Terminating his engagement in London, that he might be free to carry on the noble work on the track of the conquering armies, he returned to France to fall a victim to small-pox, and thus end his testimony for Christ, and leave his example to shine for the imitation of others,

Sir James Young Simpson, Bart., M.D., is a name that will shine in the annals of Scotland, and as a star of the first magnitude among her numerous eminent men. The son of a poor baker in Bathgate, who had much ado to keep his head above water, he rose to receive the honour of a baronetcy from the Queen, "in recognition of his professional merits, especially the introduction of chloroform."

His public life was always marked by outward consistency, and by an observance of the externals of religion, numbering among his friends some of the leading divines of Edinburgh, where he lived and laboured. But he was unacquainted with the power of religion until 1861, and the person who was most instrumental in the marked change which was wrought was an invalid lady, one of his patients, whose quiet words spoken, and whose letters of grateful Christian interest written to him, took hold of his heart, by the power of the Holy Spirit. In. one of her letters she said, having written in the kindest possible way concerning him and his household :- "What is to fill this heart to all eternity? When benevolence shall have run its course, when there shall be no sick to heal, no disease to cure; when all I have been engaged about comes to a dead stop, what is to fill this heart, and thought, and these powers of mind? Only the God-Man! If then, why not now?"

In this way he was led to Christ, and soon began to undertake active and public Christian work. The grass was scarcely green on the grave of his long-afflicted son Jamie, when we find him giving a public address to medical students, speaking of himself as "one of the oldest sinners and one of the youngest believers in the room," and earnestly entreating them to open the doors of their heart and receive the Saviour. "In Christ," said he, "you will find a Saviour, a Companion, a Counsellor, a Friend, a Brother, Who loves you with a love greater than human heart can conceive."

Acute sufferings marked his last illness, but patience and simple child-like faith sustained his chastened spirit.

"I have had a busy life," he said to his nephew, "but have not given so much time to eternal things as I should have sought. Yet I know it is not my merit I am to trust to for eternal life. Christ is all." The hymns "Rock of Ages," and "Just as I am," were repeated to him, especially the latter, at his request.

His wonderful humility appears in the remark he made in reply to a friend—"He told me to rest my head on Jesus' bosom, as John did at the Suppertable. I cannot just do that. I think it enough if I have hold of the hem of His garment." With one great sigh, but without a struggle, he passed away to the regions of everlasting day.

PAPERS FROM DOVEDALE,

BY THE RECTOR.

II.-THE VILLAGE AND THE DALE.



HE autumn sun is yet an hour high, my friend. We can compass the hamlet and the dale beyond ere the quietholy twilight fall upon us. Let us leave by the grand old Rectory avenue of elms, a woodland aisle that has been sacred for generations

to the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows of those who have lived and loved and died and been carried solemnly and tenderly away from the dear old house.

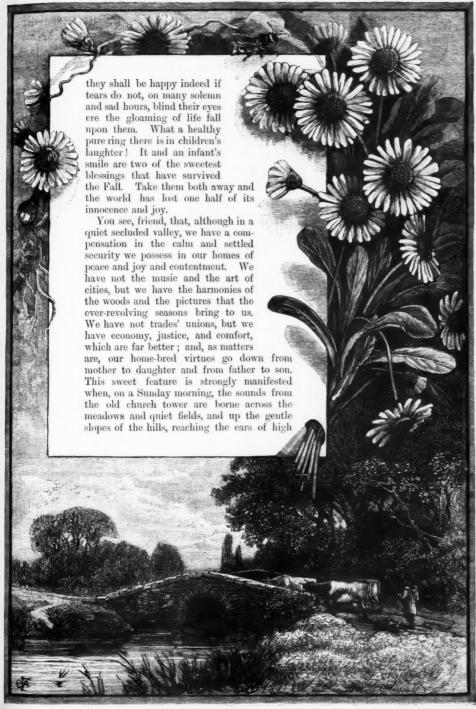
There is the old church tower, rising in rugged strength still even amidst the evidences of decay. The ivy has compassed two of its sides, and tenderly covers the dints which remorseless time has made on its shoulders. The records of the winds and rains of nearly three centuries are visibly written on its front, and give it a look of stern decay, but not unmingled with a seemingly tender watchfulness and o'ershadowing shelter to the church-yard below. Still, it is strong, and asks neither help nor pity, but heroically does its daily work of watching and waiting and working; and as steadily and constantly as the sower swings his seed-bearing hand as he treads over the brown furrows of spring, or as the mower sweeps his scythe in the fields of the golden grain, so the clock in that tower beats out the moments of ever-fleeting time, and its bell strikes the knell of the dying days.

That old tower has a personality amongst us. Under its shadow is the shrine of our worship, and through the roll of the years it has been knit into a spiritual unity with the inner lives of those who dwell within its sight. It can be seen from all the hills around, and is ever looked at with reverence and affection. It is the home and haunt of our feathered friends. The swallows that may have spent their winter by the mosques of Cairo, or amid the gardens of Damascus, are with us like some sweet revelation in the early spring, and re-enter their old homes in the rough fissures of that tower. All the summer through scores of garrulous jackdaws go and come from the grassfringed clefts of the rugged battlements. Many a mass meeting they have around their windswept mansions, and so far as noise and staying power in talk are concerned, they could put into the shade the noisiest club of debaters that ever sat down to politics and poison under the sign-board of the "Red Lion" over yonder. A few owls, too, remain in that tower all the year through, flitting silently hither and thither like ghosts, in the dusk of the still summer midnight, or sending forth their weird cry under the cold steel glimmer of the wintry stars.

The old church, then, with its massive tower, is naturally much interwoven with our social and spiritual lives in Dovedale, It has mingled with most of our reverent customs for ages. Its bells have rung out merrily our marriage peals, and tolled over our beloved dead. Its tombstones record in pious lines the names of dear ones whose sons and daughters are with us now, fulfilling their life's mission in the "grand nobility of toil," in submission to God's will, in faith, in charity, in self-denial, in the love that believeth and hopeth all things. Their hands cast the seed into the brown furrows of the valley there, and reap the golden grain at mellow autumn's return. The weaver at his shuttle, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the matron at her spinning-wheel have all, more or less, some beloved dust in that hallowed spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Here, then, is the village. There is not much of it, you see; but what dainty cottages wreathed in flowers and behind sweet garden plots of exquisite taste, and all aglow with blossoms of a thousand hues. Mark the pleasing contrast between the white walls and the dark grey of the worn thatch, deep-cushioned here and there with soft green moss. Those picturesque thatch roofs convey a sense of peace, comfort, and hospitality to the heart wherever the eye rests upon them.

Then there is the village green beyond, with its stately chestnut trees and "seats beneath the shade." What a heart-cheering sound of merry healthy laughter from it just now! And what a picture of joyous children in every shade of garment, interweaving themselves as the warp and woof in the beginning of the web of life! What infinite possibilities there are in those merry children ere the deep problems of their lives shall be solved! And yet, there may be some there who are not far from the churchyard. In the meantime, let the dear young hearts laugh, for



and low, and bringing tranquil groups with cheery faces and reverent hearts across pleasant fields, by green lanes, and underneath shadowy trees, to the House of God, there to meet on common ground, with praise and thanksgiving in our

hearts to the loving Father of us all.

The compass of our lives here is more equal than is that of those in a city. We do not reach the heights, nor do we descend to the depths that are involved of joy and misery in a city where hundreds of thousands are thrown together to battle with the floods, and surrounded by suspicion, scorn, hatred, and revenge; but we have the deep-rooted affection for the old roof-tree and the clinging to the simple law of Truth and Right. Our sunshine of rural peace is never filtered through any clouds of injustice or wrong, hence it is all the more bright and pure.

But see the golden glow that the setting sun is giving to the far-off hills! and into what delicate azure-tinted shadows the undulations are thrown! It is the far distance that gives all that fine tenderness to the lights and shades. The fields

before us are green and rich, and the long thin cloudy stretches lie like bars of ruddy molten ore along the western heavens, now silently changing into the cool azure of eventide. And now soon the twilight shall come, blissful and calm, leading us into holy quiet night, that audience-chamber of God, whose dome is studded with ten thousand stars.

I may yet speak of lives that have been eventful even in this quiet village. There is a cottage over there that has a noble history. In it dwells old Reuben Gray, beloved by all the village children, and revered by every one in all the dale. Many an old villager has grasped Reuben's hand ere that final departure came—the going into the dark valley through which no human hand can guide, but where the rod and the staff of the Almighty One of Whom Bethlehem's shepherd-minstrel sang, shall support and comfort the trusting soul. I may yet tell you of Reuben's life story. In the meantime, farewell! and may the falling twilight bring unto you unspeakable peace.

DODDLEKINS.

BY GABRIEL GARTH.

IN THREE CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER III.



ISS JONES—
please"—it was a hoarse whisper, with painful pauses between the words
—" on the s'elf
—the high s'elf
—where I get
to with the chair
—my moneybox there—
with the sixpence you gived
me—and more."

"Yes, darling! I can find that for you, I'm sure."

"Please take it down—get Harry break the lock—'cos I put the key inside—not to be takin' out money for myself—an' all the money 's in it—I didn't buy nothing ever with none of it."

"Am I to bring it to you? You don't want it

here, dear, do you?"

"No—it's for father. Father's to take the money—go up to London—it was always all for father. Somebody said—as there's somebody up in London—might make him see. All the money I ever got—

for father's going up into London—to make him see.

And I know He will make him see—some way—
someware—'cos I asked Him, like for the beggy man
—on the mizzicle window."

The little child was exhausted. She lay quite still, with closed eyes, and one tear peeping out. Miss Jones whispered to her all the sweet caressing words that it is in woman's heart to think of,

"If it could do him any good," she promised, "your father shall go to London, darling, as soon as

you are well."

"Praps I'll deaden," said Doddlekins, confusedly. "Father must go, anyways, when I'm dead."

" Hush, dear, hush!"

"Yes, the money's in my little box. He will make father see, 'cos I ask Him. I ask now till my head goes queer-pains—vezzy vezzy queer, and the long bear comes windin' out fr' under the bed, awful!"

"Dear little Dora, there's no bear, and nothing to frighten you, and you'll soon be well."

The little face was growing so hot that Miss Jones thought it best to say good-bye, promising again that if it would do any good, her father should go to London or anywhere else in the world.

The nurse drew near, and whispered that it was the worst case in the ward, "the throat so bad, and she raves all night." And the woman looked at the very small patient, and quietly shook her head,

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little saw who my R with "Miss Jones," cried Doddlekins, faintly, rising from the pillow, all flushed with the great effort, "Is she gone away? Oh!"

"No, dear, I'm near you. What is it?"

"My love for father; all my love, dear dear love, for father, that's all. I love you too, 'cos o' gettin' the money-box down, I do. Top s'elf-corner, please!"

The child closed her eyes, exhausted, satisfied.

And Miss Jones went softly away.

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Jacob Lynn was pacing up and down outside the hospital. She told him what the child wanted. He knew it already. He explained now that the child was thinking of something she had once overheard when a customer was talking to him-that worse cases than his which "had come on gradual" were cured by the great doctors "up in London." Poor Doddlekins! he had always told her he had no money for long journeys, for "I know," he said, "there's nothing to be done for my eyes, that hasn't a splink o' sight left," But for this the little child in life had saved her halfpence and her farthings; of this on the threshold of death she was thinking, caring nothing in comparison for the sufferings she was too young to tell. Jacob Lynn was so desponding to-night, that Miss Jones, the kind-hearted, went home with him to Brick Alley, and tried to comfort him and to make the top room more pleasant. He sat in silence with the sightless face buried upon his hands. His misery was fixed and comfortless; the child would die far away from him ; this hour, this moment, her life was going fast,

"Not a bit of it! Don't think of such a thing!" exclaimed Miss Jones, in the most positive tone a woman ever assumed, while her own heart sickened

with fear.

On opening the little box that had been put away on the top shelf, the sum accumulated for the journey to London was found to be one and a penny three-farthings—chiefly in halfpence.

"My little child! my little child!" the poor man sobbed, falling back into the old arm-chair in the corner of the desolate room, that looked so empty

without her.

In the springtime, after that rainy autumn, I was again in the town, and one Saturday afternoon I crossed the graveyard of the red ivied church. Beautiful and still the place looked under the first sunshine of the year. The trees were green again; birds chirped; daisies and buttercups had risen in crowds "where heaved the turf in many a mouldering heap." I noticed one small mound, the grave of a little child, quite snowed over with daisies. I thought of the last time I was here; I thought of that funny little figure in the boy's coat and hat; and when I saw the budding springtime and the grave of the child whose little feet would run about no more, somehow my heart beat fast.

Reaching the side-porch, I heard organ-music within, Again it was Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise,

solemn and sweet. Then the words of the 115th Psalm floated into my mind like a dream. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory! . . . He hath done all things whatsoever He would. . . . He hath blessed both little and great!"

I went in. The sunlight was shining radiantly down from the great stained window, and with the rolling music the floor vibrated where I trod. On the front bench sat a little child, with her pinafore yellow with buttercups; she was making a chain of the buttercups, and managing to nurse at the same time an old doll with flaring red cheeks. The music seemed to be heard in my very heart, when I looked up at the old old story on that glorious window; but somehow the child down below, the buttercups, and even the old doll, made not the slightest discord in the harmony of light and beauty and praise.

What! Yes—no—yes, it was Doddlekins! She was looking up at me with a wondering stare from under a straw hat. I smiled at her, and she smiled shyly, without changing the direction of the innocent

eyes. Then I said-

"So you remember me, Doddlekins?"

The great blue eyes began to sparkle. She jumped up, letting the golden flowers tumble in a shower on the pavement.

"He did it for father. He did! You thought He wouldn't—do you remember, sir? But He did—like for the man on the mizzicle window!"

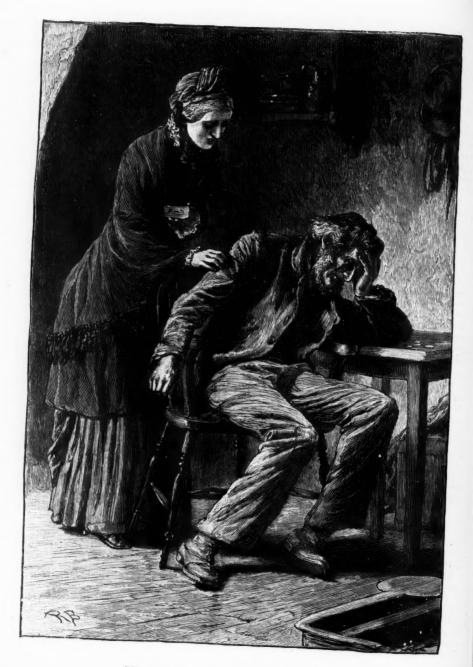
I hardly understood. How could I take in at once such startling news, told in such a stammering lisp-

ing hurry?

"Father can see!" she exclaimed, catching my hand in both of hers, and holding fast in her eagerness. Her childish eyes, tearful with joy, told me better than words.

"Come into the porch," I said, "and tell me all about it; and let me take a better look at Doddle-kins, that remembered me all this time. So 'father's' sight is better. I am so glad! Come and tell me all about it."

"No-please, no!" I had to sit down on the front bench if I wanted to hear any more. "I have thinks here often," she said, "'cos the mizzicle window is up there." In her broken simple way she told how her father's sight was not only better, but quite well-"only he wears booful specs, like a gentleman;" how he could not see before, and he could see now; how he had been cured up in London; and how she herself had been very ill in the hospital, and had her curls chopped off. "Father said I sud have a curly wig; but I wouldn't have anything nice what father didn't have. So I wanted him to have his wig first; but now there 's going to be no wigses, so mine's growing instead." Then she showed me her doll and the "booful cheeks" that Harry had painted. Her own cheeks were not yet as rosy as they were once, and the curls were very short. It was only afterwards I heard how nearly severed that fragile thread of life had been; and who (beside the money-



"Miss Jones . . . tried to comfort him."-p. 755,

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box) had paid for the journey to London. I never heard, but it was not hard to guess.

While my hand was caressing the close new curls—she had taken off the straw hat, and insisted on my admiring it—all at once the blue eyes were raised to the great window again, and in a moment they had caught their older solemn look.

"Will there be anuzzer mizzicle window?" she

" Why ?"

"'Cos He did for father like for the blind beggy man," came the same persistent explanation. "Father sud be on the window like that yellow-browny man in the corner up there."

"But it was not a miracle, Doddlekins. The doctor cured your father, and I am so glad to hear he did. But a miracle is something being done that a doctor couldn't do."

"He made the doctor do it," said Doddlekins, with a slight touch of her old manner of implying that I ought to know. "Oughtn't there be anuzzer mizzicle window?"

"My dear," I said, "I am delighted about the cure, and I must wait to see your father and tell him so. But, you know, Doddlekins, it was not like the miracles on the window, because—."

"You don't understand!" said Doddlekins, in a helpless way. She took the old doll more comfortably in her arms, and sat swinging her feet for some time before she could put her ideas into words for my enlightenment. "It was just like for that there mizziele-window man—just like! He did it, when Iasked. He made the doctor do it; 'cos if He didn't,

the doctor couldn't—not if he was all the doctors in the world, and all their bottles and things in one. That's true—father said."

I doubted if all the doctors together, and all the bottles in one, would cure anybody of anything. But I did understand the child; and she was satisfied. We waited together, she for the father to whom she was in very truth dearer than the light of heaven, I to congratulate him, and to see the poor fellow again in his happier days. Listening together to the harmony of the hymn, I felt that it was the song of this little child's heart. She, with her wondering blue eyes fixed on the miracle window, had known more than I with my books. Watching the bright window unconsciously, with her old doll in her arms and the buttercups under her swinging feet, was she not giving the praise "not unto us," but where all praise is due? Did she not know that He could do whatsoever He would, and that He blessed the little as well as the great? Doddlekins had helped me to "understand" at last; for her there was no teaching and no undoing of mistaken wisdom; she was safe in her simplicity. But as for myself-must I confess it ?--only under the miracle window had I learned, late in life, to take into my heart and vividly realise the truth that the Healer of the sick is He who cured them once by His bodily touch or by His word; that it is our joy to be utterly dependent upon Him; that, however indirectly He may comfort us through our fellow-men, it is still His power that grows for us the healing herb and tree, and His own tenderness that teaches to mankind the most compassionate of human sciences.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE JEWS.-PART II.

No.1. FEAST OF NEW MOON AND FEAST OF TRUMPETS.

NTRODUCTION. Read last month of
the three great Jewish feasts. What
were they? How often to be kept?
Who had to keep them, and where?
This month shall read of five other feasts,

and of one fast. This lesson will speak of two.

I. Feast of New Moon. (Read Num. xxviii. 11—15.) How many months are there with us? are all equally long? But with Jews months always twenty-eight days, reckoned by new moons; so first day of month came at regular intervals. Had special sacrifices; see the list (verse 11). Ten animals for a burnt offering for wilful sin; one kid for sins of ignorance (verse 15); besides offerings of com, and wine, and oil (called meat and drink offerings) as thanksgivings. Why all these special offerings? Would teach (1) flight of time; hours, days, months, quickly fly by; bring zearer to eternity. Good to be reminded are getting on in life, getting

nearer death, must prepare to meet God; (2) need of renewed pardon; are always sinning, wilfully or ignorantly; want constant watching, confession, pleading Christ's sacrifice, forgiveness; (3) thankfulness for life spared; only as God preserves our lives do we live. (Ps. civ. 29.)

Other customs connected with these feasts at beginning of months. Used at this time to inquire God's will of prophets as His ministers. (See 2 Kings iv. 23.) Also of worship in Temple for those living in Jerusalem. (Isa. lxvi. 23.) Also of giving feasts as we do on New Year's Day still. (1 Sam. xx. 5.) But people then, as now, kept the feast or holiday, and forgot the holy-day and its worship. Were reproved by God. (Isa. i. 13.) As a punishment, therefore, Jews were to be deprived of these feasts. (Hos. ii. 11.) In early days of Christian Church some Jews thought too much of them; were reproved by St. Paul. (Col. ii. 16, Gal. iv. 10.)

II. FEAST OF TRUMPETS, (Read Lev. xxiii. 24.)

Held on first day of seventh month, to remind that half the year was gone. Trumpets to be blown, and sacrifices offered. (Num. xxix, 1—6.) What would the trumpets teach? That religion is a joyful matter. Remind of Ps. exxii. 1—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness." Bible full of verses telling us to "Rejoice in the Lord." (Ps. exlvi. 2; 1 Thes. v. 16.) So Psalms and hynns sung in worship; all kinds of instruments used then, as now, to lead us in singing God's praises. (Ps. cl.) When cannot sing, shows heart not in tune.

LESSON. Rejoice in the Lord always.

No. 2. Feast of Purim and Feast of Dedication.

Scripture to be read—various.

INTRODUCTION. So far the feasts have had reference to regular recurring events, such as harvest, new months, etc. These this week have reference to

special events in history of Israelites.

I. FEAST OF PURIM. (Read Esther ix. 20-32.) A feast to commemorate a wonderful deliverance of Jews, 500 years before birth of Christ. Teacher must briefly recapitulate the story. Time: Soon after end of 70 years' captivity. Place: Babylon, in reign of Ahasucrus or Artaxerxes. Events: Hatred of Haman to Mordecai, the Jew, caused him to devise plot to kill all Jews remaining in Babylon-stopped by Queen Esther (a Jewess) pleading before the king for lives of her countrymen. Haman hanged, and Mordecai, Esther's uncle, promoted. So Mordecai appointed this yearly feast. Notice these points :-(1) Commemorations of special mercies. How often are such received in thankless silence! Remind of ten lepers, of whom only one returned to thank Christ. (Luke xvii. 15.) (2) The poor remembered. Sometimes holidays days of suffering to poor because work and wages alike stopped. So what did Mordecai order to be sent? Show how this accords with our Lord's instructions for a feast (Luke xiv. 13), and parable of Marriage Feast. Thus all, rich and poor, may rejoice alike.

II. FEAST OF DEDICATION. (Read John x. 22.) Have been reading of various feasts-where were most of them kept? Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles always at Temple at Jerusalem. Others in different parts of the country. These three great feasts, also New Moon and Trumpets, all appointed by God. These two to-day appointed by man. Still our Lord attended this Dedication Feast, and thus showed that it is lawful to appoint other special days. Let teacher briefly recall the history of Temple. Built by Solomon, and solemnly dedicated -destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar when Jews taken captive to Babylon-rebuilt by Ezra and Zerubbabel after seventy years. Was defiled by Antiochus Epiphanes 170 years before Christ, and precious vessels carried off, as foretold by Daniel xi. 31. Subsequently rebuilt by Herod the Great, and this Feast of Dedication appointed. What would it

teach the Jews? The sanctity of God's House, Remind how God chose the Temple "to place His name there." How He honoured it by coming to it in glory when Solomon built it. (2 Chron. vii. 2.) How good it was to worship there! Remind how Christ twice turned out those profaned it, and said how it was to be a "House of Prayer." So we still build "Houses of Prayer," and keep Anniversary Festivals. Let us love God's House more and more, as carnest of worship of Heaven.

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LESSON. Honour My sanctuary.

No. 3. DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Scripture to be read—Lev. xvi. and xxiii. (parts of). Introduction. So far both last month and this spoken only of Jewish feasts—seasons of rejoicing for various mercies—to be kept by whole nation—mercies in common, therefore rejoicing in common. But nations have something else in common—what is that? Remind how whole nation of Israel had become corrupt—worshipped Baal, etc,—much always going on in all nations that displeases God. So one day appointed each year to think of—confess and mourn for sin—ask special forgiveness. This day called Day of Atonement.

I. THE DAY APPOINTED. (Read Lev. xxiii, 23—32.) Like the feasts appointed by God Himself—to be kept as a holy day—a Sabbath of rest. (Verse 31.) No work to be done, that might give whole day to religious observances. What was the special thing to be done? To afflict soul for sin—i.e., to think over sins, and solemnly confess them. Always solemn sight to see large multitude moved by one object—must have been strange to see all—men, women, children—praying and confessing sins. For twenty-four hours the religious observances to go on.

II. THE DAY KEPT. (Read Lev. xvi. 3-22.) This a full account of what was to be done by the High Priest. Must first bathe and put on clean garments. Then must go forth to the congregation. Can picture him coming out of the Temple. All the people assembled in the large court; two goats produced and one ram-supplied by the people. What does he supply himself? (Verse 6.) Then describe the casting of the lots-one goat to die-the other to live. Then comes a remarkable event. Where were the animals sacrificed? Outside the Holy Place. But to-day the High Priest goes inside-within the veil dividing Holy Place from Most Holy Place-enters this latter place-himself, alone, on this one day, taking the blood of the victim. What does he do with it? Sprinkles the mercy-seat (verse 14), the covering of the ark-sign of God's presence, -and makes atonement before God. But for whom does he plead and pray for pardon ?-(a) For himself, because he is a sinner, though set apart as holy to God. (b) For the people, that their sins as a nation may be pardoned. (c) For the Holy Place, that all the

sins of the congregation in their worship may be forgiven. All this done alone in solemn silence. Then he goes to the altar and sprinkles it (verse 19), probably in sight of congregation. Now the live goat is brought forth. What does the High Priest do? Solemnly lays his hand on its head—confesses sins of the nation—transfers them in figure to the innocent goat, who bears them away. Then the service ends.

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III. THE TYPE. This taught in Heb. ix. 6—14. All meant to teach about Christ's sacrifice. He our great High Priest—both Priest and Sacrifice Himself—offered not indeed for His own sins—for He was sinless—but those of the world—entered heaven, not once a year, but once for all—pleading by His own blood for us. Goat slain points to His sacrifice. Goat set free to His resurrection.

Have we less cause to mourn for sin? Not on Good Friday only, but always need to ery for mercy. Christ's death has made atonement for us; believing in Him we may have everlasting life.

LESSON. I will confess my sins unto the Lord.

No. 4. The Year of Jubilee. Scripture to be read—Lev. xv. (part of).

INTRODUCTION. Our last lesson on a fast; now once more read of a feast. Tell children how every seventh year was to be a year of rest; called a Sabbatical year—land not cultivated—grew enough corn at sixth year to last over the seventh (Lev. xxv. 20)—debts were remitted—slaves set free—a whole year of festivity. Every seventh Sabbatical year, i.c., every fiftieth year made a special year of rejoicing, called year of Jubilee. This our lesson to-day.

I. A YEAR OF LIBERTY. (Read 8-10, 39-43.) Long fast of Day of Atonement over; at even trumpet sounds; why? Year of Jubilee begun. What does it mean? Let all slaves go free. Have been eagerly reckoning on the time, now at last day of liberty come. Well may trumpets sound! Perhaps had become poor through illness—had to give up home—enter strange service—will now go home—begin life once more—make fresh start. But where is his inheritance? He had to mortgage it—then to sell it—what can he do now? This all provided for, for it was—

II. A YEAR OF RESTORATION. (Read 13—18.) The land all reverted to its original owners; once more each took his own inheritance, sat under his own vine and fig tree. Can picture delight of families returning to their own farms. Have been working for other masters, new delight of working for themselves. But how will they subsist till crops grown? All that arranged for. (See verses 20—22.) Therefore both themselves and land to rest.

III. LESSONS. All this meant to teach many great truths. (1) The earth is the Lord's. No one must claim absolute possession. Who settled them in the land? Destroyed their enemies; gave increase of corn, wine, oil, etc. They but sojourners in land, dependent on God's bounty. (2) All men are brethren. One may rise-become master-have many servants -but has duties towards them-must treat kindlyset free periodically. (3) This world not all. Whole feast type of a greater Jubilee setting free from bondage of sin and Satan by Christ. (See Isa. Ixi. 1, 2; and Luke iv. 18, 19.) How did Christ deliver captives when on earth? Satan tempts to sin. How did Christ overcome? Satan brought death into the world. How did Christ triumph? Three times raised dead, and at last Himself rose again. Still lives to pardon, and to set free from devil; still offers liberty to all who will come to Him. Let each ask, Am I set free from service of sin and Satan? Then should rejoice with great joy.

THE CHILD TEACHER.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Jesus called a little child unto Him."-S. MATT. xviii. 2, 3.

OR a certain sweet simplicity, unadorned beauty, and many-sided suggestiveness, there are in the whole Gospel story but few pictures which can compare with this—of Christ and the little child. We are all familiar with what we may speak of as the companion picture—Christ blessing the little children—but this picture is less familiar, and

in some respects more striking. Here we see Christ not blessing a number of little children, but taking one little child, and exalting him to the office of teacher, and setting him, for purposes of instruction and illustration, in the midst of those who were themselves to be the leaders and teachers of the great Christian Church.

Our Saviour is here surrounded by His Apostles, who, sharing in the misconceptions as to the Messianic Kingdom which then almost universally prevailed, were indulging in the vain dream of a material empire which they supposed their Master would shortly set up, and over which He would preside as Messiah the Prince. Anticipating the establishment of such a Kingdom, they begin to speculate as to the way in which the offices of honour and emolument within it will be distributed. Unable to settle the question them-

selves, they carry it to Jesus, that He may decide it for them. He at once terminates the dispute by revealing not only the needlessness of the controversy, but the unworthiness of the motives and the meanness of the conceptions which gave rise to it, and by means of a little child He teaches them the great, and hard, and much needed lesson of Christian humility and

self-forgetfulness.

In the midst of these men who are to occupy so prominent a place, and play so important a part in the subsequent history of the Church, Christ sets a little child—a mere infant—that they may learn of it. It is significant that Christ, in teaching the teachers of the world, should set this little child in their midst, a little child who, coming forth in obedience to Christ's call, is seen standing there at first in the beautiful unconsciousness and absolute fearlessness of very early childhood, while afterwards, as we learn from another Evangelist, he is to be seen nestling with unquestioning confidence in the arms of the Saviour of the world. Is it not pleasant to think of this little child, all unconscious of the distinction of its office, standing in the midst of the great Christian Church as its teacher? This same little child stands ever in the midst of us, waiting to teach us lessons which we have all need to learn, reminding us all of the saying of the Master—and to some perhaps it is still a hard saying-"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven." By means of the simple and unconscious teaching of this little child, Christ would lift us from earth to heaven, and reveal to us the worth and beauty of those child-like qualities by which He would have us distin-

We are here taught—our Saviour here teaches us, by means of this little child—two things: how we are to enter the Kingdom of God, and how we are to behave after we are within it.

We have here an answer—a very simple and sufficient answer-to the most urgent and important of all questions, how are we to enter, to get into, to become possessed of this Kingdom of God? The answer is plain and unmistakable; we must be born into it. We must become as a little child—we must become as little new-born children; there is no other way of entering the Kingdom. It was this great mystery of the new, the second birth, that our Lord set before the Jewish ruler, Nicodemus, and which he found so hard to understand and receive. To us Christ is saying the same thing. We must be converted, regenerated, born from above, born again, become as little new-born children, if we are to enter this

A little new-born child finds himself in a new world; the world into which he is born is in every respect new to him, and it is only by slow degrees that he finds out how wonderful a world it is, and how vast and glorious a kingdom he is put in possession of. And so it is with us when we are converted-regenerated-become new creatures in Christ Jesus-we are not only conscious of having a new life-that we are a new creationbut we gradually find out that we are in a new We are not only not what we were, we are not where we were.

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The little new-born child gradually finds out that this new world into which he is born was created for him, was evidently designed for his occupation, and use, and enjoyment. we, entering this Kingdom as new-born children, as those who are the subjects of this divine and heavenly birth, take possession of it, not only as new-born children, but as those who are the newborn children of God, as those who are heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. We are welcomed into the Kingdom of God's grace here, as we shall be welcomed into the Kingdom of God's glory hereafter, as to a Kingdom which has been prepared for us from the foundation of the

This Kingdom into which we enter may seem strange to us at first, but the feeling of strangeness soon wears off-we soon get to feel at home. It is our Father's Kingdom; here we dwell subject to His rule, under the notice of His eye, protected by His power, enriched by His bounty. Whithersoever we roam we find ourselves surrounded by tokens of our Father's loving care and gracious regard, and if, when gazing upon the splendour and extent of this Kingdom, its rich and boundless provisions, we wonder if it can be intended for us, and are ready, in the weakness of our faith, doubtfully to exclaim, "And who are we, that we should come into possession of a Kingdom like this?" we hear the assuring words of Christ, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you this Kingdom."

When a little child is born into this world it soon finds out that the world is not only his place of residence, and intended for his occupation, use, and enjoyment, but that it is his school-house, and that he is here placed under instruction and discipline. And so God causes us to enter the Kingdom of His grace here as little children, that He may train us for the higher enjoyments and occupations of our more mature existence in the Kingdom of His glory hereafter. At our conversion, our regeneration, we enter this Kingdom as little newly born children; there is life and all its wondrous possibilities of growth and development, and that is all. As little children we have everything before us, everything to learn. in this Kingdom, into which we are thus born as little children, there is every needful provision for our growth, and development, and education. There is the Father's watchful eye and helping hand, the Spirit ever ministering to our need and

helping our infirmities, work of increasing difficulty proportioned to increasing power, trials, crosses, afflictions, with their painful but salutary discipline; and so we, who are born as little children into this Kingdom, grow up, we scarcely know how, but just as we see our own children grow up, by slow imperceptible degrees, until at last we attain to the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus.

Our Saviour teaches us, by means of this little child, by what features of character, by what dispositions we are to be distinguished as children of the Kingdom. We are here very clearly taught that those who are within, who belong to this Kingdom, are to be distinguished by a child-like We can imagine no character and disposition. more beautiful representation of a truly religious life than that which is suggested by the life of a little child in the home and under the care of its parents. He is under the care and protection, he is under the firm and constant control of those who are stronger and wiser than himself, and whom he is led by the truest and deepest instincts of his nature to love and trust. in enjoyment of a love which he does not try to measure, and which he has never been led to doubt. He accepts without hesitation or complaint the plan of life which has been laid out for him, for he has never yet thought of any other. He is free from carefulness, anxiety, and fear, for in want he knows where to look for supplies, and in

danger to whom he can run for protection. And thus his life is one of quiet and peaceful trust and dependence, and of comparatively untroubled enjoyment.

Well, this state of early childhood, with differences so obvious that they need not be pointed out, our Saviour uses to illustrate the kind of life that we ought to live, who as young, newly born children, have entered into the Kingdom. It is only as we are converted and become as little children that we can enter this Kingdom; and as those who have entered, and who dwell within it, it is for us to maintain and manifest a childlike character and disposition.

Happy are they who enter, and who thus dwell within the Kingdom of God as little children. But even now their happiness is only partially told, and of the glory and greatness of their final destiny we can form only a vague and inadequate conception. To know all that is involved in being reckoned among the children of God, we must wait for that time for which the Apostle Paul represents the whole creation as waiting and longing—the time of the manifestation—the public adoption of the sons of

In the meantime we can only say—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is,"

SHORT ARROWS.

BOY HELPERS AT HARROW

HE mission in the Latimer Road, Notting Hill, supplies an illustration of what can be accomplished by unity of purpose and willing hands. The Harrow School boys and their masters, we are informed, have made themselves responsible for the salary of the missionary for seven years, and on a former occasion these boy helpers materially assisted this mission. When we consider this we can but be gratified at the self-denial which has accomplished such an excellent work, which is being very successfully carried on in the district.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF SCRIPTURE TRUTH.

There is at Eastbourne a society established for this purpose, and the twenty-fourth annual report of its proceedings is before us. We are glad to chronicle the great and increasing benefits which the society has been the means of conferring upon so many diverse classes of our fellow creatures. The Scripture rolls and texts are distributed on the railways and in the waiting rooms, in hospitals and unions, amongst soldiers and sailors far and wide. From each and all come independent testimony to the advantages conferred by the various publications of the society; and the good words thus distributed will continue to prove a blessing to many a weary and heavy laden soul. The following is one instance.

A TOUCHING LETTER-

A correspondent tells us how, when visiting a collier brig in which the Seaman's Roll of Texts was hanging, the

captain said, "You see the rolls you gave me; they are grand things, sir." He then proceeded to tell him how. when the brig was caught in a terrible gale, the coals having shifted and the ship lying on her beam ends, the captain descended to the cabin, and his eye rested on the text, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," etc., which was the text for that day. "It came to me like an angel's voice," continued the captain; "and I seemed to feel that the Lord would spare us some-how, and when I went on deck again I said, "Keep a good heart, my lads; God is as good as His word. He will pull us through this trouble if we will only trust Him." The captain then tells us how they set to and got a "handful" of canvas on the vessel, thus bringing her up; so the wind blew her over. Unconscious of having learned the text, a long one, the captain says, he repeated it all to the men, and they being thereby encouraged, they struck up a hymn. Going to the pumps cheerfully, they pumped and sang from five in the afternoon until eight o'clock next morning, encouraging each other till a Lowestoft lugger came out and helped them. The watchword that night amid the storm, during thirteen hours' pumping, in imminent danger, was, "Keep your eyes on the text, lads." "This," concludes the narrator, "is one simple instance of the power of the Word," and we feel assured it will be read with great interest and satisfaction by all.

RELIGIONS IN INDIA.

The latest information upon this subject, founded on the census of 1882, shows that out of the grand total of the population of British India, which is given at 254,899,516, the

various sects and castes of Hindoos made up no less than 187,937,450. The Mahcmedans, who came next in order, numbered 50.121.585. The nature-worshippers, or demonolators, numbered 6,426,511; the Buddhists, 3,418,844; Christians, 1,862,633; Jains, a sect whose worship is mingled Buddhism and Hindoism, 1,221,896; the Sikhs, who are simple Theists, 853,426; and those who came under the heading of other creeds, or were altogether unspecified, 3,057,130. The Christians enumerated are exclusive of persons of European nationality. The number of Roman Catholic Christians was set down as 969,058, or a little over a half the whole. Indeed, a strict scrutiny is stated to have brought out the total of native Protestant Christians as only a little over half a million. But this number shows the very satisfactory increase of 86 per cent. in 10 years, as in 1871 the total was only 318,363; thirty years ago the number of native Christians was only 102,951. In 1861 this number had increased by 53 per cent., and again in 1871 by 61 per cent., so that there has been for some time back a rapid and unbroken progress which should inspire us with renewed faith, hope, and gratitude.

THE BOYS' HOME AT LIVERPOOL.

A recent report of the Boys' Home in Liverpool, connected with the Children's Friend Society (now of seventeen years' standing), shows very clearly how real and great and growing a want is met by this excellent work, and met successfully. Its threefold aim is to receive friendless and destitute lads, and find them employment; to restore to their friends boys who have foolishly absconded from home, thinking to make their fortune in the great sea-port city; and to rescue such as have already fallen into crime. During the past year, 276 have been admitted into the Home from among 775 applications; and the immediate necessities of 241 have been relieved. This last kind of assistance-a helping hand held out just when a friendless boy is on the brink of the terrible temptations incident to want-may be of incalculable value: but that the general plan of this institution in nowise tends to pauperise its protégés, is proved by the fact that last year the boys to whom the Home gave a harbour and a fresh start paid in £582 12s. 8d. from their earnings for board and clothing; this sum being; twice as much as was received in contributions from friends. The work is in the truest sense preventive, not only as saving these young imperilled lives from a career of sin by timely and material help, but by leading them to know and trust that Saviour and Friend by Whose grace alone "can a young man cleanse his way." A special appeal is made by the Committee of the Home for £150 to build a work-shop where new-comers might be temporarily employed, and a gymnasium for the recreation and physical improvement of the lads.

RECREATION ROOMS.

The Hon. Mrs. Dundas has sent us the following communication :- Among the many great needs of the East of London, there is, I think, hardly a greater than that of Recreation Rooms for working girls. Hundreds of young girls spend their lives, day after day, in one dull monotonous routine, in factories, serving in shops, employed in dress-making and in many other almost unknown occupations, such as wire-drawing for brushes, jubjube cutting, cigar rolling, etc., etc., and have, when their day's work is over, no place to turn to but a cold, cheerless lodging to call "home," and consequently too often seek amusement and novelty on dangerous and forbidden ground. Through the efforts of the society for befriending young women, called The Girls' Friendly Society, a few rooms have been opened, and one has only to look in on some week-day night, and see the bright and cheerful appearance of all around. to be assured of how much such rooms are appreciated, and to see the good done through the influence of ladies, who spare neither time nor trouble in trying to put a little brightness into the lives of their poorer sisters. Sometimes between fifty and sixty girls meet to spend their evenings together, and to amuse themselves, some in one way, some in another, some in working, some in writing, others in singing at the pianoforte, accompanied by a lady, and some, too tired and worn out to do anything else, sit and listen to an interesting book being read aloud. On Sundays. also, a Bible-class is held, to which many gladly come And as one sees and hears of the good done by these few recreation rooms being opened, the question arises in many minds, "What are they among so many? What becomes of the hundreds of girls who have none to go to? No one to care for them, no one to sympathise with them, no place anything like 'home' to go to when their places of business are closed for the night, and they are left to take care of themselves?" Can we wonder that many a young girl, after the restraint of being shut up all day, longs for excitement and pleasure, alas! too often chooses it in the broad and open way that leads to destruction? Many who live in bright and happy homes, with loving hearts and loving friends surrounding them, can hardly realise what the lives of these poor East-end girls consist of, but there must be many who, having "freely received," will "freely give," to help to make them better and happier. It is a fact, that if only more rooms could be opened at night, they would soon be filled, but rooms can't build themselves: and even if they could, they can't light and warm themselves! and it is for funds to enable us to open more, that I carnestly ask all who are interested in the welfare of our working girls to contribute, "Every little helps." If, by the self-denial of some, enough money can be raised for even one other Recreation Room, will not the reward hereafter be more than enough? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My 'sisters,' ye did it unto Me." Any contributions will be gratefully received by the Honourable Mrs. John Dundas, Mount St. John, Thirsk, Yorkshire. Hampers of flowers are most thankfully received by the Managers of Recreation Rooms for distribution amongst the girls, and many who cannot spare money, can contribute a little time and trouble in gathering flowers.

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"SEVEN" IN THE BIBLE.

Readers of history and observers of nature alike have often remarked on the frequency with which the number seven occurs, and on the peculiar significance which in all times has attached to this number. Readers of the Bible, too, cannot well have failed to notice how frequently this particular number occurs in Holy Scripture; but many of them will be astonished to find the extent to which that number enters into the structure of God's Word, when they read a little book by Mr. S. A. Blackwood, C.B., entitled "The Number Seven in Scripture" (Morgan and Scott). This gives a complete and exhaustive record of all the passages in which the number appears, quoting about three hundred instances in the Old Testament, and one hundred in the New Testament. It will be found to run through the whole of the Bible, commencing with the institution of the seventh day-or Sabbath-in Eden, and concluding with the various series of "sevens" in the apocalypse. The variety of the instances may be gathered from the following examples: - Seven utterances of God in Eden; seven sayings of Christ on the cross; seven weepings of Joseph; seven excuses of Moses when commissioned to deliver Israel; seven prayers of Jesus recorded by St. Luke; seven miracles recorded by St. John; seven resurrections mentioned in Scripture; seven "walks" described in the Epistle to the Ephesians; seven beatitudes in the Revelation. As the author observes, "We must surely acknowledge that a Divine design has caused this particular number to be so frequently employed, and to enter into the composition of the books of the Bible-books written by so many hands and at such various periods. Whatever other object the Divine Author of the Bible may have had in view in making such frequent use of the number, it seems to be generally believed, for one thing at least, that it was intended to convey the idea of completeness or perfection. Its first employment on the occasion of the completed work of creation is strongly in favour of this presumption."

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.

According to the last issued report, Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund seems to be going on and prospering. As many readers of The Quiver will know, the object of this Fund is to provide free gifts of books to ministers who cannot

afford to purchase them, and there are three conditions attached to the grants :- I. The minister must be in actual charge; II. He must be wholly dependent on the ministry; III. His total income (including every item) must not exceed £150 per annum or £100 if unmarried. During the year 1882, Mrs. Spurgeon was enabled to distribute no less than 9,146 volumes, making a total of 50,770 volumes for the seven years during which the Fund has been in existence. In addition 11,086 single sermons were given away during the year. The unsectarian nature of the Fund may be gathered from the fact that the books distributed in 1882 were sent to 1,008 persons, made up as follows:-167 Church of England clergymen, 245 Baptists, 187 Independents, 265 Methodists, 41 Presbyterians, 30 Missionaries, and 73 Evangelists. A sum of £1,343 12s. 1d. was subscribed to the Fund during the twelve months, and in addition 2,215 volumes were given to Mrs. Spurgeon for distribution. The Report of the Fund makes a neat little book of 128 pages, full of interesting letters from the recipients of gifts, together with a running commentary from the pen of Mrs. Spurgeon. One of these letters will suffice to show the good that is being done :- "Dear Mrs. Spurgeon, - This morning I have enjoyed the almost forgotten luxury of handling and inspecting a parcel of new books. In my early days, when I had no lack of friends and no domestic responsibilities, the reward of each three months' hard toil was to collect my money and walk twelve miles to the neighbouring town, and spend an entire day in selecting books to take home with me. The next day I would spend in the delightful work of looking them over, and the pleasure I found in this occupation it is impossible to describe. The joy of these red-letter days in my youth has been almost effaced by the friction of the troubled years as they have passed painfully by. But, as I sat with your books spread before me this morning, a gleam of the old happiness returned, and I was glad to find that my old love had not been quite starved, nor crushed to death. I thank you most fervently for your kind gift, and for the large number of books you sent me 'above what I asked or thought.' I pray that I may be enabled so to use them that harvests of blessing may follow the sowing of such precious seed."

THE BLESSINGS OF REST.

There is in Leman Street, Whitechapel, a Sailors' Rest, a Temperance Home for Scandinavian sailors, concerning which a correspondent tells the following anecdote. Some months ago a sailor was staying there. He was addicted to drinking, and most, if not all, of his money was spent in this degrading vice. But, owing to the company he met there, and specially to the influences brought to bear by the manageress, we find him now a reformed character, a converted man, with his money in hand for his needy mother's wants. The feature of this Home, which some months ago we called to the attention of our readers, is the reading and exposition of the Gospel in the language of the Scandinavian sailors who frequent the Home. Miss Hedenstrom deserves all encouragement for the manner in which she conducts the Rest and the Temperance Home, and she will be glad of any assistance which may be offered to her.

OUR TRAINING SHIPS.

The annual inspection of the Archusa and the Chichester at Greenhithe last July brought out some interesting facts, and proved the excellent results of the training. It will be remembered that in the terrible Channel collision between the two vessels bound to New Zealand, a young man named Arnold gave his life-buoy to a lady, and thereby her life was saved. Arnold is a Chichester lad, and was at the annual inspection presented with a silver medal for his unselfish act. The training on board the Chichester had resulted in the development of this manly virtue, and we cannot doubt that the means employed on board these vessels tend to bring out the good qualities of the boys who are received there. Thus a twofold benefit is conferred upon the public and the nation generally. The idle and useless material in our streets is gathered in,

trained for the mercantile marine, and sent out renewed, in an entirely different form, to assist in augmenting the commercial and industrial prosperity of the empire.

THE BIBLE AND PRAYER UNION.

We glean from the reports of members of this Union the progress made by it, and find that 180,692 members had been enrolled on the 1st of June. The news from the various branches abroad is equally satisfactory, and continually arriving testimony is borne home of the benefits the members derive from the Union. "Hundreds," we read, "are hungering for the Bread of Life who never thought of it before," and young people equally with adults are called to a better condition of life by the influence of this association, and through the faithful reading of the Word. When we add that the numbers lately enrolled include adherents from nearly every part of the world, we can estimate the power for good which the Bible and Prayer Union is becoming.

THE NEGROES' COLLEGE.

What may be expected to turn out a very excellent institution, and one of great practical value, was initiated a short time ago. This institution is the college in Liberia, which has been advocated by a number of influential persons in England and America. A lady in New York has already founded a church and a school in this colony, the population of which consists of 30,000 negroes, with a still larger number of aborigines. A female department has lately been added to the College, which is now situated in the interior; the professors and students being coloured men, and they seek the physical and moral improvement of their race. The slave trade having been abolished by England, the position of the coloured population is materially increased; and the advantages held out by the College, wherein an Agricultural Department is in operation, will no doubt be eagerly seized. The earnest and practical missionary spirit shown by the native advocates of the colony, and the excellent manner in which they speak, is evidence that a very superior position may be obtained by our coloured brethren, and we anticipate the extension of the movement will greatly benefit them.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Under this title Mr. Henry Drummond has published a very clever book, the object of which is to show the existence of spiritual laws, and their agreement with natural laws, or, as the author puts it in his preface, "The real problem I have set myself may be stated in a sentence. Is there not reason to believe that many of the laws of the Spiritual World, hitherto regarded as occupying an entirely separate province, are simply the laws of the Natural World? Can we identify the Natural Laws, or any one of them, in the spiritual sphere? That vague lines run everywhere through the Spiritual World is beginning to be recognised. Is it possible to link them with those great lines running through the visible universe which we call the Natural Laws, or are they fundamentally distinct? In a word, is the supernatural natural or unnatural?"

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Taking the Natural Law that "life can only come from the touch of life," in other words that there is no such thing as spontaneous generation, Mr. Drummond shows that the same law holds good in the Spiritual World. "Translating from the language of science into that of religion, the theory of spontaneous generation is simply that a man may become gradually better and better until in course of the process he reaches that quality of religious nature known as Spiritual Life. This life is not something added ab cxtra to the natural man; it is the normal and appropriate development of the natural man. Biogenesis opposes to this the whole doctrine of regeneration. The Spiritual Life is the gift of the Living Spirit. The spiritual man is no mere development of the natural man. He is a New Creation born from above. As well expect a hay infusion to become gradually more and more living until in

course of the process it reached vitality, as expect a man by becoming better and better to attain the Eternal Life." No one can read Mr. Drunmond's book without feeling braced and encouraged, whether by the strength and consistency of his argument, or by the breadth and vigour with which he deals with the whole subject.

SCRIPTURE READERS' ASSOCIATION.

In view of the appalling spiritual destitution which, in spite of the mighty efforts which have now for some years past been constantly made to supply the need, still exists amongst the masses of our crowded metropolis, the importance of employing lay agents as Scripture readers under the superintendence of the parochial clergy cannot be over-estimated. Of a population of nearly four millions for which the means of spiritual instruction has to be provided in London alone, it is computed that a million and a half, or more than thirty-six per cent. of the whole number, never attend any place of worship whatever, and so never hear the sound of the Gospel message unless it be carried to their own doors. It would be impossible, with the best wishes and most strenuous efforts on the part of the clergy, to reach even a small proportion of these without the aid of some such additional machinery as we have indicated. Then there are the sick, the aged, and the suffering, to whom the regular ministrations of the Scripture Reader in their own homes are both a necessity and an invaluable boon. It was with a view of securing the services of approved lay-helpers for such work that the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association was instituted in 1844.

THE WORD OF LIFE

During the forty years in which the Association has been endeavouring to obey the Apostolic precept to "Hold forth the Word of Life" in the highways and lanes of our city, many blessed results have been achieved as the reward of its efforts. There has been a marked increase in the attendance at the House of God, and in the number of communicants. Parents have been more attentive in presenting their children for baptism and confirmation.

and in sending them regularly to the day, night, and Sunday-schools. Family prayer, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures, have been introduced where neither had be in known before, and altogether a better tone has been manifested in many districts; fighting, drunkenness, and immorality not being nearly so common as they used to be. Not only have the various parishes where the Scripture readers are employed been visited systematically, regularly, and thoroughly, by which means individual wants and difficulties have been properly dealt with, and urgent cases of distress and destitution immediately reported and relieved, but it has been possible to arrange for courses of cottage lectures, Bible readings, and open-air services for those who can attend them, and for the regular visitation of the aged, the sick, and the afflicted. According to the testimony of the clergy themselves, all this has been attended by the most blessed and encouraging results, many who were before indifferent to all religion, having been brought to the knowledge and love of Christ, their Saviour.

SHALL THE WORK GO ON?

Applications for additional readers are continually being received by the Committee, who are unable to respond to them for lack of the necessary funds. Consequent, probably, upon the many urgent appeals which are constantly being made to the liberality of the public for other purposes, the resources of the Association have latterly been much reduced, and rather than diminish the present limited number of 120 readers, the Committee have reluctantly been compelled to draw upon their small reserve fund to the extent of £1,625, without which the work could not have been maintained in its entirety. Unless this sum can shortly be replaced, the operations of the Society must be greatly curtailed. To prevent this it is hoped that all those who are interested in the work of a common Christianity will make a special effort to strengthen the hands of the Committee by liberal contributions, and to enable them to still "Hold forth the Word of Life." Any help will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the lay secretary, Mr. T. Martin Tilby, 56, Haymarket, S.W.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 701.

126. It is said, "Noah was five hundred years old;" then the command of God to build the Ark is given; after which it states, "Noah was six hundred years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth." (Gen. v. 32, and vii. 11.)

127. The empire of Babylon, founded by Nimrod, the grandson of Ham. (Gen. x. 10; compare i. 29.)

123. God said unto Noah, "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herbs have I given you all things." (Gen. ix. 3.)

129. To the Ganges, Nile, Tigris, and Euphrates. (Gen. ii. 10.)

130. Enoch, named after Enoch the son of Cain. (Gen. iv. 17.)

131. God sent rain upon one city, and not upon

another, and withheld the rain in its due season. (Amos iv. 7.)

132. A valuable gum, which grows now in Arabia, and is of the same colour as manna. (Gen. ii. 12; Numb. xi. 7.)

133. By quoting two prophecies concerning John the Baptist at the commencement of his Gospel. (Mark i. 2, 3; Mal. iii, 1; Isa, xl. 3.)

134. "Let us alone—what have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us?" (Mark i, 24.)

135. By reference to Jonah being three days in the belly of the whale. (Matt. xii. 40.)

136. We are told that He arranged a form of prayer for the use of His disciples. (Luke xi. i.)

The Quiver Lifeboat Fund.—The Ninth List of Contributions will (if space permit) be given in our next issue.

